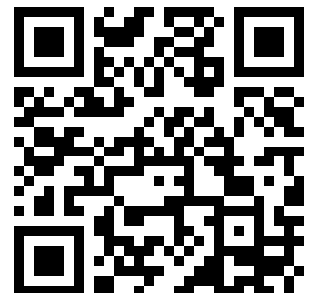

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

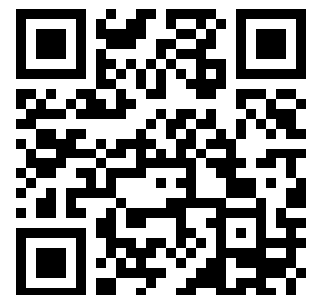
<https://books.google.com>

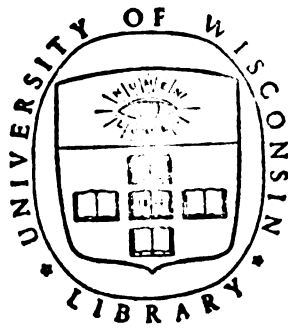


This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>





The Academy

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

JANUARY—JUNE,
1901.

VOLUME LX.

WISCONSIN
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 43, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

1901.

114.525

LONDON:

PRINTED BY ALEXANDER AND SHEPHEARD, LTD.,
NORWICH STREET, FETTER LANE, E.C.

W121008W
J101073H
Y131002

AP.
A1664 873770
JUL 12 1954
A543
60

CONTENTS OF VOLUME LX.

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS.

	PAGE
Abbey's (Henry) <i>Phaethon</i>	119
Adams's (John) <i>French. "Self-Educator"</i> Series.....	63
Ady's (Mrs.) <i>The Painters of Florence</i>	163
Alcock's (C. W.) <i>Cricket Stories</i>	513
Allen's (Alexander V. G.) <i>Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks</i>	123
Legations (Rev. Roland) <i>The Siege of the Peking</i>	441
(F.M.) <i>Glimpses of English History</i>	164
(Grant) <i>In Nature's Workshop</i>	283
Andrews's (Francis B.) <i>The Benedictine Abbey of SS. Mary, Peter and Paul, at Perchore</i>	552
<i>Anglo-Saxon Review, The</i>	124
<i>Annual Register, The, 1900</i>	444
<i>Antiquary, The, for 1900</i>	85
Arbuthnot's (Rev. George) edition of <i>Shakespeare Sermons</i>	13
Archer's (William) edition of Ibsen's <i>The League of Youth, A Doll's House, and Pillars of Society</i>	244
<i>Aristocrats, The</i>	403
Armstrong's (G. F. S.) <i>Ballads of Down</i>	283
Ashbee's (C. R.) <i>The Surrey of London</i>	359
Ashton's (Margaret Ethel) <i>Wings</i>	29
<i>Asia and Africa. "Geography Readers"</i>	62
Bach's (C.) <i>Brother Musicians</i>	512
Bacon's (Rev. John M.) <i>By Land and Sky</i>	142
Baldon-Powell's (Maj.-Gen. R. S. S.) <i>The Mahabala Campaign</i>	404
Baldley's (J. J.) <i>The Aldermen of Cripple-gate</i>	304
Balog's (Mrs.) <i>Shadows of the War</i>	8
Baldwin's (H. Bellows) <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	283
Ball's (Sir Robert) <i>Primer of Astronomy</i>	85
Barclay's (Theresa) translation of De l'Isle Adam's <i>Revolt and Escape</i>	511
Baring-Gould's (S.) <i>Virgin Saints and Martyrs</i>	32
Barnard's (Lady Anne) <i>South Africa a Century Ago</i>	550
Bartram's (George) <i>Ballads of Ghostly Shires</i>	186
Bashall's (H. St. John Hick) <i>The Oak Hamlet</i>	344
Bates's (Katharine Lee) <i>Spanish Highways and Byways</i>	51
Batson's (Mary) edition of <i>Records of the Borough of Leicester</i>	404
Battersby's (C. J.) edition of Macaulay's <i>Essay on Pitt</i>	60
Box's (Ernest Belfort) <i>Jean-Paul Marat</i>	142
Brayn's (Arthur H.) <i>Popular Royalty</i>	229
Beeching's (Rev. H. C.) <i>Two Lectures Introductory to the Study of Poetry</i>	223
edition of <i>Lyra Apostolica</i>	340
Bea's (Robert) <i>Dirge of the Year 1900</i>	119
(C. F.) <i>The Exhibited Works of Turner</i>	464
Binger's (G.) <i>Roumania in 1900</i>	105
Benson's (A. C.) <i>The Professor, and Other Poems</i>	29
Besant's (Sir Walter) <i>East London</i>	213
Bigg's (Heather) <i>Nell: a Tale of the Thames</i>	313
Bigham's (Clive) <i>A Year in China</i>	441
Binyon's (Laurence) <i>Odes</i>	29
Bird's (George) <i>Ronald's Farewell, and Other Verses</i>	363
Bias's (Capt. Harold C. J.) <i>The Relief of Kumassi</i>	229
Blackley's (Horace) <i>Tales of the Stumps</i>	513
Blomfield's (Reginald) <i>History of Renaissance Architecture in England</i>	52

REVIEWS—continued.

	PAGE
Boers, <i>Ten Months in the Field with the</i>	145
Anon. <i>Flag</i>	33
Boothby's (Capt. Charles) <i>Under England's Flag</i>	63
Bonney's (Prof. T. G.) <i>Geology</i>	302
Borchgrevink's (C. E.) <i>First on the Antarctic Continent</i>	60
Bourinot's (Sir John G.) <i>Canada</i>	349
Bowen's (Edward E.) <i>Harrow Songs, and Other Verses</i>	145
Bowley's (Arthur L.) <i>The Elements of Statistics</i>	120
Bradley's (Henry) <i>The New English Dictionary</i>	222
<i>British School at Athens, Annual of</i>	484
Brooke-Hunt's (Violet) <i>Woman's Memoirs of the War</i>	62
Brown's (J.) <i>Corsar: The Gallic War</i>	226
Bryden's (H. A.) <i>Animals of Africa</i>	49
Buell's (Augustus C.) <i>Paul Jones: Founder of the American Navy</i>	208
Bullen's (Frank T.) <i>A Sack of Shakings</i>	304
<i>Town With Christ in Sailor</i>	13
Burgess's (W. V.) <i>Hand in Hand with Dame Nature</i>	84
Burlamacchi's (The Marchesa) <i>Luca della Robbia</i>	229
Butler's (Rev. D.) <i>Scottish Cathedrals and Abbeys</i>	143
Candler's (Edmund) <i>A Vagabond in Asia</i>	364
Canning's (Hon. A. S. G.) <i>British Power and Thought</i>	513
Cappon's (James) <i>Britain's Title in South Africa</i>	122
Carrington's (Henry) <i>Anthology of French Poetry</i>	32
Cavalier's (G. F.) <i>The Preacher's Dictionary</i>	84
Chaffers's (William) <i>Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain</i>	124
Chang Chih-Tung's <i>China's Only Hope</i>	31
Child-Pemberton's (William S.) <i>The Baroness De Bode</i>	8
Childers's (Erskine) <i>In the Ranks of the C.I.V. (Lieut.-Col. Spencer) Life and Correspondence of Right Hon. Hugh Childers</i>	216
Clark's (C. E.) <i>More Mistakes We Make</i>	449
Clarke's (Edward T.) <i>Bermondsey</i>	384
Clarke's <i>Pocket Paris</i>	194
Clay's (Philip S.) <i>Ode to Lord Roberts</i>	119
Clement's (Clara Erskine) <i>Heroines of the Bible in Art</i>	165
Cobban's (J. Maclaren) <i>Life and Deeds of Earl Roberts</i>	208
Collins's (J. Churton) <i>Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature</i>	203
Common's (Thomas) <i>Selections from Nietzsche's Works</i>	479
Cook's (Herbert) <i>Giorgione</i>	144
Cooke's (Arthur William) <i>Palestine in Geography and in History</i>	453
<i>Country Life Illustrated</i>	208
Courthope's (W. J.) <i>Life in Poetry, Law and Taste</i>	507
Craik's (Sir Henry) <i>A Century of Scottish History</i>	206
Cramb's (J. A.) <i>Reflections on the Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain</i>	141
Crane's (Walter) <i>Line and Form</i>	52
Criticism, <i>Colloquies of; or, Literature and Democratic Patronage</i>	382
Crouch & Butler's <i>The Apartments of the House</i>	13
Crowley's (Alcister) <i>The Soul of Oiris</i>	508
Cumberbatch's (E. C.) <i>Fourth-Form Latin Prose Book</i>	63

REVIEWS—continued.

	PAGE
Cunningham's (Prof. W.) <i>Western Civilisation</i>	59
Daudet's (Alphonse) <i>My First Voyage, My First Lie</i>	103
Davidson's (John) <i>Self's the Man: a Tragic Comedy</i>	140
<i>Testaments (No. I.)</i>	548
Davies's (Denis) <i>The Wisdom of Nathan Gray</i>	119
Dawson's (Albert) <i>Joseph Parker, D.D.</i>	483
Deane's (Anthony C.) <i>New Rhymes for 'Old'</i>	12
De Champtasoin's (F. P.) <i>French Lessons in French</i>	63
De l'Isle Adam's <i>The Revolt and the Escape</i>	511
Dellenbaugh's (Frederick S.) <i>The North Americans of Yesterday</i>	284
De Satge's (Oscar) <i>Pages from the Journal of a Queensland Squatter</i>	227
Dickinson's (G. Lowe) <i>The Meaning of Good</i>	185
Dickson's (W. K. L.) <i>The Biograph in Battle</i>	85
<i>Dictionary, The New English</i>	120
Dixon's (H. Sydenham) <i>From Gladiator to Persimmon</i>	344
Dodd's (Anna Bowman) <i>Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror</i>	225
Doughty's (Charles) <i>Under Arms</i>	119
Dowden's (Edward) <i>Puritan and Anglican: Studies in Literature</i>	122
Downie's (John) edition of <i>Carlyle's Essay on Burns</i>	62
edition of <i>Macaulay's Warren Hastings</i>	62
Draper's (Warwick H.) <i>Mirror of Princes</i>	228
Dreyfus's (Alfred) <i>Five Years of My Life</i>	390
Driver's (Rev. S. R.) <i>Daniel</i>	62
Dutt's (W. A.) <i>Highways and Byways in East Anglia</i>	144
Easby-Smith's (J. S.) <i>The Songs of Alcæus</i>	508
<i>Ecumenical Missionary Conference, New York, 1900</i>	187
Edwards's (G. M.) <i>The Anabasis of Xenophon. Book VI.</i>	62
(Osman) <i>Japanese Plays and Play-fellows</i>	181
Egerton's (George) <i>Rosa Amrosa</i>	442
Ellis's (W. Ashton) translation of Glasenapp's <i>Das Leben Richard Wagners</i>	100
(Miriam Anne) <i>The Human Ear</i>	104
Enault's (Louis) <i>Le Chien du Capitaine</i>	63
<i>Encyclopædia Biblica. Vol. II.</i>	159
Evans's (W. S.) <i>The Canadian Contingent and Canadian Imperialism</i>	444
Fane's (Violet) <i>Two Moods of a Man</i>	483
Fenton, Mrs. <i>The Journal of</i>	421
Fitzmaurice's (Lord Edmund) <i>Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick</i>	282
Fletcher's (J. S.) <i>Roberts of Pretoria</i>	53
Foster (Sir M.) & Lankester's (Prof.) <i>Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley</i>	283
Foster's (Albert J.) <i>Bunyan's Country</i>	9
Fowler's (Ellen Thornycroft) <i>Love's Argument, and Other Poems</i>	29
(J. H.) edition of <i>Essays from De Quincey</i>	62
Frazer's (J. G.) <i>The Golden Bough</i>	47
Fraser's (Walter Howard) <i>New History of the Book of Common Prayer</i>	344
Fry's (Isabel) <i>The Day of Small Things</i>	323
Fuller's (F. W.) <i>Egypt and the Hinterland</i>	364
Gairdner's (James) edition of <i>The Paston Letters</i>	245
Gant's (Dr. F. J.) <i>Modern Natural Theology</i>	424
Gardiner's (G. B. & A.) <i>Second Latin Reader</i>	63
Geary's (Caroline) edition of <i>Couper and Mary Unwin</i>	423
<i>Gentleman's Magazine, The</i>	465
Gervais's (Francis P.) <i>Shakespeare, not Bacon</i>	283
Giles's (Herbert A.) <i>History of Chinese Literature</i>	99

REVIEWS—continued.

	PAGE
Gilman's (C. P. Stetson) <i>Concerning Children</i>	228
Gissing's (George) <i>Our Friend the Charlatan</i>	535
and <i>By the Ionian Sea</i>	535
Glaser's (C. F.) <i>Life of Richard Wagner</i>	100
Gooch's (G. P.) <i>Annals of Politics and Culture</i>	207
Goodchild's (J. G.) edition of Heddle's <i>Mineralogy of Scotland</i>	364
Granger's (Frank) <i>The Soul of a Christian</i>	31
Grant's (A. J.) <i>The French Monarchy</i>	59
Grant-Duff's (Sir M. E.) <i>Notes from a Diary</i>	422
Gregory's (Lady) edition of <i>Ideals in Ireland</i>	320
Grey's (J. Grattan) <i>Australasia, Old and New</i>	532
Griffith's (William) <i>Excursions</i>	119
Guggisberg's (Capt. F. G.) <i>"The Shop"</i>	12
Guillemard's (F. H. H.) edition of Stadling's <i>Through Siberia</i>	207
Gwynn's (Stephen) <i>The Queen's Chronicle,</i> <i>and other Poems</i>	420
Hales's (A. G.) <i>Campaign Pictures of the</i> <i>War in South Africa</i>	8
Hall's (J. R. Clark) translation of <i>Beowulf</i> <i>and the Fight at Finnsburgh</i>	342
Hallard's (James Henry) translation of <i>The</i> <i>Idylls of Theocritus</i>	182
Hamilton's (Sir R. Vesey) edition of <i>Sir</i> <i>Thomas Byam Martin</i>	484
Hannigan's (D. F.) <i>The Love-Letters of</i> <i>Honoré de Balzac</i>	443
Hardy's (Charles Frederic) edition of <i>Ben-</i> <i>enden Letters</i>	380
Hare's (Augustus J. C.) <i>Venice, Rome,</i> <i>Florence</i>	492
Harland's (Marion) <i>Hannah More</i>	213
John Knox	302
Hart's (Albert Bushnell) edition of <i>American</i> <i>History told by Contemporaries: National</i> <i>Expansion</i>	531
Harting's (J. E.) <i>Handbook of British Birds</i>	552
Hastings's (Charles) <i>Le Théâtre Français et</i> <i>Anglais</i>	303
Headley's (F. W.) <i>Problems of Evolution</i>	63
Headle's (Dr. M. Forster) <i>The Mineralogy of</i> <i>Scotland</i>	364
Heinemann's (William) <i>War: a Play in Three</i> <i>Acts</i>	161
Helm's (W. H.) <i>Studies in Style</i>	10
Henslow's (Rev. Prof. G.) <i>Poisonous Plants in</i> <i>Field and Garden</i>	513
Henty's (G. A.) <i>The Sovereign Reader</i>	62
Hoare's (B. G.) <i>As the Wind Stirs</i>	119
Hodgson's (Lady) <i>The Siege of Kumassei</i>	184
Holdich's (Col. Sir T. H.) <i>The Indian</i> <i>Burderland</i>	364
Holls's (Frederick W.) <i>The Peace Conference</i> <i>at the Hague</i>	33
Holme's (M. P. Milne) <i>Stray Leaves from a</i> <i>Burder Garden</i>	463
Holmes's (Richard R.) <i>Queen Victoria</i>	313
Honywill's (W. Keppel) <i>Irene</i>	119
Horsburgh's (E. L. S.) <i>Girolamo Savonarola</i>	528
Hosie's (Alexander) <i>Manchuria</i>	532
Hosier, Madame, <i>Thoughts, Memories, and</i> <i>Meditations</i>	165
Howells's (W. D.) <i>Literary Friends and Ac-</i> <i>quaintances</i>	339
Hudson's (William Henry) <i>Sir Walter Scott</i> <i>Struggles for Catholic Supremacy</i>	109
Hume's (Martin A. S.) <i>Treason and Plot:</i> <i>Struggles for Catholic Supremacy</i>	440
Huncker's (James) <i>Chopin: The Man and</i> <i>His Music</i>	83
Hutton's (Alfred) <i>The Sword and the</i> <i>Centuries</i>	343
Huyssmans' (J. K.) <i>St. Lydvine de Schiedam</i>	527
"Ilsen, Henrik" <i>The Prose Dramas of</i>	244
<i>Ideas, Exploded, and other Essays.</i> By the author of "Times and Days"	83
Indurick's (F. A.) edition of <i>A Calendar of</i> <i>the Inner Temple Records</i>	384
Inman's (A. H.) <i>Domesday and Feudal</i> <i>Statistics</i>	164
Irving's (H. B.) <i>Studies of French Criminals</i> <i>in the Nineteenth Century</i>	362
Jackson's (T. Sturges) edition of <i>Logs of the</i> <i>Great Sea Fights</i>	12
Jerome's (J. K.) <i>The Observations of Henry</i>	323
Jingom, <i>Psychology of</i>	314
Jones's (Edmund O.) <i>Welsh Poets</i>	186
Keane's (A. H.) <i>Central and South America</i>	532
Keary's (Beata Francis & Eliza) <i>The Francis</i> <i>Letters</i>	399
Kendall's (Elizabeth K.) edition of <i>Source-</i> <i>Book of English History</i>	59
Kennedy-Herbert's (Col. A. R.) <i>Picnics and</i> <i>Suppers</i>	33
Kennedy, Dr. John, <i>The Reminiscences of:</i> <i>Old Highland Days</i>	424
Kenyon's (Frederic G.) edition of <i>Facsimiles</i> <i>of Biblical MSS. in the British Museum</i>	53
King & Okey's <i>Italy To-day</i>	465
Kingston's (Alfred) <i>The Romance of a Hun-</i> <i>dred Years</i>	163
Klein's (Dr. Hermann J.) <i>The Star Atlas</i>	464
Knight's (William) <i>Lord Monboddo and some</i> <i>of his Contemporaries</i>	80
Knutsford's (Viscountess) <i>Life and Letters of</i> <i>Zachary Macaulay</i>	139
Lady Madeleine Wendenore, <i>The, and other</i> <i>Poems</i>	13
Lanciani's (Rodolfo) <i>The Destruction of</i> <i>Ancient Rome</i>	282
Landon's (A. H. Savage) <i>China and the Allies</i>	482
Lankester's (Prof. E. Ray) edition of <i>A</i> <i>Treatise on Zoology</i>	63
Lawless's (Emily) <i>A Garden Diary</i>	443

REVIEWS—continued.

	PAGE
Lawson's (Henry) <i>On the Track and Over</i> <i>the Strips</i>	51
<i>morous Verses Popular and Eu-</i>	432
Layard's (George Somes) <i>Mrs. Lynn Linton:</i> <i>her Life, etc.</i>	439
Le Gallienne's (Richard) <i>The Life Romantic:</i> <i>Including the Love-Letters of the King</i>	226
Lehmann's (C. R.) <i>Anni Fugaces</i>	482
Leiningen-Westerburg's (Count) <i>German</i> <i>Book-Plates</i>	363
Lennox's (Cuthbert) <i>Henry Drummond</i>	465
Lewis's (Agnes Smith) <i>Studia Sinaitica</i> <i>Nos. IX. and X.</i>	102
Lilford, Lord, <i>By his Sister</i>	163
Little's (Archibald John) <i>Mount Omi and</i> <i>Beyond</i>	205
Lloyd's (J. Barclay) <i>One Thousand Miles</i> <i>with the C. I. V.</i>	8
Loney's (S. L.) <i>The Elements of Hydro-</i> <i>statics</i>	84
Lucy's (Henry W.) <i>Diary of the Unionist</i> <i>Parliament, 1895-1900</i>	281
Lugard's (Gen. F. D.) <i>The Story of Uganda</i>	33
Lynch's (Hannah) <i>French Life in Town and</i> <i>Country</i>	185
(H. F. B.) <i>Armenia</i>	550
Lysaght's (Sidney Royle) <i>Poems of the Un-</i> <i>known Way</i>	463
Mabie's (Hamilton Wright) <i>William Shake-</i> <i>speare</i>	94
Macgregor's (D. H.) <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	405
MacKenzie's (Alexander) <i>History of the</i> <i>Mathesons</i>	284
Macmillan & Rankin's <i>The Highland Tay</i> <i>from Tyndrum to Dunkeld</i>	145
Maeterlinck's (Maurice) <i>The Life of the Bee</i>	459
Malet's (Sir Edward) <i>Shifting Scenes; or,</i> <i>Memories of Many Men in Many Lands</i>	204
Marinden's (G. E.) <i>Our Naval Heroes</i>	208
Marston's <i>An Old Man's Holiday</i>	424
(E.) <i>Sketches of Booksellers of</i> <i>Other Days</i>	510
Martin's (Sir T.) <i>Helena Faucit (Lady Martin)</i>	62
Masterman's (J. Howard B.) edition of <i>Robinson Crusoe</i>	84
Mathew's (E. J.) <i>History of English Litera-</i> <i>ture</i>	360
Matthews's (Brander) <i>Notes on Speech-</i> <i>Making</i>	247
<i>the Short-story</i>	287
McCabe's (Joseph) <i>Peter Abtard</i>	549
Meakin's (Budget) <i>The Land of the Moors</i>	324
Mempes' (Mortimer) <i>War Impressions</i>	530
Meredith's (George) <i>A Reading of Life,</i> <i>with other Poems</i>	547
Mérimée's <i>Le Coup de Pistolet</i>	63
Messenger's (A.) <i>The Sacrifice: Redemption's</i> <i>Story</i>	119
Miall & Fowler's edition of <i>White's Natural</i> <i>History and Antiquities of Seiborne</i>	491
Miller's (Fred.) <i>Art Crafts for Amateurs</i>	85
(Rev. George) <i>Rambles Round the</i> <i>Edge Hills</i>	187
Money-Coutts's edition of "Flowers of <i>Parnassus</i> "	33
Monroe's (W. S.) <i>Comenius</i>	60
Moore's (J. E. S.) <i>To the Mountains of the</i> <i>Moon</i>	552
Morgan's (C. Lloyd) <i>Animal Behaviour</i>	27
Morrah's (H.) edition of <i>The Literary Year-</i> <i>Book, 1901</i>	281
Morris's (Sir Lewis) <i>Harvest-Tide</i>	48
Morse's (Charles) <i>A Jingle of Rhymes</i>	119
Mowbray's (Sir John) <i>Letters and Notes:</i> <i>Seventy Years of Westminster</i>	82
Müller's (F. Max) <i>My Autobiography</i>	279
<i>Last Essays</i>	413
Nevinson's (Henry W.) <i>The Plea of Pan</i>	548
Newbigging's (Thomas) <i>Lancashire Humour</i>	165
<i>Nineteenth Century, The: a Review of Pro-</i> <i>gress</i>	423
Norway's (Arthur H.) <i>Naples, Past and</i> <i>Present</i>	492
Ogilvie's (Will H.) <i>Fair Girls and Gray</i> <i>Horses</i>	444
Ogilvie's (A. J.) <i>The Elements of Darwinism</i>	334
Oldfield's (Susan H.) <i>Records of the Later</i> <i>Life of Harriet, Countess Granville</i>	322
O'Rell's (Max) <i>Her Royal Highness, Woman</i>	441
Osborn & Low's <i>Secondary Teaching</i>	60
Owen's (Harold) <i>The Staffordshire Potter</i>	324
Pain's (Barry) <i>Another Englishwoman's</i> <i>Love-Letters</i>	246
Pake's (Dr. W. C. C.) <i>The Science of Hygiene</i>	64
Palmer's (F. H. E.) <i>Russian Life in Town and</i> <i>Country</i>	383
(J. W.) <i>For Charlie's Sake</i>	508
Parker's (E. H.) <i>China</i>	164
Paston's (George) <i>Little Memoirs of the</i> <i>Eighteenth Century</i>	299
Pateron's (William Romaine) <i>The Eternal</i> <i>Conflict</i>	419
Paul's (Herbert) <i>Men and Letters</i>	401
Payne's (Rev. G. A.) <i>Mrs. Gaskell and Knut-</i> <i>sford</i>	164
Peel's (Robert) <i>Elementary Text-book of Coal-</i> <i>Mining</i>	63
(Hon. Sidney) <i>Trooper 8008, I.Y.</i>	483
Pemberton's (T. Edgar) <i>Bret Harle</i>	144
Percy's (Earl) <i>Highlands of Asiatic Turkey</i>	423
Plumptre's (Dean) translation of <i>Tragedies of</i> <i>Aeschylus</i>	465

REVIEWS—continued.

	PAGE
Pollock's (Maj. A. W. A.) <i>With Seven Generals</i> <i>in the Boer War</i>	8
Pond's (Major) <i>Eccentricities of Genius</i>	107
Rait's (E. S.) selection of <i>Poems of James,</i> <i>First Marquis of Montrose, and Andrew</i> <i>Marvell</i>	531
Ralph's (Julian) <i>At Pretoria</i>	125
<i>War's Brighter Side</i>	443
Ramsay's (Prof. W.) <i>Modern Chemistry</i>	64
Randall-Maciver & Wilkin's <i>Libyan Notes</i>	228
Ransome's (Jessie) <i>Story of the Siege Hospital</i> <i>in Peking</i>	364
Ready's (A. W.) <i>Précis and Précis-Writing</i>	423
Reed's (Myrtle) <i>Later Love-Letters of a</i> <i>Musicalian</i>	11
Reynolds-Ball's (E. A.) <i>Jerusalem: a Practi-</i> <i>cal Guide, &c.</i>	493
Richards's (Grant) <i>How to Write a Novel</i>	317
Richardson's (Charles) <i>The English Turf</i>	344
Rider's (Cardanus) <i>Rider's British Merlin</i>	380
Ridgway's (William) <i>The Early Age of</i> <i>Greece</i>	529
Roberts's (R. D.) edition of <i>Education in the</i> <i>Nineteenth Century</i>	300
(W. Rhys) edition of <i>Dionysius of</i> <i>Halicarnassus</i>	301
Robertson's (J. Logie) <i>English Drama</i>	60
Rogers's (W. S.) <i>A Book of the Poster</i>	383
Round's (J. H.) <i>Studies in Peerage and Family</i> <i>History</i>	162
Roy's (Jules) <i>St. Nicholas I.</i>	124
Royle's (William) <i>Dalmatia Illustrata</i>	13
Russell's (Ernest) <i>Lord Roberts of Kandahar</i> <i>and Waterford</i>	53
(Lady) <i>Swallowfield and its Owners</i>	464
Sachs's (I. T.) edition of <i>Trevor's The Lighter</i> <i>Side of Cricket</i>	404
Sackville's (Lady Margaret) <i>Poems</i>	512
Sandford's (P.) <i>The Aeneid of Virgil. Book</i> <i>III.</i>	62
Sangster's (Margaret E.) <i>Winsome Woman-</i> <i>hood</i>	284
Schmeil's (Dr. Otto) <i>Text-Book of Zoology</i>	63
Schmidt & Miles's <i>The Training of the Body</i>	414
Schofield's (A. T.) <i>The Springs of Character</i>	59
Schuckburgh's (E. S.) <i>Cæsar: Gallic War.</i> <i>Book VII.</i>	62
translation of <i>The</i> <i>Letters of Cicero</i>	145
Schuyler's (Eugene) <i>Selected Essays</i>	314
<i>Italian Influences</i>	344
Scott's (Dr. D. H.) <i>Studies in Fossil Botany</i>	63
Scott-Moncrieff's (W. D.) <i>Amor Amoris</i>	104
Sharpe's (Reginald R.) <i>Calendar of Letter-</i> <i>Books in the Archives of London</i>	404
Sherard's (Robert H.) version of <i>Daudet's My</i> <i>First Voyage, My First Lie</i>	103
<i>The Cry of the Poor</i>	424
Sichel's (Walter) <i>Bolingbroke and his Times</i>	379
(Edith) <i>Women and Men of the</i> <i>French Renaissance</i>	481
Sikes's (E. E.) <i>Homér: Odyssey. Book VI.</i>	62
Skeat's (Prof. Walter) <i>Concise Etymological</i> <i>Dictionary of the English Language</i>	424
Smart's (Christopher) <i>A Song to David</i>	280
Smith's (Rev. F.) <i>Introduction to Commercial</i> <i>Geography</i>	62
Sommerville's (Maxwell) <i>Sands of Sahara</i>	228
Stadling's (J.) <i>Through Siberia</i>	207
Stainer's (Charles L.) edition of <i>Speeches of</i> <i>Oliver Cromwell</i>	225
Stevens's (G. W.) <i>Glimpses of Three Nations</i>	462
Stephen's (Leslie) <i>The English Utilitarians</i>	28
Stephens's (W. R. W.) <i>The English Church</i>	551
Stornberg's (Count) <i>My Experiences of the</i> <i>Boer War</i>	384
Stevenson's (Robert Louis) <i>In the South Seas</i>	30
Stewart's (Agnes Grainger) <i>The Academic</i> <i>Gregories</i>	405
Stillman's (W. J.) <i>The Autobiography of a</i> <i>Journalist</i>	400
Stocker's (Richard Dimsdale) <i>The Language</i> <i>of Handwriting</i>	33
Stodart-Walker's (Archibald) <i>Robert Buchanan</i> <i>The Day-Book</i>	341
of <i>John Stuart Blackie</i>	402
Stopes's (Mrs. C. C.) <i>Shakespeare's Family</i>	321
Stretton's (Clement E.) <i>The History of the</i> <i>Midland Railway</i>	381
Subaltern's, A. <i>Letter to his Wife</i>	319
Sutherland's (George) <i>Twentieth Century</i> <i>Inventions</i>	184
Sutro's (Alfred) translation of <i>Maeterlinck's</i> <i>Life of the Bee</i>	459
Sykes's (Ella C.) <i>The Story-Book of the Shah</i> <i>Taunton's (Ethelred L.) History of the Jesuits</i> <i>in England</i>	83
Taylor's (A. E.) <i>The Problem of Conduct</i>	361
Thirlmer's (Rowland) <i>A Woman of Emotions</i>	513
Thompson's <i>Gardener's Assistant</i>	508
(Sir Henry) <i>Modern Cremation</i>	324
Thomson & Speight's <i>The Junior Temple</i> <i>Reader</i>	445
Toller's (T. N.) <i>Outlines of the History of the</i> <i>English Language</i>	62
Tovey's (Duncan C.) edition of <i>The Letters of</i> <i>Thomas Gray</i>	60
Toynbee's (Paget) <i>Cary's "Purgatorio"</i>	79
Trench's (Herbert) <i>Deirdre Wed, and Other</i> <i>Poems</i>	512
Trevor's (Capt. Philip) <i>The Lighter Side of</i> <i>Cricket</i>	11
Trine's (Ralph Waldo) <i>Every Living Creature</i>	404
Trotter's (Capt. L. J.) <i>A Leader of Light</i> <i>Horse: Hodson</i>	53

REVIEWS—continued.

	PAGE
Turner's (Herbert Hall) <i>Modern Astronomy</i>	162
Tyrell's (Robert Yelverton) <i>Anthology of Latin Poetry</i>	384
Vachell's (Horace A.) <i>Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope</i>	12
Vanity Fair Album	13
Varley's (Telford) <i>Progressive Course of Chemistry</i>	64
Verity's (A. W.) edition of <i>King Henry V.</i>	60
Vernon's (W. W.) <i>Readings in the Paradise of Dante</i>	420
Vince's (J. H.) <i>Ovid: Metamorphoses</i>	62
Vivian's (Herbert) <i>Abyssinia</i>	124
Wall's (J. C.) <i>Alfred the Great</i>	324
Wallace's (Dr. Alfred Russel) <i>Studies: Scientific and Social</i>	7
War in South Africa, <i>The "Times" History of the</i>	8
Warner's (R. Townsend) <i>Winchester</i>	58
Warr's (G. C. W.) edition of <i>The Athenian Drama</i>	104
Warron's (Charles R.) edition of <i>Sixty Years on the Turf: the Life and Times of George Hodyman</i>	480
Waters's (Mrs. W. G.) <i>The Cook's Decameron</i>	484
Weekley's (Ernest) <i>Le Songe d'Or, and Other Stories</i>	63
Wendell's (Barrett) <i>Literary History of America</i>	103
Wetmore's (Helen Cody) <i>The Last of the Great Scouts</i>	511
White's (Arnold) <i>Efficiency and Empire</i>	404
White's (Rashleigh Holt) <i>The Life of Gilbert White of Selborne</i>	460
White's (Gilbert) <i>The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne</i>	491
Whittuck's (Charles) <i>The Good Man of the Eighteenth Century</i>	227
Wiggin's (Kate Douglas) <i>Penelope's Irish Experiences</i>	493
Wilkinson's (Frank) <i>Australia at the Front</i>	144
Williams's (J. Fischer) <i>Harrold</i>	334
Williamson & Tait's <i>Elementary Treatise on Dynamics</i>	84
Williamson's (William) <i>The British Gardener</i>	404
Williamson's (George C.) <i>The Cities of Northern Italy</i>	491
Willson's (Beckles) <i>The Truth About Newfoundland</i>	284
Wilms's (Hon. A.) <i>Manual of South African History</i>	532
Wimbolt's (S. E.) <i>Georgics of Virgil. Book I.</i>	62
Witch's (W. H.) <i>Problems in Education</i>	60
Windle's (Bertram C. A.) <i>The Matern Country</i>	491
Woodroffe's (Paul) <i>The Little Flowers of Saint Benedict</i>	551
Wyde's (Augustus B.) <i>Modern Abyssinia</i>	186
Yeats's (W. B.) <i>The Shadowy Waters</i>	81
Yorkshire, <i>Picturesque History of</i>	13
Young's (Norwood) <i>The Story of Rome</i>	164

FICTION.

Ainsley's (Noel) <i>The Salvation Seekers</i>	230
Albert's (Mary) <i>Lord Culmore's Error</i>	486
Alexander's (Mrs.) <i>A Missing Hero</i>	34
Allen's (Ingis) <i>A Varley Man</i>	345
Ames's (Hugo) <i>The Tragedy of a Pedigree</i>	126
Antrobus's (C. L.) <i>Quality Corner</i>	126, 305
Ashton's (Mark) <i>The Nana's Takeman</i>	426
Astor's (William Waldorf) <i>Pharaoh's Daughter, and Other Stories</i>	14
Bacheller's (Irving) <i>Eben Holden</i>	106, 259
Bacot's (Richard) <i>Casting of Nets</i>	248
Bacot-Harte's (Mrs.) <i>A Daring Spirit</i>	366
Bailey's (H. C.) <i>My Lady of Orange</i>	406
Baring-Gould's (S.) <i>The Frohishers</i>	230, 285
Barr's (Amelia E.) <i>The Maid of Maiden Lane</i>	446
Barry's (William) <i>The Wizard's Knot</i>	248, 325
Bates's (Haverall) <i>The Believing Bishop</i>	126, 187
Becke & Jeffrey's <i>The Tapu of Banderah</i>	146
Begbie's (Harold) <i>The Fall of the Curtain</i>	486
Bill's (R. S. Warren) <i>Love the Laggard</i>	346
Benson's (E. F.) <i>The Luck of the Vails</i>	554
Bisset's (Nellie K.) <i>The Sea Hath its Pearls</i>	406
Boltwood's (Rolf) <i>In Bad Company</i>	366
Boothby's (Guy) <i>A Cabinet Secret</i>	14
Boothby's (Guy) <i>My Indian Queen</i>	210
Boothby's (Guy) <i>The Mystery of the Clasp</i>	326
Branton's (M.) <i>The Banner of St. George</i>	210
Bray's (Claude) <i>A Cuirassier of Arrans</i>	86
Burgin's (G. B.) <i>A Son of Mammon</i>	554
Burton's (John Blount) <i>A Vanished Rival</i>	426
Carson's (John) <i>The Coming Waterloo</i>	86, 105
Carr's (M. E.) <i>Love and Honour</i>	188, 230
Churchill's (Winston) <i>The Crisis</i>	466, 511
Cobb's (Thomas) <i>The Bishop's Gambit</i>	106, 145
Cobban's (J. Maclaren) <i>The Golden Tooth</i>	210
Cullins's (W. E. W.) <i>A Scholar of his College</i>	54
Cunder's (Arthur R.) <i>The Seal of Silence</i>	426
Conrad & Huffer's <i>The Inheritors</i>	554
Cooper's (E. H.) <i>The Eternal Choice</i>	366, 445
Corbett's (R. St. J.) <i>The Burden of an Honour</i>	366
Cornford's (L. Cope) <i>Northborough Cross</i>	316, 466
Corvo's (Frederick Baron) <i>In His Own Image</i>	210, 533
Crane's (Stephen) <i>The Monster</i>	146, 231

FICTION—continued.

	PAGE
Creed's (Sibyl) <i>The Vicar of St. Luke's</i>	426
Crockett's (S. R.) <i>The Silver Skull</i>	346
Crommelin's (May) <i>A Woman as Derelict</i>	446
Cross's (Victoria) <i>Anna Lombard</i>	306, 385
Crotti's (Julia M.) <i>The Lost Land</i>	126, 305
Crowninshield's (Mrs. S.) <i>The Archbishop and the Lady</i>	406
Dawe's (Carleton) <i>The Emu's Head</i>	188
Dawe's (Carleton) <i>Claudia Pole</i>	346
Dawlish's (Hope) <i>A Secretary of Legation</i>	248
De la Pasture's (Mrs. Henry) <i>Catherine of Calais</i>	534, 552
De Soissons' (Count S. C.) translation of Mme. Orzeszko's <i>Modern Argonauts</i>	466
Dickens's (Mary Angela) <i>The Wastrel</i>	34
Dickson's (Helen) <i>Puffs of Wind</i>	486
Dickson's (Harris) <i>The Black Wolf's Breed</i>	248
Dix's (Edwin Asa) <i>Deacon Bradbury</i>	126
Dix's (Beulah M.) <i>The Making of Christopher Ferringham</i>	366
Donovan's (Dick) <i>Deacon Brodie</i>	3-6
Dudney's (Mrs.) <i>The Third Floor</i>	248
Düring's (Stella M.) <i>Malicious Fortune</i>	534
Farjeon's (B. L.) <i>The Pride of Race</i>	54, 83
Fawcett's (Edgar) <i>New York</i>	386
Fenn's (George Manville) <i>Running Amok</i>	326
Findlater's (Mary) <i>A Narrow Way</i>	188, 325
Fletcher's (J. S.) <i>The Three Days' Terror</i>	325
Flowerdew's (Herbert) <i>Retaliation</i>	554
Forbes's (Edmund) <i>Red Fate</i>	534
Foster's (Catherine & Florence) <i>The Goblin</i>	34
Foulke's (W. Dudley) <i>Maya: a Story of Zucatan</i>	106
"Francis's (M. E.)" <i>Pastorals of Dorset</i>	366, 445
Fraser's (Mrs. Hugh) <i>A Little Grey Sheep</i>	554
French's (Henry Willard) <i>Desmond, M.D.</i>	534
Fry's (Isabel) <i>The Day of Small Things</i>	210
Gallon's (Tom) <i>The Second Dandy Chapter</i>	386
Gerard's (Dorothea) <i>The Supreme Crime</i>	316, 465
Gerard's (Dorothea) <i>Saunders</i>	386
Gerrard's (Morice) <i>Queen's Mate</i>	306
Gissing's (George) <i>Our Friend the Charlatan</i>	466
Glanville's (Ernest) <i>Maz Thornton</i>	166
Glanville's (Ernest) <i>The Lost Regiment</i>	3-6
Golsworthy's (Arnold) <i>The New School Master</i>	188, 229
Goss's (C. F.) <i>The Redemption of David Corson</i>	188, 286
Graham's (John W.) <i>Harlaw of Saddle</i>	231
Grand's (Sarah) <i>Babs the Impossible</i>	286
Gray's (Waldo) <i>The Young Squire's Resolute</i>	426
Grier's (Sydney C.) <i>The Warden of the Marches</i>	306, 385
Griffith's (George) <i>A Honeymoon in Space</i>	188
Haggard's (H. Rider) <i>Lybeth</i>	346
Hals's (A. G.) <i>Driscoll, King of the Scouts</i>	54, 105
Hamilton's (Lillias) <i>A Frazier's Daughter</i>	14
Hamilton's (Lillias) <i>The Poor Elizabeth</i>	534
Happenings <i>Strange</i> , By Sixteen Authors	210
Hardy's (Iza Duffus) <i>The Lesser Evil</i>	210
Har's (Christopher) <i>The Life Story of Dinah Kellow</i>	326
Harrod's (Frances) <i>The Hidden Vessel</i>	465
Harte's (Bret) <i>Under the Redwoods</i>	346
Hutton's (Beattie) <i>The Master Passion</i>	188
Heath's (Seyton) <i>A Stolen Wooing</i>	306
Henham's (Ernest G.) <i>Bonanza</i>	466
Henry's (Arthur) <i>A Princess of Araby</i>	34
Hervey's (Maurice H.) <i>Dr. Somerville's Crime</i>	306
Hewitt's (Edgar) <i>The Pretentious of Kool</i>	106
Hoppe's (Graham) <i>A Cardinal and His Conscience</i>	286, 345
Hough's (E.) <i>The Girl at the Halfway House</i>	210
Hovells's (W. D.) <i>A Pair of Patient Lovers</i>	554
Hume's (Fergus) <i>Shylock of the River</i>	54
Hume's (Fergus) <i>The Golden Wang-Ho</i>	166
Hutton's (Edward) <i>Frederic Uredale</i>	534
Hynes's (C. J. Cutcliffe) <i>Prince Rupert the Buccaneer</i>	426
Iddeleigh's (Earl) <i>Belinda Fitzwarren</i>	326
Inglesant's (Aleydis) <i>The Romance of a Vocation</i>	146
James's (Henry) <i>The Sacred Point</i>	165
Jane's (F. T.) <i>Ever Mohun</i>	554
Jones's (Dora M.) <i>A Soldier of the King</i>	286
Julie: a Study of a Girl, By a Man	125
Keating's (Joseph) <i>Son of Judith</i>	145
Kernahan's (Coulson) <i>Scoundrel and Co.</i>	210
Kinross's (Albert) <i>The Early Stars</i>	514
Kiser's (S. E.) <i>Georgie</i>	229
Lagerlöf's (Selma) <i>From a Swedish Home</i>	306, 365
Laidlay's (W. J.) <i>Lena Laird</i>	486, 553
Lambe's (J. L.) <i>By Command of the Prince</i>	326
Lanyon's (Mrs. Sarah Martin) <i>Sarah, P.G.</i>	86
Laur's (A. C.) <i>Lords of the North</i>	554
Lawson's (Henry) <i>On the Track</i>	14
Leighton's (M. C. and R.) <i>In the Shadow of Guilt</i>	366
Le Queux's (William) <i>The Gamblers</i>	326
Le Queux's (William) <i>Her Majesty's Minister</i>	406
Loy's (John K.) <i>A Sore Temptation</i>	406
Lindsay's (Mayne) <i>The Whirligig</i>	466
Linton's (Mrs. Lynn) <i>The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges</i>	426
Lizars's (R. & K. M.) <i>Committed to his Charge</i>	125
Lloyd's (John Uri) <i>Stringtorn on the Pike</i>	466
Lloyd's (John Uri) <i>The Chronic Loner</i>	466
Mackie's (John) <i>The Man Who Forsook</i>	146
Magnay's (Sir William) <i>The Red Chancellor</i>	466

FICTION—continued.

	PAGE
Mann's (Mary E.) <i>Among the Syringas</i>	286, 365
Marchmont's (A. W.) <i>In the Name of a Woman</i>	54, 85
Marnan's (Basil) <i>A Daughter of the Yeldt</i>	426
Marriott's (Charles) <i>The Column</i>	247
Marsh's (Richard) <i>Amusement Only</i>	86
Marsh's (Richard) <i>Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband</i>	416
Mason's (Caroline A.) <i>A Woman of Yesterday</i>	231
Master Sinner, <i>The</i> , By a Well-known Author	166
Mathers's (Helen) <i>Cinders</i>	406
Mathew's (Frank) <i>The Royal Sisters</i>	188, 395
McCarthy's (Justin) <i>Monomia</i>	326
McAulay's (Allan) <i>Black Mary</i>	386
Mellraith's (Jean N.) <i>The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell</i>	316
Meade's (L. T.) <i>The Blue Diamond</i>	188
Meade's (L. T.) <i>The Secret of the Dead</i>	326
Meyer's (Annie N.) <i>Robert Anny, Poor Priest</i>	406
Mitchell's (E.) <i>The Lone Star Rush</i>	248
Monro's (A. M.) <i>A False Position</i>	534
Montagu's (Lily H.) <i>Naomi's Exodus</i>	126
Moore's (F. Frankfort) <i>According to Plato</i>	146, 285
Muddock's (J. E.) <i>Whose was the Hand?</i>	554
Munro's (Neil) <i>Doom Castle</i>	466, 485
Murray's (D. C.) <i>The Church of Humanity</i>	230, 285
Nisbet's (Hume) <i>Children of Hermes</i>	248
Noel's (Lady Augusta) <i>The Wise Man of Sterncross</i>	326
Norris's (W. E.) <i>His Own Father</i>	466
Norway's (Arthur H.) <i>Parson Peter: a Tale of the Dart</i>	336
Orzeszko's (Eliza) <i>The Modern Argonauts</i>	406, 466
Oshbourne's (Lloyd) <i>The Queen versus Billy, and other Stories</i>	54
Ouida's <i>Street Diet</i>	166
Outhwaite & Chomley's <i>The Wisdom of Esau</i>	406
Pearl's (F. M.) <i>Number One and Number Two</i>	126
Pemberton's (Max) <i>Pro Patria</i>	286
Phillip's (Eden) <i>The Good Red Earth</i>	406, 425
Potter's (Margaret) <i>The House of De Maill</i>	554
Proscott's (E. Livingston) <i>His Familiar Fox</i>	286
Price's (Daisy Hugh) <i>The Pusha</i>	386, 485
Prichard's (K. and H.) <i>Karadac</i>	486
Primm's (Perrington) <i>Duke Rodney's Secret</i>	146, 285
Prior's (James) <i>Forest Folk</i>	146, 514
Prowse's (R. O.) <i>Yonsey</i>	366, 405
Pryce's (Gw. Odell) <i>John Jones, Curate</i>	534
Pugh & Burchett's <i>The Heritage</i>	306, 445
Randal's (John) <i>Pacifico</i>	406, 486
Raymond's (Walter) <i>Good Souls of Cider Land</i>	248
Reade's (Compton) <i>The Aftertaste</i>	106
Ridge's (W. Pett) <i>London Only</i>	446, 533
Ridley's (Lady) <i>Anne Mainwaring</i>	166, 209
Roberts's (C. G. D.) <i>The Heart of the Ancient Wood</i>	86, 486
Roberts's (C. G. D.) <i>Taken by Assault</i>	286
Rodziewicz's (Marya) <i>Distaff</i>	446
Ropes's (Arthur R. & Mary E.) <i>On Peter's Island</i>	316
Runkle's (Bertha) <i>The Helmet of Navarre</i>	406
Russell's (W. Clark) <i>The Ship's Adventure</i>	210
Ryud's (Evelyn Elyse) <i>Mrs. Green</i>	534
Sandeman's (Mina) <i>Ironica Verdant</i>	188
Savage's (Richard Henry) <i>Captain London</i>	534
Serao's (Matilde) <i>The Land of Cockayne</i>	486, 533
Sergeant's (Adeline) <i>The Treasure of Captain Scarlett</i>	366
Shiel's (M. P.) <i>The Lord of the Sea</i>	446, 553
Silver's (R. N.) <i>A Daughter of Mystery</i>	286
Slade's (A. F.) <i>A Wayside Weed</i>	209
Sladen's (Douglas) <i>My Son Richard</i>	406
Smale's (Fred. C.) <i>The Mayor of Littlejoy</i>	365
Smith's (Minna Caroline) translation of Valdes's <i>The Joy of Captain Ribot</i>	54
Smith's (F. C.) <i>A Daughter of Patricians</i>	248
Speight's (T. W.) <i>The Strange Experiences of Mr. Vercholyne</i>	326
Spender's (Emily) <i>A Soldier for a Day</i>	166
St. Aubyn's (Alan) <i>The Maiden's Creed</i>	534
Sterne's (Philip) <i>Mr. Leopold Lugwell</i>	406
Steuart's (John A.) <i>The Eternal Quest</i>	306
St. Laurence's (A.) <i>My Heart and Lute</i>	386
Stockton's (Frank R.) <i>A Bicycle of Cathay</i>	188, 229
Stockton's (Frank R.) <i>Afield and Afloat</i>	326
Story's (Alfred T.) <i>Master and Slave</i>	426
Swan's (Myra) <i>Ballast</i>	230
Taber's (Ralph Graham) <i>Northern Lights and Shadows</i>	14
Taylor's (Ellen) <i>A Thousand Pities</i>	514
Thomas's (R. M.) <i>Treuren</i>	166, 365
Thompson's (E. Simonet) <i>An Old Woman's Tragedy</i>	486
Threlfall's (T. R.) <i>The Great Magician</i>	286
Tracy's (Louis) <i>The Invaders</i>	86, 105
Trafford-Taunton's (Winefride) <i>Marked with a Cipher</i>	106
Treherne's (Philip) <i>From Valet to Ambassador</i>	34
Tynan's (Katherine) <i>That Sweet Enemy</i>	188
Valdes's (A. Palacio) <i>The Joy of Captain Ribot</i>	54
"Vartenes's" <i>Yestere</i>	514
Viller's (E.) <i>The Black Tortoise</i>	166
Vizelly's (Ernest A.) <i>A Path of Thorns</i>	126
Von Hutten's (Baroness) <i>Marr'd in Making</i>	534, 553
Vovnich's (E. L.) <i>Jack Raymond</i>	3-6, 105
Warden's (Florence) <i>Morals and Millions</i>	86
Wells's (D. D.) <i>Parlous Times</i>	346
Werner's (D. A.) <i>Chapenza's White Man</i>	346

FICTION—continued.

	PAGE
Wharton's (Edith) <i>Crucial Instances</i>	554
Whishaw's (Fred) <i>A Forbidden Name</i>	416
White's (Hester) <i>Mountains of Necessity</i>	306, 385
Wilkins's (Mary E.) <i>Understudies</i>	3-6, 425
Williams's (Neil Wynn) <i>Lady Haifa</i>	486
Williamson's (Mrs. C. N.) <i>Twixt Devil and Deep Sea</i>	210
<i>The Adventures of Princess Sylcia</i>	326
Winter's (John Strange) <i>The Career of a Beauty</i>	586
Woodroffe's (Daniel) <i>Tangled Trinities</i>	306, 325
Wylwynne's (Kythe) <i>The Dream Woman</i>	426
"Zack's" <i>The White Cottage</i>	386, 421

SUPPLEMENTS.

Educational	55-66
Spring Announcements	219-266
Tourist	487-491

ARTICLES.

Advertising, The New; or, The Dignity of Letters	290
Arnold, Jottings on	555
Atkins's (Mr.) National Anthem. ("Just Break the News to Mother")	329
B. B. B. (Lord Byron)	147
<i>Baba the Impossible</i> , The Author of: An Inquiry	347
Bible, The, and the Bishops	367
Biography, Concerning	167
Bismarck's Love-Letters	15
Brown, Dr. John. (<i>Mora Subseciva</i>)	69
Collector, A. (Mr. William Harris Arnold)	369
Conversations, Real: With William Harris the Sausage King	269
Doss-House Poet, A	169
Dreyfus. (Alfred Dreyfus's "Five Years of My Life")	390
Failure, The Literature of	427
Feuilleton, Halfpenny, The	170
Fiction in the Light of Travel. (<i>Two Books by Mr. Gissing</i>)	535
Flood, The. (<i>Catalogue of English Books</i>)	215
French Idioms	191
Garland, A Scholar's. (Dr. Furnivall's Work)	89
Grub-street. (<i>Squalid Literature</i>)	38
Hannah, The Saintly. (Miss Harland's "Hannah More")	213
How, The Ineffectual. (Grant Richards's "How to Write a Novel")	327
Humorist, A New American. (Major Pond)	107
James, Mr. Henry, and Matilde Serao v. The British Matron. ("Improper" Novels)	308
Job, Some Translators and	289
Keats, Poor. (<i>The Ethics of Editing</i>)	307
Languages, The Gate of, Thrown Wide	67
Love-Letters, An Englishwoman's. (Subsidiary Series)	68
Man in the Street, The Art of being the	469
Nietzsche's Letters	35
Novel, Domestic, The: An Inquiry. (Miss Broughton's "Foes in Law")	87
Novel, The Bad: An Inquiry	189
Pictures and Personality (Royal Academy Exhibition)	407
Places, Books About: a Retrospect	489
Poet, The, as Tinkerer (Mr. Yeats's Poems)	409
Poetic Famine, The	150
Poetry, Impossible. (Gay's Ballad of "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan")	110
Remorse, Tit-Bits of. (Mr. C. E. Clark's "Mora Mistakes We Make")	449
R. M. B. (Ballantyne)	498
Self-Education. (<i>List of Fifty Books</i>)	57
Serial, Sensational, The: An Inquiry	387
Shakespeare, Some Questions in	17
Shaw, George Bernard: An Inquiry	127
Spring Publishing Season, The	251
Story, Short, The Philosophy of the	287
Style, Athletic, The. (Stevens and his Imitators)	231
Success, The Literature of	467
Swinburne, Mr.	267
Topography, "Man in the Street," A Plea for	495
Verse, Obscurity in. (Mr. Meredith)	211
Nursery, French. (Minkes's "Book of French Song for the Young")	233
Writers, Two. (Sir W. Besant, Mr. R. Buchanan)	515

SIGNED ARTICLES.

Artist, The Luck of the. H. D. Lowry	37
Bailey's <i>Pestus</i> . F. B. Money-Coutts	447
Chemistry Hour, The. (Frank Bow.) W. W.	70
Fiction, The Fallow Fields of. (Balzac as a Novelist.) E. A. B.	517, 537
Ford, John. E. H.	429

SIGNED ARTICLES—continued.

	PAGE
Friends that Fail Not: Henry Kingsley. C. K. B.	309
Gorki, Maxime. Edward Garnett	497
Harrow's Poet. (Bowen's "Harrow Songs.") H. L.	349
Hearn, Lafcadio-Koizumi Yakumo. N. C.	328
Midnight, 1900-1901. (Outside St. Paul's Cathedral.) W.	17
Myers, Frederic. W. M.	88
Paris Letters. H. L.	
Lafont's Life of Garat; Marcel Prevost's <i>L'Heureux Ménage</i>	37
The Duke of Broglie, Henri de Bornier, and Mme. Caro	129
M. Bourget's <i>Le Fantôme</i> ; M. d'Haussonville's <i>Duchesse de Bourgogne</i>	235
M. Anatole France's <i>Monsieur Bergeret à Paris</i>	350
M. Zola's <i>Travail</i>	3-9
<i>Eve Victorieuse</i> , Mme. Duclaux, M. Rostand	538
Scott, An American on. (Hudson's "Sir Walter Scott.") P. Anderson Graham	109
Shakespeare, Les Femmes de. (Shakespeare's Heroines.) M. B. R.	537
Table Talk. F. V. V.	129, 191
Tupper, Martin, Playwright. A.	90
Who? (An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.) J. D.	149

THINGS SEEN.

"About the Best Thing —"	190
Action, Reflex	168
Almond Tree, The	309
Ambition	213
Anticipation	268
Authority	89
Bankrupt, The	288
Birds	429
Book-Buyer, The	496
Boots, Brown	89
Bottles, Little, The	469
Briton, The	537
Constancy	469
Courtesy	36
Diver, The	128
End, The	368
Equals	212
Fairy, Green, The	497
Flag, White, The	309
Gamblers, The. (Monte Carlo)	16
"Glory, Fields of"	449
Gloves, The	318
Greeting, A	408
Hats	148
Homesick	190
Innocent, The. (French Boy and Monte Carlo)	16
Khaki Clad	284
Lambs	348
Lecture, The End of the	108
Look, The	408
Man, The Free	449
Mandarins, The	108
Marquis, The	164
Morbidity	89
Mystery	388
Nonagenarian, The	428
Ornaments, The	348
Palingenesis	532
Passenger, The	536
Philosopher, The	429
Pianist, The	128
Poet, The	149
Profane	388
Rider, The	269
Sciologist, The	232
Sisters, The	328
Smiles	148
Southerners	36
Tower, The	556
Truant, The	557
Warrior, The Happy	517
Whence?	69
Whither?	69
Worker, The	368

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Adonis Gardens"	193, 236
Americanism, A Shakespearean. (The word "pred")	40, 91
Art, A Paradox on. (Mr. Arthur Symonds's Article)	19
Author and Critic. (Mr. Capes and "sedition")	40
Authors, The Society of	39
Boyd's List	111
Baedecker's Handbooks	451, 470
B. B. B. (Lord Byron)	171
Benson's (Mr.) Shakespearean Revivals	71
Besant's (Sir W.) <i>East London</i>	311
Bigg's (R. Heather) <i>Nell: A Tale of the Thames</i>	372

CORRESPONDENCE—continued.

	PAGE
Björnson	518
Blue-eyed Characters in Shakespeares	91
"Blue Boy, The"	91, 193
Branch	19
"Come Live with Me." (Titles from Shakespeare)	539
Criticism, Literary, and Private Judgment	451
Cromwell, The First Life of	110
Davidson's (John) Drama	171
Dilemma, The. (Review of "The Encyclopedia Britannica")	235
"E," The Elision of the	91
Ellegiacs, English Rhymed	91, 110, 130, 152
Eliot, George	430
"Failure, The Literature of"	451
"Festus" Bailey	411, 470
Fiction, The Fallow Fields of	539, 559
Fitzgerald's <i>Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam</i>	431, 451
Fortnightly Review, The. (Causes of its Failure)	71
Gainsborough's Portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire	351
"Gray" or "Grey"	370
"Gun," The Word	194
"Hannibal"	151
"Impulse to Feel and Know, The." (Mr. Cramb and Queen's College)	131
Linguistic Barbarisms, Recent	171
Love-Letter Story, The	151
Love-Letters, An Englishwoman's	18, 39
Lowell on Bryant	130
Marsh's (Mr. Richard) Stories	131
Masters, Old, Some Curiosities in the Works of the	311
Metaphors, Mixed	518
"Mistakes We Make"	539, 559
Müller, Prof. Max	450
Murray's Handbooks	451, 470
Music Hall, The Art of the	351
Novelist, A Much Neglected. (Butcher Lytton)	236
Novels, Titles of	370
Parsons's Portrait and Parsons's Ghost	431
Paterson's <i>The Eternal Conflict</i>	450
Peter Parley's Annual. (Sir George Samuel Meason)	215
Poems, Epic, Forgotten	194
Poetry, Impossible	132
Politician, The Perfect	131
Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel"	71
Scholars, Not for. (Best Books for a Working Man's Library)	40
Shakespeare and the Market	131, 194
Shakespeare's Knowledge	111
Shaw, George Bernard	192
Spelling, Simplification of	131, 330, 351
Switchback, The Father of the	539
Taunton's (E. L.) <i>History of the Jesuits in England</i>	390
Theocritus	215, 270
"Underpinned"	131
"Whitebait, Variations upon." (Mr. Le Gallienne)	71

POETRY.

Euthanasia	470
Hopper's (Miss Nora) "Rose o' the World"	200
Impressionist Pictures	497
Jester's Song, A	517
"Lallie, Who is Dead, To"	108
Nirvana	551
Splendid Mendax: The Dream of a Latter-day Mystic	503
Victoria, Queen, On the Death of	75

THE LITERARY WEEK.

Ainslie's Magazine	201
Alliteration, Ingenious Specimen of	201
America, Sonnet on, by Mr. C. H. Woodward	95
American Journalistic English	316
Anglians, East, The London Society of	277
Anglo-Russian, The	179
Anglo-Saxon Review, The	219, 277, 295, 545, 546
Archer, Mr. William, on Colloquialism	76
by "Real Conversations"	240, 436
Architectural Review, The	137
Argosy, The	180
Arnold, Sir Edward, A Letter by	136
Aspirants, Literary, Letters from	476
"Atkins," The British Soldier's Sobriquet	156
Atlantic Monthly Magazine, The	24, 241
Author, The	416
Authors', Society of, Pension Fund	295
English, in Vogue Abroad	456
Baedecker's Handbooks	431, 451
Bailey, Mr. Philip James	355, 411
Barrois Collection of MSS., The	456
Bashkirtseff, Marie, The Memoirs of	395
Bazin, M. René, The Novels of	117
Bauenden Letters, The	417
Besant, Sir Walter, The Career of	504
"Besant and Rice" Partnership, The	504, 524

THE LITERARY WEEK—continued.

"Between-Girl," The	357, 397
"Billion," The Meaning of	336, 378
Biographical Notes of Celebrities by American School Children	545
Black (William) Memorial Light, The	357
Blackmore (R. D.), Proposed Memorial to	385
Blackwood's Magazine	97, 157, 298
Blairgowrie, The "Reactor's Library" at	178
Book Announcements, Insinuating	317
Bookman, The	316, 438, 476
Book World, The	95
Books published in 1900, Analytical Table of	4
Neglected	156
Most Popular, in Quaker Schools	301
preferred by the English Girl	220
Boothby, Mr. Guy, An Interview with	116
Burrows (George) connection with East Anglia	297
Bosanquet, Mrs. Helen, on Penny and Two-penny Fiction	396
Boston Public Library, Novels banned at	275
Bradley's (Mr. A. C.) Lecture on "Poetry for Poetry's Sake"	543
Bridges (Mr. Robert) Poem, "A Prayer of Old Age"	24
British Weekly, The	219
Buchanan, Mr. Robert, The Career of	504
Burton, Mr. Richard, on "The Dark in Literature"	137
Byron, Demand for Editions of	221, 239
Caldron's (Mr. G. L.) Criticism of Tolstoy	376
Candid Friend, The	378
Canton, Miss Winifred Vida	335
Carlyle's Translation of the <i>Inferno</i> , Re-edition of	5
Cassell's Magazine	200
Celtia, The	24
Century, The Coming, Dangers of	4
Chambers's Journal	200
Child's Own Book, The	201, 297
"Children of the Hour"	135
Chinese Bookseller, Visit to a	417
Colinton, Home for Unfortunate Authors and Artists at	239
Collaboration in Fiction	545
Colliery Guardian, The	476
Collins, Mr. Churton, Criticism of	219, 270
on the Functions of	456
Poetry	456
Concervator, The	456
Contemporary Review, The	117, 476
Cornhill Magazine, The	377, 458, 544
"Count Tessa" at the Comedy Theatre	355
Courtenay's (Miss) <i>Reminiscences</i>	544
Cowper, Letter of, to Samuel Rose	76
Crabbe's Eclipse	76
Craigie, Mrs., on the Drama	296
on Dante and Botticelli	475
Crane's (Stephen) <i>The Monster</i>	177
Crichton, Dr., late Bishop of London	43
Critic, The (New York)	221, 417
Cut or Uncut Book-edges	116
Daily Chronicle, The	136
Daily Chronicle's "Chronicle Office" Paragraphs	5
Daily Mail, The	456
Daily News, The	23, 216
Dante Society's Meeting	475
Daudet, M. Alphonse, The Literary Life of	220
Davis, Mr. Richard Harding, An Interview with	116
Dial, The	136, 377
De Vere's (Aubrey) Poems, Landon's Marginal notes to	221
Dobson's (Mr. Austin) Lines on Angel Court	455
"Dream, A," by "S. P."	3
Dundee Advertiser, Facsimile of First Issue of the	24
East London Antiquities	200, 318
Edinburgh Review, The	335
Evan, Mr. Maurice F., on the New Historical Romancists	77
Eliot, George, Letter by, to Dr. Alexander Main	396
Empire Review, The	115
Era, Literary, The	437
"Everley" Series, The	199
Field's The Tribune Primer	457
Fiery Cross, The	97
Fortnightly Review	3
Forum, The	45, 137, 220, 317, 336, 378
Frazer's (Sir William Augustus) Library, Sale of	337
Friends' Quarterly Examiner	376
Friends', Society of, Address to the King	377
Fun	44
Gainsborough's Portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire	315, 351
Gardiner's (Prof.) <i>History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate</i>	155
Gilpin's (John) Edmonton	76
Glasgow University, 150th Anniversary of	336
Gosse, Mr. Edmund, on Biographies	277
Grant-Duff, Sir Mount Stuart, on "The Poetry of the Victorian Age"	386
Granatark, Publisher's Puff of	377
Great Thoughts	77, 220
Gribble, Mr. Francis, Work in Preparation by	515
Groves, Miss Agnes, on Mispronunciation and Middleclassdom	220
Gubbins's (Nathaniel) <i>Buts of Turf</i>	77
Hampstead Annual, The	25
Hardy, Mr. Thomas, on Pessimism and Signed Criticism	240

THE LITERARY WEEK—continued.

Harper's Weekly	157
Magazine	276
Harraden's (Miss Beatrice) <i>Ships that Pass in the Night</i>	316
Harrison, Mr. Frederic, on Mr. Hewlett	3
on the Writings of	476
King Alfred	503
in America	98
Haweis, Rev. H. R., The Writings of	96, 297
Havine, Translation of Poems of	221
"Henry V." at the Lyceum Theatre	525
Hertfordshire Workhouse, Proposal from a	457
Hogarth House, Chiswick	200
Hopper's (Miss Nora) Poem: "Rose of the World"	26
Howells's (Mr. W. D.) Poem, "Breakfast is My Best Meal"	436
Essay on "The New Poetic Drama"	178
Hugo's (Victor) "A une Femme," Translation of	395
Love Letters	25
Huxley and Tennyson, Stories of	177
Ibsen, The Real, Mr. Archer on	76
Ibsen's Colloquialisms	415
"Pillars of Society" at the Garrick Theatre	415
"Ghosts"	378
Irish Literary Society's Competitions	135
Italian Literature, Neglect of	44
Journalism, Twentieth Century, Startling Predictions about	201
"Yellow"	220
"Tabloid"	221
Kensington, The	45
Kew, The Testing of Watches at	525
Kia-Yi, Chinese Poet	97
Kilkerran, Lord, Alleged Libel on	177
Kingsley, Miss Mary, and West Africa	117
Kipling's Poetry, Prof. Dowden's Estimate of	136
"Recessional," An Attack on	200
Kim	417
"Just So" Stories	435
Suit for Breach of Copyright	475
Poem on the "Details" in South Africa	179
Krasovsky, Russian Press Censor	416, 417
Ladies' Home Journal	46, 503
Lady's Magazine, The	297
Lang's (Mr. Andrew) Literary "Double"	296, 456
Lawsuits, Literary	397
Lee, Mr. Sydney, and the Shakespeare First Folios	545
Leng, Sir John, The Career of	96
Leo's (Pope) Ode to the Nineteenth Century	157
Lett's (C. Hubert) Hundred Best Pictures	295
Library World, The	95
Life and Beauty	221
Life (New York)	221, 240
Lilly, Mr. W. S., on Landon	336
Literary Grievance, A	317
Literature, The Search after Novelty in	337, 544
The Teaching of	179
London, The late Bishop of, Mr. Andrew Lang on	179, 376, 544
Longman's Magazine	3, 24, 43, 135, 136, 276, 355
Love Letters, An Englishwoman's	546
Low, Mr. Sidney, on "The Poet of South Africa"	179
Lucas, Mr. E. V., on "Fighting against Odds"	178
Macaulay, Prof. Jebb on	200, 456
Macmillan's Magazine	335
Masterlinck as Moralist and Artist	455
The "Cardinal Doctrine" of	24
Manzoni on Writing about Love	337
Masterpiece Portfolio, No. 7	295
Maturce, Mr. H. Ogram	137
Maupassant's Description of Mont St. Michel	416, 455
May Book, The	136
Meredith's (Mr. George) Pronouncements on the Army	297
Poem, "The Hueless Love"	417
Obscurity	317
Metaphors, Mixed	376
Meynell, Mrs., on Sir F. S. Haden's Etchings	45, 201
Millard's (Miss) Advertisements of Laces and Curios	376
Monthly Review, The	523
Moore, Mr. George, and Ireland	4
Morning Post Nineteenth Century Paragraphs	239
Müller's (Mr. Max) Autobiography	336
Murray, Dr., Entertained by the Authors' Club	525
Mr. Henry, on Literature as a Profession	431, 431
Murray's Handbooks	240
Myers's (Gustavus) <i>History of Tammany Hall</i>	25
Nation, The	565
Net-Book Controversy, The	117, 179, 297
New Liberal Review, The	525
New York Journal, The	477
Times Saturday Review, The	524
Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, on Novelists	437
North-American Review, The	317
Notes and Queries	136, 241, 505
Novel, Historical, The	157
Novels, The Rapid Reading of	295
for Hard-workers, Invalids, and Others	437
Authors' Profits on	

THE LITERARY WEEK—continued.

Ormerod's (Oliver) Works in the Rochdale District	158
Over-writing, The Sin of	436
Pall Mall Gazette, The	23, 336, 356, 357, 376, 396
Pall Mall Magazine, The	199, 240, 356, 436, 477, 523
Pear-Tree Press, The	437
Peck's (Gilead P.) Literary Banquet	504
Penny Dreadful, "G. K. C." on the	240
Phillips, Mr. Stephen, The Personality of	45
Photography, Panoramic	398
Pilgrim's Progress, A unique Copy of	505
Pilot, The	220, 240, 337, 545
Poetry, Modern, Proposed Society for the Cult of	241
Ridiculous	138
A "Honorary Purveyor" of	357
Poets, Occupations, etc., of	45
Power, The Literature of	377
Proctor's (Miss Zoe) <i>Birthday Book</i>	179
Publishers' Circular, The	116
Punch's Holiday Book	544
Quail, The	156
Rambler, The	275
Rose-tree, Lines on the Planting of a	355
Ross's (John D.) <i>Henley and Burns, or the Critic Censured</i>	25
Rossetti's <i>The Blessed Damozel</i>	23
Saturday Review, The, Experiences of an early Contributor to	298
Saturday Review of New York	45
Scribner's Magazine	24, 135
Shakespeare Examination Paper Questions	23, 44
on Patriotism	457
Book Titles from	97
Shaw, Mr., On Play-writing	25
Shorthouse, Mr. J. Henry, The Personality of	397
Skipping, The Philosophy of	457
Smart Set, The	115
Smart's (Christopher) <i>A Song to David</i>	315
Smith, Mr. George M., The Career of	455
A Character Sketch of	417
The Fortune of	437
Speaker, The	240, 395, 417, 418
Spectator, The	417, 437
Spelling Reform Movement, The	316
Sphere, The	98, 239, 335
St. Andrew	97
Stephen, Mr. Leslie, on "Romance and Science"	336
Stevenson, R. L., Letters by	44, 95, 116, 156
Stuart, Gilbert, and the Authors he Disliked	543
Stubbs, Dr., late Bishop of Oxford	356, 417
Tablet, The	96
Tanner, Dr., and Major Jones	356
Temperance Critic, The	241
Temple Bar	116, 317
Tennant's (Mrs. Pamela) <i>Book of Peace</i>	23
Tenniel, Sir John, Dinner to	503
Thrush, The	5, 96, 241
Tolstoy's (Count) <i>Who is Right?</i>	316
Reply to the Holy Synod	376
Twain, Mark, as a Social Ameliorator	117
Mr. Howells on the Method of	155
on Adam	276
Twentieth Century, The	25
Type-writer, The, Does it affect Literary Style?	25
Universities, Retention of Greek and Latin at the	157
Vaekchu, Queen of Cannibals in the Marquesas	220
Varsity, The	156
Verbs formed out of Proper Names	317
Verne, Jules, A Letter by	135
Victoria, Queen, and Lord Tennyson	75
Poetic Tributes to	96
Ward, Mr. Ebenezer, The Career of	435
Watson's (Mr. William) Poem "Lamentation"	335
Sonnet "Melancholia"	458
Wedmore, Mr. Frederick, on "The Needs of the New Century in Art"	77
Weisse, Mr. H. V., on the Reading of the Day	437
Wesley, John, The Journals of	376
Westminster Review, The	220
Wheeler, Miss Ethel, on "The Place of Architecture in Allegory"	137
White's (Mr. Robert) Action against Messrs. Constable	277
Whitmanism (Walt), The Organ of	456
Windsor Magazine, The	26, 116
"Word of Honour Free Loan Office," The	396
World, The New York	4
Wright, Dr., The Works of	96
Writing and Machine News, The	201
Wyllie, Dr., on the Use of Cocaine	219
Yeats, Mr. W. B., A Preface by	335
Stratford-on-Avon	418
Yonge, Miss, The Works of	276
Yorkshire, Picturesque History of	201
Zangwill's Hymn "translated from the Hebrew"	115

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

	PAGE
Alfred the Great, Works relating to	438
Alma-Tadema, Miss, The Works of	506
Bailey's (Mr. P. J.) <i>Festus</i>	338
Beaconsfield's (Lord) Letters	138
<i>Memoirs</i>	398
Benham's (Canon) editions of Cowper's Works	378
Besant, Sir Walter, The Works of	506
Bibliography, The Spread of	180
Björnson's Dramas, English Versions of... ..	418, 438
Blake, William, The Writings of	478
Boswell's <i>Life of Johnson</i> , Editions of	526
Bowen, Mr. E. E., The School Lyrics of	3 8
Brooks, Mr. Shirley, The Works of	438
Brown, Alice, The Works of	318
Mr. Vincent, The Works of	478
Buchanan, Mr. Robert, The Poetical Works of	398, 506
Bulwer's <i>What Will He Do With It?</i>	202
Callcott, Lady, The Works of	338
Canton, Miss Winifred Vida	334
Mr. William, The Poems of	526
Collins, Wilkie, Dramatic Stories of	26
Cork, Dr. Joseph, The Works of	546
<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	292
Crabbe, Editions of the Works of	278
Croighton, Dr., The Publications of	46
Crosby's (Mr. George) <i>Salathiel</i>	478
Darley, Mr. George, The Lyrics of	378
Dobson, Mr. Austin, The Poems of	506
Donnelly, Ignatius, Books published by	26
Draper's (Warwick H.) <i>Alfred the Great</i>	242
Dutt, Mr. W. A., Books written by	98
Echegaray's Plays, Translations of	378
Elliot, George, The Works of	138, 202
Ellis, Mr. S. F., Literary Publications of	46
Ferguson's (Prof.) <i>Some Aspects of Bibliography</i>	222
Fiction, Sixpenny, The Big Library of	98
Froude and Kingsley, The well-known Epigram on	358
Gaborian's Stories	118
Grant-Duff's (Sir M. E.) <i>Notes from a Diary</i>	378
Graves, Mr. Alfred Percival, The Works of	180
"Great Writers" Series, The	526
Hannan, Mr. Charles, The Works of	138
Harte, Bret, The Works of	78
Hatton, Miss Bessie, The Works of	178
Hauptmann, Gerhardt, The Works of	298
Haweis, Mr., The Works of	118
Hazlitt, Editions of the Works of	438, 458
Henty, Mr. G. A., The Works of	322
Homer, Mr. A. N., The Works of	378
Hume, Mr. Fergus, The Works of	138
Innes, Mr. A. D., The Works of	26
Iwan-Müller, Mr. E. B., The Writings of	278
Jeaffreson, Mr. Cordy, The Works of	118

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES—continued.

	PAGE
Keary, Mr. C. F., The Works of	298
Kennedy, Mr. H. A., The Works of	358
Kent, Mr. Charles, The Works of	278
King, Mrs. Hamilton, The Works of	118
Kinglake's <i>Eothen</i> , Editions of	526
Langbridge, Rev. Frederick, Works by	546
Lehmann, Mr., The Works of	26
Lowell, Mr. J. R., The Works of	26
Machen, Mr. Arthur, The Works of	398
Martineau, Harriet, The Publications of	26
<i>May Book, The</i>	418
Melville's (Lewis) Collection of Thackeray's <i>Stray Papers</i>	202
"Mermaid" Series of English Dramatists	438
Micélet, Mme., as an Authoress	398
Mitchell, Dr. S. Weir, The Writings of	478
Montagu, Mr. Irving, The Works of	318
Muddock, Mr. J. E., The Works of	298, 318
Murray's (Mr. Henry) Collaboration with Robert Buchanan	526
Myers, Frederic W. H., The Publications of	78
Newman, John Henry, Works relating to	318
<i>Peep of Day</i> , Who was the Author of?	358
Posnett, Mr. Hutcheson Macaulay, The Writings of	478
<i>Préface's (Col.) Bibliography of Coleridge</i>	6
<i>Quarterly Review, The</i>	278
Radford, Mr. Ernest, The Works of	242
Rakes, Thomas, The Diary of	458
<i>Ralph Roister Doister</i>	180
<i>Rambler, The</i>	288
Raymond's (Walter) <i>Good Souls of Cider-Land</i>	242
Reade's (Charles) <i>Peg Woffington</i> , Editions of	138
Riddell, Mrs. J. H., The Works of	506
<i>"Rita's" The Ending of My Day</i>	158
Robertson's (T. W.) "War"	118
Salt, Mr. H. S., The Works of	378
Savage-Armstrong, Mr. G. F., The Works of	222
Savonarola, Biographies of	418, 438
Scott's <i>Tales of a Grandfather</i> , Editions of	46
Sendall, Sir Walter, Editions of the Works of	278
Shore, Miss Arabella, The Publications of	78
Smith, Alexander, The Works of	242
Soldiers, Songs for	298
Stevenson, Robert Louis, Works relating to	98
Symons, Mr. Arthur, The Works of	506
Tennyson, The Boom in	223
Thackeray, Editions of the Works of	202
Criticisms of the Works of	242
Thompson, Mr. Maurice, The Works of	78
Thomson, "Seasons," The Poems of	78
Tolstoy, Editions of the Works of	180
Verhaeren, M. Emile, The Works of	202
Wallace's (General) <i>Ben Hur</i>	526
Will's (W. G.) "Charles I."	546
Yeats's (Mr. W. B.) <i>Play The Land of Heart's Desire</i>	298
Yonge, Miss, The Works of	278

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(New Series.)

	PAGE
No. 67: Reflections on the Change of Century ..	19
No. 68: Dialogue from an Unwritten Novel ...	40
No. 69: Open Letter to a Living Writer	72
No. 70: First and Last Sentences of an Unwritten Novel	91
No. 71: Lines on some Domestic Incident or Object	113
No. 72: Historical Personages wished to be Recalled from the Grave	132
No. 73: Suggestion of a Neglected Book	152
No. 74: Original Poem	172
No. 75: Literary Portrait	194
No. 76: Original Character Sketch	216
No. 77: Verses descriptive of the Sound of a Band of Music	236
No. 78: Heterodox Criticism of a Meritorious Work	270
No. 79: Twelve Best Books in the Spring Supplement	291
No. 80: Theory of Cathcart's Association with White Lilac	311
No. 81: "Thing Seen" in connection with the Easter Holidays	331
No. 82: Lines on the Planting of a Rose-bush ..	352
No. 83: Personal Reminiscences of a notable Man or Woman	373
No. 84: Character Sketch of Bird or Beast	391
No. 85: Note on a New Word, Phrase, or Habit of Speech	412
No. 86: Suggestion of a Literary Subject for a Painting	432
No. 87: Prose Description of an Actual Garden ..	451
No. 88: Reminiscence of School Life	470
No. 89: Note on "A Eoo' That Has Interested Me"	500
No. 90: Poem on Alfred the Great	519
No. 91: "The London Sight that Impresses Me Most"	540
No. 92: "The Country Sight that Impresses Me Most"	559

OBITUARY.

Besant, Sir Walter	504, 515
Buchanan, Mr. Robert	504, 515
Canton, Miss Winifred Vida	334
Smith, Mr. George M.	315
Stubbs, Dr., Bishop of Oxford	376
Tanner, Dr.	256
Ward, Mr. Ebenezer	435
Yonge, Miss Charlotte Mary	276

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS' NEW BOOK.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.

By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS (Mrs. Craigie).

Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; paper, 2s. net.

SOME EARLY PRESS OPINIONS.

"Mrs. Craigie, more than any other woman who is now writing, is, in the true, manly sense, a woman of letters. She is not a woman with a few personal emotions to express; she is what a woman so rarely is—an artist.....Her comedy, 'The Wisdom of the Wise,' suggests, at times, a play of Congreve in its straightforward wit.....It turns serious at every other moment, balancing itself adroitly between sentiment and cynicism.....If it is a popular success, then the finer literary qualities of dramatic writing are not yet wholly unappreciated."—*Star*.

"A bright, entertaining, witty comedietta."—*World*.

"Mrs. Craigie confers an obligation upon all who can appreciate bright character-drawing and lively writing."—*Globe*.

"Abundantly clever and refined.....Its author's wit and elegance of fancy provide the necessary good things.....Highly agreeable to read."—*Scotsman*.

"All that the characters say is worth listening to. There is a truth in every bantering phrase, a moral in every poignant sentence."—*Daily Mail*.

"It is in many ways clever and delightful.....If it had been published in book form, with some such title—to adopt Mrs. Craigie's earlier manner—as 'A Duke, some puppets, a historian, an heiress—and marriage,' it would probably have been an enormous success, a pointed satire upon the matrimonial cynicism of the upper classes, and everybody would have wondered why it was not at once produced on the stage. It possesses, moreover, not only these qualifications for literary success, but a quality which is far more important—intention."—*Speaker*.

I. PAGES from a JOURNAL. Essays, Notes, and Tales from a Journal of the last Thirty Years. By MARK RUTHERFORD, Author of "Clara Hopgood," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The Contents comprise such subjects as: A Visit to Carlyle—June—The Break of a Great Drought—Spinoza—Faith—Sir Walter Scott's Use of the Supernatural—and some Notes on Milton.

"Will not fail to be welcome to those who have made the acquaintance of the works of the writer."—*Daily News*.

AN IMPORTANT ADDITION TO "UNWIN'S LIBRARY OF LITERARY HISTORY."

II. A LITERARY HISTORY of AMERICA. By Barrett WENDELL, Professor of English at Harvard University. With Frontispiece. Cloth, 16s.

"This solid and well-digested treatise deserves a welcome from any reader who wishes to be exactly informed upon the details, ideals, and tendencies of the rich literature which she has had."—*Scotsman*.

"A workmanlike volume, which will give any student a fair idea of the work of American authors.....Is likely to be useful to those preparing for examinations."—*Publishers' Circular*.

A FASCINATING NEW TRAVEL BOOK.

III. AMONG the BERBERS of ALGERIA. By ANTHONY WILKIN, Author of "On the Nile with a Camera," &c. Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 16s.

"Mr. Wilkin is fond of travel, knows where to seek his adventures, and how to enjoy them. He is also a good photographer and an interesting writer; so that it is with some anticipation that we turn over the pages of his new volume.

It provides us with a unique glimpse of life throughout the wide country of Algeria..... It is bright with the spirit of adventure and sparkling descriptions."—*Daily Chronicle*.

IV. TRAMPING with TRAMPS. Studies and Sketches of Vagabond Life. By JOSIAH FLYNT. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"A book—neither fiction nor war-book—that will keep every reader's attention chained down from page 1 to page 398, and set his tongue going about it afterwards.....Deserves to become a classic, both as immensely good reading and as invaluable material for the sociologist and reformer."—*Daily Mail Gazette*.

"A work which will be read with interest by all who study the important social question of vagabondage."—*Morning Post*.

V. THE JEW in LONDON. A Study in Racial Character and Present Day Conditions. With an Introduction by Canon BARNETT, a Preface by the Right Hon. JAMES BRYCE, M.P., and an Important Map specially made for the volume. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

"A careful and instructive study of the Jewish question, especially as it affects London, alike from the social, industrial, and religious points of view.It may be read with profit alike by those who concern themselves with practical questions of a social and economic kind, and by those whose interest lies rather in studies of a historical and religious order."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"A collection of well-verified facts and interpretations which sheds a most serviceable light upon some obscure racial and industrial problems.....A very thorough piece of work."—*Daily Chronicle*.

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

I. SARAH, "P.G." The Experiences of a Paying Guest. By H. SANT MARTIN-LANYON. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"In 'Sarah, "P.G."' Mrs. H. Sant Martin-Lanyon has come near to writing one of the most fascinating novels of the season."—*Daily Express*.

II. VANITY. Being the Confessions of a Court Modiste. By RITA. Second Edition. 6s.

LADIES.—Do you desire some valuable wrinkles on how to dress? Do you know how a number of the smart set clothe themselves for nothing? Do you wish to know how you should look when properly gowned? Would you like to know all about the ins and outs of a Court modiste's business? Do you want a really nice present to send to a friend?

If you want any of these things,

BUY "RITA'S VANITY," The Confessions of a Court Modiste.

III. EDWARD BARRY, South Sea Pearler. By LOUIS BECKE, Author of "By Reef and Palm," &c. Unwin's Green Cloth Library. 6s.

"One of the most exciting stories of the sea we have read for many a long year.....Mr. Becke is a master of narrative, and such is the swift passage of events that the reader sits with held breath devouring whole pages at a glance.

It is the most absorbing romance since 'Treasure Island.'"—*Echo*.

IV. TRINITY BELLS. A Tale of Old New York. By AMELIA E. BARR. Profusely Illustrated and with Decorated Cover. 6s.

"Mrs. Barr has written many good stories, but we do not remember any one that we like better than this."—*Lloyd's News*.

"An excellent little tale."—*Daily Telegraph*.

V. THE STORY of the TREASURE SEEKERS. Being the Adventures of the Bastable Children in Search of a Fortune. By E. NESBIT. Illustrated by Gordon Browne and Lewis Baumer. Cloth, 6s.

"A delight to read."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"We cannot realise anybody who could fail to enjoy it."—*World*.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

Rev. Dr. JOSEPH PARKER.

THIRD EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

A PREACHER'S LIFE.

An Autobiography and an Album.

By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.,

Minister of the City Temple, London.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

"This fascinating autobiography."—*Methodist Recorder*.

"It is a book of uncommon interest, and, in those portions which relate to its author's later life, one of heart-moving pathos."—*Christian World*.

"We have to thank Dr. Parker for a sparkling book, full of good things put as only Dr. Parker can put them."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"The volume has the vigour and the freshness of which Dr. Parker possesses the incommunicable secret."—*Literary World*.

"To many this volume will prove a book of deep interest."—*Academy*.

"The book has the magic of the writer's personality."—*Outlook*.

"Dr. Parker has produced a book that is interesting from its first page to its last.... The volume has all those characteristics of Dr. Parker to which we have become accustomed in his numberless books..... A most readable book, which we feel sure will be read and much enjoyed."—*Glasgow Herald*.

VOLUMES 1, 2, 3 NOW READY.

Price 3s. 6d. each, net.

THE

CITY TEMPLE PULPIT.

Sermons by the Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

"After reading these sermons by the famous preacher whose reputation is so world-wide, we feel here indeed we possess the results of sanctified genius. Dr. Parker lights his own fire, and his originality is extraordinary. He is a Bible-inspired man. In fact, his love of the Bible comes out in every line. The prayers at the beginning of these sermons are full of pathos, directness, communion with God. The sermons amount to twenty in all, and it were difficult to say which is better than another. All are so good, rich, and helpful."—*Christian Leader*.

Monthly Parts, price 6d. net. Cloth cases for binding Parts, price 6d. net.

THE CHEAP ISSUE OF

Dr. Parker's People's Bible,

Now offered, in Sets of FIVE VOLUMES for 17s. 6d. net, cloth, payable in advance.

ALL VOLUMES SOLD SEPARATELY.

Price 6s. each. (Original Price, 8s. each.)

The Volumes of the various Sets cannot be assorted at Subscription Price.

Full Prospectus post free on application to the Publishers.

London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER,

For JANUARY,

COMMENCES a NEW VOLUME, and contains Contributions by

SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

THE HON. MRS. CHAPMAN.

THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

EDMUND ROBERTSON, Q.C., M.P. (late Civil Lord of

L. OPPENHEIM.

SIR MICHAEL FOSTER, K.C.B., M.P.

THE HON. LADY PONSONBY.

THE MOULVIE RAFIUDDIN AHMAD.

JOHN TREVARTHEN (*Farm School, Redhill*).

HENRY JEPSON.

ROBERT BROMLEY.

THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

SIR WEMYSS REID.

SIDNEY LOW.

THE BISHOP OF NEWPORT.

THE EDITOR.

LORD ROBERTS ON ARMY REFORM (reprinted from *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1884).

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO. (LTD.).

Frontispiece.

"Midnight, December 31st, 1900."

"A New Century and an Old Riddle."

"England's Peasantry—Then and Now."

"The Admiralty and Submarine Boats."

"On Spion Kop."

"Scientific Use of Hospitals."

"The Role of Women in Society."—II.

"The Sources of Islam."

"Hooliganism."

"A Day of Purification."

"The Nicaragua Canal Question."

"Varying Ideals of Human Beauty."

"Current Politics: (1) A Liberal View."

"Current Politics: (2) A Conservative View."

"The Catholic Doctrine of Indulgences."

"Note on the Papal Indulgence at Oberammergau."

"'Kim' opens magnificently. In five minutes we know 'Little Light of all the World' and the old Thibetan priest, who adopts the lad as a chela to beg for him..... 'Kim' promises to be full of incident."—*DAILY EXPRESS*.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S GREAT STORY "KIM"

COMMENCES IN

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY. NOW READY, PRICE 6d.

A MAGNIFICENT NEW EDITION OF THE GREAT HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY.

On January 23 will be published Part I., price 6d., of

THE CENTURY EDITION OF CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND

1. A large number of Superb Coloured Plates, exquisitely produced, have been expressly executed for the "Century" Edition.

2. The "Century" Edition is brought down to the dawn of the 20th Century.

3. The "Century" Edition will be printed on superior paper.

4. The "Century" Edition will contain nearly 2,000 Original Illustrations by leading artists, including a number prepared for this issue, and will be in all respects

A WORK WORTHY OF THE NEW CENTURY.

* Orders for Part I. should be registered at the Booksellers' immediately, as the interest taken in this Edition has far surpassed that which has been manifested in previous issues, and an enormous demand is consequently anticipated.

Messrs. CASSELL & COMPANY will publish on Jan. 25,

Part I., price 6d., of

MYSTERIES of POLICE and CRIME

BY

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

A splendid Rembrandt Photogravure of Claude Duval from the celebrated Picture by W. P. Frith, R.A., will be given with Part I.

In this work Major Arthur Griffiths deals more particularly with the "mysteries" of crime and its partial or complete detection; with offences not immediately brought home to their perpetrators; offences prepared in secret, committed by offenders who have remained long, perhaps entirely, unknown, but who have generally met with their true deserts; offences that have in consequence exercised the ingenuity of pursuers, showing the highest development of the game of hide-and-seek, where the hunt is man, where one side fights for life and liberty, immunity from well-merited reprisals, the other is armed authority to capture the human beast of prey.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, London; and all Booksellers.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1496. Established 1869.

5 January, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

INTEREST in the authorship, significance, and form of that literary orchid, *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, is in no wise abating. That the solution offered recently in our columns by "Theta," and apparently, though mysteriously, approved by the anonymous author, does not satisfy all readers, is shown by a letter we print this week. Meanwhile guesses at the authorship fill our ears, like the "thousand twangling instruments" that perplexed Caliban. It is known that the MS. of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* was offered to Mr. Murray through Mr. Pinker, the well-known literary agent; and on this circumstance is built the theory that the book is the secret venture of some well-known and shrewdly mercantile novelist. In this connexion we have heard whispered the name of a humourist who has done, and may wish to do again, serious and striking work. But hardly has this guess filled us with amaze, when a penetrating critic suggests to us the name of a young writer, whose authorship of a certain book of verse did not long remain a secret. Were this second suggestion to gain acceptance, the interest which already attaches to the book would certainly lose nothing.

MEANWHILE, without questioning the talent in *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, or the interest of the present discussion, we cannot help remarking that the book and the mystery which attaches to it do not strike us as healthy signs of the time. With all its cleverness and human interest, a book like *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* is without the living wind that blows through true literature; it is essentially vaporous and not quite wholesome. It is clever and engrossing, and touches many hearts; but a book may do all this without being essentially valuable. The hopes of fiction lie in big conceptions, a wide stage, and the power to embody character and emotion; not merely to state these in narrow exquisite compass. Of course, if the book is a genuine correspondence these remarks do not apply. But even in that case they may not be wholly without justification. For we feel almost certain that a fashion in fiction is about to spring up, taking as its models *A Gift from the Grave* and *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*. If so, we regret that we can give it but a doubtful welcome.

PROBABLY many of our readers were struck by the contents of the postcard which we received from Mr. Frederic Harrison a month ago, when we asked a number of critics to name the books which had pleased and interested them most during 1900. Mr. Harrison replied:

The only first-class book of 1900 has been Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea-and-Nay*.

For this faith which is in him Mr. Harrison gives his reasons in an article on Mr. Hewlett in the current *Fortnightly*. He begins boldly: "At last we have a fine writer of romance—of historical romance in the old meaning of that somewhat languishing art." Mr. Harrison

sees continuous progress in Mr. Hewlett's art. After the *Little Novels of Italy*, he says:

It remained to be shown if our artist could construct an elaborate, full, coherent romance; true to historic realism; ample in incident and plot; correct in pictorial tone; a truly romantic epic, wrought out from end to end by living men and women, playing their parts in due relation and sequence. This Maurice Hewlett has done in his new piece, *The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay*.

After examining the texture of this romance, Mr. Harrison does not burk its phrasiness. Quoting some "fine idealisms," such as "the sacred air in which a loved woman moves," and others, he says:

They tell me they find all this harsh, difficult to follow, queer. But for my part I prefer a real historical romance such as this, told, it may be, in somewhat antique old English, to photographs of thieves' slums, and the monkey tricks of schoolboys and recruits—aye, or to a wilderness of monkeys, and to all the drawing-room flirtations and divorce-court vulgarities which are the fashion of to-day.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE's remarks upon the future of the dramatic profession and the unassailability of the actor, made at the professional matinée of "Herod" this week, seem to have set a well-known poet dreaming somewhat in the manner of the Judæan king. At least, so we gather from the following lines which reach us, signed "S. P.":

A DREAM.

Bear with me, oh!

I dreamed last night of a mime of willowy grace
To be the conqueror of the Lyceum Knight
And ravish immortality through me.
There shall the critics blindly dash themselves,
There shall the *D. Mail* strike, and there the *World*
Shall aim each week its William Archery.
And other actors shall repair to him,
Immune from cost when Centuries are born,
And he will fill their wounds with balm, ah! ah!
And he shall be the hope of tragic poets,
The succourer of neo-Elizabethans.
Shall send a light on the St. James's lost
And help them with their first and second acts.

[Murmurs of sympathy]

And I will think in Tennyson and dream in Marlowe,
Imagine in Shakespeare and in Tree conceive.
Till it shall dazzle Mr. Sidney Colvin
And Messrs. Edmund Gosse and Stephen Gwynn.
And it shall fill Her Majesty's o' nights,
Allure e'en gods into the gallery—ah!
And all the golden West from sumptuous cates.
And when 'tis over I will strive with him
To buy *Paolo and Francesca* from Alexander.

WE understand that the profits of the *Daily Mail* during 1900 amount to £80,000.

THE retirement of Sir John Tenniel from the staff of *Punch* suggests, perhaps, to the public mind the ending of an epoch more markedly than might an event of really historical importance. For fifty years the same hand, with hardly an interval, has drawn the weekly *Punch* cartoon. The record, as a mere statement of fact, is wonderful; but when we consider the quality of the work—its alertness, humour, insight—it becomes a matter on which our time may congratulate itself, as well as Sir John Tenniel. Thousands of people looked to his work as a guide to the proper appreciation of an event or of an individual; and many of us, on reflection, will discover that our idea of Beaconsfield is mainly composed of memories of a great series of cartoons. That in the current issue lacks no quality which made the earlier work great. It is a last gift equal to the first.

WE might fill pages by chronicling the ways, more or less literary, in which the Twentieth Century has been hailed and advertised. The *Times*' selections from its own back numbers extending over the nineteenth century have been very interesting. The selections include the announcement of the death of Byron. One is astonished to be reminded that the news took nearly four weeks to reach London. The announcement was made in these terms in the *Times* of May 15, 1824:

A courier arrived in town yesterday morning with the distressing intelligence of the decease of Lord Byron, at Missolonghi, on April 19, after an illness of ten days. A cold, attended with inflammation, was the cause of the fatal result. Lord Sydney Osborne's letters from Corfu are dated April 27. His Lordship was about to proceed immediately to Zante, where the body had arrived.

Lord Byron had perfectly recovered from his illness in February, which was of quite a different nature from that under which he died.

THE *Morning Post* has also searched its nineteenth century files with interesting results. In 1800 this paper was sold for sixpence, of which sum the Government took three halfpence in stamp duty. It is impossible to read the fashion paragraphs of December 31, 1800, without recalling Lamb's essay on "Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago," and without being at the same time reminded of the personal paragraph of to-day, in which the change of tone is, after all, very slight. We read:

Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, on their return from Fonthill, alighted at the Mayor's in Salisbury, where they regaled themselves with bread and cheese and porter, in preference to more sumptuous fare.

His Majesty yesterday morning rode out on horseback, the ground being too hard for taking the diversion of hunting.

Sir Hyde Parker's honeymoon is only to last three weeks, when he must return to his command in the Channel Fleet, having left his Lady the consolation of an annuity of £2,000 in a case of an accident.

Several of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament are outbidding each other for Mrs. Jordan's late residence in Somerset-street.

Grimaldi's *Punch*, in the Pantomime at Drury Lane, can only be equalled by Byrne's elegant performance of the Gentleman of the wooden sword.

The Earl of Essex is called the Bonaparte of the Partridges in Hertfordshire this year, having made a battle of Marengo among them almost every day.

By the last packet which came from Lisbon we noted the seasonable arrival of Mr. Winter.

ONE of the best new-century journalistic devices has been the New York *World's* appeal to eminent men for their answer to the question: "What in your opinion is the chief danger, social and political, that confronts the coming century?" The dangers foreseen by the *World's* correspondents are dreadfully various. We select from

the list a few of those which are pointed out by literary men and women:

MR. WILLIAM WATSON.—Greed.

MR. GILBERT PARKER, M.P.—Apart from international questions incident on the extension of the Empire, to my mind the greatest danger to the welfare of the world in the coming century will be the spread and power of big monopolies and trusts.

IAN MACLAREN.—It appears to me that the great political danger in the beginning of the new century will be the collision of the Western Powers in the East, and the chief social danger will be anarchy among the masses of the people at the base of our modern society. May I add that in my opinion the safeguard against both perils is the application of the Sermon on the Mount to the live alike of nations and of individuals.

MR. MAX O'RELL.—An irresponsible and unbridled Press.

MR. ARTHUR W. PINERO.—Trades unions—the relations of workmen and employers.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.—The influence on half-educated nations of an irresponsible Press, whose first object must (with very rare exceptions) be pecuniary.

MR. ZANGWILL.—The reactionary reversion to Mediaeval ideals of militarism caste and ecclesiastical despotism ere they have been sufficiently purged by modern thought.

MISS BRADDON.—The homage paid to wealth.

DR. MAX NORDAU.—The chief danger, threatening civilisation itself, seems to me to be that infernal selfishness called by pseudo-philosophers "Individualism." In social life it leads to anarchy; in home politics to party-preying; in international politics to wars, conquests, land-grabbing; in art and literature to silly pooh-poohing of all traditions and to attitudinising. Progress is the outcome of a strong social sense. "Individualism," such as preached by the madman Nietzsche, and brought into fashion by his contemptible followers, necessarily leads to barbarism.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.—The spread of insanity.

MR. F. C. BURNAND.—Social and political practical Atheism.

QUIDA.—Tyranny: tyranny of majorities; tyranny military, medical, scientific, political.

We fancy that Mr. G. R. Sims's fear is as shrewd and well-founded as any in this list; but assuredly Mr. Watson's and Miss Braddon's less concrete forecasts are well-founded.

EVEN in these days of publicity it appears that a well-known writer may, if he pleases, journey half round the world and back, and the fact of his doing so shall justify the use of that much-abused word "transpire." In the *British Weekly*, for instance, the "Man of Kent," who is nothing if not up-to-date, says casually: "I hear that Miss Elizabeth Robins, the very clever author of *The Open Question*, has been to Klondyke, and is to write a novel about that region. Miss Robins, I am sorry to say, has not been in good health lately." Had Miss Robins been to Newlyn, the Engadine, Heligoland, or even Jerusalem, there would have been less occasion for surprise. But Klondyke is no Sabbath day's journey, and some of us would regard an expedition to its icy gold-fields as a life's adventure.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS have issued a series of souvenir post-cards in honour of Lord Roberts's home-coming which are distinctly interesting and well reproduced. If the pictorial post-card is to be done at all it could hardly be done better. We suppose that it may have some educational value for children, but, like everything else that lends itself to prettiness, there is a tendency to overdo it.

THE analytical table of books published during 1900, issued by the *Publishers' Circular*, shows a fall of 418 as compared with the previous year, and this in spite of the fact that the South African War was responsible, in six

months, for over a hundred volumes. Some classes of books have not suffered at all; in politics, travel, history and biography, medicine, art and science, there has been an increase. Fiction—poor dependent upon placid times—has suffered most. We append tabulated totals for 1900, which include new editions:

Theology, Sermons, Biblical	708
Educational, Classical, and Philological	732
Juvenile Works, Novels, Tales, and other Fiction	2,109
Law, Jurisprudence, &c.	147
Political and Social Economy, Trade, and Commerce.....	487
Arts, Science, and Illustrated Works.....	448
Voyages, Travels, Geographical Research....	244
History, Biography, &c.	716
Poetry and the Drama	370
Year-books and Serials in Volumes	410
Medicine, Surgery, &c.	266
Belles-Lettres, Essays, Monographs, &c.	330
Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets, not Sermons	182
	<hr/> 7,149

THE *Daily Chronicle's* "Chronicle Office" paragraphs, which have been developed so successfully by Mr. Clarence Rook, will in future have an interesting birthday feature, worked on novel lines. Under the daily heading, "This is my Birthday" (Shakespeare), will appear the name of a remarkable man born on the day in question, together with quotations from poets and great writers, which seem to describe his qualities with unconscious felicity. Thus on January 1 Shakespeare and Pope were drawn upon for testimonies to Burke in the following manner:

"THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY."—SHAKESPEARE.

EDMUND BURKE, Jan. 1, 1730.

A very handsome man. . . .

He speaks well.—*Shakespeare.*

His voice was propertied as all the tuned spheres.

Shakespeare.

Lover of peace and friend of human kind.—*Pope.*

Formed to delight at once and lash the age
With native humour tempering virtuous rage.—*Pope.*

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! Of soul sincere!

In action faithful, and in honour clear!

Who broke no promise, served no private end;

Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;

Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd.—*Pope.*

It will be seen that the success of this plan depends entirely upon the skilful and penetrating choice of quotations. We understand that the scheme has been worked out by a young lady, who may be congratulated on her originality and thus-far success. Particularly happy are the following lines from Dryden applied on Wednesday to General Wolfe:

And yet Dominion was not his design;

We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven;

Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,

Rewards that less to him than us were given.

THE new year and century have opened twitteringly. We are embarrassed by a number of volumes of hopeful verse, some of them mere wafers of poetry accompanied by letters beseeching our glance and approval. And on the top of all comes the promised *Thrush*, the new periodical for the sole use of poets and their readers. The *Thrush* comes in unexpected covers of brown paper, which do not give it a very gay appearance. It is also unexpectedly thin, consisting of eight pages on which are printed four poems. An imaginative sonnet by Dr. Garnett hails Shelley as an Eagle of Song, but ends rather wickedly

with a reflection on the un wisdom of printing verse. The sextet runs:

Phœbus unfold, for surely not without

Some gracious aid it pleased thee to extend

To altitude so vast could Shelley rise.

I hope so, says Apollo, but I doubt

Myself in rivalry a lay have penned,

But have not published and therein was wise.

We conceive that the object of the *Thrush* is to induce would-be rivals of Shelley to publish their secretly penned lays. Mr. Henley follows with a little poem called "The Way of It," in three stanzas, of which these are the first and last:

It came, the news, like a fire in the night,

That life and its best were done;

And there was never so dazed a wretch

In the beat of the living sun.

So I went for the news to the house of the news,

But the words were left unsaid,

For the face of the house was blank with blinds,

And I knew that she was dead.

Although we do not think that the first number of the *Thrush* will set the Castalian spring on fire, we wish it success. Any serious attempt to foster poetry, and the reading of it, is worthy to be encouraged in these days.

DR. J. A. CARLYLE's well-known translation of the *Inferno* (published 1849) has just been re-edited and carefully revised by Dr. Elsner. No alterations have been made in Carlyle's version, except where he had followed a reading now generally rejected: all such corrections are enclosed within square brackets. Mr. Paget Toynbee has done a similar service for Cary's *Inferno* (1808), and the result is that at very slight cost the Dante reader may possess himself of an authoritative text of two "classic" translations, and a thoroughly up-to-date commentary, of the first cantica. In view of this fact, and the present strength of the Dante movement, it is interesting to read Carlyle's preface to his first edition. He was told that his plan of publishing text, translations, and notes would "make a piebald, monstrous book, such as has not been seen in this country." It was due to this criticism that he tried the market with the *Inferno* only, fifty years ago.

A CORRESPONDENT suggested last week that the facsimile edition of the First Folio projected by the Clarendon Press is not called for at present, but his own letter furnished evidence that the want is real if not clamant. And now Messrs. Downey inform us that they are actively preparing a reprint of both the Folio and Quarto texts on parallel pages. The "Bankside Shakespeare," as it is called, has already been issued in America under the editorship of Mr. Appleton Morgan, and it will be issued here in twenty separate Plays at £10 10s. net. It contains the text of the earliest version of each play printed in the lifetime of Shakespeare, paralleled with the 1623 or First Folio Text, both texts being numbered line by line and collated with both the Folio and Quarto texts. The edition reproduces the antique and pedantic ornaments of the Quartos and Folios; numbers consecutively every line, whether speech, stage direction, exit or entrance; copies every typographical slip, misplaced punctuation, error in orthography, or inverted letter in both texts, and gives the precise "justification" of the lines of each version to the widths of the original pages.

APPROPOS of the revival of Napoleonic research, we notice that Mr. Francis Edwards, of High-street, Marylebone, has issued a good catalogue of Napoleonic literature

from his stock. One of the most expensive items is entered as follows:

Combe (W.), *Life of Napoleon, a Hudibrastic Poem*, 30 very fine coloured plates by George Cruikshank, first edition, royal 8vo, newly bound in full polished levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Lloyd, a fine copy. 1815. £9.

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER, of Portland, Maine, sends us a parcel of booklets turned out in the appropriate manner of which he appears to have the secret. Paper, format, printing, all are excellent. *Sesame and Lilies*, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and *The Rubaiyat* are a new joy in their dainty and appropriate dress. These pretty volumes are to books what delicate biscuits are to grosser food. English publishers might learn much from Mr. Mosher, just as in some directions he might learn from them.

MR. HEINEMANN points out that the translation of d'Annunzio's *Le Vergini delle Rocce* which we attributed, in our recent article on d'Annunzio, to Miss Georgiana Harding, was the work of "Agatha Hughes"—the pseudonym of a lady writer.

Bibliographical.

THE *Bibliography of Coleridge* which Col. Prideaux has based upon that compiled by the late Mr. R. H. Shepherd is now ready. It is a neat little pamphlet of ninety-five pages, in the familiar French-grey wrapper, and is to be obtained from Mr. Frank Hollings, of Great Turnstile, Holborn. It will be remembered that the bibliography was published originally in *Notes and Queries* during the summer of 1895. Mr. Shepherd left behind him some further notes, of which Col. Prideaux has availed himself, contributing much additional matter, and revising the whole. The bibliography is now, probably, about as comprehensive, as well as accurate, as it need be. Besides giving lists (with details) of the poet's successive publications, whether in volume or in periodical form, it has full references to collected editions of the poems, to the principal books which discuss Coleridge's career and character, and so forth. Very properly, Col. Prideaux has not attempted to record "the numerous books of an unimportant nature, or the countless magazine articles, dealing with the life and work of Coleridge, which have been published since his death." It should be noted, too, that this bibliography does not profess to cover American or Continental editions of, or books about, Coleridge. Col. Prideaux does, however, rightly give expression to the regret that "we have left it to our cousins across the sea to produce the first complete edition of a great Englishman's works in prose and verse." It is greatly to our disgrace as a nation that no complete edition of Coleridge's prose works has yet appeared in England.

For a long time there has been in circulation a story in which the actors were said to be Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam") and Lord Palmerston. The statesman was supposed to have been driving in his carriage when he overtook the Bishop, who was on foot. "Pam," we are told, put his head out of window, and said to the Divine:

"How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;"

to which the Bishop at once replied by continuing the stanza:

"Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk."

Now I see that Sir John Mowbray, in his *Seventy Years at Westminster*, after giving an account of a meeting of the

Privy Council at Windsor (in 1858), says: "Lord Derby, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sefton, and several of us walked to the station. Lord Sefton remarked to Lord Derby, 'We shall be at Paddington before my brougham will be there.' Lord Derby rejoined, 'Walk, my boy, walk; it will do you good.' On which the Chancellor [Lord Chelmsford] observed, 'No, my Lord; he will say to you:

"How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk."

Now, did Lord Chelmsford make this jocose quotation in ignorance of having been anticipated by Palmerston, or did he plagiarise from "Pam"? There is room for a history of English anecdote, on the model of the well-known French work on French wit.

Writing last week about Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I ought not to have spoken of the lady as "Miss": she is a married lady. *Née* Wheeler, she wedded, in 1884, a Mr. Robert M. Wilcox. Her *Drops of Water* was published in New York in 1872, and there was an English edition of that volume. I derive this information from Mr. Potter Briscoe, of Nottingham, one of those public librarians who take an interest not only in books but in literature. "It is difficult," he remarks, "to decide the 'condition' of ladies unless they give the prefix 'Mrs.' or 'Miss.'" It is, indeed; and still worse is the plight of the reviewer when they do not give on their title-page any indication whatever of their sex. Take, for example, the little volume of verse just issued, entitled *Men of Men*. "C. Fox Smith" appears as the name of the author; but who is to know, save by accident, that the "C." stands for "Cicely," and that the writer is a lady not yet quite out of her teens? I think very highly of *Men of Men*, and regard it as a pity that a book so full of excellent patriotic verse should be ascribed, ignorantly, to a mere man. Miss Fox Smith, by the way, belongs to Manchester, but evidently is not a member of the "Manchester School" of politicians.

I said last week that Mrs. Edwardes's *Ought We to Visit Her?* was the only English work which Mr. W. S. Gilbert had adapted to the stage. I ought not to have said that, because I knew better. I forgot, however, for the moment, that so long ago as May, 1871, Mr. Gilbert produced at the Court Theatre, London, a dramatisation of *Great Expectations* which had sufficient vitality to allow of its being revived at another house half a dozen years later. In a little autobiography which he published in the *Theatre* magazine, Mr. Gilbert told, *apropos* of this piece, a good story against the Licensor of Plays. At one place, Magwitch, the returned convict, had to say to Pip, "Here you are, in chambers fit for a Lord." When the MS. came back from the Censor, the word "Lord" was found to be struck out and the word "Heaven" substituted. Thus carefully and intelligently did the Licensor of that day remove from our drama all suspicion of irreverence.

I see it stated that there is to be a new edition of *The Silver Domino*, "brought down to date"—presumably by the surviving author of the engaging work. The *Domino* made its first appearance in October, 1892, and seems to have been reprinted in the following month, as well as in March, 1893. It remains to be seen whether it will be greatly in demand in 1901. There was not much vitality in these "Side Whispers, Social and Literary"—the echoes of them quickly died away.

We are promised a new edition of *John Wesley's Journal*, for which, I should say, there is room, though, of course, it has always been freely utilised by Wesley's numerous biographers. It was avowedly the basis of the volume (published just ten years ago) called *Wesley his Own Biographer*. I may note here that *The Bibliography of John and Charles Wesley*, by R. Green, brought out in November, 1896, appeared in a second edition in March, 1899.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Science, Sociology, and Spiritualism.

Studies: Scientific and Social. By Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace. 2 Vols. (Macmillan.)

If the greatness of a man can be estimated by the extent of the influence he exerts in his day and generation, then Dr. Russel Wallace may claim a place in the first rank of men of light and leading. In the world of science he is regarded as one of the greatest naturalists of the century just closed; among social reformers his writings are accepted as those of a master; and he is a tower of strength to the Spiritualists, to be exhibited when occasion requires as proof that belief in the existence of immaterial things is not incompatible with profound scientific knowledge. All these aspects of Dr. Wallace's character are presented to us by the essays reprinted in the two volumes under notice. We see him as a naturalist explaining the effects of forces acting within and without the earth's crust in moulding the land surface and making the ocean bed, describing the distribution of plants and animals over the world and the conditions which determine it, expounding the principles and perplexities of the theory of evolution in nature, and throwing new light upon the divisions of the races of men. His political expressions are shown to us in papers on the depression of trade, the House of Lords, and the Disestablishment of the Church; and his Socialistic views are reflected by essays on the nationalisation of the land, justice, human progress, and poverty. A man so wide in his sympathies needs not one reviewer but many, and, in the absence of this, only the conspicuous lines of his character can be sketched.

Darwin, Wallace, and Huxley are the names of the triumvirate which founded and established the theory of evolution by natural selection, and it is a remarkable fact that the casts of their minds show the influence of the environment in moulding mental characteristics. Darwin, in his five years' voyage with the *Beagle*, Wallace isolated in the Tropics, and Huxley in the *Rattlesnake*, were all so situated that they were continually being furnished with new facts while in a state of intellectual solitude. Such conditions favour the development of an introspective frame of mind, of reliance upon personal observation, and originality of thought. When, in 1858, Wallace hit upon the idea that natural selection is the process by which new species are introduced and varieties departing indefinitely from original types are evolved, he was shivering under a cold fit of ague at Ternate, in the Moluccas. In a general way, he knew that Darwin was engaged in the study of variation, but when he sent his paper to the Linnean Society the clue to the origin of species had not been published, and it was not till later he learned that his conclusions were the same as those arrived at by another. The idea of evolution is, of course, as old as the Greeks, but it was Darwin and Wallace who raised it from the philosophic stage to the level of a working hypothesis.

The enunciation of a theory is, after all, only a small matter in comparison with the enucleation, and for this a discerning mind is essential. Not only must the way be pointed out, but the causes which have determined the course followed must be understood. In respect of this quality of insight into the workings of nature, Dr. Wallace is distinguished among naturalists. Whether replying to critics of natural selection—and the objections do not now come so much from the Church party as from naturalists themselves—or dealing with the distribution of organic life, or meeting attacks upon the views he champions as to the permanence of oceanic basins and the excavation of the beds of many lakes by ice action, he is always convincing in his arguments. He seems to know nature so intimately that he is able to explain her operations in a manner which carries the conviction of truth with it. Like Sentimental Tommy, he can always be depended upon

to "find a wi" in any difficulty, and by exercising this faculty he has led natural selection out of many tight places.

From the numerous interesting papers in the two volumes two or three appeal to us for special mention. Among the most important in a scientific sense are those dealing with the method of organic evolution, and the much-debated subject of the inheritance of acquired characters. At first sight, it would seem that the theory of evolution must depend upon the transmission of acquired characteristics from one generation to another; but this is by no means the case, and the balance of evidence is certainly against such an assumption. Whether muscles or mental faculties are considered, there is no proof that strength and skill due to long-continued exercise are passed on to children. With but few exceptions, men of genius start up suddenly, and though their offspring or their descendants may be great, they rarely equal their parents. All arguments which can be adduced in support of the inheritance of acquired characters break down on examination, while, on the other hand, there is a mass of evidence that a wide range of modifications of structure can be accounted for by variation and natural selection. This is Dr. Wallace's position, and most students of natural history agree with him.

Of late years the Darwinian view, that modifications of species have been produced by the gradual accumulation of innumerable slight variations, each good for the original possessor, has been attacked, especially in America; and serious endeavours have been made to show that modifications are produced capriciously by monstrosities or sports of nature. Against this view, which Dr. Wallace strenuously opposes, may be urged the facts derived by actual measurements of various parts of numerous specimens of one kind of animal—such, for instance, as crabs—living under the same conditions. Measurements made by Prof. Weldon show that variations from the average are comparatively large, and that it extends to every part of the structure of the animal and to every external and internal organ. Natural selection—that is, the survival of the fittest among the individual variations annually produced—seems, indeed, to be all-sufficient to account for organic evolution.

Students of the science of language will find an essay on the expressiveness of speech suggestive in places, even though they do not agree with the conclusions. The argument, illustrated by numerous examples, is, that as many words are truly expressive of the meaning attached to them, they may form a clue to the origin of speech. For instance, in the word *whistle* we have a near approach to the action of whistling; in *squall*, *screech*, and *yell* we have a fair imitation of cries due to sudden pain and anger; and in *wail*, *groan*, and *sob* we have the more subdued indications of grief. Many similar words are shown to convey by their sounds the sentiments they express, but perhaps the best examples are from descriptive poetry, as in the lines:

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Max Müller treated this theory of the origin of language with disdain, but Dr. Wallace shows that much can be said for the view that speech has been evolved from the emotional cries of animals and the mouth-gestures of savage ancestors.

Little space has been left to mention Dr. Wallace's essays on Sociology and Spiritualism, but there are a few points to which we must refer. The nationalisation of the land is prescribed as the panacea for all social evils, and Spiritualism is preached as a means of moral salvation. The essential condition of a real social advance is said to be equality of opportunity, which is defined as "absolute fair play as between man and man in the struggle for existence. It means that all shall have the best education

they are capable of receiving; that their faculties shall all be well trained, and their whole nature obtain the fullest moral, intellectual, and physical development." So far as education is concerned, it may almost be said that equality of opportunity exists at present, for it is possible for any boy with brains and aptitude for work to climb the educational ladder from the Board School to the University. But Dr. Wallace makes the phrase mean that surplus wealth shall be claimed by society, in order to secure similar advantages to all; for he holds that the transmission of wealth is as opposed to natural laws as the transmission of culture. To our thinking, however, the principle is unsound, because *inequality* of opportunity is one of the most powerful factors of human progress. People who have opportunities do not recognise them, and those who have not make them if they possess sufficient strength of mind. In fact, it almost seems that the best way to produce really great men is to discourage them in their early days and so bring out power of overcoming difficulties. Remove all obstacles and incentive to competition and you replace evolution by devolution.

Spiritualism is only touched in a few pages of the volumes, but sufficient is said to make a scientific mind wonder at the miracles which faith can accomplish. As with religious belief, so with Spiritualism—it is a matter of personal conviction, and some of us are so constituted that we should distrust the evidence of our senses, and criticise the desires of our sentiments in either matter. Blessed are they to whom a less sceptical frame of mind has been given.

In the Wake of the War.

Campaign Pictures of the War in South Africa. By A. G. Hales. (Cassell. 6s.)

With Seven Generals in the Boer War. By Major A. W. A. Pollock. (Skeffington. 6s.)

In the Ranks of the C.I.V. By Erskine Childers. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V. By J. Barclay Lloyd. (Methuen. 6s.)

Shadows of the War. By Mrs. Bagot. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

The "Times" History of the War in South Africa. Vol. I. (Sampson, Low.)

It is significant of the duration of the war in South Africa, and of the length of its literary baggage train, that in the first week of the New Year we find five war books still claiming our attention. With these we shall deal as briefly as possible. Mr. Hales has been the most abused of the war correspondents in South Africa. His outspokenness about the conduct of the war has apparently angered people who were prepared to be outspoken only in alternate weeks, or when defeat was in the air. Mr. Hales has been outspoken all the time, and has, therefore, been berated. At the same time, he has given handles to his critics. Diffuse, sentimental, and wordy, his dispatches have wanted the tone which would have recommended their burden of protest and accusation. These faults mar nearly every page of his book. We have disquisitions in the vein of the amateur essay, and few descriptions are not spoiled by attempts to write finely or to write loudly. In short, Mr. Hales tires out the language and his readers together. A cold, tight style, woven of fact and brief comment, would have done Mr. Hales's business; but there is a deal too much of this sort of thing: "Oh, England, England, if I had a voice whose clarion tones could reach your ears and stir your hearts in every city and town, village and hamlet, wayside cot and stately castle, in all your sea-encircled isle, I would cry to you to guard your coasts." For a page and a half we are implored to listen—"for fools have laughed before to-day whilst kingdoms have tottered to

their fall," &c., &c.—before we are brought to the point, the inadequate victualling of Sir Leslie Rundle's force.

Into the justice of his well-known criticisms of the conduct of the war we are powerless to inquire. Mr. Hales may have the case he thinks he has; but, if so, he states it wildly, and, striving to impress us, leaves us cold and doubtful. After asking at the top of his voice, and at great length, why hundreds of "strong young soldiers of our Queen" died in South Africa, he answers as follows:

I will tell you why they died, and tell you in language so plain that a wayfaring man, even though a fool, cannot misunderstand me, for the time has arrived when the whole Empire should know the truth in all its native hideousness. Those men were done to death by wanton carelessness upon the part of men sent out by the British War Office. They were done to death through criminal neglect of the most simple laws of sanitation. Men were huddled together in camp after camp; they were allowed to turn the surrounding veldt and adjacent kopjes into cesspools and excreta camps. In some camps no latrines were dug, no supervision was exercised. The so-called Medical Staff looked on, and puffed their cigarettes and talked under their eye-glasses—the fools, the idle, empty-headed noodles. And whilst they smoked and talked twaddle, the grim, gaunt Shadow of Death chuckled in the watches of the night, thinking of the harvest that was to follow.

All of which may have a serious basis in fact. It is the unhappy truth that in the healthiest country in the world our troops have died from disease in appalling numbers; and it is the fact that the nation is so far dissatisfied about the causes of this mortality that a special inquiry has been ordered. It is possible that the result of that inquiry will show that Mr. Hales has accurately and courageously reported cruel evils; but it will never show that he reported them in a convincing or dignified manner.

Very different is the plain soldierly narrative of Major A. W. A. Pollock, who raced about South Africa in the interests of the *Times*. His narrative covers the period between October 14, 1899, and July 20, 1900, and begins with his voyage to the Cape in the *Dunottar Castle* with Sir Redvers Buller, and his return in the same ship, and in the same cabin, nine months later. There is little more to be said of Major Pollock's narrative than that it includes experiences under Gatacre, Clements, Roberts, Methuen, Mahon, Baden-Powell, and Hunter, and that it is written with knowledge and without vagaries of style or opinion. Major Pollock is a good sportsman and trencherman, and he does not disdain to give the results of the finals in the Third Division Boxing Tournament at Sterkstroom, or to reproduce the *menus* of dinners given at Mafeking by the war correspondents to Major-General Baden-Powell and Brigadier-General Mahon.

The exploits of the City Imperial Volunteers were certain to find chroniclers in the ranks of that body; but the cheery, wholesome, and boyishly happy story told by Mr. Erskine Childers is a better outcome than we had a right to demand. Mr. Childers, who is a clerk in the House of Commons, found himself transferred from frock-coat officialdom and social ease to the hard and unsavoury work which "stables" imposes on an artillery driver between the decks of a troopship. He was constantly with the horses, leading them round the stable-deck for exercise, or cleaning out the stalls. All was routine, hard work, and health. Thenceforward, through all the roughnesses of the campaign, Driver Childers preserved his cheery interest in himself and his surroundings, writing up his diary in every conceivable situation, and once, at least, while in action with his gun. Mr. Childers is great on bivouacs, victuals, and smokes. Here is a good picture:

We ate our tea sitting on rocks overlooking the valley, and at dark a marvellous spectacle began for our entertainment, a sight which Crystal Palace-goers would give

half-a-crown for a front place to see. As I have said, all day long there are casual veldt-fires springing up in this country. Just now two or three began down in the valley, tracing fine golden lines in spirals and circles. The grass is short, so that there is no blaze, but the effect is that of some great unseen hand writing cabalistic sentences (perhaps the "Mene, Mene" of De Wet!) with a pen dipped in fire. This night there was scarcely a breath of wind to determine the track of the fires, or quicken their speed, and they wound and intersected at their own caprice, describing fantastic arcs and curves from which one could imagine pictures and letters.

Even campaigning may have its literary side. During a short sojourn in a convalescent camp near Pretoria Mr. Childers entered in his diary:

I have literary arguments with a field-battery bombardier. We both rather pity one another, for he can't appreciate Thackeray and I can't understand Marie Corelli, whose works, with their deep spiritual meaning, he speaks of reverently. He hopes to educate me up to *Ardath*, and I have offered him the reversion of *Esmond* which I bought yesterday.

Mr. Childers carries his narrative right up to the day when Londoners hung out their banners and risked their limbs to welcome the C.I.V., and congratulates himself on the liberal education which he received in his year's campaigning. "It is something, bred up as we have been in a complex civilisation, to have reduced living to its simplest terms and to have realised how little one really wants."

Mr. J. Barclay Lloyd's narrative is concerned with the Infantry Battalion of the C.I.V.s, and particularly with its cyclist section, in which he was a Lance-Corporal; in fact, the best thing in the book is a stirring account of a "Cyclist's Despatch Ride." Mr. Barclay tells a plain, unpolished story, which his comrades and their near and remote friends will value. A very practical suggestion made by Mr. Barclay is this: "Of all moneys collected for supplying the deficiencies of the Commissariat Department . . . let one half at least be set aside for conveying the articles purchased by the other half to those for whom those articles are destined." That is the only way, he assures us, to secure the actual arrival of presents to troops.

A narrative of special limitations and interests is Mrs. Bagot's account of the work done by the Portland Hospital, of which she was the originator. The marrow of the book lies in its sick-bed stories, which Mrs. Bagot, both as an unofficial observer and as a nurse, was able to pick up. Her account of the Field Hospitals at Bloemfontein is sore reading, but it does not suggest that the best was not done that could be done. That plague of flies in the fever tents is no invention. "You could tell exactly how ill a patient was by the amount of flies on his face. If he was really bad, his face was nearly covered with them. . . . Little could be done to get rid of them; but bathing the face with scent and water, and quickly covering up again with the netting, soothed and comforted the patient for the time." Mrs. Bagot's powers of writing are hardly equal to her opportunities. A more practised writer would have described Mr. Kipling's visit to Modder Camp with greater effect. Mrs. Bagot's narrative lacks drama and telling detail; but it is quite readable.

The "*Times*" *History of the War in South Africa* is by far the most serious attempt yet made to tell the whole story, political and military, of the conflict in South Africa. It is the joint production of the special correspondents of the *Times* in South Africa, and of specialists at home, the whole being edited by Mr. L. S. Amery. With becoming leisure the first volume brings us only so far as the Boer ultimatum. Two chapters detailing the grievances and struggles of the Uitlanders have been written mainly by Miss Flora Shaw, and Mr. W. F. Monypenny has described the movement in Johannesburg which led to Imperial

intervention. Mr. Amery's list of book authorities is long and impressive, and it includes one more warm tribute to the value of Mr. Fitzpatrick's wonderfully timely and trustworthy work, *The Transvaal from Within*. The illustrations to the volume consist chiefly of portraits, reproduced, with complete success, by the Rembrandt intaglio process. Oddly enough, Mr. Kruger's thumbless right hand, correctly pictured in the portrait of 1867, is provided with a thumb in a portrait group of 1899, but examination shows that the apparent inconsistency is due to a reversal of right and left in the second picture as reproduced.

The Landscapes of Bunyan.

Bunyan's Country: Studies in the Bedfordshire Topography of the Pilgrim's Progress. By Albert J. Foster. With Illustrations by the Author. (Virtue. 6s.)

THE greatness and renown of some books have a virtue to defend almost any sane commentator upon them against the charge of being unnecessary. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is one of those few books. Here is a whole volume of nearly two hundred pages written, illustrated, and published to show that Bunyan *might* have had such and such Bedfordshire scenes in his mind when he wrote the first part of his "immortal allegory." If Mr. Foster had devoted his lettered leisure to similar labours round about an author less firmly established in our reverence, the result would rightly have been called futile and unworthy. As it is, we read his simple and unpretentious chapters with a genuine, if mild, interest. Conjecture has flourished luxuriantly round the circumstantial origins and formative causes of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Dr. John Brown, in a masterly piece of constructive criticism, has raised conjecture to the height of scientific demonstration. Others, in a vein of wilful particularity, have seemed to trace the entire *Progress* to Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, to the chap-books of the period, and to other exclusive sources, regardless of Bunyan's appeal:

*Take heed also, that thou be not extream,
In playing with the out-side of my Dream.*

But no commentator within our knowledge has treated the landscape side of Bunyan with anything like the fulness and ingenuity of Mr. Foster's book. That Mr. Foster should sometimes carry conjecture to the frontier of absurdity was perhaps inevitable, so dangerous is that enticing game:

It will be remembered that at the end of the valley the Pilgrim found the cave where dwelt the "two giants, Pope and Pagan." There are, we believe, no caves actually in the valley, but they abound in the sandstone, all around, and Bunyan could easily locate one where he wished to find it.

Just so; but why will Messieurs the conjecturers put themselves to the trouble of writing down this sort of thing? It must be said for Mr. Foster, however, that he never confuses conjecture with ascertained fact, in the manner of his Shakesperian fellows; and some of his identifications—the House Beautiful, the Slough of Despond, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and "the door on the side of the hill," are decidedly neat and persuasive. Mr. Foster, by a series of skilful and minute arguments, connects The House Beautiful with Houghton House, that superb mansion built by Inigo Jones (?) for the Countess of Pembroke. As a final touch he refers to the following passage:

They desired him to stay till the next day also, and then said they, we will, (if the day be clear,) show you the delectable mountains, which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort. . . . So he consented and staid. When the morning was up they had him to the top of the

House, and bid him look South, so he did; and behold at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country . . .

—and points out that it is precisely from the ridge in a direct line with the ruins of Houghton House that a fine view of the Chilterns is to be obtained. The extraordinary and delightful *naïveté* of imagination which enabled Bunyan, with perfect naturalness, to invest common and everyday objects with a remote and magical charm is well shown in his sublimely audacious metamorphosis of the Chilterns—the bare Chilterns only a few miles away, and surely one of the least distinguished ranges in the wide world!—into the *Delectable Mountains* near to the Celestial City. Another beautifully quaint instance is that of the Lions (“These Beasts range in the night for their prey”) encountered in the narrow passage before the Porter’s Lodge:

Looking very narrowly before him as he went he espied two Lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that *Mistrust* and *Timorous* were driven back by. (The Lions were chained but he saw not the Chains.) Then he was afraid . . . But the Porter at the Lodge, whose name is *Watchful*, perceiving that *Christian* made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him saying, Is thy strength so small? fear not the Lions, for they are chained.

And then:

So *Watchful* the Porter rang a Bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the House, a grave and beautiful Damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

Can you not hear Lady Pembroke’s porter reassuring our visitor against the chained watch-dogs, and see the trim figure of Lady Pembroke’s wench, as with a coy curiosity she answers the bell?

Mr. Foster will not pin himself to any actual Valley of Humiliation, but he is fairly sure that the Valley of the Shadow of Death was located “in the pretty gorge in which stands the village of Millbrook.” (By the way, as Millbrook is only some half-dozen miles from Mr. Foster’s own parish, there is a wise discretion in his remark: “We hope that we have given no offence to Millbrook people!”) He clinches some rather clever arguments by quoting the present notice of the Bedfordshire County Council to the effect that they will not be answerable for any damage which may arise should a heavy vehicle approach too near the morass on the outward boundary of the road. Mr. Foster “would not for a moment suggest” that there is anything in Millbrook to answer to Bunyan’s description of the “mouth of hell”—except the village smithy! Surely Bunyan derived his “mouth of hell” from the same source as his “door on the side of the hill”—namely, the now disused horizontal shafts of the quarries at Totternhoe—those quarries which helped to build the Abbey Church of St. Albans, and which to-day combine with the Dunstable branch of the London and North Western Railway smokily to deface the first ridges of the *Delectable Mountains*.

The author’s illustrations are scarcely as satisfying as his “scripture,” but the book as a whole will pass, in its modesty and ingenuity. If it should reach a second edition, Mr. Foster would be well advised either to alter the concluding pages or to eliminate the half-hearted assurance that he has no intention of identifying the Celestial City with—Bedford, seeing that his desire to do so is apparent despite the disclaimer. He might also omit the two-page description of the midnight bicycle-supper in the ruins of Houghton House: interesting, doubtless, as a personal reminiscence, it has no connexion whatever with Bunyan. By the way, the inclusion of the word Bedfordshire in the sub-title of the book is discreet, as this is not the only county which may colourably aspire to topographical connexion with the *Progress*. Surrey, too, makes claims which have been worked out in some detail.

Parody without Risibility.

Studies in Style. By W. H. Helm. (Heinemann. 5s.)

WE were never more convinced of fun in the equipment of the parodist than in laying aside Mr. Helm’s ingenious excursions into criticism of ridicule. Without fun, a parody, be it ever so skilful and penetrating, is a corpse: it has no life.

This little book of Mr. Helm’s has no life. It is full of clever things, close observation, neat burlesque, the *reductio ad absurdum* of a number of the mannerisms of the day; but never for a moment does it thrust its fingers into one’s sides or screw its features into the irresistible invitation to the laugh. One never more than smiles, which, in parody, is not enough. Mr. Helm lacks also another of the precious gifts—though not so imperative a gift as fun—of the parodist: he has no pleasant malice; he soberly disapproves, and writes his satirical imitation as a vent to his feelings. The best parodies do not proceed from a critical but a mischievous impulse.

But in one instance Mr. Helm achieves a distinct comic effect. His treatment of Zola’s *Fécondité* is most admirable, with a certain suggestion of imagination that we miss from his other efforts. It runs thus:

ROTUNDITY.

BOOK XV., CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

AND still the years revolved. And William was now a hundred and twenty, and Mary a hundred and seventeen. It was another marvellous dawn in summer-time, and as William rolled out of bed and rolled himself in his dressing-gown, the round-faced clock of the neighbouring farm rolled out the hour of five. The servants of the farm were commencing their diurnal rounds. Through the open window of the bedroom the vast and rolling plains could be seen extended as far as the eye could roll. The cattle were rolling on the greensward, and, from the far distance, the powerful noise and the odours of the great city rolled through the stirring air. Rotundity was everywhere; in the shape of William’s head and the pupils and irises of his eyes, in the figure of Mary, and in her round abuse of the old husband for disturbing her round of sleep before the hour of the morning roll came round; it was present in the wheels of the farm carts, in the grindstones of the old mill on the river a mile away, in the pumpkins that were swelling in the fields, in the apples upon the trees, and in the barrels of cider that lay in the big round barn. The last of the stars, round also, paled before the rotund orb of day, lighting up once more the vast globe of the earth, trembling in its rolling shiver of rotundity. The very seeds of the trees were round; the boles of the vast oaks, planted twenty years before by William himself, were round also. William came round the bed and kissed his friend and wife of so many rolling years. It was the rounding off of their lives, the happiness sprung from the assurance that their own faith in rotundity had triumphed over the selfish creed of those who preferred flatness and squareness to bulk and globularity. And the divine dream, the Utopian belief in roundness, flew to the circular dome of the sky, overspreading the nation founded on rotundity, making the huge ball of the world one rounded city uniquely endowed with the circles of hope and peace and prosperity. Ah! that the eternal globosity might revolve for ever, carrying the ball of human progress beyond the furthest frontiers of a civilisation that should be expanded for ever into an ever-extending, ever-rolling sphere of unimaginable rotundity.

(To be continued.)

That is good, yet one dash of irresistible fun would have made it still better.

A Book of Mark.

Deirdre Wed, and Other Poems. By Herbert Trench.
(Methuen. 5s.)

MR. TRENCH is a poet of very exceptional technical accomplishment. His diction is strikingly rich and classical, he has a stately metrical sense, with a bold tendency to innovation, the success of which seems to us dubious; but it would be rash to pronounce without more slow and deliberate consideration than can be given without frequent and gradual re-readings. He has a fertile fancy and much promise of imagination. But he is not content simply to toy with fancy, like Shelley in his "Cloud" and "Skylark." He constantly proclaims himself a meditative poet, rouses the expectations, and (therefore) claims to be judged by the standards of a meditative poet. We are driven to look for thought and substance in his work. Yet, unfortunately, we are disappointed. Again and again we yield to the awakened expectation of some grave significance; and, asking ourselves at the end "*What does it mean?*" we are forced to confess "Nothing," or at least but little, nothing compared to the promise of the fine utterance, the grave and impressive manner. This is perhaps one of the most satisfying of the shorter poems, and at least illustrates Mr. Trench's classic manner; but it cannot be said that the net meaning is either deep or original.

COME, LET US MAKE LOVE DEATHLESS.

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
Seeing that our footing on the earth is brief—
Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die,
Mocking at all that passes their belief.
For standard of our love not theirs we take:
If we go hence to-day,
Fill the high cup that is so soon to break
With richer wine than they!

Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be,
Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,
I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee
Nor sully the sad splendour that we wear.
Great be the love, if with the lover dies
Our greatness past recall,
And nobler for the fading of those eyes
The world seen once for all.

The poet seems to have little more to offer or tell us than the multitude he scorns, "mocking at all that passes their belief." He does not mock, and there seems the end of the distinction.

In the long poem, "Deirdre Wed," he has the advantage of set subject-matter, and therefore it is more satisfactory. It is full of rich descriptive fancy, unmistakable work of a poet. But human passion, warmth of the heart, or underlying significant purpose of any mark, it has not. It becomes languid, despite its qualities, by the monotony of description long drawn out, the absence of flesh and blood. Nor does it redeem itself, as it might have done in the hands of Shelley or Keats, by ethereal splendour or blood-redness of imagery. Keats would have given it sensuous passion, Shelley aerial magic. In Mr. Trench's hands it falls between the two. Yet Mr. Trench has considerable gift of imagery, only it is not of the opulent or burningly beautiful degree to carry off the lack of warm-blooded human interest. Nor has he the vaporous atmosphere of fairyland which largely compensates like deficiency in Mr. Yeats's *Wanderings of Usheen*, to which the choice of an Irish legend naturally directs the reader's recollection. Yet it is a poem of individuality, which no one can read without feeling that Mr. Trench has a claim to be heard. The volume hardly satisfies us. Yet there is evidence in it which, none the less, creates a strong impression that Mr. Trench has a future before him. His time will come with the knowledge and clear-sightedness that life holds in trust for maturity, and doles out with

a parsimonious hand. For it seems clear to us that Mr. Trench is sealed for an intellectual poet, and as yet is searching his predestined path. This is, for all we have said, a book of mark.

An Exalted Lover.

Later Love - Letters of a Musician. By Myrtle Reed.
(Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

THE gentleman who calls himself Myrtle Reed (which by a vague association of ideas suggests tobacco, but may, after all, not be a pseudonym), author of *Love-Letters of a Musician*, presents us in this new volume with melodious meditations on things in general from the view-point, as he would say, of an adoring spouse. These are introduced by phrases from Schumann, Wagner, or Tschai-kowsky, and furthermore labelled with directions for an imaginary conductor—*allegro vivace*, *andante appassionata*, *murmurando*, *scherzando*, and the like. How far these means of creating an atmosphere are legitimate may be doubtful. At any rate, the present critic has coldly set himself to regard the *Letters* from the standpoint of one who lives in a world in which silence is better than sound of any sort. So judged, they are found to be full of pretty thoughts expressed in terms of incredible stiffness and—not to put too fine a point upon it—affectation. We are slow to blame any writer for diligence in the choice of his words, and careful attention to the knitting of his sentences. In a slipshod age that would be a dismal thing to do. But, unhappily, ill-success is more disastrous in its effect than frank happy-go-lucky negligence; just as an ill-tuned instrument gives out music more tiring than noise. The Musician is better in his descriptions of nature than in his expressions of emotion, and we quote him here at his very best, though the first line contains a phrase which (only that you can produce authority for anything) one would declare to be not English.

(Tap-tap-tap—*allegro vivace*, gentlemen):

There are few birds left, aside from the sparrows. For many a week the tide of travel has been southward—I have not seen one journeying towards the north.

Long ago the orioles cleft their golden path through summer clouds. Thrush and robin have gone to make music upon the upland ways of southern streams. The meadow-lark will rest in strange fields and repeat his plaintive minor cadence which has in its inmost depths the sound of tears.

The bluebird's wings will flash against the silver noon-day, the bobolink will chant his mellow notes upon the far-off plains, and blackbirds and swallows will hover over distant waterways, and stretch silhouettes of flight upon the sunset sky.

A bird is joy incarnate. The red wine of life runs in exultant course through every vein, and there is gladness in every quiver of his ecstatic wings . . .

Even after dark some little voice is heard. Drowsy, half-whispered chirps penetrate the twilight stillness, and in the night soft wing-beats and hushed fluttering foretell the rapturous freedom at dawn. . . .

All the pent-up sweetness of the summer is hidden in the little throat—the rush of water and the drip of rain, the scent of shorn fields and the hum of bees through the clover; the soft stir of shining leaves and the luminous, fragrant nights.

This is very pleasant; and the rest of the letter, describing wild geese and the seagulls rejoicing in the first cold; and all the feathered folk listening, heads on one side, for the mysterious notes that summon them irresistibly as the notes of the Pied Piper to make their mysterious departure, is pleasant too. But the letter ends: "Ah, Sweetheart! You are my South-land and my summer, and all the beauty in my world." Well, let us hope the lady liked it.

Other New Books.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD.

BY ANTHONY C. DEANE.

Mr. Deane has a fluent gift of light versification and a sufficient satirical bent to give his lines a savour; but we cannot pretend that this book has any real reason for being. It was distinctly pleasant journalism; it is a very mild addition to the shelf. Mr. Deane, unfortunately, has no individuality: his point of view is precisely that of most writers of light verse in University periodicals and periodicals that are published in London; he wants either more fun or more scorn—more scorn for choice. Thus amended he might be a distinct voice, instead of an echo, very distant, of Mr. Seaman. This book contains all the inevitable things—the parodies of Mr. Kipling and Omar Khayyam; the comic “sell” poem, with the name of Jones in it; the precise colloquial mannerisms invented by Calverley, as:

Others would moan, would cry “Alas”!
I, you observe, do not;

the acidulated references to the Laureate. It is the typical affair throughout, and harmless and well-intentioned as it is, it has aroused in us a feeling of intense weariness. Now and then, as when Mr. Deane pours ridicule on the poetry of Mr. Yeats, we are more than weary. A man who would travesty the delicate genius of that poet must give us something better than this:

And oh, the smile of the Slave as he shakes his fetters!
And oh, the Purple Pig as it roams afar!
And oh, the—som—thing or other in capital letters—
As it yields to the magic spell of a wind-swept star.

We have no objection to parodies of Mr. Yeats if they are witty and thoughtful; but this is mere inept surface-treatment. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

LIFE AND SPORT ON THE
PACIFIC SLOPE.

BY HORACE A. VACHELL.

Mr. Vachell has lived and done business for seventeen years in California, and, knowing its past and present, he believes in its future. “The land of to-morrow” he calls it in this book of miscellaneous candid impressions, which we can recommend to all who desire to taste California before trying it. The “Men of the West,” the “Women of the West,” and the “Children of the West” successively engage Mr. Vachell’s pen. Some of his stories are distinctly amusing. The slick assumption of culture in this land of hope and hurry is well illustrated in the story of a State senator’s maiden speech. Mr. Vachell asked him how he had fared at Sacramento:

“First-rate,” he replied, taking hold of the lapel of my coat; “yes, first-rate. I was really scared out of my wits, but I didn’t wilt. And I rehearsed carefully my own little song and dance. You read my maiden speech? Yes; good, eh? My boy, I practised it in front of my mirror. Yes, I did! And I gave ’em a little of everything; a dash of Mill; a teaspoonful of Spencer, Shakespeare, the Bible; and a line from ‘The Mikado.’ It was great, great! It hit ’em all. I tell you—don’t give me away—that the Western orator’s *vale mecum*, his staff, his shield, his cruse of oil is—a dictionary of quotations.”

The notion of California as a country beset with desperadoes is, of course, dissipated by Mr. Vachell, who, however, can recall much queer morality that obtained twenty years ago. To-day the cowboys are picturesque, noisy, and thriftless, but they do not shoot at sight.

Drunk, they are dangerous; sober, most capital fellows: cheery, kindly, without fear, hard as nails, and generous to a fault. From such men Roosevelt recruited his famous rough riders, and they make the finest irregular cavalry in the world; but they are, and always will be, Ishmaelites. They are profoundly ignorant of everything outside their own calling, and always laugh disdainfully at a tenderfoot’s blunders. It is best to laugh with them, but sometimes the tables are turned. I know a man,

now famous, who once silenced a camp full of cowboys. He had made some trivial blunder—I forget what—which provoked the jeers of the “boys.” “My God!” he exclaimed, “is it possible that you fellows, born and bred in this cow county, laugh at me? Look here, I have been twice round the world; I speak half-a-dozen languages; I have lived—lived, mark you—in thirty States of your Union; I have met your famous men, and you, you dare to laugh at me because I do not know the one little thing which you know. Well, laugh away, boys. What I don’t know about cow-punching is worth a laugh, but what you don’t know about everything else in the world is enough to make a man cry.”

Mr. Vachell’s pages about bear, wapiti, and goat shooting, small game shooting, and sea-fishing are excellent as far as they go. But he is nothing if not various, and he throws a good many severe judgments into a chapter headed “Ethical.” Fraud and jobbery, vulgar display, the sharpening instinct, political bribery, and an “almost universal desire to live intensely rather than peacefully and comfortably” are among the less admirable traits of a people in whom, with all these faults, Mr. Vachell thoroughly believes. His book is a vivacious, free-and-easy statement of what the West is, rather than of what it ought to be; and as such it is welcome. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

LOGS OF THE GREAT SEA

FIGHTS. VOL. II.

ED. BY T. STURGES JACKSON.

The Navy Records Society is doing a useful, and not less picturesque than useful, work in routing up and printing all kinds of obscure yet illuminative naval records of the past. This second volume of *Logs*, edited by Mr. T. Sturges Jackson, naturally resembles its predecessor, in which we found endless detail that lends life and individuality to the great naval battles fought by England with her wooden ships. Here we have the logs of some of the ships engaged in the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; and the quality of these events is felt in a hundred phrases. Says Lieut. George L. Browne of the *Victory* to his parents, in a letter on the arrival of the ship at Spithead: “We have brought the remains of our deceased chief home in a butt of rum. I suppose he will be sent on shore with the honours of war, and there will be an end to all his greatness.” An anecdote quaint and characteristic of the time occurs in a letter written by Captain Morrison of the *Revenge*, after Trafalgar:

I must tell you an anecdote of a Frenchwoman. The *Pickle* schooner sent to me about fifty people saved from the *Achille*, which was burnt and blew up. Amongst them was a young Frenchwoman of about twenty-five, the wife of one of the main topmen. When the *Achille* was burning, she got out of the gunroom port and sat on the rudder-chains till some melted lead ran down upon her and forced her to strip and leap off. She swam to a spar where several men were, but one of them bit and kicked her till she was obliged to quit and get to another which supported her. She was taken up by the *Pickle* and sent on board the *Revenge*, and amongst the men she was lucky enough to find her husband. We were not wanting in civility to the lady. I ordered her two purser’s shirts to make a petticoat; and most of the officers found something to clothe her. In a few hours Jeanette was perfectly happy and hard at work on her petticoat.

Thus did domesticity thrive amid blood and smoke and the yawning deep on Nelson’s death day. This is the twentieth volume issued by the Society, and we observe with pleasure that new volumes are in preparation. (Naval Records Society. 10s. 6d.)

“THE SHIP.”

BY CAPTAIN F. G. GUGGISBERG, R.E.

Though primarily intended for the past and present cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, Captain Guggisberg’s book will interest the outsider who is in any way in touch with military matters. It will be news to

most people that the R.M.A. was founded in 1741 by George II. on the recommendation of John, Duke of Montagu, who was then Master of the Horse, and the work of the school was actually started before the end of the year. The course in 1741 is fully set forth in "The Directions for Teaching the Theory and Practice," and originally not only the cadets, but also the "practitioner engineers, officers, and non-commissioned officers" had to attend the lectures when not on duty. We have an account of the working of the Academy and of the status of the gentlemen cadets by one who was a cadet gunner in 1744, so the early history of the school is well accounted for. Those who wish to know how it prospered in the eighteenth century, during the great war with France, and through the nineteenth century to our own day, must be referred to Captain Guggisberg's fascinating pages, where they will find everything set out in full. In addition to the information contained in the body of the work, there are some valuable appendices dealing with the officers, staff, and sports at the "Shop"; and in the "Roll of Honour" will be found some notable names. Many of the illustrations are in colour, copied from old prints, but the majority are from photographs very well reproduced. (Cassell. 12s. 6d. net.)

EDITED BY THE REV. GEORGE
ARBUTHNOT.

SHAKESPEARE SERMONS.

Stratford yearly commemorates her immortal son by a "Shakespeare week" at the time of his birthday. The vicar makes it a practice to invite an eminent preacher on the nearest Sunday to address the mimes and others who attend from what he calls, for what reason we know not, the "Shakespeare pulpit." Here is a selection from the results, good, bad, and indifferent. The best is by the Rev. R. S. de C. Laffan, a late headmaster of the Stratford Grammar School; the worst, not even excluding the vicar's own, is a screed on modern fiction by a right rev. prelate whose name shall not be particularised. More preachers than one take a text from the story of Balaam, which is one of the lessons for the day: it seems to be forgotten that the prophet was not the only speaker on that occasion. The fact is, that Shakespeare does not lend himself in any way to the uses of the pulpit. A great moral force, if you will, but a great artist too, and a moralist whose outlook upon life is not from the windows of any house of either seventeenth or nineteenth century orthodoxy. His only recorded personal relation to a preacher is in the account book of the Corporation of Stratford, who paid for a quart of sack and a quart of claret sent as a compliment to a preacher at New Place, when Shakespeare was living there in retirement. That the Bard took his share of the liquor cannot be doubted; but there is no evidence that he listened to the sermon. (Longmans.)

DALMATIA ILLUSTRATA.

BY WILLIAM ROYLE.

To anyone who has known the silent and ancient cities of the Dalmatian coast this book of sketches will be welcome. There is an intense fascination in the voyage down the Adriatic, for after leaving Pola the traveller plunges at once into the Middle Ages, and leaves modern Europe far behind. In fact, it is not too much to say that Dalmatia gives a new meaning to mediæval, and especially to mediæval Italian, literature, for nothing seems to have changed since the republics of Venice and Ragusa were mistresses of the sea. The hands of the clock have stood still, and the contemporaries of Romeo and Juliet yet walk the narrow streets of the little towns. Zara, the capital, only known to Europe as the place where Maraschino comes from; Sebenico, with its land-locked harbour; Spalato, built into the remains of Diocletian's palace; and Ragusa itself, once the seat of a sovereign republic—all lie asleep at the foot of the barren rocks of the Dalmatian mountains; and though here and there Austrian officials have tried to credit the existence of the

vanishing nineteenth century, they cannot be said to be the fairy prince who is to kiss the sleeping beauty back to life. Mr. Royle has a due reverence for his theme, and in his letterpress he gives plenty of information on the cities of the coast. His illustrations are well intentioned, but fail to do justice to the subject, as, indeed, all illustrations but the very best must fail. Still, to those who know Dalmatia they will recall many pleasant hours between the grey mountains and the deep blue sea. The country lies, as it were, in a backwater, out of the rush of modern life and modern travel; and even to recall it with Mr. Royle's help is restful. (Vinton. 12s. 6d.)

THE VANITY FAIR ALBUM. VOL. XXXII.

Three grades of portraits are, as usual, to be found in this entertaining volume. We have unrestrained caricature, characteristic portraiture, and plain portraiture. In all Mr. Leslie Ward ("Spy") shows his cleverness, but it is in the second class that he excels. The throwing of a well-known man into his characteristic easy attitude is his special and frequent triumph. The portraits of the Hon. Walter Lionel Rothschild, M.P., and Mr. Arthur de Rothschild in this volume are excellent examples. Nor could anything be better than the easy seizure of characteristics in the portrait of Sir Thomas Salter Pyne. Among other portraits of great excellence are those of the Marquis of Clanricarde, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Justice Buckley, Captain the Honourable Hedworth Lambton, R.N., and Mr. Frederick Treves.

The young author of *The Lady Madeleine Wendamore; or, Love from the Ideal, and Other Poems*, would have been well advised to have waited until his talent for versifying had matured before publishing. His vein is youthful, intense, and bathetic; and his love of strange hyphenations like "heaven-winged," "year-task," "pink-caved nostrils," "shadow-melancholy," "pleasure-pain," and the like is to be deprecated. The verse is of this order:

The faint smile which was on the Youth's sweet face,
Dies as he looks at Madeleine. His eyes
Still say—"Oh where?"—he passes; he is gone
And Madeleine thinks of his smile; smiles too
As a rosy hope buds, blooms from out her heart,
Then falls in hopeless petals o'er her Soul—
Entombs her smile. This hope re-lives, and dies
As hopelessness; yet lives again, yet dies.
Her castellated mansion-home she reaches.

In *Hand in Hand with Dame Nature* (Sherratt & Hughes) Mr. W. V. Burgess records his own leisurely rambles in rural spots, and his reflections by the way. These reflections unfortunately mar the book by their vapidness. "That the truest ministry reaches us through the soul, and not through the brain, is, I think, frequently made manifest." This is the kind of sentence that makes the next something of a terror. But when Mr. Burgess is writing about flowers, birds, and field life, that is to say, when he is definite, he is pleasantly readable. Still, he should not write: "Then we may lay down in the deep grass."

The Apartments of the House, by Joseph Crouch and Edmund Butler (Unicorn Press), is a well-devised and profusely-illustrated manual for the well-to-do householder who wishes to be in the decorative swim. It deals in chapters with the Hall, the Dining Room, the Drawing Room, the Bedroom, Furniture, Accessories, &c., and throughout there is a careful and erudite reference of styles to their periods and an insistence on sound principles. The illustrations are chosen with great care. An excellent book of its kind.

The Picturesque History of Yorkshire (Dent) reaches its sixteenth shilling part, and contains the stories of Brignall Banks, Rokeby, Barnard Castle, and other Teesdale localities made famous by Scott. Cotherstone, Wycliffe, Dalton-on-Tees, and Guisborough are among the localities described.

Fiction.

The Novel of Super-Nature.

Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. (Hodder. 6s.)

Pharaoh's Daughter, and Other Stories. By William Waldorf Astor. (Macmillan. 6s.)

A Cabinet Secret. By Guy Boothby. (White. 5s.)

A Vizier's Daughter. By Lillias Hamilton. (Murray. 6s.)

THE voice of Fate is for most of us sufficiently faint to excuse a denial of its existence, but it is a voice with an echo which, unlike that of any other voice, gathers volume with repetition. At death-beds it has been known to shout, making for itself a veritable choir of even the furniture in the house where the sick man lies. It was a seer as well as poet who wrote:

The breeze from the embalmed land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.

Here there is solemnity of reverence, but the function of the supernatural in art is, as a rule, to produce a feeling of delicious languor, of intellectual enervation, of pleasurable fear. Let us consider for a few moments the supernatural as presented in four recently published novels.

In *Stringtown on the Pike*, a Kentucky romance of the 'sixties, omens, as interpreted by an old negro, seem to be not so much the prophets as the originators of misfortune. The transplanted cedar-tree foretells with cruel accuracy the death of the transplant. A limb sprouts from it, and presently the negro says: "Dah am room fo' a coffin undah dat limb, suah," and knows that his master will die. Not in vain had he himself ignorantly planted a "weepin' willah befo' de doah" of his Dinah, for they lost thirteen children: "dah am no way t' change dat awful willah-tree sign." The story moves in the shadow of his predictions, and acquires thereby a sort of forthrightness rare in melodrama. In manipulating the supernatural a poetic imagination is essential. This Mr. Lloyd possesses. The reader does not accept the dukkeripen which inspires Mr. Watts-Dunton's one novel and best verse more gratefully than he does the more sinister symbols which presage the doom of Mr. Lloyd's fair foundling and the two enemies who love her. The reason is, that the element of beauty enters into his work. This character may be too precocious with the pistol, that one too obtuse to *Natura mystica* and his own fallibility. The whole work, like one painted in distemper, has, no doubt, the effect of a sombre dream. But it is not a confused dream. It has a lucidity not unmajestic, if we except an occasion when the supernatural condescends to explain itself. The passion of *Aylwin* is higher; in workmanship *Aylwin* is inferior.

One turns to Mr. Astor with the interest due to a man who presumably can write to please himself. In two cases his contributions take the singular form of what may be styled Astor's Sequels to Shakespeare. Thus we have Brabantio falling in love with an immortal siren of the sea—a mermaid, in fact. In this story the idea is presented that human love is the cause of human mortality. The alchemist "aged thirty years in as many seconds" when he "yielded himself for a single delirious instant to the thrilling sweetness of the beautiful mermaid's embrace." We regard it as a bad sign that Mr. Astor should have written stories about Pharaoh's daughter and Potiphar's wife. It is characteristic of the unredeemed (in art) that they not only essay the impossible, but gravely publish their attempts. Mr. Astor is too fond of manufacturing literary curiosities. He has culture, however, and there are bits in his Cliveden journals which have quite a Pepysian flavour. His treatment of the dark side of Nature is fragrant of scholarly intention, although sensational. Mr. Astor is intelligently interested in metaphysics.

It would be scarcely rash to hazard that Mr. Boothby is not. But, for all that, *A Cabinet Secret* contains a supernatural element. A cabinet minister, who in the course of his narrative reveals himself as a perfect prodigy of unsuspecting innocence, gives away State-secrets during hypnotic sleep to a fair anarchist. The story boldly assumes that during the present Boer War the Colonial Secretary and other important personages were kidnapped and the Prime Minister assassinated. We have, as in *A Prince of Swindlers*, an imposter who secures a footing in the most exclusive society by a clever parade of wealth. The kidnapped persons escape a fearful end, designed for them with a superfluous ingenuity that excites an amused surprise. It may safely be said that no intellectual effort whatever is required to read Mr. Boothby. He involves you in no labyrinth; he merely piles his agonies into a pyramid, and you look at them. His colourless baldness of style barely rewards research. Style and story are, like the raised letters that announce the notorious foodstuffs of infancy, plain almost to the point of mannerism. He is the priest regnant of the simple cult of Cock and Bull. His super-nature will never mean more than that.

In the last story with which we have to deal the supernatural element is provided by palmistry. The heroic Hazara maiden alluded to in the title of Dr. Hamilton's story tasted the horrors of a barbarous war in treachery and bondage, and her bitter lot was legible in her hand. *A Vizier's Daughter* claims to be a discreet embodiment of fact, and, like all pictures of an embryonic civilisation, is painful. It may well be authentic, for the writer is or was court physician to Abdur Rahman, the Ameer. The East is a nesting-place of cruelty, and Afghanistan seems to be no exception, though Abdur Rahman may be an Oriental Marcus Aurelius. Slaves are cheap and abundant. Hired labour receives the stick if it dare to ask a higher wage than the standard one. High officials are harassed by overwork and suspicion. Dr. Hamilton's heroine is a lovable creation, and one shudders as one sees this frank, proud, aristocratic girl thrown twice on the mercies of a horrible villain. The book contains some vivid sketches of harem-life. Eastern types are not often seen in English fiction in their proper perspective. It was clever to show, as Dr. Hamilton does, that a woman of Afghanistan may be intermittently by turns diabolically cruel and positively good-natured.

In this story the value of the supernatural is to establish the feeling of Fate, of inevitability. The gentle pain of the reader at the climax is thus unmarred by shock.

Rightly considered, the supernatural is merely the dark side of Nature. The use of it need by no means imply paucity of resource; it is rather a test of resource. In the hands of a Boothby it is a conjuring trick. In the hands of a Lloyd it is a magic. But it can be something finer still in the hands of him who enjoys insatiably the mysteries of common men and things.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

ON THE TRACK.

By HENRY LAWSON.

A volume of short stories by the author of *While the Billy Boils*, full of local colour and the incisiveness of a man who knows his characters well. "A Vision of Sandy Blight" and "Bush Cats" are among the suggestive titles. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson.)

NORTHERN LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

By RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

A collection of stories dealing with "the quaint little people who inhabit the Arctic and sub-Arctic zones of North America." The effort of the author has been to present facts in an attractive dress. His attempt looks interesting. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage) 17/6

„ Quarterly 5/0

„ Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

Bismarck's Love-Letters.

WHEN the Bismarck Memoirs were published their appearance was throughout Europe heralded for a sign and for a portent. On the eve of publication excerpts of them, columns in length, kept the telegraph wires busy; every European journal of repute reserved a broadside for their review. Before their publication these autobiographic Memoirs of the greatest master of latter-day statecraft were regarded as the Sibylline Books of the nineteenth century, heavy with fate. In this country, at any rate, the Memoirs were a disappointment. Written with a view to publication, they were, in the main, the well-weighed utterance of a statesman, a review of his life's work, an account of his political stewardship, the farewell, and, perhaps, a note of warning of one writing in the evening of his days. Consequently, to those who desired a portrait of the man who, save only Napoleon, threw his shadow farthest over the Western World, these Memoirs were unsatisfying. Forceful, far-seeing as they were, they lacked the saving grace of human interest. This month, however, a volume of letters (*Fürst Bismarck's Briefe an seine Braut und Gattin*. Stuttgart: Cotta) has been published which furnishes the material for a portrait of the man as he was in all the phases of his complex character. It consists for the most part of letters written to his wife between the years 1846 and 1892. There are over five hundred of them, of very varying interest as of dissimilar length.

These letters were not written for publication. In them Bismarck seldom trenches on politics. He was writing love-letters. Again and again he touches on some burning question of the hour, only to break off short. "You can read all about it in the newspapers; let us talk of something of deeper interest to ourselves. How are the babies, and has the white mare foaled yet?" A thousand and one trifling incidents, unimportant in themselves, and perhaps superabundant in their repetition, yet infinitely helpful to a just appreciation of the many-sided character of the writer, furnish the matter of this ponderous volume. For these letters show us a Bismarck with whom we in this country, at any rate, are imperfectly acquainted—Bismarck the man as distinct from the politician. They give us a picture of the Man of Blood and Iron with his armour doffed, of the Macchiavelli of the Mailed Fist writing straight from his heart. They show him to us as those who were dear to him knew him, and the portrait is human and pleasing. A devout lover, a devoted husband, an affectionate father, and a clean-lived country gentleman, without fear and without reproach, is the Bismarck silhouetted by these letters, a needed complement to the Bismarck of the Memoirs, and a wholesome corrective to the ghoulish caricature conjured by the perfervid imagination of Busch. Every one of the letters bears its unconscious evidence to the high character and lofty motives, the deep-rooted loyalty and selfish patriotism, of the Empire-maker. They bear witness, too, of more purely human qualities, of an intense and

passionate love of nature, of a robust sense of humour, and, withal, of a generous, considerate kindliness.

The compilers, with Teutonic exactness, have entitled the volume *Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Bride and Wife*. It is a distinction without a difference. Bismarck was always his wife's lover, and consequently from the first letter he wrote to his betrothed, in January, 1847, to his last telegram to Princess Bismarck, in 1892, he wrote love-letters. During the first ten years of this period the letters are by far more interesting and more frequent. The explanation is obvious enough. When once Bismarck had gained a firm foothold on the ladder of his ambition there was proportionately less necessity for separation from his wife and family. He could afford to be with his heart where his treasure was. During the term of his engagement and probation his letters are a self-revelation that is of vast consequence to a proper understanding of his character—a character cast on grand, simple, and almost homely heroic lines. The first letter of the five hundred that follow is typical. Bismarck writes formally to Herr von Puttkamer for leave to pay his addresses to his daughter. It was his period of storm and stress. Behind him lay an eventful and not altogether edifying past. For the moment he was in the evil odour of freethought, an ungoverned frame of mind that was like to stink in the nostrils of an orthodox and straightlaced country gentleman of the Puttkamer stamp. Yet knowing his ill-repute, Bismarck writes with "frankness without reserve":

As regards my public life [he writes] it will be easy enough for you to obtain information from other sources. I confine myself, therefore, to an account of my private concerns and especially of my attitude towards Christianity. . . . After a course of religious instruction, irregularly attended and misunderstood by my sixteenth birthday, I had no other belief than a naked deism that was not long without a pantheistic taint. It was about this time that I ceased to say my prayers, not owing to indifference, but in consequence of deliberate resolve, because prayer seemed to me contradictory to my view of the being of God, for I argued with myself that either God, in accordance with His omnipresence, brought forth all things, and therefore my every thought and will, and therefore was, so to speak, praying to Himself through me, or that, if my will were independent of God, it was a presumption, and implied a doubt in the immutability, and therefore on the perfectness of the divine Council, if we were to believe to be able to sway it by human petitions.

At the University he frankly admits that he followed after the philosophies of Spinoza and Hegel, which eminent guides led him into "the blind alley of doubt":

Meanwhile I was affected by events, in which I had no active part, but, as secrets of others, am not free to communicate, that touched me nearly. Their actual result was that the consciousness of the flatness and unworthiness of my view of life became more alive in me than ever. By the counsel of others, as by my own impulse, I was led to read the Scriptures more consecutively and with a resolute suppression of my own judgment. That which stirred in me gained life when, at the news of the fatal illness of our late friend in Cardewin, I wrested, without sophistries as to its reasonableness, the first fervent prayer from my heart. God did not vouchsafe that prayer of mine, neither did He reject it; for I have never lost the capacity to be able to petition Him, and I feel that there is in me, if not peace, that confidence and courage such as never I knew them before. What worth you may assign to this quickening of heart, two months old, I do not know; I only hope that, however it may be adjudged, it may never be lost; a hope of which I have not been able to assure you more urgently than by the unreserved opinions and confidence in what I had just told you, and to no one else, in the confidence that God will suffer the single-minded to prevail.

A strange wooing according to our notions; yet of its sincerity there is no room to doubt. When Bismarck spoke of matters that he held to be of import as concern-

ing his living soul, he bade double-dealing get itself behind him to keep Satan company. Yet this confession, hysterical and high-flown though it may read to latter-day notions, must have cost him much to write. For all he knew, it might have lost him one whom he desired more than life. Yet he never attempted to gloss his back-slidings over. The same uncompromising honesty marks all his letters to his future wife. There is one very remarkable letter in which he lays bare the motives that induced him to throw himself into public life, in preference to living the life of a private country gentleman to which his tastes and inclinations prompted him. Considerations of space forbid the quotation of the passage as a whole. Excerpts may illustrate it fitfully:

I therefore believed myself able to make the choice, as far as my prospects were concerned, with complete independence, a choice that seemed the most reasonable, given my tastes and conditions. That the nature of public affairs and the servile status of our officials did not appeal to me, that I do not necessarily consider it a blessing to be an official or even a minister, that it appears to me as respectable and, in certain conditions, even more profitable, to grow corn than to write administrative enactments, that my private ambition tends rather not to obey than to command, these are *facta* for which, apart from my tastes, I can adduce no reason; all the same, it is so. Of all the reasons that could have induced me to combat these disinclinations, the most reputable would probably have been the desire to work more effectively for the benefit of my fellow-citizens than a private individual can do. Apart from the fact that I am really public-spirited enough to devote my powers rather to the furtherance of the commonweal than to my private profit, I am, even at the most presumptuous estimate of my own capabilities, of opinion that it would make no manner of difference, as far as the wellbeing of the inhabitants of Prussia is concerned, if I, or anyone else of the many competent persons with a similar aim, were to preside over a province. The efficaciousness of the individual official is in our case very dependent. The Prussian official is like the individual member of an orchestra, whether he be the first violin or the triangle, with insight of or influence over the whole; he has to play his part as it has been composed for him, whether he considers it good or bad. But I want to make music such as I know to be good or none at all.

Red tape irks him; but to ambition he confesses.

In the case of some famous statesmen, especially in a country of Absolutist constitution, patriotism was, perhaps, the motive that impelled them into public service, much more frequently ambition, the desire to command, to become admired and famous. I must admit that I am not immune from this desire, and many distinctions like those of a soldier in war, of a statesman of a constitutional monarchy, such as Peel, O'Connell (*sic*), Mirabeau, &c., would exercise an attraction on me, like that of candle on a moth. . . . In short, I am not innocent of ambition, but consider it quite as evil a passion as any other, and a degree more foolish.

In this strain only a man who dealt honestly with himself could write. A stern man, yet a kindly withal. Witness that following. He is making his excuses to his mistress for that he has not waited on her before. The reason was "avarice, the root of all evil."

This winter I have been looking after the poor a little more than usual and have found distress, if not in my villages, at any rate in the neighbouring town of Jericho as it could not be worse. When I remember that half-a-crown would keep a hungry family over weeks, it seems to me almost a theft from the poor, if I were to spend thirty on travelling. I could, it is true, give this amount away and travel all the same; but the fact remains; twice and ten times that sum would only appease a fraction of that misery. Tell me, does this hesitation hurt you, that I am so little importunate to see you that I bother about the *misère* of money?

Few landlords could have had a keener consciousness of the duties of their walk in life, as few lovers were more constant and more devout in their attentions to their mis-

tress. As he was in the days of his wooing, so he was throughout his after life. His wife—to give her pleasure, to spare her pain—was always his first thought. In one of the rare letters, scribbled during the crowded days of the Franco-Prussian campaign, there is a characteristic post-script to a hurried note addressed to his son:

If either of you should be wounded, wire to me to Royal Headquarters as soon as possible. But don't wire to your mother first.

She was always in his thoughts. In the days when the fate of the Hohenzollern dynasty hung in the balance, the man who turned the scale seemed, from his letters, to have nothing more important to do than to hunt through every linendraper's in Berlin to match a bit of ribbon.

Things Seen.

The Innocent.

He was a small French boy, with intelligent black eyes and close-cropped dark hair, and he was lame of one foot, which explained his seriousness. His world was the hinterland of the Mediterranean seaboard, all bare mountains and desolate valleys, the drearier by contrast with the radiant fruitfulness of the distant coast-line, with its orange groves and gardens of roses. He lived in a decaying village, perched like a bonnet on the top of a high hill, a village *pour rire*: it was all of stone; the huts were like kennels; no vehicle had ever lumbered down its narrow streets, and the castle that crowned it had been in ruins for ages. We talked, and as we talked I found that there was one dread topic that filled his small mind, waking and sleeping; it coloured his talk, it brought fear to his dark eyes; his conversation was rarely free from an allusion to it. That topic was the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo. He whispered, with tears in his eyes, of a brother who had become a croupier. He indicated on the hillside a large villa—unfinished. It had been begun by a rich Englishman, but he had lost all his fortune in two days at the tables. He told of a wealthy woman who had come to stay at the hotel down there in the valley, who had lost all her money at the tables, and was now a governess at Nice; and so on. His small head buzzed with stories of the disaster that that beautiful city with a dead soul spread around; and when I asked him if he had ever been there he opened his big eyes in grave astonishment, and threw out his small hands in a protest of disapproval of my question. So our talk came to an end, and with that Innocent's rebuke looming larger and larger in my imagination I went on my way—to Monte Carlo.

The Gamblers.

THERE were wise and foolish among the Virgins of Scripture history, and among the gamblers at Monte Carlo there are wise and foolish. It was nine o'clock of a Saturday evening when I entered the Casino. Of the players, some were keeping books, others were pricking on cards the red or black wins, and all were tense and unattractive. They came and went, but the bank's city was a continuing one. It raked and stored, ready to receive the fools of the world, ready to let them go, always without emotion. I was about to move off to another table, when it occurred to me that the intervals between the games were longer than usual. The croupiers had lost their mechanical quietness. They waited between each game, and he whose duty it was to send the little white ball spinning round on its brief career paused till the master croupier, seated in his high chair, gave the sign to begin again. Every head was turned to the right, and mine went with the others, to see a short, middle-

aged Frenchman, standing, dropping piles of louis here and there on the board. This insignificant-looking man had the eye of the room. He was the gambler of the week. The delay in the game was to give him time to stake his money, and time to receive his winnings. When he won, a river of gold and notes flowed towards him; when he lost, he smiled faintly and looked at the clock. When he won, he stuffed every pocket of his coat and waistcoat with gold pieces; when he lost, he emptied his pockets and handed a note to a croupier for change—that was all. “Is he winning?” I asked. The neighbour whom I addressed shrugged his shoulders. “Yesterday he won a fortune. To-day it is not so. To-morrow? Bah? Nobody wins who is serious. For myself, I do not play. But my wife (he indicated a middle-aged, pleasant-looking Frenchwoman seated just beneath where he was standing)—my wife enjoys it. We come here for ten days. I give her twenty pounds. She loses it, but that is her pleasure. For myself, I watch. It amuses me. My wife thinks she is gambling seriously. Oh, no!” Just then the woman caught his arm, and whispered in his ear. He again turned his amiable face towards me. “My wife,” he said, “tells me she will not have time to win. I tell her she has time to lose my fortune, her fortune, the fortune of her grandfather, and of her grandmother. Bah! That man there gambles seriously. He is a fool. My wife plays—with what I give her. And when I give it to her I say to the money: ‘Good-bye; you are lost.’”

Midnight, 1900–1901.

I SHALL never blush for the impulse that took me to St. Paul's Churchyard to hear the twentieth century struck from the great clock. It was like meeting a wave at its first breaking, for where can the century be said to have begun if not in London, and under the Golden Cross? “Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?” Buried under the waves of Time which they once breasted. But London met the Twentieth Century unshaken; it is good, then, to have seen them meet. When the stroke had sounded I struggled to the east end of the Cathedral. Here the crowd was thinner, but even here an individual in a hansom cab was leading, with his umbrella, a gloomy rendering of “Auld Lang Syne.” Had I looked for some happy augury, I should have looked in vain. From the corner of Newgate-street, where once stood the tavern in which D'Urfey is said to have collected his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, there came a woman with a baby in one hand and a pot of ale in the other, reeling, and singing at the top of her voice:

The bright summer day
Will soon fade away,
Say what you mean, and be true, love!

But I was in no mood to moralise the scene. Simply I felt, as never before, the oceanic power and nonchalance of Time. A hundred years ago this night, I thought, Charles Lamb heard the stroke which began the period that another stroke has just ended. On this thought I passed the “Salutation and Cat” in Newgate-street, where—as he never forgot—Lamb had loved to sit with Coleridge, drinking egg-hot and smoking Oronooko, and “beguiling the cares of life with Poesy.” With Poesy! Had I not looked down Cheapside, where they of the Mermaid laughed immortally? And not they only. “O Posterity,” chants Carlyle, in the voice of the seventeenth century, “it is within men's memory when there was an open blacksmith's forge on the north side of Cheap; men openly shoeing horses there. And now it has broad flag-pavements, safe from wheel and horse, even for the maids and children; and there runs about on it one little Boy very interesting to me: ‘John Milton,’ he says he is; a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful little object; Mr. Scrivener Milton of

Bread-street's Boy: Good Heavens!” And over there, in Aldersgate-street, the boy, grown to a man, lived to see how:

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

The nights and crimes of tower-crowned, teeming London brood in these lines as in no others; and in them her nights seem to congregate and mutter. What pitifully short steps took me back to 1801 and Lamb; to 1701 and Addison; to 1601 and Shakespeare; to 1501 and Dunbar; to 1401 and Chaucer's new grave! There, on Snow-hill, died John Bunyan. Down there, where Farringdon-street hides the Fleet river, Goldsmith wrote his *Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning*, among the washerwomen and hucksters of Green Arbour-court. And there, beyond, where the houses rise, and the river is hinted, Shakespeare acted in the Blackfriars Theatre and went prospering thence to Bankside. Down this street, to a wretched burial-ground in Shoe-lane, Chatterton was borne from his Holborn garret. His garret and his grave have alike been destroyed. To these men what did not London mean? They loved its night air, they looked up to its stars, they said: “I will do this, and this.” There were many voices in the street, but the voice that filled me was that midnight stroke of Paul's, that made all these my fellows.

W.

Some Questions in Shakespeare.

GENTLE reader, you know a great deal. You know all the readings of “The Blessed Damosel,” and you possess facsimiles of R. L. S.'s Davos Platz booklets. You have read the poems of “A. E.,” and can quote sumptuously from Pater's “Gaston de Latour.” Your Kiplingiana would fill a number of the ACADEMY, and your theory of the authorship of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* would astonish Mr. Murray. You have hopes that you will one day publicly correct Dr. Robertson Nicoll on the weight of Browning's watch-chain, and Mr. Watts-Dunton on the colour of George Borrow's hair. But do you—we ask hat in hand—do you know your Shakespeare? If so, you will think the following questions very easy indeed:

1. What was the name of Hamlet's uncle?
2. Who was Falstaff's tailor?
3. What was the story that Imogen read in bed?
4. Reconstruct, as far as you can, the *menu* for the wedding feast of Paris and Juliet.
5. What Shakespearean characters suffered from—
 - (a) Toothache?
 - (b) Corns?
6. Quote any critical opinions you can remember on the legs of—
 - (a) Rosalind.
 - (b) Rosaline.
7. How many Rosalines are there in Shakespeare? How many Angelos? How many Polixeneses? How many Kates?
8. Who played billiards, who chess, and who (it is alleged) football?
9. What was the maiden name of Petruchio's wife?
10. Describe the tragedy of Mariana's brother.
11. Which of the plays has the fewest female characters?
12. Mention the three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare.
13. In which play is “young Dizzy” mentioned?
14. Give the Shakespearean pronunciation of—
 - (a) Aliena.
 - (b) Fidele.
 - (c) Jaques.
 - (d) Gonzalo.
 - (e) Philostrate.

15. What is the longest word in Shakespeare?
16. Who had a statue of pure gold?
17. How long did Leontes take to woo and win Hermione?
18. Give the Shakespearian derivation of "mulier."
19. Describe in as much detail as you can the following rings:
 - (a) Pisanio's.
 - (b) Falstaff's.
 - (c) Bertram's.
20. Where does Shakespeare mention Machiavelli?
21. Give notes on Shakespeare's acquaintance with the habits of—
 - (a) The rhinoceros.
 - (b) The hyena.
22. What characters were born respectively under the following constellations:
 - (a) Mars?
 - (b) Saturn?
 - (c) Mercury?
 - (d) Ursa major?
23. How many years had Falstaff known Poin before he met Mrs. Quickly?
24. Discuss Falstaff as a poet, and give a bibliography of his works in verse, realised and projected.
25. Describe the Duchess of Milan's wedding-gown.
26. Where is breach of promise mentioned in Shakespeare?
27. Two comparatively unknown characters in Shakespeare are Bridget and Biddy. Who are they?
28. On what day of the week and at what hour did Romeo kill himself?
29. Give a brief history of Mother Pratt, of Brentford.
30. "What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not four weeks old yet?" Give the answer to this Shakespearian riddle.
31. Tell what you know of Lysander's aunt.
32. Relate Cleopatra's fish story.
33. Give the name of Mrs. Quickly's spiritual adviser.
34. What was Shakespeare's favourite name for a dog?
35. What did Shakespeare know of—
 - (a) Lapland?
 - (b) Guiana?
 - (c) Arabia?
36. How many instances of second marriages occur in Shakespeare? Who were the parties?
37. Who was Julius Cæsar's comrade at school?
38. Where does Shakespeare mention Glasgow?
39. What was Falstaff's waist measurement?
40. "Jupiter ascends."
SICR: He came in thunder: his celestial breath was sulphurous to smell.
Annotate this passage from Cymbeline.
41. From which of the plays did Charles Kingsley derive the title *Westward Ho!*?
42. Give the arguments in the case of William Visor of Wincot v. Clement Perkes of the hill.
43. How many children had Mr. Justice Shallow? What were their names?
44. Where does Shakespeare mention the birch as an instrument of correction?
45. "What the dickens" is one of the Shakespearian ejaculations. Who used it?
46. What was the colour of Orlando's hair?
47. In which play does "Honi soit qui mal y pense" appear?
48. On what occasions did Falstaff refer to the story of the Prodigal Son?
49. Mention any instances of bearded women in Shakespeare.
50. Give any items you can from Perdita's menu for the sheep-shearing.
51. There is a larger than Falstaff in Shakespeare. What was his name?

52. Who made Desdemona's handkerchief?
53. What was the name of Poin's sister?
54. Mention any Shakespearian instances of sea-sickness.
55. Give reasons for believing that the story of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid was a favourite with Shakespeare.
56. Mention any Shakespearian views on the spelling of the word "abominable."
57. Recount the circumstances in which Orsino's nephew lost his leg.
58. Where was the stuffed alligator?
59. Who said:

"Base is the slave that pays?"

"Curses not loud, but deep?"

"Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it?"

Correspondence.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Kappa" says: "I do not suppose there will be any dispute over Theta's explanation of the story contained in *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*," but I for one do most emphatically protest against the solution she presents, as being altogether incompatible with facts as related in the letters themselves. For instance, is it conceivable that the mother, knowing that the affections of the young couple were already deeply engaged, knowing also of the insuperable barrier to their union which "Theta" suggests existed between them, should not have *immediately* put down her foot and, without giving any quarter, insisted on that intimacy being ended *at once*, telling her son of the necessity that required such a sacrifice? And yet we are asked to believe—as indeed the letters show—that "her opposition was at first discreet, calculated, diplomatic," and later on, after agreeing to explain her objections at a stated time, she voluntarily absents herself, allowing the lovers to correspond and see each other as freely as if no such barrier existed, a proceeding quite *inexplicable* under the suggested circumstances.

Another correspondent, "Phi," says that the theory of lunacy in one or other of the families is *expressly guarded against*. I think not. On the contrary, it appears to me to be distinctly suggested, and, supposing it to be so, would account for many things that otherwise remain unexplained. *Her* parents' separation shortly after her birth, *without any scandal*; her occasional visits to her mother during her sane intervals; the attitude of her own people when the engagement was broken off; and, more than anything else, would it convince us that, as the editor of the letters would have us believe, "they were both equally the victims of circumstances and free from blame."

Personally I incline to the belief that he *did* tire of her, and that the process of disillusion had commenced before the mother came actively on the scene; further, that he afterwards used his mother's opposition (from whatever cause it may have arisen) as a cloak to cover his own fickleness. One man in a hundred, of the ordinary type of men, might perhaps have appreciated those letters, and the utter abandonment of devotion they express, and not have tired, sooner or later, of them and of the writer. From her own showing he was *not* this man, but a mere "common or garden" one, who at first, no doubt, was flattered at the preference shown to him by this exceptionally clever and cultivated girl, but who soon wearied of her and her "metaphors" and was too cowardly to tell her so. "You are the most generous woman I have ever known . . . the best and most true hearted a man could ever pray to meet." These are the crumbs of comfort he held out to the poor girl who was starving for his love, and at the end, when she is dying and craves for one message, he sends her his "profoundly grateful

remembrances." Of such a man, if the term can be applied to so contemptible a creature, one can almost believe (admitting the story to be true) that he kept her letters not from any sentiment or affection, but with the deliberate intention of one day converting them into money. I sincerely hope, however, that "Theta" is correct in supposing them to be merely the clever and artistic creation of an inventive brain. I know one lady of my acquaintance (very happily married) who is quite capable of having written the whole series.—I am, &c., R. F.

A Paradox on Art.

SIR,—I have read with the greatest interest Mr. Arthur Symons's article, "A Paradox on Art"; and, while agreeing with him heart and soul that "Art" not only embraces literature, sculpture, painting, and music, but all creations which are truly beautiful—"Art is the creation of beauty in form, visible or audible"—I cannot but raise my voice, or pen rather, in protest against the following statement: "To have created beauty for an instant is to have achieved an equal result in art with one who has created beauty which will last many thousands of years."

It is doubtless presumptuous of me to call in question any remark made by so able a writer as Mr. Symons; yet am I alone in feeling—aye, and feeling most strongly too—that a performance, *par exemple*, of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," or of Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," by an orchestra under Mottl's or Wood's or Weingartner's able conductorship, is not as great a creation as the creation of the *Symphonie* itself? Or, again, that the impassioned utterances, "creations"—soul-stirring and unequalled though they be—of an Irving, a Siddons, a Bernhardt, not to mention many another, are not as great as the original which inspires them? I do not question that these artists are as perfect in their art as are Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, Shakespeare, Goethe, Racine, to name but a few of the greatest "creators," in theirs; but is their art, the art of interpreting, re-creating, equal to that which first created the great masterpiece?—I am, &c., L. GLEITSMANN.

"Brunch."

SIR,—May I be allowed to explain to your correspondents that I had no intention of claiming "brunch" as a word of my own invention when I wrote the lines in the *Westminster Gazette* to which you referred?

The word was originally made known to me by such of my contemporaries at Eton as went up to either University, and I believed its popularity to be so widespread as to need no disclaimer of parentage on my part.

Whether "brunch" is a happy or unhappy combination of meals must be a matter of opinion. Personally I have found it disgusting. But I should be overwhelmed with remorse if the explanatory definition, which I added to my lines, were to jeopardise the favour of the feast.—I am, &c., GUY C. POLLOCK.

and moreover, as some do aver, the last years of the century. My wife wished to see the new play of Mr. Phillips, which is mighty well spoken of, but I desired her to be quiett, having newly made a vow to abstain from all plays, which I resolve, by God's blessing, to keep for a week: and so to end my journell. My condition is thus: my health (only for catching cold) better lately, but I am at a losse to know whether it be my pills of quinine, or my having left taking my morning tubb. As for publique matters, though the Queen, God bless her! is well, we are in an ill condition through these Dutch fellows, being mightily punished for our late presumption. But Lord! to think how this rascal De Wett hath given them the slip. We are in so great a dumspe about this warr, that past success and hopes for the new years are well-nigh forgot. So ends the old years, and I do trust that we may by some means muddle through that which is coming. My new flowered waistcoate just arrived in time for the new years—very noble. And so to bed.

Other replies are as follows:

December 31.—Rose late, and having partaken of light breakfast, to office with all speed. On way thither reflected that the century's end seemed to demand serious thought and consideration of resolutions. Resolved, *imprimis*, to moderate appetite for drink. Called at —, where determined to take a final cup of ale. There met —, who invited me to drink with him and asked what opinion I had of the century's close. Whereat I told him I discerned little difference between the present and past years' ends. Told him that war was still with us, and poverty, and crime, and covetousness. Further, I told him that in my opinion the next century would end in a like fashion. Hereupon the fellow, who meant well, directed me to observe the many good things which the century had wrought, which I, admitting, still adhered to my general view. At this he became wroth and refused to continue further. So left him and to office. Resolved to abstain from disputatious talks, seeing that little good is derivable from them. Home late and watched numerous travellers moving with uncertain step, albeit they rent the air with song. Was convinced thereby that drink deserved the ill reputation which it has acquired. Resolved to carefully consider on the morrow the advisability of complete abstention from the same.

[H. W. D., South Tottenham.]

So ends the old year, I bless God, with great joy to me and also the century, and mighty wonderful it has been, and I bless God I did live in it. I at Lord Ashley's did hear recount, in brief, but with much wit, a summary of last century's achievements in reforms and science, and I resolved to devote my attention more to the advancement of the race and less to myself, though that is good, and God help me. Our publique affairs are in a straightened condition, and full of gloom, threatening the destruction of Empire and loss of valuable colonies—which God defer—and I do fear private ambition is destroying public devotion, therefore I resolve in the new century, which God bless to us, to take a more determined attitude in public affairs, though, if possible, not to the overthrow of my health and my goodly estate, to attain which it behoves us to be diligent workers. My wife's position at Court is assured, and, looking to the future—not forgetting the past—and my wife's wilful and malicious, though as fully deserved as it went to my stomach, hints on jealousy. I bless God, in the hope I may be more innocent, as I sometimes am, in all my thoughts of the fair sex. My vows as to wine and plays I hope to yet one day take up, having found great benefit therefrom. All which vows, when I reflect on the gracious Providence of the past, I do more solemnly make oath to perfect and observe upon the respective penalties thereto annexed; and, reflecting on my happy lot, which God preserve, I do think myself obliged to think myself happy, and do look upon myself at this time in the happiest occasion a man can be, when, being heir of all the ages—not forgetting the last and one mighty wonderful—I can step into a new and so promising a century, young, with better worldly prospects than ever, and in the as yet best days of my health; and for all this I do vow never to forget blessing God.

[J. R. J., London.]

Other replies received from A. G., Cheltenham; T. C., Buxted; C. B., Shoreham; R. A. C., Newcastle-on-Tyne; T. T., Manchester; L. McD., Glasgow; A. E. W., London; S. M., London; R. W. L., London; H. B. R., Manchester.

Competition No. 68 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best and most suggestive piece of dialogue from an unwritten novel. Not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, January 9. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 67 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best reflections on the change of century in the manner of Pepys. We award the prize to Mr. G. M. Taylor, Stanford, Rusholme, Manchester, for the following:

December 31.—Up, and to my office betimes, where all pretty well. Dined at home, when my wife, poor wretch, dressed the remains of our Christmas turkey, it being the last day of the year,

CATALOGUES.

TO BOOKBUYERS and LIBRARIANS of FREE LIBRARIES.—The JANUARY CATALOGUES of Valuable SECOND-HAND WORKS and NEW RE-MAINERS, offered at prices greatly reduced, are Now Ready, and will be sent post free upon application to W. H. SMITH & SON, Library Department, 186, Strand, London, W.C.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

CATALOGUE No. 3 IN PREPARATION.

CATALOGUE No. 1, 1s., and CATALOGUE No. 2, 2s. 6d.,

May be had on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.

A Large Collection of Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Books on view.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,

IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W., South Frederick St. Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.

CATALOGUES post free on application.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS

promptly supplied on moderate terms.

CATALOGUES on application.

DULAU & CO., 77, SOHO SQUARE.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each given for any

Presentation Volumes with Inscriptions written inside by Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Lamb, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Scott, Lang, and any notable Authors. Special List (5000 Books Wanted) free.—BAKERS, John Bright St., Birmingham.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman, experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Research, or in seeing Work through the Press. Translations undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 151, Strand, London, W.C.

GRAHAM'S TYPE-WRITING OFFICE.—23, COCKSPUR STREET, PAUL MALL.—All kind of difficult MSS. receive careful attention from experienced workers. Specimen page and references sent if desired. Over five years' experience.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss Mason, 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY."

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK!

6s., claret roan, gilt, illustrated.

LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING, A. W. KINGLAKE, and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR.

LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.

CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, and FESTINIOG.

BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELI.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHILTERNHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.
"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 5s.—60 Illustrations, 21 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & Co. Ltd. The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

Principal—G. CAREY FOSTER, F.R.S.
Deans—(Prof. W. P. KER, M.A., LL.D. (Arts and Laws).
(Prof. VAUGHAN HARLEY, M.D. (Science).

The SECOND TERM of the FACULTIES of ARTS and LAWS, and of SCIENCE begins TUESDAY, JANUARY 15th. Among the Special Courses that will begin in the Second Term are—

- (1) "Currency, Banking, and the great Speculative Markets." By Prof. FOSWILL.
- (2) "Walthar von der Vogelweide and other German Poets." By Prof. FOSWILL.
- (3) "Dante's 'Il Convito'." By Prof. BUTLER.

For particulars of the above, for General and Special Prospectuses, apply to T. GREGORY FOSTER, Ph.D., Secretary.

SIR JOHN CASS'S TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, Jewry Street, Aldgate, E.C.

The Governors of Sir John Cass's Foundation are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for the APPOINTMENT of PRINCIPAL of their new Technical Institute in Jewry Street, Aldgate, which will rank as a London Polytechnic. The Principal will be required to devote his whole time to the work of the Institution, his full duties commencing on 1st September, 1901. The stipend will be £500 a year, and a special arrangement will be made in order to secure the advice and assistance of the Principal elected, in the equipment of the Institution during the next few months.

Applications must be received on or before the 28th day of January, 1901, on forms which, together with full particulars respecting the duties of the appointment, can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

W. H. DAVISON,

Clerk to Sir John Cass's Foundation.

St. Dunstan's Chambers,
10A, Idol Lane, Eastcheap, E.C.

UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.**LECTURESHIP IN ANCIENT HISTORY.**

The University Court of the University of Edinburgh will, on Monday, 15th February, 1901, or some subsequent day, proceed to elect a UNIVERSITY LECTURER on ANCIENT HISTORY. Tenure, three years. Salary, £150 per annum.

The duties of the Lecturer would mainly consist of the delivery in each year of two Honours half-courses of twenty-five Lectures each, in Greek and in Roman History respectively—one of these half courses to be given during part of the Winter Session, and the other in the Summer Session.

Each applicant should lodge with the undersigned, not later than Monday, 4th February, 1901, twenty copies of his Application, and twenty copies of any Testimonials he may desire to present. One copy of the Application should be signed. Further particulars on application.

M. C. TAYLOR, Secretary University Court.
University of Edinburgh,
21st December, 1900.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

MR. CLAUDE PHILLIPS, the Keeper of the Wallace Gallery, is Writing an important Series of Articles on the Artistic Treasures in that Gallery. The FIRST ARTICLE, with Illustrations after Pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., Group, Watteau, Fragonard, appears in the JANUARY NUMBER of "THE ART JOURNAL." Price 1s. 6d.

Publishing Office: 28, Ivy Lane, London, E.C.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s., post free.

THE BEATITUDES, and other Sermons.

"An excellent exposition of the Beatitudes.....full of thought and knowledge and power."

British Weekly.

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, LIMITED.

21 & 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

THE DOWNS SCHOOL, SEAFORD, SUSSEX.

Head Mistress—Miss LUCY ROBINSON, M.A.
(Late Second Mistress St. Felix School, Southwold).

References: The Principal of Bedford College, London, The Master of Peterhouse, &c.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms. Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

Now OFFERED AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 49, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., LONDON;

And at Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

MR. SPENCER'S ENLARGED WORK

JUST PUBLISHED, price 6s.

VARIOUS FRAGMENTS,

WITH MANY ADDITIONS.

By HERBERT SPENCER.

Also recently published by the same Author.

SIXTH EDITION, Revised throughout, price 16s.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

London: WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14, Henrietta St., W.C.

UNA.

A SONG OF ENGLAND IN THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED.

By WILLIAM GERARD.

3s. 6d. net.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD..

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS

on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100. 2% 2%

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

on Deposits, repayable on demand. 2½% 2½%

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.
Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

CATALOGUE No. 3 IN PREPARATION.
CATALOGUE No. 1, 1s., and CATALOGUE No. 2, 2s. 6d., may be had on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.
A Large Collection of Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Books on view.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

14, Henrietta Street, Great Britain, 21, South Frederick St. Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES sent free on application.

BAEDEKER'S & BADDELEY'S

TOURISTS' GUIDE BOOKS.
New fully detailed CATALOGUE sent post free on application.
DULAU & CO., 7, Soho Square, London, W.

BARGAINS PREVIOUS to RETIRING.

—CHARLES LOWE, New Street, Birmingham, offers few useful volumes of Novels, Travels, Tales, Sketches, Biographies, Magazines, &c., all sound and clean. The lot 25s.; cost about £20.—CHARLES LOWE, New Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each given for any Presentation Volumes with Inscriptions written inside by Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Lamb, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Scott, Lane, and any notable Authors. Special List (2,000 Books Wanted) free.—BAKER'S, John Bright St., Birmingham.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman, experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Research, or in seeing Work through the Press. Translations undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 151, Strand, London, W.C.

GRAHAM'S TYPE-WRITING OFFICE,
23, COCKSPUR STREET, PAUL MALL.—All kinds of difficult MSS. receive careful attention from experienced workers. Specimen page and references sent if desired. Over five years' experience.

PROFESSOR HAECKEL'S GREAT WORK.
THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE at the CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. 414 pp., 4s. net; by post, 5s. 4d. (First large Edition nearly exhausted.) London: Watts & Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.—Mr. CLAUDE PHILLIPS, the Keeper of the Wallace Gallery, is Writing an important Series of Articles on the Artistic Treasures in that Gallery. THE FIRST ARTICLE, with Illustrations after Pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A., Greuze, Watteau, Fragonard, appears in the JANUARY NUMBER of "THE ART JOURNAL." Price 1s. 6d.
Publishing Office: 26, Ivy Lane, London, E.C.

ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

TUESDAY NEXT, January 15, at 3 o'clock, Professor J. A. EWING, M.A., F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E., Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics, University of Cambridge, FIRST OF SIX LECTURES on "PRACTICAL MECHANICS (Experimentally Treated): First Principles and Modern Illustrations." One Guinea the Course.

THURSDAY, January 17, at 3 o'clock, ARTHUR WILEY, M.A., D.Sc., Lecturer on Biology in Guy's Hospital, FIRST OF THREE LECTURES on "THE ORIGIN OF VERTEBRATE ANIMALS." Half-a-Guinea.

SATURDAY, January 19, at 3 o'clock, Professor R. K. DOUGLAS, Keeper of Oriental Books and Manuscripts, British Museum; Professor of Chinese, King's College, London, FIRST OF TWO LECTURES on "THE GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE OF CHINA." Half-a-Guinea.

Subscription to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas.

Tickets may be obtained at the Office of the Institution.
FRIDAY, January 18th, at 9 o'clock, Professor DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Fuldian Professor of Chemistry, R.I.; on "GASES at the BEGINNING and END of the CENTURY." To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
(Incorporated by Royal Charter).

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
President—A. W. WARD, Esq., Litt.D.
THURSDAY, JANUARY 17th, 3 P.M., at ST. MARTIN'S TOWN HALL, Charing Cross, the following Paper will be read: "THE LATER HISTORY OF 'IRON-SIDES'" by C. H. FIRTH, M.A.
HUBERT HALL, Director and Hon. Secretary.
115, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL,
GOWER STREET, W.C.

Head Master—J. LEWIS PATON, Esq., M.A. (formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge).
LENT TERM commences JANUARY 14th.
The School is carried on in strict accordance with the principles laid down by the Founders of University College, and is organised as a First Grade Modern and Classical School.—For Prospectus apply to the Office, Gower Street, W.C.
T. GREGORY FOSTER, B.A., Ph.D., Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS
WINTER EXHIBITION

IS NOW OPEN DAILY, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Season Ticket, 5s.

THE DOWNS SCHOOL,
SEAFORD, SUSSEX.

Head Mistress—Miss LUCY ROBINSON, M.A.
(Late Second Mistress St. Felix School, Southwold).
References: The Principal of Bedford College, London, The Master of Peterhouse, &c.

UNA.

A SONG OF ENGLAND IN THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED.

By WILLIAM GERARD.

3s. 6d. net.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., Ltd.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months, and 12 Months

CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS of the SEASON ARE NOW in CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE (Second Hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS

SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., LONDON;

And at 10-12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

TO WRITERS and READERS.**The Demon of Indigestion.**

LACTOPEPTINE IS A DOCTOR'S REMEDY.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

ENDORSED BY THE PROFESSIONAL PRESS.

SYMPTOMS: The first stage of Dyspepsia is characterised chiefly by a sense of distension in the stomach; by acid eructations and flatulence soon after a meal; by loss of appetite and nausea. The bowels, too, are generally constive, and sometimes irregular. Acute and sudden attacks of Indigestion are consequent on some manifest cause, particularly an overloaded state of the stomach; and when from this source the symptoms generally follow a full meal. There are various uneasy and painful sensations, as oppression and weight at the epigastrium, and heartburn; with the tongue dry and clammy. When the fit of Indigestion occurs during the night, there are frightful dreams and nightmares; severe pains in the stomach and bowels; and various sympathetic affections, as headache; impaired or indistinct vision; noises in the ears and dulness of hearing; and palpitations of the heart, giving rise to fear of heart disease. These attacks are liable to pass into the more confirmed or chronic states of the complaint.

TREATMENT: The treatment of Indigestion has undergone a revolution during the past twenty years. Formerly the cure of this disease was commonly sought in the free use of purgatives, under the mistaken idea that, by giving the system a thorough cleansing, the root of the evil was certain to be reached. A great step towards a more rational course of treatment of Indigestion was obtained in the introduction of Lactopeptine. Lactopeptine is known among the general public as a "doctor's remedy," for the reason that it is universally prescribed by medical men. Lactopeptine will bring about the digestion of food in a manner perfectly identical with that obtained under the influence of the natural gastric juice. All the elements contributing to the composition of gastric juice are known, and their equivalents easily obtainable for the chemist's laboratory. These several component parts of gastric juice are now prepared in the form of Lactopeptine, in powder or tablets, the formula of which is published. Lactopeptine represents, then, the natural gastric juices—i.e., digestive juices of the stomach, pancreas, and salivary glands—and it will, therefore, readily digest by its own action all foods necessary to the recuperation of the human organism.

It must be clear to all that Lactopeptine introduces no foreign or unknown element to the Stomach; Lactopeptine comes rather as a reinforcement to the natural gastric juices than as a substitute for them. "We have no hesitation in affirming," to quote the *Physician and Pharmacist*, "that Lactopeptine has proved itself to be the most important addition ever made to our pharmacopoeia," and hence the extended use of Lactopeptine by the Medical Profession in cases of Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Disease, Loss of Appetite, Impoverished Blood, General Debility, Constipation, Headache, Nausea, Chronic and Infantile Diarrhoea, Neuralgia arising from Indigestion, Flatulency, and Heartburn.

WHAT CAN BE SIMPLER?

A dose of Lactopeptine taken immediately after eating causes digestion to commence at once, and effects it exactly as it would be effected by the natural fluids of a healthy stomach.

Lactopeptine is prepared in powder and also in the form of small palatable tablets. You can take one, or two or three, as required. No glass is necessary, and no spoon. Simply a tablet. The most perfect and up-to-date form of medicament.

There is a vast difference between a drastic purgative, which acts almost entirely upon the bowels, the effect of which is always followed by constipation, and the mild but efficacious remedy which we have indicated.

**NOT A SECRET REMEDY:
FORMULA ON EVERY BOTTLE.**

experiment with your health: we have done the experimental work for you, and in this respect ranks with Quinine."

At all the Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom and Colonies, Lactopeptine is obtainable in 1-oz. bottles in Powder or Tablets, price 4s. 6d., also in 1/2-oz. bottles, price 2s. 9d. When ordering do not ask for digestion tablets, but Lactopeptine Powder or Tablets.

"ONE OF THE CERTAINTIES IN MEDICINE."

Schouler's History of the United States of America,

UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

What is it? A critical History of the United States, minutely and graphically describing the inner facts of her heroic colonial struggles, touching upon the organisation of Congress, the welding together of the primitive States into one grand Nation for mutual defence and general welfare; the accessions of the vast territories South, West, and Northwest; the troubles of 1812; the difficulties with Mexico; the Slavery Question, embracing the mainsprings of the Civil War, and which developed the greatest armed conflict the world has ever known.

A Supplementary Volume (the Sixth), covering the Civil War, has lately been added. and of this Volume Three

Editions have already been issued.

Schouler's History is not a catch-penny affair, illustrated in glaring colours or with cheaply-made wood-cuts, but a **Solid American History**, containing a series of maps, showing the boundaries of different periods, presenting at a glance the development and growth of the country. This work is printed on an extra quality of paper in a clear-cut type, and bound in handsome green English buckram stamped with gold, presenting an elegantly finished appearance.

Who wrote it? Professor James Schouler, known as the "Macaulay of America," an author, educator and eminent lawyer, and a lecturer on Law and History in two of the great universities of this country. He spent fifteen years conscientiously seeking through the public and private records and libraries for these facts before a single line was written on this work.

Why prepared? To give to the American people an authentic, comprehensive, readable description of that wonderful period, that the hero's deeds and hard-won fame should live; that colleges, universities, students—in fact, every home might have an unprejudiced American History, that the youth of to-day might be inspired by the noble deeds of their forefathers.

What is said of it.

Trustworthy. "It is trustworthy, interesting, and remarkably impartial."—*Chas. E. Howard, Prof. of History, Leland Stanford, Jr., University.*
"It is marked by fulness and accuracy of treatment, fairness of judgment and a fine sense of relative values."—*Elizabeth Kendall, Associate Prof. of History, Wellesley College.*

Incomparable. "The books have so established themselves as scholarly and attractive that it would be vain to compare them for the period treated with any other work in the field."—*A. C. McLaughlin, Prof. of History, University of Michigan.*

The Best. "The best work covering this period."—*J. A. James, Prof. of History Cornell University.*

A Necessity. "It will be referred to by scholars who will trust it as an authority, and it will be read by the citizen who wishes a clear outline of political or social events."—*The Outlook.*
"An excellent work, and fills a place which no other book even pretends to fill."—*John Fiske.*

Schouler's History is complete in six large octavo volumes, bound in American Buckram.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,
372, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please mention THE ACADEMY in writing to advertisers.

JARROLD & SONS' LIST.

Maurus Jokai's Famous New Novel.

FOURTH EDITION

THE DAY OF WRATH.

By MAURUS JOKAI. 6s.

Author of "Black Diamonds," "The Green Book," &c.

With specially engraved Photogravure Portrait of Jokai.

"A masterpiece; the characterisation is unusually excellent."—*Gentleman.*

"There is no novel in which Jokai's all-round forcefulness and daring wealth of colour are more terrific. It is altogether as barbaric, outrageous, and grand as could be imagined, even from the pen of Jokai."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Fergus Hume's Exciting Novel.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

By FERGUS HUME. 6s.

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Lone Inn," &c.

"Cleverly told, and the characters powerfully delineated, the situations startling. It will hold the reader enthralled till the last page is finished."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

Curtis Yorke's Latest Novel.

CARPATHIA KNOX.

By CURTIS YORKE. 6s.

With a Charming Photogravure Portrait of the Author.

Author of "That Little Girl," "Hush Once," "Jocelyn Erroll," &c.

"An instructive picture of Northern Spain."—*Daily Mail.*
"A very graphic and realistic glimpse of Spanish life. Full of freshness and life, and prettily told."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

By a Popular Hungarian Author.

ST. PETER'S UMBRELLA.

By KÁLMÁN MIKSZÁTH. 6s.

With an Introduction by R. NISBET BAIRN, a Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and 3 Illustrations.

The *Spectator* says: "The freshness, geniality, high spirits, and humour of Mikszáth make him a fascinating companion. His peasants and priests, Jews and gentlefolk, are amazingly human. Mikszáth is a born storyteller."

An Exciting Historical Romance.

VIVIAN OF VIRGINIA.

Being the Memoirs of our first Rebellion by John Vivian, of Middle Plantation, Virginia.

By HULBERT FULLER. 6s.

With 10 charming illustrations by Frank T. Merrill.
"Told with a simplicity and verisimilitude which endows the narrative with all the vividness of reality. The characters are real personalities."—*Westminster Review.*

London: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, Warwick Lane, E.C.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.

NOW READY.—In cloth gilt, price 6s.

With Illustrations by A. WALLIS MILLS.

A CABINET SECRET.

BY

GUY BOOTHBY.

In paper cover, price 1s.

NEW VOLUME BY THE AUTHOR OF "PINK PAPERS," &c.

BITS OF TURF.

By NATHANIEL GUBBINS.

THREE POPULAR NOVELS.

Price 6s. each.

MORALS AND MILLIONS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

Miss CLEVELAND'S COMPANION

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

By RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

F. V. WHITE & CO.,

14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

Digitized by Google

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1497. Established 1869.

12 January, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

MR. E. T. COOK has never sought to advertise himself, and the paragraph in which he announced his retirement from the editorship of the *Daily News* last Thursday has a dignified impersonality rare in these days. "The editorship of the *Daily News*," the paragraph ran, "which commenced in February, 1896, comes to an end to-day. The present is the last issue of the paper for which the editor in question will have any responsibility." As our readers are no doubt aware, Mr. Cook's retirement is caused by an impending change in the proprietorship and the views of the paper. He will be succeeded by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, an authority on rowing, and a popular contributor to *Punch*. Mr. Lehmann is also an author. His publications include *Dale and Lehmann's Digest of Overruled Cases*, *Mr. Punch's Prize Novels*, and *Conversational Hints to Young Shooters*. He will be assisted by Mr. Harold Spender, and by Mr. Massingham who will write the Parliamentary Sketch. Mr. E. T. Cook has been editor of the *Westminster* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is author of the well-known *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery*, and of *Studies in Ruskin*. A perusal of his last leading article in Thursday's *Daily News* on "The New Liberalism: a Forecast," must have deepened the regret of sound Liberals that the pen of so sincere and clear-sighted a thinker is no longer to write in the service of the journal he has conducted so ably.

MOST people who know German attempt, at some time or other of their lives, to translate Heine. Many of the translations are bad; a few are good. Among the good translations we would certainly include this rendering of one of Heine's best-known songs, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

Oh, there's a king, a grim old king, with beard both long and gray.

The king is old. The queen is young. Her face is fresh as May.

And there's a lad, a laughing lad, so blithe and debonair, The queen herself has chosen him, her silken train to bear.

How runs the tale, that good grave tale the peasant women tell?

"So both of them were put to death, for loving over well."

THE *Book of Job* for the waistcoat-pocket. That is certainly a novel idea. It originated with Messrs. Gay & Bird, who have sent us the small red volume, not much larger than a match-box. Facing the title-page is this apt quotation from Pope: "The whole book of Job, with regard both to sublimity of thought and morality, exceeds beyond all comparison the most noble parts of Homer."

SIR MICHAEL FOSTER, Mr. A. W. à Becket, and Mrs. Craigie have been elected to the committee of the Pension Fund originated by the *Author*. The donations and subscriptions now amount to nearly £1,500.

AN ingenious and industrious correspondent has answered fifty-three out of the fifty-nine questions in the

Shakespeare examination paper printed in our last issue. The questions which "stumped" him were:

12. Mention the three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare.

13. In which play is "young Dizzy" mentioned?

38. Where does Shakespeare mention Glasgow?

44. Where does Shakespeare mention the birch as an instrument of correction?

50. Give any items you can from Perdita's menu for the sheep-shearing.

51. There is a larger than Falstaff in Shakespeare. What was his name?

A CORRESPONDENT asks us what has happened to *The Blessed Damosel*, as edited by Mr. Coutts and published by Mr. John Lane in "The Flowers of Parnassus" series. The version there given differs greatly from that in general circulation. But the explanation is simple. The Copyright Law made it necessary to reprint the poem from the earliest version—namely, the one printed in the *Germ*. Comparison between this and the final version shows that Rossetti wrote the poem first with a 'prentice hand and afterwards with finished art. Thus he altered:

Her blue eyes were deeper much

Than a deep water, even,

to the far more melodious:

Her eyes were deeper than the depth

Of water stilled at even.

Again, in the *Germ* version we have this stanza:

Heard hardly, some of her new friends

Playing at holy games,

Spoke gentle-mouthed, among themselves,

Their virginal chaste names;

And the souls, mounting up to God,

Went by her like thin flames.

Which afterwards became:

Around her, lovers, newly met

'Mid deathless love's acclaims,

Spoke evermore among themselves

Their heart-remembered names;

And the souls, mounting up to God,

Went by her like thin flames.

Many other examples might be quoted to show how much Rossetti had reason to regret the earlier version.

MRS. PAMELA TENNANT, whose country-life book was so much appreciated last year, has compiled a *Book of Peace*, a collection of passages from the *Bible*, the *Apocrypha*, and the *Imitation of Christ*. They are so arranged as to stand as readings for the morning and evening of each day for the period of four weeks, and to each reading is appended an old carol. Mrs. Tennant's dedication is charming:

Mother, I dedicate this book to thee.

And I would wish that all through it may know

How great thy teaching was, how wide the flow

Of love thou gav'st thy child unceasingly.

Thy strong hands led me to the eternal springs.

And like the grain set on the young child's lip

Thy spirit bids me praise the highest things,

And dwells beside me in close fellowship.

Then like a pilgrim comes my love to thee

With songs immortal held within his scrip.

"THREE things we believe," says the editor of *Celtia*, the new Pan-Celtic monthly magazine :

That the cultivation of the Celtic languages means the regeneration of the Celtic race ;

That the Celtic race has unlimited resources of power and vitality ;

That the power of the Celtic race, when unified and brought into play, will exert a great and beneficent influence in the advancement of mankind.

On the problems necessary to the attainment of these ideas *Celtia* will concentrate itself. In the first number we have an interesting summary of the population of the Celtic race in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Brittany. The Anglo-Celtic Dictionary, on which so many hopes are set, will be printed serially in *Celtia*. Its most striking feature is the diversity of Celtic words used for the same things in the Irish, High-Scottish, Manx, Welsh, and Breton forms of the language. The divergence, we are told, is more apparent than real, inasmuch as "in many cases where words were originally identical one synonym has been currently adopted in one country and another in a neighbouring country. Take the familiar instance of the Celtic words for *good*. In Gaelic we have *maith* or *deagh*, the latter being less usual and always prefixed. In Welsh the latter word is the usual one, and appears under the form *da*, as *dyn da*, a good man. The other word is also known, its form being *mad*, but it is less usual. In Breton, however, *da* is practically unknown, and *mad* holds the field."

We have received an advance copy of a facsimile reproduction of the first issue of the *Dundee Advertiser*, dated January 16, 1801. Copies will be presented with the paper on January 16, 1901, to mark the centenary of the paper. The *Dundee Weekly Advertiser* in 1801 consisted of eight pages, with three wide columns on each page, and was the largest of the Scottish newspapers of that period. At that time most newspapers consisted of four pages only. The first number contained many items of home and foreign news, an interesting summary of events in 1800, and other matter of historical value. The reproduction has been made by photo-zincography, executed at Dundee from the original copy of the paper which forms the first of the continuous file in the possession of the proprietors. A neater newspaper than the *Dundee Advertiser* of 1801 we have never seen. An advertisement of the *General Magazine*, No. 1 of a new series, is pleasantly archaic :

The Contents of this Number are.

1ft. MISCELLANEA PERTHENSIS.

Original Matters.

Letter from Amicus on the *premiere entrée* of Magazines.

The Kirkward-u, a poem.

Essay on Sensual and Intellectual Enjoyments, by Decius.

Letter from Erasmus on Local Attachments.

EXTRACTS.

Account of James Hay Beattie.

Specimens of Turkish Justice, or rather that of the Mamelukes in Egypt.

Hints of Advice to the Fair Sex.

2d. HOOPER'S RATIONAL RECREATIONS. 24 pages.

3d. VOLTAIRE'S LIFE OF CHARLES XII. 24 pages.

The facsimile extends even to the Three-halfpenny Government stamp.

A WRITER in the "Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* has some interesting remarks on the inaccuracies of the accurate ; in other words, on the proneness to make mistakes which haunts the most industrious writers. One of the most accurate of copyists has declared that even in his best moods he is sure to make one error in ten pages, and that the average professional copyist makes one error in six pages. The *Atlantic* writer says that the publishers

of the Oxford Bible still offer a guinea for every error detected, and that the guinea is won at least five times a year. He then tosses in the air the mistakes of Macaulay and Shakespeare, and points out that when Keats wrote of "stout Cortez" he must have meant Balboa. That the contemplation of great men's mistakes is a consolation in the presence of one's own we take leave to doubt. For a bad mistake in print there is no comfort ; it seems to blaze in the zenith and shout in the hurricane.

ARPROPOS of our remarks on a certain morbid concentration in *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, a correspondent draws our attention to the extreme opinion of Manzoni, which, though it goes beyond anything we hold ourselves, is of some interest. He said : "I am of the opinion that one must not speak of love in a way to lead others toward that passion. I believe that love is necessary in this world, but also that there will always be a sufficient amount of it : we need not, therefore, take the pains of cultivating it in others, for in cultivating it one helps only to arouse it where it is not wanted. There are other sentiments which the world is in more need of, and that a writer may, according to his ability, spread somewhat more in the hearts of men, such as pity, love of mankind, a kindly disposition, mercifulness, and self-denial. . . . I am so convinced of this that if by a miracle some day I should be inspired with the most eloquent love pages that man has ever written, I should not even take a pen to jot them on paper, so certain am I that I should regret it."

In the January *Scribner's Magazine* Mr. Robert Bridges has a poem, entitled "A Prayer of Old Age," from which we are impelled to quote these verses :

And now I'm old and worn, and, scarcely seeing

The beauties of Thy work.

I catch faint glimpses of the shadows fleeing

Through valleys in the murk ;

Yet I can feel my way—my mem'ry guides me,

I bear the yoke and smile ;

I'm used to life, and nothing wounds or chides me ;

Lord, let me live awhile !

O Lord, to me the pageant is entrancing—

The march of States and Kings !

I keenly watch the human race advancing

And see Man master Things ;

From him who read the secret of the thunder

And made the lightning kind,

Down to this marvel—all the growing wonder

Of force controlled by Mind.

And this dear land of ours, the freeman's Nation !

Lord, let me live and see

Fulfilment of our fathers' aspiration,

When each man's really free !

When all the strength and skill that move the mountains,

And pile up riches great,

Shall sweeten patriotism at its fountains

And purify the State !

EVERY month in 1901 the Messrs. Harper will publish one of a series of twelve American romances by American authors. These novels in scene and character will represent American conditions in all parts of the country. Their authors will be, for the most part, new writers, young men and young women who see with contemporaneous eyes the life that is going on about them. The first of the series, to be published in January, will be *Eastover Court House*, a story of rural life in Virginia, by Kenneth Brown. They tell us that Mr. Brown knows his Virginia very thoroughly, and has made a good book about it. Five other stories have been already chosen, and the rest will be taken from MSS. received during the next two or three months.

We are unable to see much merit in the *Twentieth Century*, a new monthly review issued by Mr. Francis Griffiths. The articles are variously dull, and the book reviews are the worst we have read for some time. The most interesting page occurs in Mr. Cuming Walter's article on "The Magic of *John Inglesant*," in which Mr. Shorthouse's personality is sketched as follows:

Personally he is one of the most unlikely men to be associated with romance of any kind. He had reached a mature age when *John Inglesant* was published. Engaged in a most prosaic business in one of the dullest parts of Birmingham, he had never been known to absent himself from it one day during the years that he was engaged upon the composition of his masterpiece. Only a most limited circle of friends knew or suspected that Mr. J. Henry Shorthouse, manufacturer, could write. He had never travelled, and was a most improbable person ever to wish to see any country but his own. In religious circles he was slightly known as an excellent churchwarden to one who has been described as "a difficult Vicar"; and Mr. Shorthouse himself was thought to be narrow in his views, an opinion which is partly confirmed by the extraordinary violence of his denunciation of the Church of Rome in the preface he lately wrote to a volume by the Rev. Arthur Galton. Such, then, is the man who has given the world a romance of singular purity and charm, who has preached tolerance towards all creeds, and who has described foreign lands as if he had drunk in their beauties and absorbed their sweetness during years of leisurely travel or of actual sojourn on the Continent. The inconsistency between the man and his book, between the stay-at-home Birmingham manufacturer and the reveller in golden romance, is simply inexplicable.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald begins what should prove an interesting account of "the great Douglas case," of which English readers know next to nothing, though they catch a glimpse of it in the scene at Inverary Castle where Boswell was snubbed by the Duchess of Argyll.

SEVERAL more letters on the word "brunch" have reached us. "H." points out a variation of the word in "blunch," and quotes "deeser" as an excellent portmanteau word for deceased-wife's-sister. "Deeser" is said to be one of Calverley's coinages. We have also received a letter on the subject from Ontario, Canada, but its contents have been anticipated.

Henley and Burns, or the Critic Censured, is a collection of papers replying to Mr. Henley's biography of Burns. They have been collected and edited, with unconscionable delay, by Mr. John D. Ross. We have no intention to discuss conceptions of Burns's character. The venom of this collective reply concentrates itself in the verses called "The Penurious Cockney," in which Mr. Henley is made to speak as follows:

Weel up in Scotch, I set mysel' to wark
To strip the Poet to his very sark,
An' gie the world a pictur' o' the Man
An' a' his Doin's—on the cut-throat plan.
My book, gat up regardless o' expense,
Was hailed the book by ilka man o' sense;
Some "half-read" gowks ayont the Tweed might sneer,
An' name mysel' in words no' fit to hear;
I only leuch. The man himsel' was deid—
He couldna reach me, sae I didna heed.

Mr. Henley's next "Ex Libris" should be good reading.

THE *Hampstead Annual* has again serenely arrived with its suggestions of hill-top beauty and leisure. Literary subjects are few this year, and the most literary, Canon Ainger's paper on Fitzgerald, has least to do with Hampstead. Coventry Patmore was married to Emily Augusta Andrews, "the Angel in the House," at St. John's Church, Hampstead, and fifteen years later Mrs. Patmore died in a cottage at North End. These and other facts connecting

Patmore with Hampstead are set forth by an anonymous writer. In the "Hampstead Note Book," Dr. Garnett makes a final and decisive claim for Miss Catherine Fanshawe, as the author of the famous enigma on the letter H, which many people still persist in attributing to Byron. Dr. Garnett says:

I can see nothing to counterbalance the clear and precise statement of Miss Fanshawe herself, preserved in the delightful correspondence of Maria Josepha, first Lady Stanley of Alderley. It is thus introduced by the editor: "In June, 1817, Catherine Fanshawe sent her old friend Serena Holroyd the well-known enigma on the letter H, composed, as she told her, by herself."

On finding that the enigma had been attributed to Lord Byron, Miss Fanshawe wrote to Mrs. Holroyd as follows: "Apropos of Venice and my Lord Byron and of the letter H, I do give it under my hand and seal this 12th day of February, 1819, that, to the best of my belief, the enigma of the letter H was composed, not by the Right Honble. George Lord Byron, but by me."

"CATH. MARIA FANSHAWE."

Oddly enough we received last week an inquiry whether Catherine Fanshawe or Byron wrote the famous lines, "'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell." Our correspondent's question is answered.

In an interesting article on "The Attraction of Great Men for Cranks," the *New York Nation* tells some good stories of Huxley and Tennyson. Huxley, who often suffered fools gladly, received the following cablegram from the United States in 1892:

Unless all reason and all nature have deceived me, I have found the truth. It is my intention to cross the ocean to consult with those who have helped me to find it. Shall I be welcome? Please answer at my expense, and God grant we all meet in life on earth.

Huxley's action in this matter is left dark. A pathetic story is told by Hallam Tennyson of his father:

A Waterloo soldier brought twelve large cantos on the battle of Waterloo. The veteran had actually taught himself in his old age to read and write that he might thus commemorate Wellington's great victory. The epic lay for some time under the sofa in my father's study, and was a source of much anxiety to him. How could he go through such a vast poem? One day he mustered up courage and took a portion out. It opened on the heading of a canto: "The Angels encamped above the field of Waterloo." On that day, at least, he "read no more." He gave the author, when he called for his MS., this criticism: "Though great images loom here and there, your poem could not be published as a whole." The old man answered nothing, wrapped up each of the twelve cantos carefully, placed them in a strong oak case, and carried them off. He was asked to come again, but he never came.

The article concludes: "As long as intellectual eminence exists, so long will it be a shining mark for folly, and so long will the intellectually eminent be subject to such alarms as the one which Huxley described in the last year of his life:

I had a letter from a fellow yesterday, to the effect that he had been reading my essays, thought I was just the man to spend a month with, and was coming down by the five o'clock train, attended by his seven children and his mother-in-law! Frost being over, there was lots of boiling water ready for him, but he did not turn up."

Does the use of the type-writer affect literary style? It is like asking "Do tomatoes shorten life?" A writer in the *Boston Transcript* has views on the subject which he sets forth as follows. We wonder whether any of our readers have observed in themselves the tendency he notes? He says:

As a general thing the typewriter produces a sort of staccato, disconnected, jerky style; to change the

metaphor, a fleshless and bony style, and awkward withal. What is written with the machine seldom has the ease and expressiveness that the same author's handwriting might have possessed. The special word-by-word planning that goes with it, be it ever so slight and even unconscious, does get in the way of free expression; and there is a tendency in the writer to think out his sentence less thoroughly, and even to use stereotyped expressions, which fall in more conveniently with one's practice. In spite of all that may be said by operators about the process becoming 'instinctive' after a time, it could not possibly become as completely instinctive as handwriting is unless everybody wrote from childhood with the typewriter, and nothing but the typewriter. And even if everybody did, it might require generations before the operation could become as instinctive with civilised peoples as handwriting is. I am quite aware that many authors who have taken to writing with the machine think that their style has not been affected by it; but are they sure that their friends always agree with them?

MR. W. D. HOWELLS's excursions into verse are not numerous—not so numerous as we should wish. We are glad to find in the January *Windsor Magazine* a dialect poem from his pen, entitled "Breakfast is My Best Meal," which should appeal to Mr. E. V. Lucas, whose *Domesticities* (including Breakfast) we noticed in a recent issue. We quote a few lines from Mr. Howells's poem:

My! but my wife was a cook; and the breakfasts she
used to get
The first years we was married, I can smell 'em and taste
'em yet;
Corn cake light as a feather, and buckwheats thin as lace
And crisp as cracklin'; and steak that you couldn't have
the face
To compare any steak over here to; and chicken fried
Maryland style—I couldn't get through the bill if I tried.
And then, her waffles! My! She'd kind of slip in a few
Between the ham and the chicken—you know how
women'll do—
For a sort of little surprise, and, if I was running light,
To take my fancy and give an edge to my appetite.
Done it all herself as long as we was poor, and I tell you
She liked to see me eat as well as mother used to do;
I reckon she went ahead of mother some, if the truth was
known;
And everything she touched she give a taste of her own.

THE *Journal* of the Ruskin Union has been incorporated with *Saint George*, which enters this month on its fourth volume.

Bibliographical.

POOR Harriet Martineau! A literary gossipier has just been confessing that he is wholly unacquainted with her writings. He opines, too, that her name survives "by entanglement with greater names." Now, that is not quite fair to the good lady. I find that so recently as 1899 there was a new edition of Miss Martineau's *Feats on the Fiord*, of which, also, there had been fresh "impressions" in 1895, 1883, and 1882. In 1895 her *Crofton Boys* was reprinted, and a like distinction was conferred in 1886 upon her *Hour and the Man*. Some half-dozen other publications of hers have also been reproduced within the last decade or two. She hardly belongs, of course, to the permanent in literature, but she has an historic interest. Every student should, at least, dip into her *Dserbrook*; and there is some interesting matter in her book of *Biographical Sketches* (reprinted, if I remember rightly, from the *Daily News*). Much has happened since Harriet Martineau died; but by those concerned with literary people and matters she cannot properly be neglected entirely.

The editor-designate of the *Daily News* is most widely known, perhaps, as an authority on rowing. Mr. Lehmann

edited a book on that subject in 1897. His first publication, however, was in 1890, when his *Harry Fludger at Cambridge* came out anonymously. A year later he collected some of his contributions to the *Granta*, and issued them under the title of *In Cambridge Courts*. That book, I remember, had some very pretty views, photographic and otherwise, of 'Varsity buildings, and so forth. In 1892 came *The Billsbury Election, and Other Papers from "Punch"* (and the *Granta*). Both volumes contained prose and verse. In 1892, also, appeared *Mr. Punch's Prize Novels*, which was followed, in 1894, by *Conversational Hints for Young Shooters*. This list exhausts, I fancy, Mr. Lehmann's additions to contemporary literature.

Messrs. Chatto's announcement of a new issue of Wilkie Collins's *Dead Secret* is one more proof that Collins retains a large measure of his original popularity. He has by no means been "cut out" by the rising young romancists of our day. During the past decade scarcely a year has passed without a revival of one of his dramatic stories. Thus, in 1891, *Blind Love* and *The Legacy of Cain*; in 1894 (and 1896), *The Woman in White*; in 1895 (and 1896 and 1897), *The Moonstone*; in 1896 (and 1897), *Antonina*; in 1897, *Basil*, and *Man and Wife*; in 1898, *Hide and Seek*; in 1899, *The Dead Secret* and *The Guilty River*. All this indicates vitality; "the boys of the old brigade" are not yet wholly played out.

Mr. H. E. Scudder, it appears, is to write the authorised official biography of J. R. Lowell. But is any such work really wanted? Surely the *Correspondence* (in two volumes), published in 1893, is a quite sufficient record in itself? Moreover, Mr. F. H. Underwood compiled a memoir of Lowell which, issued originally in 1882, was reprinted in 1893 and 1895, and is, therefore, presumably acceptable to Lowell's admirers. It is a mistake to make too much of Lowell. His *Biglow Papers* and *Fable for Critics* are assured, of course, of continued recognition, and he produced a good deal of thoughtful literary criticism; but very little of his verse can live, and, altogether, the grounds for a big biography are, *me judice*, lacking.

The new story by Miss Edna Lyall which one of the religious weeklies is so widely advertising will not be in every respect novel to the public. It is to be presumed that *In Spite of All* will prove to be identical in plot, and to some extent perhaps in dialogue, with Miss Lyall's play, similarly entitled, of which some performances were given last year at the Comedy Theatre. It was a costume play, I remember, and, naturally, of a romantic nature.

Mr. A. D. Innes, who has just been appointed to a high post in the hierarchy of La Belle Sauvage Yard, has been not only a publisher, but an author. He first came to the front with a little book called *Seers and Singers: a Study of Five English Poets* (1893). *Verse Translations from Greek and Latin Poets* followed in 1894; to 1895 belongs his *Britain and her Rivals in the Eighteenth Century*; and in 1898 he edited and annotated Macaulay's essay on Bunyan. Nor is this by any means all his output.

It is said that Mrs. Esther Wood is to contribute biographico-critical introductions to an edition of George Eliot's novels which is about to be published by an American firm. This lady is already known in the world of readers as the author of an attractive volume on *Dante Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement*, published some half-dozen years ago.

Before the late Ignatius Donnelly hurled his *Great Cryptogram* at the head of Shakespearean students, he had published in this country two books, entitled respectively *Atlantis, the Antediluvian World*, and *Ragnarok, the Age of Fire and Gravel*. I imagine, however, that these had no very great circulation over here. Since the *Cryptogram* (1888) we have had from the same writer *Cæsar's Column* (1891), *Doctor Huguet* (a novel, 1891), and *Golden Bottle: Ephraim Benezat of Kansas* (1892)—works of which I am obliged to confess my ignorance.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Brute Psychology.

Animal Behaviour. By C. Lloyd Morgan, F.R.S. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

MR. LLOYD MORGAN has written so often and so well on the habits and the psychology of animals that one turns with interest to any new book that comes from his pen. The present volume is not quite a new book, and that is our chief regret. It arose from an attempt to revise *Animal Life and Intelligence* for a second edition, and portions of that and of other works by the author are incorporated with it. But in the main the present may be regarded as a new work, and it will be welcome even to those who are familiar with its predecessors.

It deals with problems which arise in connexion with the wide and indefinite subject generally known as Animal Instinct. It is a subject which, in the hands of the careless writer, the sentimentalist or the doctrinaire, leads straight to absurdity or arid dogmatism. The special merit of Mr. Lloyd Morgan lies in the fact that he belongs to none of these classes. He is cautious, tentative, frank, as well as being a competent psychologist and a trained observer. We are always coming across expressions such as this—"I cannot answer these questions, and am of opinion that much detailed observation is yet needed before we can do much more than speculate in the matter." Now that is the only honest and sane attitude in face of many problems we encounter with regard to what is loosely called instinct. In view of the dogmatism of both biologists and psychologists in the past, it is no small advantage to a student to meet with a writer like the Principal of University College, Bristol, who, knowing all that is to be known on the subject at present, declines to commit himself. The only disputable point on which we think he goes too far towards committing himself is that of the origin of instinct. He seems to us to have gone beyond what was necessary in accepting the fashionable Weismannism. Twenty or thirty years ago nearly every evolutionist was more or less of a Lamarckian. To-day they have 'verted in a flock to the new gospel according to Weismann. It has always seemed to us unfortunate that Darwin's work was accepted with so little detailed criticism in the 'sixties. Men went about preaching it like a new religion; people accepted it freely as the converts of a Xavier did its Catholic faith. But there was only a very moderate amount of detailed criticism based on fresh observation and experiment. Weismann's germ-plasm hypothesis is being treated in somewhat the same way. Huge masses of hypothesis, with a very slight basis of fact, have been cheerfully accepted; and when a difficulty has occurred a new subsidiary hypothesis has been promptly provided. That Weismann is for the most part right may be true; but it is not only unproved, the first steps towards proof have yet to be taken.

Prof. Lloyd Morgan and Prof. Mark Baldwin have, severally and jointly, invented a modification of Weismann's hypothesis, which seems to deserve somewhat more notice than it has yet obtained. It is difficult to express in a few words, but the main lines are these: While habits acquired by the individual cannot be transmitted, there is yet a very real causal connexion between such acquired habits and instinct. Habits are of great importance in helping to determine which congenital variations are to survive. Those (so to speak) casual variations in the individual which coincide in direction with his acquired habits tend to be confirmed. Those which conflict with acquired habits put the individual in a less advantageous position than the normal individual, and distinctly in a less fortunate position than the individual with congenital variations which, on the whole, are favourable to the acquired habits. This doctrine of "the natural selection of coincident variations" (which has been unfortunately

called by the meaningless name of Organic Selection) seems well worth careful experimental investigation.

The author's definition of instinct is strictly biological. The name is used to cover "those complex groups of co-ordinated acts which are, on their first occurrence, independent of experience, which lead to the well-being of the individual and the race, which are due to the co-operation of external and internal stimuli, which are similarly performed by all the members of the same more or less restricted group of animals, but which are subject to variation and to subsequent modification under the guidance of experience." Thus, Prof. Morgan occupies a midway position between those who regard instinct as purely mechanical, without any real relation to consciousness, and those who regard it as having much the same character as acquired habit. He objects to the practical identification by Wundt of instinctive with habitual actions. The acts we call instinctive have such a marked character that, whatever view we take of their origin, we ought not to class them as a subdivision of habitual actions. Again our author insists, rightly as we believe, that what is inherited is not a kind of consciousness, but instinctive co-ordination. It is not instinctive knowledge, but instinctive capacity for a particular motor response. "A chick pecks at a grain when it is at a suitable distance, not because instinct provides him with the knowledge that this is something to be seized and tested, but because he cannot help doing so. He is so organised that this stimulus produces this result, through an organic co-ordination that is independent of conscious knowledge or experience." While reference to consciousness is excluded from his definition, Prof. Lloyd Morgan is careful to emphasise the fact that "instinctive behaviour is not a mere matter of unconscious automatism." In the higher insects, and in animals above them, some degree of consciousness probably accompanies and modifies instinctive actions. The most careful observers seem to hold this view, though they are far from suggesting that this faint form of sentience is at all like the reason and desire whose results it simulates. Two stages are recognised by our author. By intelligent behaviour he understands behaviour in what adjustment of conduct to circumstances is brought about by individual experience. But he distinguishes it sharply from rational behaviour, which involves the employment of abstract notions. Like Wundt, Stout, and other authorities, he maintains that there is no evidence to show that animals reason. Their intelligent behaviour is guided by particular sequences, not by concepts. They gain what we call their end by the process of casual trial and error. Instinctive and unintended movements lead to a result which gives them pleasure. The association is confirmed by repetition. What begins as a lucky chance becomes a particular routine. The nature of the thing to be done is not considered, nor is a course adopted because it is seen to meet the conditions. Even imitation—that is, reflective and deliberate imitation—is practically impossible for animals as a means of initiating conduct. This view of the nature of animal intelligence is confirmed by Dr. Lloyd Morgan's own well-known experiments with his fox-terrier (here briefly retold) and by Dr. Thorndike's experiments on cats, already known to English students of psychology by the quotations in Dr. Stout's *Manual*.

The sections on the intercommunication of animals, on their play and on their courtship, is admirably clear and well-balanced; although short, it contains the pith of a good deal of recent work on the subjects handled. Thus Dr. Groos's book is drawn on with effect. We are glad to see such a well-argued protest against the loose talk current about "animal ethics." The protest has been made before by the author, but it cannot be made too often. Animals are, so far as we know, incapable of ethical ideals, because they are, so far as we know, incapable of abstract ideas of any kind. Their consciousness is, as Dr. Stout says, at "the perceptual level." We can only say "that the per-

ceptual data are given in animal experience from which, in ideational sublimation, ethical ideals may be derived by a process of reflection and generalisation."

The book is full of interesting summaries of recent studies of animal habits. The observations of the author himself on dogs, chickens, limpets, and other animals are well known, and he has given many others. Not the least interesting are those of Dr. and Mrs. Peckham, the American naturalists, on the habits of the solitary wasps. We notice that they go far to dispose of the statement popularised by Romanes that certain solitary wasps habitually paralyse their victims by stinging them in "their chief nerve centres," so that they may remain alive, though incapable of motion, until the larvæ of the wasps are hatched and ready to eat them. This standard example ought to disappear even from the popular scientific lecture.

We have praised the book at such length that little space is left for grumbling. The treatment of the interesting subject of animal tradition seems a little disappointing. And, finally, Prof. Morgan leaves us feeling a little uncertain as to the exact position he assigns to consciousness. He is anxious to assure us that he does not regard consciousness as (to use Huxley's words) the "steam-whistle which accompanies the work of a locomotive engine without influence on the machinery." He rightly says: "It is nothing less than pure assumption to say that the consciousness which is admitted to be present has practically no effect whatever upon the behaviour"; and he asks how we can account, "on evolutionary grounds, for the existence of a useless adjunct to neutral process." Yet he maintains that volition, desire, and all forms of consciousness, must be regarded as lying outside the pale of scientific inquiry. "Neither will, nor impulse, nor instinct, nor consciousness itself should be introduced into any scientific description or explanation of phenomena as a cause of their existence or being, for as such it does not enter into the sequence of events." He does not deny that consciousness may be a cause. But consciousness as a cause lies outside of science. Yes, if by science we mean only physical science. But by science we ought to mean all organised, definite, verified knowledge—and we cannot exclude consciousness as a cause from psychology, history, and sociology. The doctrine that human consciousness has no causal efficiency is, perhaps, the most daring contradiction of experience which has come from the workshop of the metaphysician. On the whole, Mr. Lloyd Morgan seems to fully accept the view that physical facts and physiological facts are in causal relation. But he shows a suspicious leaning towards a somewhat crude form of Monism, and, as Dr. Ward has shown in his recent book, the doctrine of "two aspects" easily slips into the doctrine of mere "conscious automatism," occasionally preached by Huxley. The name of Dr. Ward does not occur in Mr. Lloyd Morgan's volume. If he had been familiar with the Cambridge professor's searching criticism of the Monistic position we do not think he would have left certain parts of his final chapter quite as they stand.

The Uprising of Dives.

The English Utilitarians. By Leslie Stephen. 3 vols. (Duckworth & Co.)

"THE philosophers who call themselves Utilitarians and whom others generally call Benthamites," to use Macaulay's phrase, have had throughout the luck which seems to attach itself to mediocrities, and in nothing have they been so lucky as in their biographer. Macaulay himself hated them as bitterly as he hated any human being, and since his death there has been no one, perhaps, but Mr. Leslie Stephen who could have so clothed their dry bones with life as to have given us three handsome volumes about

them with hardly a dull page. How far this was a pious duty—for he tells us that he was himself once a disciple of their school—and how far it was due to his having written the *History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, one cannot say.

The feat is the more wonderful that the Utilitarian school was born under the most sordid and Philistine auspices that it is possible to conceive. A century ago, as Mr. Stephen has made plain to us, there was only one class in England that was discontented. The landed gentry, both titled or untitled, had succeeded in most thoroughly curbing the royal power that across the Channel had gained the upper hand with such fatal results, and were now the supreme masters of the country with no troubles immediately ahead worse than a few quarrels over the spoils. The peasantry, who then formed nearly the whole of the wage-earning class, were thoroughly attached to their natural leaders, and not intellectually capable of wishing for anything better than a continuance of the prosperity that quiet times and good prices had brought to them. Nor had the middle class at first sight much to grumble at. Steam manufactures, the cotton trade, collieries had just entered on their wonderful career, canals and mail-coaches had been started everywhere, and the general average of comfort was higher than it had ever been before. Nor were the social disqualifications that pressed so hardly upon the Continental *bourgeois* present to the Englishman of the same class. Many of the poorer nobility were as ready then as since to repair their fortunes by a rich marriage with those socially below them, and there was no obstacle to any rich merchant or trader acquiring land and thus laying the foundation of a county family. All the professions were open to the sons of the trading classes as well as to those of the landed gentry, and many of them had risen to distinction in the Church or at the Bar. Only from political power—which, in those days, meant the distribution of places and sinecures—were they shut out, and their right to share in these good things they determined to assert. The demand for legislative reform in such matters as jurisprudence put forward by a few writers like Montesquieu and Beccaria happened to be introduced to them at the right time, and immediately the whole of the middle class thought they saw in it the handle that they wanted. Thus the Utilitarian school was born.

The movement, which but for the check afforded by the French Revolution and the war which followed would probably have met with more immediate success than it did, showed at the same time most of the good and bad points of the English character. Moderate in all things, its partisans neither indulged in Utopian visions of a new heaven and a new earth, nor talked high-flown nonsense about the natural equality and brotherhood of man. They merely insisted that the one end and aim of government was that of utility, or, as they put it, that the greatest happiness of the greater number should be the only thing to be looked to by the legislator. But with the unconscious desire at the same time to serve God and Mammon, which other nations so often mistake for conscious *tartufferie*, they thought that they themselves were the only persons in the community with sufficient wisdom and virtue to realise this aim, and that the fact had merely to be stated for all the rest of the community to recognise the fact. "The wise and good," says Bentham's most trusted lieutenant in a passage that Mr. Stephen here quotes, "in any class of men do, for all general purposes, govern the rest"; and the middle class, we hear from the same authority, are so transparently wise and good that the lower class "account it an honour" to adopt their opinions. Hence, however large a voice the governed may have in the making of the laws—or, as Mr. Stephen says, however far the franchise is extended—it is the middle class that will ultimately decide upon all political questions. There never was a more egregious mistake made.

For the development of these theories, and the part played in their propagation by Bentham, James Mill, the historian of British India, and his son, the late John Stuart Mill, whom Mr. Stephen considers the three successive leaders of the Utilitarians, we must refer the reader to Mr. Stephen's luminous pages. We prefer rather to dwell on the good things which we enjoy in great part, at all events, from the application of their principles. Such are, to give the barest catalogue, the reform of the judicature, including therein the abolition of the worst abuses of the Court of Chancery, and the greater mildness of criminal legislation, the improved treatment of prisoners, free trade, the abolition of excessive pensions, and the increased attention given to education. Other of their aspirations, such as the complete reform of the land laws, are not yet realised, but probably will be at no distant date. On yet others, such as the complete social and political equality of woman with man, the community has not yet made up its mind. Yet those reforms that they have already carried make up a fair show, and go some way towards justifying the existence of the Utilitarian school.

Yet these things are but the *parerga*, or by-works, of the Benthamites. The one goal to which they have at all times consistently pressed forward has been the reform of government itself, by the admission of the masses to political power. To gain this, they have shrunk from no alliances, they have set aside patriotism—and we have Mr. Stephen's word for it—and have been content to yoke Catholics, Unitarians, and Agnostics together in one ill-assorted and discordant team. In the passing of the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1868, and in the extension of the representative system to local government, these manœuvres were crowned with success, and they appeared to have attained the object of their fondest hopes. Yet the gods, after their fashion, granted their prayers in part only, and in what the early Utilitarians considered the necessary complement, if not the very pith and kernel of their scheme, they have failed utterly. The middle-classes are as far as ever they were from being the exclusive rulers of the country, and Dives was no sooner seated on the throne than he had to make room beside him for Lazarus. It even seems at present as if Lazarus, instead of looking for leading to that "middle rank" in which alone, according to the fathers of the Benthamite sect, wisdom and virtue were to be found in pre-eminence, was divided between again paying allegiance to those ideals from which Dives had tried in vain to wean him, and plunging into Socialistic schemes having for their object the plunder of Dives himself. Thus are the best-laid plans of man brought to nought.

Four Books of Verse.

Odes. By Laurence Binyon. (Unicorn Press.)

The Professor, and Other Poems. By A. C. Benson. (John Lane.)

Love's Argument, and Other Poems. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Wings. By Margaret Ethel Ashton. (Kegan Paul.)

DIFFUSENESS is Mr. Binyon's enemy. Many of these Odes are impermissibly long; indeed, so long, and of such constructive, or want of constructive, design, that the term "Ode" becomes a mere courtesy title. And that is a pity, because some of Mr. Binyon's best work has gone into them. Wherever he observes the limits and design of the Ode he is successful. Nothing that he has yet written, we think, is so fine in classic beauty of diction and sweetness of fancy as "The Dryad." We would fain quote it

entire, were it not too long; and choice among its equal stanzas is difficult. But we will adventure:

Ah, yet the nymph's white feet have surely stayed
Beside the spring; how solitary fair
Shines and trembles there
White narcissus bloom!
By lichen'd gray stones, where the glancing stream
Swerves over into green and mossy gloom,
Their snowy frail flames on the ripple gleam
And all the place illumine.
Surely her feet a moment rested here!
Nerving her hand upon a pliant branch,
She paused, then listened, and then glided on
Half-turned in lovely fear;
And her young shoulder shone
Like moonbeams that wet sands, foam-bordered, blanch,
A sight to stay the beating of the breast!
Alas! but mortal eyes may never know
That beauty! Hark! what bird above his nest
So rapturously sings? Ah, thou wilt tell,
Thou perfect flower, whither her footsteps go,
And all her thoughts, pure flower, for thou know'st well.

The whole of the Ode is on this level; and we trust the extract will be sufficient to send readers to a book which contains some of Mr. Binyon's excellent poetry.

Mr. Benson's volume is not, as a whole, in his best vein—which, as readers know, is thoughtful and full of felicitousness. One would surmise, from some of the poems, that illness had abated the emotional pulse without which the wing of poetry flags. But here and there he finds himself, as in this poem:

FATIDICA.

Oh! I had thought to find some haggard, stern,
Sad prophetess, with dim and cloudy brows,
With eyes like winter suns, that under boughs
Knotted and black, in frosty silence burn.

But thou, methinks, art delicate and fair,
With childish hand, and gracious pitying eye,
Too sweet to rend the veils of mystery,
And solve the stubborn riddle of despair!

Yet suddenly, through guarded lips, breaks forth
A smile that ripples all the faith of death,
And penetrates and glorifies my fears;
As icy stars that shiver from the north,
Frosting my sleeve, at touch of human breath
Fall and dissolve, and tremble into tears.

Admirably phrased, too, is this stanza from *Silence*:

Grave, indifferent, slow,
Over the sodden sand,
Wave after wave, as I go,
Flounders and arches stiff,
Then like a hollowed hand,
Flaps, and the thin tides run
In a blanket of foam to the cliff,
Under a shrouded sun.

Altogether, in spite of the comparatively unfavourable opinion we have passed upon it, Mr. Benson's book has its own recompense for those who will "observingly distil it out."

In Miss Fowler's volume, ornamented with a photograph portrait of the author, there are "secular verses," "sacred verses," and "sonnets." It is curious, by the way, that Miss Fowler should call her rhymes "poems" on the title-page, while employing a more correct and modest designation within the book. Of the three divisions, we much prefer the secular to the sacred; the sonnets are quite negligible. Miss Fowler's sacred muse has two moods: the babbling mood and the big-drum mood. (We do not use these phrases with any other intent than to be descriptive.) Here is an example of the former:

Summer now is over,
Winter draweth near;
Soon the snow will cover
All the landscape drear;

Faded leaves are lying
Underneath the trees,
And a sound of sighing
Mingles with the breeze.

In such manner Miss Fowler begins "An Autumn Hymn." The big-drum style is very different. Here is the conclusion of "A Hymn of Praise":

Swear, ye English nation, that His Word shall light and
guide you,
That His kingdom and His righteousness shall be the ends
ye seek!

Ye shall spread from shore to shore,
Till the sea shall be no more,
As destroyers of the wicked and defenders of the weak.
If ye scorn to sell your birthright whatsoever may betide
you—

If ye follow in full daylight where at dawn your fathers
trod—

Ye shall go from strength to strength,
Till it comes to pass at length
That the whole world honours England because England
honours God.

The sentiment expressed at large in this "hymn" is, to be frank, entirely deplorable. The facile patriotism of the Pavilion and the Tivoli is contemptible enough, but when Christian piety is smudged across it the result cannot be set down in terms of politeness.

The secular verses are more pleasant, and disclose more cleverness. One item in *Love's Argument* may be esteemed quite satisfactory—"The Country of Conceit," written in a light vein, unambitious, slight, yet in its way a neat achievement. It begins:

Safe screened by hills on either hand
From winter storms and summer heat,
There lies a silly little land—
The Country of Conceit.

There adverse breezes never blow;
And no one tries to teach, forsooth,
The things I do not care to know;
Nor tells unpleasant truth.

If Miss Fowler would confine herself to that vein, avoiding the grandiose, the sacred, and the sentimental, her muse would be justified of its appearance in the periodicals. But even these pretty exercises on the *lyra elegantiarum* need not be collected and made permanent.

Miss Ashton's verses have many touches of prettiness, of a somewhat conventional sort, that recall the illuminated text and the Easter card. They express sincere, but not very individual, feeling in melodious but not very compelling form. One doubts whether Miss Ashton has quite realised what very difficult material for poetry conventional religious diction has, by dint of constant use, become, or what exceptional temperament is required, as in the case, for instance, of Miss Rossetti, to revitalise it. Here is a not uncharacteristic specimen of Miss Ashton's quality:

THE PERFECT DAY.

Into our lives—a rose amid the thorns,
A Star in night;—there came one perfect day,
Framed all in sunshine, lit with light of love,
And compassed round with blessing ev'ry way.
Hush! let us keep it, Sweet.
By God's own grace—complete.

Now,—though the shadows gather round our path,
Now,—though the darkness rise and hide the light,
Now,—though we never reap life's aftermath,
Nor ever touch again so fair a height,
Now,—let come what come may,
We knew one perfect day.

Sweet,—looking up,—we know that Pain must rise,
And Strife,—to mar that day's most perfect peace;
But,—looking farther,—in God's light of Love
We see the Land where all the discords cease:
And where . . . God grant! . . . we may
Relive that Perfect Day.

Tusitala and Tembinok'.

In the South Seas. By the late R. L. Stevenson. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

It is an astonishing thing to read the list of other books by the same author prefixed to this posthumous volume. That Stevenson, in his brief life—comparatively brief—and poor health, should have written so much, is well-nigh incredible. There are twenty-eight works here in his own hand, and four in partnership, to say nothing of the two volumes of *Letters*. And now comes another: *In the South Seas; Being an Account of Experiences and Observations in the Marquesas, Paumotu, and Gilbert Islands, in the Course of Two Cruises on the Yacht "Casco" (1888) and the Schooner "Equator" (1889)*. It is a very pleasant, if not a very remarkable, book, a series of notes in a diary rather than any attempt at shapely literature; but Stevenson could not be dull, could not be ordinary, and could not be other than himself: hence this book is excellent reading.

Certainly these pages add sensibly to our knowledge of the South Sea folk; but where to our mind they are chiefly valuable is in their account of Tembinok', King of Apemana, in the Gilberts. Tembinok' had enough humour and character to be a figure all ripe to Stevenson's heart and hand, and he stands delightfully embodied in this book. Here is the outward man:

Not long ago he was overgrown with fat, obscured to view, and a burthen to himself. Captains visiting the island advised him to walk; and though it broke the habits of a life and the traditions of his rank, he practised the remedy with benefit. His corpulence is now portable; you would call him lusty rather than fat; but his gait is still dull, stumbling, and elephantine. He neither stops nor hastens, but goes about his business with an implacable deliberation. We could never see him and not be struck with his extraordinary natural means for the theatre: a beaked profile like Dante's in the mask, a mane of long black hair, the eye brilliant, imperious, and inquiring: for certain parts, and to one who could have used it, the face was a fortune. His voice matched it well, being shrill, powerful, and uncanny, with a note like a sea-bird's. When there are no fashions, none to set them, few to follow them if they were set, and none to criticise, he dresses—as Sir Charles Grandison lived—"to his own heart." Now he wears a woman's frock, now a naval uniform; now (and more usually) figures in a masquerade costume of his own design: trousers and a singular jacket with skirt tails, the cut and fit wonderful for island workmanship; the material always handsome, sometimes green velvet, sometimes cardinal red silk. This masquerade becomes him admirably. In the woman's frock he looks ominous and weird beyond belief. I see him now come pacing towards me in the cruel sun, solitary, a figure out of Hoffmann.

Tembinok' is not only king, but also chief trader, architect, historian, poet. He comes of a wonderful royal family, the origin of which was the union of an ancestress and a shark. "I think lie" was Tembinok's comment on the legend to R. L. S.; but his scepticism did not diminish his pride therein. Here are a few passages touching this attractive monarch, gathered from his watchful and appreciative guest's record:

He once ran over to me a list of captains and super-cargoes with whom he had done business, classing them under three heads: "He cheat a litty"—"He cheat plenty"—and "I think he cheat too much." For the first two classes he expressed perfect toleration; sometimes, but not always, for the third.

The workmen set apart by the king to build for the Stevenson settlers did not attend to the business as promised.

Mr. Osbourne landed, found nothing done, and carried his complaint to Tembinok'. He heard it, rose, called for a Winchester, stepped without the royal palisade, and fired two shots in the air. A shot in the air is the first Apemana warning; it has the force of a proclamation in

more loquacious countries; and his majesty remarked agreeably that it would make his labourers "mo' bright." In less than thirty minutes, accordingly, the men had mustered, the work was begun, and we were told that we might bring our baggage when we pleased.

And here we have Tembinok' not as warrior but as literary artist:

Or perhaps we came later, fell on a more private hour, and found Tembinok' retired in the house with the favourite, an earthenware spittoon, a leaden inkpot, and a commercial ledger. In the last, lying on his belly, he writes from day to day the uneventful history of his reign; and when thus employed he betrayed a touch of fretfulness on interruption with which I was well able to sympathise. The royal annalist once read me a page or so, translating as he went; but the passage being genealogical, and the author boggling extremely in his version, I own I have been sometimes better entertained. Nor does he confine himself to prose, but touches the lyre too in his leisure moments, and passes for the chief bard of his kingdom, as he is its sole public character, leading architect, and only merchant. His competence, however, does not reach to music; and his verses, when they are ready, are taught to a professional musician, who sets them and instructs the chorus. Asked what his songs were about, Tembinok' replied, "Sweethearts and trees and the sea. Not all the same true, all the same lie." For a condensed view of lyrical poetry (except that he seems to have forgot the stars and flowers) this would be hard to mend.

In the *South Seas* has other things than the study of Apemana's king, but to us it is valuable chiefly for that. Among the peculiarities of the Marquesans, we might note, is admiration for the portrait of Mr. Andrew Lang, as contained in the Stevenson album.

The Soul of a Christian.

The Soul of a Christian. By Frank Granger. (Methuen. 6s.)

IN his opening chapter Mr. Granger declares his intention of treating his subject-matter in terms of psychology so far as they may be stretched. This is rather bewildering, because it is not obvious at the first blush what other language it would be possible to use in dealing with the soul. Afterwards it becomes clear that what he means is that he purposes to keep clear of the Pauline phraseology in which most of the professors—from Bunyan and Baxter to Whitefield and Cardinal Newman—have tried to narrate and explain their spiritual experiences. Newman, in his early days of inherited evangelicalism, went so far as to codify all that the Scriptures tell of conversion and election, and to judge himself by that standard. He frankly confesses that his own soul passed through no such crisis as seemed to be indicated, and this open confession (in the *Apologia*) brought upon him a great flight of letters from persons who judged themselves to have experienced that which he yet lacked. There have been men who have taken the matter, not indeed more seriously, but more grievously than Newman; every lunatic asylum can furnish instances. Yet a very simple and even obvious consideration should have sufficed for consolation, viz., that Paul derived his doctrine from the only source to which he had access—to wit, his own experiences; and that two conversions are just as little likely to resemble each other as two faces.

The basic principle of Mr. Granger's treatise—the principle upon which he proceeds to deal with the psychic phenomena of ecstasy, inspiration, illumination, and the like, is the hypothesis of Oversoul, which explains personality "by subordinating it to something higher in which it is included, as the personages of a drama are determined by the action in which they take part." He confesses having thus to be at issue with such writers as

Tertullian and Swedenborg and Blake (might we not add Shakespeare?), to whom the individual mind is a microcosm, the arena of contending spirits. "The life of the soul is an imperfect unity. And what we have postulated is a perfect unity, which, therefore, lies beyond the individual experience."

Though the book is seriously written and seriously meant, it is lighted up by constant references to the experiences of spiritual persons of renown and extracts from their writings. One feels in reading them that good people are too generally underrated: they are quite as interesting as the wicked.

Totally irrelevant as it is, we cannot find it in our heart to close this notice without quoting, from the chapter on Ecstasy, the following passage from the autobiography of a backwoods preacher in the days of a great Revival in Kentucky:

A new exercise broke out among us, called the *jerks*, which was overwhelming in its effect upon the bodies and minds of the people. No matter whether they were saints or sinners, they would be taken with a convulsive jerking all over which they could not by any possibility avoid, and the more they resisted the more they jerked. I have seen more than five hundred persons jerking at one time in my large congregation. Most usually persons taken with the jerks would rise up and dance. Some would run, but could not get away. To see these proud young gentlemen and young ladies, in their silks, jewellery, and prunella from top to toe, take the jerks would often excite my risibilities. The first jerk or so you would see their fine bonnets, caps, and combs fly; and so sudden would be the jerking of the head, that their long, loose hair would crack almost as loud as a waggoner's whip.

Mr. Granger does not, indeed, often "excite our risibilities," but he abounds in an amiable gaiety. We are not prepared to say that his treatise is conclusive; one is tempted to long sometimes for the cut-and-dried syllogisms of the past, which left no room for doubt as to precisely what it was that you were aiming at; but it is stimulating, and well illustrated from the lives of the historic mystics.

A Woman of the Revolution.

The Baroness De Bode: 1775-1803. By William S. Child-Pemberton. (Longmans.)

THESE are documents of the French Revolution. The Baroness De Bode was by birth an Englishwoman, Mary Kynnersley, of Loxley, and her letters, now in the possession of Lord Norton, were mainly written to her sister and his grandmother, Mrs. Adderley, of Coton. They are good letters, bearing the stamp of a strong, clear intelligence, and they certainly help a patient reader to understand why the French *noblesse*, to which the lady and her husband belonged, fell. The De Bodes were no bad specimens of their class. The Baron was a man of great personal courage, which was notably displayed at a critical moment during the Reign of Terror. His wife had many virtues, besides that of an unconquerable spirit. But through all this correspondence of the fourteen years that preceded 1789 the complete unconsciousness of the imminent situation, of the problems crying out to be solved, is unmistakable. The bride is fêted at the little Rhineland courts:

The Countess La Leyn, who lives about six miles off, came in about eleven o'clock at night, with people with her masked in Orpheus and Uridice. It was vastly pretty—a grand procession of shades—men and women all dressed in white and ivy garlands. She herself as Uridice, in white and silver and very rich diamonds, followed by Orphée and Cupid and a long train of devils, and Pluto in a car drawn by black horses. Lord! Kitty, I am sure you

would an use your-self vastly if you were in this country, and I should be the happiest creature in the world if you was with me.

Soon, however, the letters have other topics than masked balls to deal with. The Baroness has a child every year, and endless intrigues begin to place them in the world: one boy is to be a Chevalier of Malta, another a *chanoine*. In 1788 the Baron obtains the feudal fief of Soultz in Alsace, and the Baroness writes triumphantly of her new and very practical privileges. "We are entirely master," she says; the peasants are "our subjects." She enumerates the *droits*—of hens, chickens, capons, corn, hay, and potatoes. Every wife must spin them so much hemp or flax in the year; every male and female, every cart and horse, must give them so many days' work; every innkeeper must pay a fee for leave to put his sign up. Of the oppressiveness of these *droits*, of the slumbering discontent on the very point of breaking out, not a hint. Democratic fervour was hardly to be expected from *noblesse*, not of the most opulent, engaged in establishing a growing family. But even the ideals of the *noblesse* itself are evidently tottering when the Baroness can write as she does of the convent of Attenburg in which her sister was abbess. She was known as the "merry abbess." The *chanoinesses* were all of good birth; they made the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, and they were "obliged to do their Church duty, and the rest is all mirth and innocent gaiety." They lived "vastly well." The abbess had a coach, and took the *chanoinesses* out by turns for a drive. "A girl, if she is not monstrously well-married, is much better in such a place." Such was a house of religion in 1788.

Next year the storm broke, and before long the De Bodes were homeless. One may pity them without accepting their own theory of "our own innocence as to all our misfortunes being occasioned without our being in any manner accessory." At any rate the Baroness took her adversity unflinchingly. She set forth alone to seek her fortune in Russia, intrigued for it with Catherine and her crew of favourites, and at last obtained new estates in a land where *droits* were still to be had for the asking. Asking had never troubled the lady, and one cannot help being amused at the very comprehensive draft thus made on the generosity of the Adderleys:

I trust much to your kindness in being able to make a good collection to set me up in our new house—in all countries they are so generous to the poor unfortunate *émigrés*. Pray let the Duchess of Cumberland be asked. My case is very extraordinary, and, therefore, we ought to put aside all false shame after we have been plundered of everything as we have been. If the things are not new, so much the better; at least everything should be made up. I will give you a list of things that would be most useful, such as: tent bedsteads, either of wood or iron, that we can take to pieces to pack up; mattresses, pillows, bolsters, sheets, coverlids, blankets, table-cloths, napkins or towels, knives and forks, spoons (pewter ones will do), plates, dishes, soup-dishes, pots and kettles, b-d-curtains and window-curtains, frying-pans and gridirons, ironing-irons, fire-shovels and tongs and pokers and grates, common flat candlesticks and snuffers, pins, needles, pen-knives, garden-knife and *sizzors*, spinning-wheels for hemp and others for cotton, weaving-shuttels and weaving-comb, spades, bells, a common English girl that is a *good dairy maid*—we will take care of her, and if she marry give her some land—the seed of Clover and artificial grass, garden seeds of all sorts and all stones of fruit, seeds of forest trees (if 'tis possible), Hop seeds, any books of arts and sciences and trades, physick and Surgery and Apothecary books, natural history and Botany, Agriculture, &c. Doctor Darwin, for example, might send me his *Botany, Agriculture, &c.*, &c. I mention all these articles—perhaps you will find one that will give one thing and one another; take all they offer us, even if it were a fiddle or a pianoforte.

Other New Books.

VIRGIN SAINTS AND MARTYRS. BY S. BARING-GOULD.

Mr. Baring-Gould is an indefatigable book-maker, yet his work never lacks a certain distinction. In this volume, however, we should say that he reaches his lowest level. It is a pity that a man having such marked ability, to say the least of it, should so dash off biographies of such infinitely difficult subjects. In these eighteen sketches—we cannot call them studies—we have the result, no doubt, of much knowledge and research; and the author's strong common sense and logical faculty serve him well in the elimination of legend from fact. Yet the result is largely barren, and that simply because the value of such work must depend upon absorbing sympathy and a most intimate consideration of divergent types. We do not doubt Mr. Baring-Gould's sympathy, but it is too general, too loose, too much the servant, too little the master. The names of St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, St. Bridget, St. Theresa, of Constantia and Febronia, suggest matter too great for such treatment as is here accorded them. The book, in a word, is too easy, too popular. The biographies neither of saints nor martyrs can be of much value as mere compilations. It is true that Mr. Baring-Gould sometimes expresses an opinion with singular vigour, as when he says: "What was the reform to which Theresa devoted all her energies? To induce certain men and women to kick off their shoes." But we submit that this is something more than flippant—we are inclined to call it foolish. Mr. Anger's illustrations to the volume are without value of any kind—mere obtrusions in the text. It is difficult to understand why any attempt at illustration should have been made. These nerveless, conventional figures represent nothing. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE PREACHER'S DICTIONARY. BY G. F. CAVALIER.

We find ourselves unable heartily to approve the application of the snippet system to Theology. A little distinctive gravity of guise and deliberateness of manner becomes it better. And whereas it were not easy to overpraise the diligence and thoroughness with which it is clear Mr. Cavalier has for many years been reading and note-taking, it is impossible not to dread the use that the less lettered preacher may make of his garnered harvest.

Mr. Cavalier writes, in the strictly theological parts of his work—as in the articles on the Eucharist, on Baptism, on Heresy, and the like—from the rather narrow standpoint of a High Church Anglican; and it may be noted that, incidentally, he contrives in an important detail to misstate the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation; but under the more general headings of Labour, Happiness, Care, there is a treasury of tit-bits for such as like to see these things out of their place. Any hope that by such means the clergy might be set in the way of wider reading is frustrated by the lamentable omission to give any reference more precise than the bare name of the author cited.

Fine phrases start to the eyes as the leaves are turned. "The pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon," writes Bacon, under Care; and near him is Ward Beecher with "Many of our cares are God dragging us, and they would end, if we would stand upon our feet and go whither He would have us." "The one intolerable sort of slavery, over which the very gods weep, is the slavery of the strong to the weak; of the great and noble-minded to the small and weak; the slavery of wisdom to folly" is obvious Carlyle; and near at hand on the same subject, Slavery, is Ruskin with "The distinguishing sign of slavery is to have a price and be bought for it." "Life," says Emerson, "is a succession of lessons, which must be lived to be understood. All is

riddle, and the key to the riddle is another riddle." And La Bruyère: "Life is a kind of sleep; old men sleep longest and do not wake till they die." "A comedy to him who thinks, a tragedy to him who feels" is the pregnant verdict of Horace Walpole—a strange morsel of pessimism to have found its way into these pages.

Lord Lubbock speculates upon the notion of the eternity of heaven spent in wide tours among the stars. But it is strange to find under Beatific Vision nothing more conclusive than references to Jacob's Ladder, and the dying exclamation of St. Stephen. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s.)

UNDER ENGLAND'S FLAG,
FROM 1804 TO 1809.

BY CAPTAIN
CHARLES BOOTHBY, R.E.

This book will be warmly welcomed by those who remember the same writer's *A Prisoner of France*, though it is rather disconcerting to have to go back in date. The present volume contains journal extracts and correspondence prior to the record printed in the earlier volume; this method of publication gives the reader a bewildering sense of mental gymnastics. "I was nominated," says the young R.E., "early in 1805, to proceed with a foreign expedition, going, no one knew whither, under the command of Sir James Craig." The expedition appears to have had a roving commission to make itself useful where it could. It first saw fighting at the Battle of Maida, in Calabria, where a French army of 7,500 was defeated by an English force of 4,000. In that engagement the 1st Regiment of French Light Infantry, which attempted a bayonet charge, was practically destroyed. Then followed the siege of Scylla, and, after a recall, Captain Boothby spent some time in frontier inspection in Spain. The Battle of Corunna is fully and vividly described. Though the author was not actively engaged, he was under hot fire with General Hope, who assumed command when Sir John Moore was fatally wounded. Moore was Boothby's hero. In a letter to his father, twelve days after the battle, he writes:

His latest anxiety seemed to be for victory. "Are they beat? Are they beat?" he repeatedly asked. He wished to send some message to General Hope, who had succeeded him in the command. "Hope, Hope," he said at intervals, but could not articulate more. His last words were, "Tell my mother." He could no longer speak, and expired. Was not this the death of a hero and a good man?

The letters and extracts from Captain Boothby's journal here given us have more than the vital interest of history. They reveal a personality of great charm, a character in the making, full of youthful affection and generosity, and at the same time resourceful and fearless. From the first to the last of these letters the growth in strength and perception is very marked. They represent the development of a man of the best type. (Black. 6s.)

THE PEACE CONFERENCE
AT THE HAGUE.

BY F. W. HOLLS, D.C.L.

The Hague Conference has completely passed out of sight amid the clash of arms of the past fifteen months, and even at the time it was sitting there were few persons who thought that it was anything more than a Utopian dream. That this notion prevailed was largely due to the attitude maintained by some members of the Conference towards the Press. Journalists were not admitted, and as the diplomatists were unsympathetic and in some cases even hostile to the journalists at the Hague, the newspapers withdrew their representatives, and little notice was taken of the Conference. The author of this book, Mr. Frederick W. Holls, was one of the American members of the Conference, and it is his conviction that at the Hague a great and glorious result was accomplished not only in the humanising of warfare and the codification of the laws of

war, but, above all, in the establishment of a permanent International Court of Arbitration. The official records of the Conference have not yet been published in the English language, and Mr. Holls's aim has been to tell what took place with sufficient fullness for the student of International Law without making the book too technical for the general reader. Particular attention has been paid to the action of the British and American Governments and their representatives at the Conference. The work of the various committees is given very fully, and by the help of the Table of Contents and of the Index any point can be referred to at once. In the appendices we have the full text of the Final Act, Treaties, and Declarations adopted by the Peace Conference in French and in English; the General Report of the U.S.A. Commission; and an account of the Hugo Grotius Celebration at Delft, on July 4, 1899. The book is invaluable to students of International Law and publicists generally. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

The timeliness of Captain W. E. Cairnes's book, *Lord Roberts in Peace and War: a Biography* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is obvious. It is a straightforward, useful, undistinguished work of 331 pages.

Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son's little "Story of the Empire" series now includes *The Story of Uganda*, by General F. D. Lugard (1s. 6d.). Uganda presents the most advanced native African civilisation, and in this handy book its history, resources, social life, and flora and fauna are outlined by a man whose qualifications for the task are too well known to need indication.

Everyone believes to some extent in graphology, and those who wish to systematise their ordinary graphological instincts can consult many manuals on the subject. The latest is Mr. Richard Dimsdale Stocker's *The Language of Handwriting* (Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net). We always look into such books with terror, for it is hard to see one's character at the mercy of dogmas about the bar of a *t* or the character of one's *i* dots. We open this book at the chapter on Important Letters, and read: "The small *b* is of no special importance; but when the up-stroke is *looped*, I generally look for strong motherly or fatherly instincts." The many analyses of the signatures of well-known people are an interesting feature of the book, which is evidently the result of long and sincere study. But why is a book like this issued with its leaves uncut?

The "Flowers of Parnassus" series of booklet poems, which Mr. John Lane is publishing under the editorship of Mr. Money-Coutts, is delightful biscuit literature. We now have Suckling's "Ballade Upon a Wedding" very sympathetically illustrated by Mr. Herbert Cole; and "The Nut-Brown Maid" in a new version condensed by the editor from Bishop Percy's rendering, his thirty stanzas being reduced to seventeen. Mr. Coutts remarks: "If, as may be supposed, the original poem has gathered large accretions since the fifteenth or sixteenth century, it is permissible to hope that the removal of obscurities and prolixities may be rather a restoration than a desecration, presenting not a distortion, but a clearer view of the first design."

In *Picnics and Suppers* (Sonnenschein), Col. A. R. Kennedy-Herbert ("Wyvern") once more demonstrates his mastery of culinary arts. His present book is practically a treatise on cold dishes. Defending himself against a charge of expensiveness often brought against him, the author points out that the use of the ingredients which make for expense and richness in food can always be regulated by taste and discretion, but that he has found that such options are rarely regarded, "the recipe is either passed over or acted upon *au pied de la lettre* without consideration."

Fiction.

A Princess of Arcady. By Arthur Henry.
(Murray. 6s.)

It would be interesting to attempt to construct from the internal evidence of this American novel a portrait of its author; but we will only say of him here that his knowledge and wisdom of life vastly exceed his experience in letters. The book is curiously, even charmingly, naïve; at the same time it is simple, sincere, and the frank expression of a temperament not without fineness and dignity. A clue to that temperament may be found in the novelist's casual remark (he is addicted to casual remarks): "If ever there was a youth of twenty who, through April, May, and June, was not in love, I am happy to have missed him." *A Princess of Arcady* is original; the author has borrowed neither his point, his view, nor his methods: it is, indeed, so original in very essence that we could not possibly describe the matter of it except at great length. Its chief characteristic is an intense sympathy with plant life and with children. Here is a portrait of the infant heroine:

In his little companion he had chanced upon a perfect type of the purely feminine. Here were all the traits in embryo which, when preserved and developed, make the ideal woman, who is, above all things, sympathetic and receptive, one in whom the very assumption of an interest possesses a more seductive charm than the violent passion of others; whose sins seem more innocent than the virtues of austerity. Such women have inspired, without design, the achievements which have made epochs and kingdoms famous when the patronage of the throne alone would have failed. It is in the eyes of such that the poet must look for his revelations. They seem to be the unconscious repositories of Nature. Their souls are her secret laboratories, her studios, her hidden places, wherein, undisturbed, she works her masterpieces.

This is good, and there is much else in the book worthy of praise. Yet none of the characters is effectively realised—mainly, we think, because of the author's lack of mere technical skill. While not remarkable as literary art, the novel is distinctly remarkable in other ways. It pricks one's curiosity, and to read it is certainly not to waste time.

From Valet to Ambassador. By Philip Treherne.
(Sands. 6s.)

THERE is some cleverness and a great deal of amusement in this satire on modern manners. The tale is told in the first person by the hero, whose grandfather had "all the disadvantages of a public school and university education." "I was a careful, punctual boy, and kept my clothes tidily; therefore my guardian persuaded me to become a valet, and try and earn an honest livelihood . . . so as to retire in an independent manner when the time should come." Smedson's experiences with the Earl of Northforeland, who finally wrecked himself in the share market, are wittily told, but the main and best part of the book is occupied with his exploits as confidential adviser to Bolingbroke Barnes, the millionaire. Barnes is extravagantly drawn, but not without effectiveness. It is historically reported that ten thousand soldiers were killed in order to get water for the fountains of Versailles. Barnes employed labour about his palaces in like multitudes, though less fatally:

"How do the neighbours like it round here?" I queried.

"Like it, Smedson! That's good; they have to lump it, and I pay all the neighbourhood round, every farm labourer I can get hold of, double wages to come and shovel mud, and I'll bet there are not many landed proprietors who would do the same. The wages I give are so high, that the men can't even get through them in drink. What do you say to that, Smedson? . . . I've had a great testimonial signed by all the brewers in this county to thank me for the enormous custom I've brought them."

At the end of the book the mission to Longalinga, the Central African potentate, is contrived with a genuine feeling for satire, and the interview between the king and the millionaire is especially good. The novel is crude and far too facile, but it seems to us that Philip Treherne, by application and self-restraint, might achieve something reasonably good. He knows his world, and has wit and a gift for narrative.

The Goblin. By Catherine and Florence Foster.
(Wells Gardner. 6s.)

THIS is a clever and diverting novel, crowded with what are called "character-sketches," of life in the country among the upper circles. "The Goblin" is the nickname of the hero, Dick Luttrell, who, with his young brother, Willie, and his friend, Lord Calliard ("Carrots"—a subtle reference to hair), constitute the three musketeers of the tale. We meet the trio first as children, and they are good:

"God can do anything, can't He?"

"Yes, Archie."

Emboldened by the Bishop's confirmation of his own unwavering faith, Archie continued:

"If God said a pig was to jump out of the window, a pig would, wouldn't it?"

And Willie, who walked by faith where his elder and more prosaic brother trod by sight, chimed in:

"Even if there wasn't a pig?"

When they grow up Archie becomes a prig of the pious sort, and marries the heroine, who ought to have married Dick, and Dick marries someone else, and this someone dies, and so on. As a whole the book is too long, unwieldy, and discursive. The plot is unoriginal (hunting-accidents, for example, are now too outworn to serve as the motive-power of a plot), and there are scores of needless incidents. But the talent displayed is everywhere fresh and plentiful. The authors have learnt how to observe, and how to put their own individuality into their work. Sometimes they put that same individuality into the characters: which is an error of art, though often an amusing one. As here:

"Oh, I don't know," he said; "I know the kind of books I don't like. I hate books that 'sparkle with epigram,' where the people talk like a lot of Christy Minstrels, and everybody goes one better than the last in smart sayings. Now I have only said one really clever thing in my life, and I said that by accident, and no one even noticed it, much less said, 'How specially brilliant you are this evening.' Oh, and I hate books about artists and actors; and I hate books that are fond of such words as 'muckle' and 'Hoots'; and I hate books with an 'I' in them. I never know whether the hero's a man or woman, until they make some chance allusion to her abundant tresses or the cut of his trousers; and I hate those present-day adventurous books about 'Sieurs.'"

"'Sewers'?" repeated Willie.

We may say that we have somewhat enjoyed *The Goblin*.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WASTREL.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

In this story by the author of *On the Edge of a Precipice* we have a weak-kneed hero of forty years. "All his life long Mark Awdrey had never made the faintest attempt to reconcile theory and practice." A study in fecklessness on one side, and villainy on the other. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A MISSING HERO.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

A lively, not too sensational, story by the popular author of *The Wooing o't.* Anglo-Indian and Anglo-African flavours are given to the story, which involves several love affairs and a "rightful heir" complication. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage) 17/6

„ Quarterly 5/0

„ Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

Nietzsche's Letters.

On the 28th of August, 1900, Friedrich Nietzsche died at Weimar in the arms of his sister Elizabeth. Owing to her tireless husbanding of her brother's strength Nietzsche remained as long as he did among the living. Perhaps no patient, suffering from such a malady, was ever tended with the same ingenious care, the same passionate tenderness. The personal magnetism of his sister, more than her nursing, galvanised the wrecked nerves and relaxed muscles of the sufferer into faint life. Whoever visited him, whatever question was addressed to him, he always kept his eyes fixed searchingly on her. Her face, her low, persuasive voice, her gentle hand, seemed to him the only sure anchor left in a reeling, topsy-turvy world. During his last years she supplied his vision and his mind. They became years of almost perfect inward peace, which they never could have been without this devoted sister's unfailing tact and judicious management. As one looked at Nietzsche, half lying back in his white draperies, which gave him the air of a Brahman priest, his deep-set, sunken eyes gazing out from beneath the bushy brows, the nobility of his inscrutable expression, the leonine, majestic pose of his thinker's head, one had the feeling that this man could never die, but with that fixed outlook would lie there for all eternity.

THUS Dr. Peter Gast, disciple of Nietzsche, and one of the editors of his works, prefaces the first volume of Nietzsche's letters which has just appeared in Germany (*Friedrich Nietzsches Gesammelte Briefe*. Erster Band. Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler). The whole correspondence will fill four volumes, and this first instalment consists of 211 letters, a few of which have been made public before in periodicals and in Frau Forster Nietzsche's biography of her brother. Nietzsche was a diligent, and sometimes a brilliant, correspondent. The eighty-seven letters addressed to his old schoolfellow, Baron von Gersdorf, reveal much of Nietzsche's inner man; and in them can be traced the evolutions through which this extraordinary mind passed. They begin at Bonn, where the alert young student entered the University after his triumphant career at the classic gymnasium of Pforta. His fastidious refinement revolted from *Bier Materialismus*, and he abhorred *Kneips* and all rowdy dissipation. At this time he was troubled about the formation of his style, and wrote to Gersdorf:

"I know it will amuse you when I admit that my chief trouble in preparing my paper on Diogenes Laertes is style—my German style, not to speak of my Latin. The scales have fallen from my eyes, and I find that I have lived too long innocent of style. The categorical imperative: 'Thou shalt and must write!' has awakened me from my dream. I tried hard to write well, and, lo! my pen was paralysed: I could not do it. and it annoyed me. Then I had buzzing in my head the style-admonitions of Lessing, Lichtenberg, and Schopenhauer. It comforted me to reflect that these three authorities one and all maintain that it is difficult to write well, that no man is born with a good style, but it is necessary to work and hew hard wood to attain it. . . . The conviction was born in me, too, that some gay devils must be let loose in my

style; I ought, it struck me, to learn to play on it as I would on a piano, and not play only acquired pieces, but free improvisations—free as possible, yet with method in them."

The "gay devils" were, however, kept well in hand till Nietzsche's last period; not till *Zarathustra* do they begin to dance wildly and unbridled on every page. The young Nietzsche had many enthusiasms. He reared idol after idol in the Walhalla of his affections, all of which in later years the hammer of his invective was to level with the dust. In his early letters he expresses a burning desire to become personally acquainted with the novelist Spielhagen because of his admiration for "Problematische Naturen." He adores Emerson and raves about Schopenhauer. He speaks of the "irrational sublimity" of Lassalles:

"Bismarck is to me an unexhaustible delight," he wrote in 1868. "I read his speeches as I drink strong wine, my tongue lingering over the enjoyment. What you tell me of the machinations of his opponents does not surprise me. There must from necessity be an irreconcilable feud between such a grand nature and all that is petty, narrow-minded, bigoted, and borniert."

At Leipzig, where Nietzsche went from Bonn, he diversified his philological studies with theatre and concert going. Here he met Wagner, who instantly became the absorbing passion of his life. Of what he called afterwards his "Wagner sickness" there is much to be learned in these letters. His satisfaction at being made professor at the University of Basle at the early age of twenty-five was increased by the proximity of Basle to Tribchen, where Wagner was then living. In '72, on the household there being broken up, he writes touchingly:

"Saturday was a day of sad farewells. Tribchen has now ceased to exist. We skulked among its ruins deeply moved. Emotion of parting was everywhere, in the air and in the clouds. The dogs would not eat. If you spoke to the domestics they sobbed. It was inconsolable work packing the manuscripts, books, and letters. These three years which I have passed in the neighbourhood of Tribchen, visiting the Wagners twenty-three times, of what significance are they not? What should I be without them? Happy am I to have been able to perpetuate that dear Tribchen world in my books."

Up till the time of the first Bayreuth Festival, Nietzsche's literary gifts were entirely used in the service of Wagner. Then came on Nietzsche's side the amazing *volte-face*—in his own words, "the operation which was to cure him of his Wagner disease," and give him a chance of asserting his own individuality. After the apostacy of *Menschliches Allzumenschliches*, nothing infuriated Wagner more than to hear the name of his former much-loved friend and disciple breathed in his presence. Nietzsche dubbed him the Cagliostro of Music and the great "Schauspieler"; and to the same correspondent whom he had expressed a wish to coach in Wagnerism before he went to Bayreuth, so that he might go thither "not as Gersdorf, but as Friedrich Nietzsche," he talks of the pretentiousness and theatricality of Richard Wagner's music and its decadent influence on the music of the day. Presentation copies of *Menschliches Allzumenschliches* and *Parsifal* crossed in the post. It was a crossing of swords. Nietzsche wrote:

"Wagner has sent me *Parsifal*. My impression on first reading it is that it is more Liszt than Wagner. I am too Greek to tolerate its anti-reformation spirit. It is, in fact, too Christian: sheer phantastic psychology, no flesh and much, too much, blood (especially does the sacramental scene strike me as being full-blooded in the extreme). I have no sympathy with hysterical hussies. Much that is passable in the text would be revolting on the stage. . . . The language sounds like the translation of a foreign tongue."

After this the emancipation from Wagner was complete.

There are constant references to his own works in the later letters dated from the Engadine, the Riviera,

and Italy, where Nietzsche went in search of the health he never found. He gloried in Nature, feeling a special affinity with her in a thunderstorm.

"Solitary walks are my refreshment [he wrote in the days of his Basle professorship]. Yesterday there was a grand and mighty *Gewitter*. I rushed to a mountain in the neighbourhood, and watched the spectacle from a hut where a man was slaughtering two kids. The storm grew and waxed furious, lashing round me ribbons of hail. I felt a curious exaltation, and recognised the fact that we can only understand Nature properly by throwing off our worldly cares and responsibilities, and flying into her arms. What was man to me at that moment, with all his restless little aims and strivings? What the eternal question of Right and Wrong, Good and Evil, Ought and Ought Not? How different these free powers of cloud, lightning, hail unadulterated by ethics; pure, clear Will unblurred by breathings of the intellect."

Zarathustra was mostly composed in the open air; its author, as he climbed the mountains round Sils Maria, in the Engadine, hurled down into abysmal depths the "old tables of the law." "I write with my feet," he said once, "more than with my hand." He was vain of his small ears. "Have you remarked," he asks a correspondent, "that I have the smallest ears possible; perhaps they are the sharpest?" His oft-repeated conviction that he was in advance of his time, a prophet crying in the wilderness, is pathetic. "I am sending you my youngest and wickedest child, *Jenseits von Gut und Böse*," he wrote from Sils Maria in 1886. "I have just been reading a very serious article on it, headed 'Nietzsche's Dangerous Book.' The writer deals with the contents as if they were dynamite. Not to-day or to-morrow do I expect justice, but centuries hence."

Shortly before the total eclipse of his intellectual powers in 1889 Nietzsche summed himself up characteristically in a letter written to Prof. Knortz, who proposed to lecture on his philosophy at an American University:

The task of giving any true picture of me as thinker, writer, and poet seems to me one beset with insuperable difficulties. The first attempt was made by the Danish critic, George Brandes, who has given a course of lectures on me in Copenhagen, which he assures me has made my name popular in Scandinavia. In France I have a limited circle of admirers, among whom is M. Taine . . . I am certain that my position of 'Immoralist' is too premature for these times, the soil is too unprepared. All thought of propaganda is far from me, and I have not lifted a finger in that direction. I believe my *Zarathustra* to be the deepest work that exists in the German language and the most perfect, but for that to be the general opinion presupposes whole races yet unborn. I should almost advise people to begin to study me in my last works—*Jenseits von Gut und Böse* and *Genealogie der Moral*. To me personally my middle books are the most sympathetic—*Morgenröthe* and *Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft*. *Die Unzeitgemässen Betrachtungen*—youthful productions, in a certain sense—are of the highest importance in the history of my development. . . . The essay against Strauss raised a hurricane; the one on Schopenhauer I especially recommend to be read. For some years of my life which belong to the happiest I was linked in closest intimacy and friendship with Wagner and his wife, Frau Cosima Wagner. If I now belong to those who oppose the Wagnerian movement tooth-and-nail, I am prompted by no personal motive. . . . My books, I fancy, in wealth of psychological experience, in boldness and freeness of expression, belong to the very first rank. In the art of construction and artistry of presentment I fear no comparison. Long affection, confiding familiarity, profound reverence unite me to the German language. Sufficient reason for my inability to read, with few exceptions, any books written in that language.

And in this language, after his mental decease, a whole mushroom literature sprang up on Nietzsche. The fame for which he thought he had been born centuries too soon

came to him in his lifetime. But he lay on the verandah, as Dr. Gast says, looking like a Brahman priest in his white draperies, and was unconscious of it.

Surely the irony of fate was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of Friedrich Nietzsche, who described himself as a "singer of joy and a dancer through life" on the very threshold of a living death.

Things Seen.

Courtesy.

It was Christmas night. We strove to be merry, but with small success; for half of the little company gathered in the dining-room of that foreign hotel had followed the sun in search of health, and two of them sat solitary. One was a Russian—bearded, taciturn, shy; the other was an Englishwoman—of pleasant appearance, probably hypochondriacal, and certainly lonely. As she had been in the hotel for some weeks, the management, following the custom of the country on Christmas Day, had presented her with a bottle of champagne. She sipped it timidly, with a wandering eye, which soon fell upon the Russian, and, as their glances met, she, prompted by a compassionate feeling—for loneliness has no frontier—bowed and raised her glass to a toast. The Russian blushed, and fingered the tumbler of water that stood beside his plate. He waited a moment, as if troubled; then he ordered a bottle of champagne. He filled a glass, rose from his seat, walked across the room, paused before the lonely lady, brought his heels together, raised the glass, and toasted her in his unintelligible tongue. Then he returned to his seat, continued his meal as if the incident had not happened, and soon retired. I observed that his wine had not been touched.

Southerners.

WHITE and sunny, the little Mediterranean seaport dozed in the winter sunshine. Nothing stirred. It was noon. On one side of the shining boulevard the blue waters sparkled, on the other stood the white and green villas and hotels with their sun-blinds tight shut. Nothing stirred save at the far corner of the esplanade, where a date-palm grows. There an awning had been stretched over a primitive roulette table, and around it were gathered a score of men, shielded by a red awning from the winter sun. Gamblers? Yes, of a kind. They were soldiers, and fishermen, and odds and ends of humanity. They staked sous and thin, scraggy cigars, and the place was full of laughter. They laughed when the bank gathered in the stakes, and when a sailor won three cigars he shared them with his mates. The bank was an elderly Frenchman—stout and jovial—who raked in his winnings without moving from his seat, and when the cigars that he had won were out of reach willing hands saved him the trouble of moving. His wife, an old wrinkled woman, sat by his side. She did little else but smile at her husband's witticisms. His tongue was never still. Winning or losing, it was always the same to him. He chaffed the players, and they chaffed him. And they had kind hearts those gaming-table proprietors. For when a child having carefully placed a sou on the red and lost, the old woman took him in her arms, and the old man, with a "There! there!" returned him double his stake. The sun shone, the gamblers laughed, nobody interfered, and nobody seemed any the worse. For it was the South, where the sun always shines, where a man would rather cultivate his carnations than run a newspaper "crusade." And Monsieur and Madame, the proprietors of the gaming-table? Well, he enjoyed his work, and was respected and popular; she helped him and admired him. Ashamed? Oh, no! They are Southerners.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE life of Garat, Marie Antoinette's favourite singer, as told by M. Paul Lafond, is an interesting study, since everything belonging to the transitional period between the old and new *regimes* must ever interest us. Indeed, it is only in contrasting the end of the nineteenth century with the tempestuous beginning in France, and in measuring all that that extraordinary start was destined to herald, that we are in a position to realise how rapidly the world has moved during the last hundred years. M. Paul Lafond is a fervent lover of the *ancien régime*, and is neither intelligent nor honest enough to admit the old horrors or the new reforms. He can see nothing in the French Revolution but blood and terror, and Louis XVI., least interesting of monarchs, of whom not a wise, or intelligent, or generous act has ever been recorded, is his accepted notion of a hero and a martyr. Hence it follows he must enormously belaud the most fatuous type of artist the world has seen.

Garat, with all his insufferable vanity, his impertinence, his fatuous silliness, had more character than one looks for in a singer. This warbling *Garçon* had all the defects and qualities of his race, added to those of his art. His passion was dress, and to keep attention fixed upon himself there was no vulgar trick he was incapable of. The idol of the Court first, and afterwards of the Directory *salons*, he managed to turn all the corners and skirt the precipices of the Terror with smiling grace. He was brave, and had the courage to remain faithful to the queen who had protected him. In spite of his affected suppression of the letter "r," and his invention of the tiresome lisp, his musical genius cannot be disputed. He remains the greatest of French singers without any musical training whatever. "Nobody had in such a degree the large and beautiful lyric declamation, pathos of expression, and science of diction. At the first bar those who had the fortune to hear him were held in admiration; at the twentieth, it was intoxication; at the end of the piece, pure madness. Nobody has shown in his art such spontaneity, imagination, effervescence, and good sense. In a chord he could indicate a thought, an accent, a sentiment. With him the precision of dramatic action was always clear and clean, the expression just, the emotion profound and sober. Impossible to touch the heart and soul more deeply, to move more the nerves and imagination."

But for those who take no interest in Garat himself, the book offers a wide and varied field of instruction. We may eliminate M. Lafond's inept remarks about the Revolution and its consequences, blest consequences which have brought us to-day to the largest and most liberal period of French political existence, and we will find him well documented on the periods of his predilection and of his denunciation. The morals of those days were not edifying, and then, as ever, it was the nobles who set the worst example. The court paid to Garat by women in exalted places passes the limit of credibility. Hearing once a great lady complain of a too quick and violent explosion of love in her regard, Garat exclaimed: "*Tiens!* that sort of thing happens to women also."

M. Marcel Prévost has written a new novel, *L'Heureux Ménage*. He has left the tormented and prophetic problem of feminism, and returned to his old favourite study, the feminine soul in bondage to the sweets and bitters of—what shall we call it?—merely physical love. Not that the book has any of the impropriety so sadly familiar in M. Prévost's famous studies of this subject of predilection. Here and there a risky phrase, here and there a too lucid suggestion, and towards the end at least one scene that is none the less shocking in its presentment because the actors happen to be husband and wife. But for the rest

a book many will find exceedingly moral because it turns on conjugal love, and most men will approve of, since the wife forgives infidelity after infidelity, and welcomes her husband back from the arms of each newly abandoned mistress with accumulated fervour and without a word of reproach. There are such women, no doubt, and it is quite conceivable that the average male should find them the ideal of wifehood, but I regard their tolerance as affronting and repulsive. The doctrine of pardon may be applied to a big passionate error, which is clothed in the dignity of the inevitable; incorrigible vice itself, such as M. Prévost here treats of, may be accepted with pity and indulgence, but that the kind of love he describes Mme. Royaumont as preserving through such experiences should survive a long wedded life of hideous infidelities is a blot on human judgment and understanding. The book is attractively and rapidly written, and the eternal seducer of woman, Paul, is drawn with a sure and sympathetic hand. It is easy to see that he inspires his creator with affectionate indulgence, which is the reason the wife's undying passion is taken for granted without revolt or surprise. M. Prévost thinks he has explained everything when he has assured us, through the mouth of Mme. Royaumont, that she has "*une âme conjugale*." The scene of the ultimate (as far as the story goes) reconciliation of the *âme conjugale* and its volatile mate, will doubtless be found touching to those in sympathy with such a trivial sorrow as the husband's, or such an undignified love as that of the conjugal soul. Paul has discovered that his latest flame has laughed at him behind his back, that he is growing old and has a few new wrinkles or a few less hairs on his faithless head. Cecile, who is about to leave him for ever, in order to console him, abandons her projected flight from his roof, opens her arms, and the only explanation of his conduct he deigns to offer is "*Cecile, console-moi*." All the other women, she remarks, have only loved a few months of his life, while she has loved all the life of her dear Paul. For sure it is not much of a life to love, but such as it is she has placed her treasure there and must abide by it.

H. L.

The Luck of the Artist.

PEOPLE who do not paint pictures or write stories often express a childlike wonder that anyone should be able to do so; but they fail to recognise how large an element of luck goes to the producing of a successful work of art. The painter and the novelist may well comfort themselves when they have failed by remembering an old Cornish proverb which alleges of everything human that "'tis accordin' as it may drop."

Of course, the man who is to make a success must start with certain gifts. He must also work hard, and produce picture after picture, story after story, which is only fit to put on the fire, in order that he may learn the trade he has chosen to adopt. One has often heard artists wonder when early work has been turned out and inspected what on earth induced them to believe when it was done that they could ever by any possibility do anything worth doing. The wonder is natural enough, but results cannot be expected at once, and the boy who means to become a writer is doing all that can be desired if he is watching life, and trying hard to describe it, and failing, and trying again. It is a very good exercise, even though you have no gift of poetry, to hammer out *villanelles* and *rondeaux*. The occupation may be described as mechanical, and so it is, and so you are brought to realise that words are your tools and that you must learn, as a mere preliminary, to use them as Grinling Gibbons used the tools of the wood-carver, or even to play with them as Cinquevalli does with billiard-balls. You must learn to draw, in fact: to see what you want to do, and do it.

Then comes in this question of luck. You may have produced many good things before you are visited by the finest idea that ever man conceived. You are reading some ancient chronicle, let us suppose, and suddenly come on a scrap of tradition, told in half-a-dozen lines, in which you see the germ of a short story. You have to make alterations, and here again you depend on your luck. In such a case there is almost always a jump: you alter detail after detail, and you know the reason in every case. Then you suddenly alter everything, and Heaven alone knows why. For example, in one case a writer conceived the idea of a man being compelled to watch a murder, which, through some seizure of the senses, he was unable to prevent. That was naturally suggested by a true story he had read in the newspapers. Then came the jump. Opposite the original scribble in his note-book he wrote: "The man compelled to watch *himself* commit a murder." He had had luck, but, even so, he was only half-way to success. He had to write his story.

Again and again the good idea does not come off. Mr. T. C. Gotch, lecturing some time ago, declared that he heartily envied certain pre-Raphaelite painters. There were many things that they took it for granted they could not do: for example, they had not been taught that it was possible for the painter to model hands as they are modelled in "The Child Enthroned." Therefore, when they had conceived an idea, they simply went straight ahead and put it on canvas, and rested from their labours. Nothing is more tragic than the history of some pictures which never got painted. They were roughed in, and they were delightful: one would have been glad to possess them when they had cost the painter only a couple of days' work; and a little later one would have liked to be able to compel the artist to desist. But in one little corner he had not done the utmost that could be done, and so there were further labours. The result of them was that the bit on which he had been working no longer seemed to belong to the picture of which it was part. So there was more work to be done; and the end of it all was waste of paint and another canvas hidden away in the obscurest corner of the studio. Yet one has known the painter get an idea and get it on the canvas apparently with no more difficulty than the thrush seems to experience in singing his morning song. That was when he had the luck.

It is exactly the same with stories. You have done your best to learn how to write, and have some reason for believing that you have not altogether failed. You are blest with an idea, and in a flash you see the story from beginning to end. You even know what will be its length when it is completed. You try to write it, and you fail; and the result is the same after many such efforts. It may be that the essential thing is that you shall take an eminently respectable and everyday man and invest him with an atmosphere of honour, and your failure is due to the fact that you have not effected this. It is intended he should awe a whole village: you have depicted him so badly that he would not scare a child. So the story remains a mere sentence in your note-book, and the years go by until, to all intents and purposes, you have forgotten it. Then comes a day when you have nothing particular to do, and the story recurs to you and you sit down and write it, and by the simplest methods make your old man a magnificent bogey. The story gets published and people think you fortunate to have a tale of 5,000 words presented to the public in a magazine whose proprietors are known to pay generously. They do not know, and you do not explain to them, that at one time and another you have burned 15,000 words written in abortive attempts to tell that same simple story.

Sometimes you may not wait for your luck. An editor demands a story, and you dare not disobey. Also, there are plenty of tales already outlined in your note-books. You go over them with care, and select the one that seems

most likely to come easily. Then you sit down, and by dint of doggedness, and by thinking of your tailor, and your landlord, and the club-subscription which is fast becoming due, you manage to get the tale told after a fashion. The editor and his subscribers may be pleased, but the only satisfaction you get is the cheque, and that is a spoonful of jam that hides a pile of nauseating powder.

The great thing is to get simplicity. A child whose portrait had been painted by Mr. Whistler said afterwards that he seemed to blow it on the canvas, and simply to take exercise with his brushes. Every artist will declare that that is how he did the only work by which he desires to be known. The good idea is not in itself worth anything to the man who is critical as to his own work. The best that one does is done most easily. Immortal lyrics may be turned out in railway carriages on the Underground. Stodgy leading articles may cost the author hours of research in the British Museum. It is all a question of luck, and most artists are never allowed to produce the one work which they really desire to give to the world. It is perfectly clear to them, but they cannot find how to begin; or, if they see that, they fail to discover when they should end, and canvas after canvas goes away to a dark recess of the studio, page after page of MS. is thrown on the fire. But luck only comes to those who have taught themselves by dint of long toil how to make use of it when it arises.

H. D. LOWRY.

Grub-street.

IN the very interesting Green-Gyzzarn section of the New English Dictionary—to which we shall return—Dr. Murray deals with Grub-street as a phrase, and defines it as follows: "The name of a street near Moorfields in London (now Milton-street), 'much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems' (J.); hence used allusively for the tribe of mean and needy authors or literary hacks." The "J." stands for Johnson's dictionary.

One's heart can warm to this eighteenth century rookery of *littérateurs* and lampoonists and news-mongers. If it produced poor literature, it was at least the cause of literature in others. It evoked the scorn of Dryden and Pope, and the name glints despicably in the works of Swift, Steele, and even Byron. Besides, though the street is gone, and its associations covered under a splendid name that might have been reserved for better duty, Grub-street is ever with us. Its garrets are merely scattered over London; hidden from scornful eyes, they rarely want their lean tenants. Moreover, we doubt whether one *littérateur* in fifty is without a visiting fear that one day Grub-street will offer him her chill hospitality. When did Grub-street become a word as well as a street name? It has been held by Londonarians like Thornbury and Mr. Wheatley that the first employment of the name in allusion to squalid literature occurs in Andrew Marvell's "The Rehearsal Transposed" (1672). But Dr. Murray's excavations give earlier dates. Taylor, the Water-Poet, is quoted as writing in 1630: "When strait I might descry The Quintessence of Grub Street well distild Through Cripplegate in a contagious Map." What this means we cannot tell, but we suppose that Dr. Murray is satisfied that Taylor referred to literary manufactures. Mr. Wheatley has noted the reference, but he, too, is doubtful of its meaning; As the works of Taylor, the Water Poet, do not happen to lie at our elbow, we must leave the question in darkness, or to the attention of some learned correspondent. We should have thought that Taylor might be referring to the earlier and very different association of Grub-street with those "bowyers, fletchers, bow-string makers, and such like occupations" mentioned by Stow (1598), or

with the "bowling alleys and dicing houses," which he says were superseding them. As late as 1651 a forgotten dramatist wrote: "Let Cupid go to Grub-street and turn archer"; and even in 1667 Charles Cotton could write of "Arrows loos'd from Grub-street bow in Finsbury." The Finsbury archery grounds and playing fields were close to Grub-street. However, as early as 1648 Dr. Murray finds an unmistakable mention of Grub-street as a literary locality in the *Mercurius Fidei* (Thomasson Tracts, British Museum) where "the Grub-street pamphleteer" is named. Archery and Satire seem, indeed, to have fledged their arrows in Grub-street for about forty years, until the poisoned variety ousted its rival. Marvell's references to Grub-street are not quite in the eighteenth-century vein: "He, honest man, was deep gone in Grub-street and polemical divinity." "Oh, these are your Nonconformist tricks; oh, you have learnt this of the Puritans in Grub-street!" But seven years later the true Grub-street odour invades the air. Oldham's "Satire Upon a Printer," quoted by Mr. Wheatley, contains the stanza:

May'st thou ne'er rise to History, but what
Poor Grub Street Penny Chronicles relate,
Memoirs of Tyburn and the mournful state
Of cut-purse in Holborn cavalcade.

Shadwell, the reviled of Dryden, reviles "silly Grub Street songs worse than Tom Farthing."

In the dawn of the eighteenth century Grub-street had become the home of the neediest hacks, backbiters, and news mongers of the age of coffee-house gossip and Treasury hire. We will not stir up the muddy waters of the *Dunciad*. The *Journal to Stella* contains nearly twenty references to Grub-street, and they are variously illuminative. Here are a few:

Jan. 31, 1710.—They are here intending to tax all the little printed penny papers, a halfpenny every half sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub-street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it.

Aug. 1, 1711.—Thornhill, who killed Sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham Green last Monday night. . . . We have only a Grub-street paper of it, but I believe it is true.

Dec. 6.—I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub-street.

Aug. 7, 1712.—Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's; but now every single half sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold.

Grub-street produced, and haunted, literature long after that, and though changed as a locality it has flourished as a phrase. In *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* "Grub-street" stands for the inkstained crowd of critics:

Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.

But these lines were not accurate, and they doubtless contributed to make Byron ashamed of the satiric outburst of his youth. As an adjective Grub-street now means immersed in the writing trade. "At present I am perfectly Grub-street, but then I have the pleasure of earning every penny I spend," wrote Lowell in an early letter.

It is seventy years since the name Grub-street disappeared from the tributary of Cripplegate, but the phrase does its work so well that it cannot be spared. In his *New Grub-street* Mr. Gissing has portrayed the modern and diffused successor of the eighteenth century slum, and though 'the picture is more decent than the other, it is hardly less depressing.

Correspondence.

"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

SIR,—May an outsider be permitted a few words on the subject of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*?

Your last critical remarks on the subject strike me as timely and just, and one needs no intimate acquaintance with the book to realise its narrow and unhealthy tone. Even such quotations from the text as have appeared in various reviews are amply indicative of two salient facts to the thoughtful reader—namely, the unwomanly nature of the confessions, and their studied literary quality. Human as they are, candid and touching as they are, they are so charged with literary niceties, and the mental consideration of the artist, that surely they ought not to impose on anyone as the genuine utterances of a love-sick woman. Women are not so exhaustively candid as all this; and surely a refined woman should not be specially lacking in the elusiveness of womankind, when the expression of their more delicate sentiments is concerned.

The critical outsider knows also that literary nicety is acquired. These *Letters*, then, being all so prettily adequate to the phases of the case, must certainly be adjudged the work of a literary person. Can one be genuinely passionate and literary also in the same moment? Something should ring false. The sentiment, probably. Here the sentiment is all, beautifully tender and correct in the literary sense; but it rings false in its over-candour—it is unwomanly. Some things might explain the extreme candour of expression; but these things, were they specified, could only emphasise the worst qualities of the book. If the book is not essentially a shade worse than valueless, I am no judge of the literary value of any book. Indeed, if a thing is unwholesome it cannot be other than pernicious. Were the *Letters* genuine, the same judgment should apply. Beautiful as one may admit the book to be, in its sentiment and literary quality, it is, nevertheless, narrow, pitiful, and sickly in an evil meaning of the words.

But the literary mind of to-day is not over-healthy; and one is tempted to infer from indications that a pen here and there is making much of this anonymous authorship in vague hope of pleasing a famous somebody whose name, no doubt, is merely reserved for a time. Have we no powerful critic who is able to rate the book at its real worth, and so give pause to the fuss? I would give the Devil his due. So, also, I would give this book its due—which, in the best interests of literature, is all that any book deserves.—I am, &c.,

OUTSIDER.

SIR,—Perhaps I am a day behind the fair, but among the many suggestions of authorship I have not seen the names of the writers of *The Etchingham Letters*.

There are so many resemblances in style, and in some of the matter even, that I hazard the guess that the same hands may be found in both.—I am, &c.,

J. G. PATTERSON.

The Society of Authors (Incorporated).

SIR,—The attention of the Society of Authors has been called to the fact that persons who are not members of the Society have, from time to time, asserted to publishers, editors, and others that they would call in the aid of the Society of Authors in support of their claims.

Anyone having reason to suppose that an unauthorised use is being made of the Society's name should communicate with the Secretary and give him full details of the case. The Secretary will, on receipt of such a statement, be glad to give information as to whether the persons using the Society's name are in fact members, and, if they are members, whether they are acting with the knowledge or sanction of the Society.—I am, &c.,

G. HERBERT THIRING, Secretary.

Author and Critic.

SIR,—Scourge the little vanities of little authors, by all means; but I hope you will admit that the critical statement (touching a matter of fact, and not of sentiment), that is nevertheless a mis-statement, should be held open to refutation by the injured (I might even say the insulted) party, however humble. If you do, will you find a corner amidst your correspondence for the following excerpt from a review, in the *Times*, of a book of mine recently published, and for my answering protest, which the *Times* did not print?

"Presently they were seated entwined on the *sedilium* beside the ruined altar. . . ." Mr. Capes has heard of *sedilia* in the plural, and has leaped to the extravagant conclusion that the singular is *sedilium*, just as another author speaks of "a penetralia," or says "their *bona fides* are unimpeachable." It is so easy to leave Latin alone, if a man's education has been neglected, or if his Latin rusts in disuse.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—“If a man's education has been neglected”—he should not think to become a critic. The reviewer of a book by me makes merry (the *Times*, December 26) over my misuse of the word *sedilia*. I would suggest, in reply, that the pedantic is not the only necessary equipment for a critic. A knowledge of colloquialisms, and the un-cock-sureness resulting from an appreciative study of dictionaries, should at least figure in the account. The word *sedilium* (whether Anglicism, diminutive, or simply Church Latin) has always been quite familiar to me as applied to the chancel seat, where only one (as sometimes happens) is in evidence. Challenged, I turn to the two dictionaries (Chambers's English, Gase's French-English) most apt to my hand. In each *sedilium* receives authority—indeed, in the former it is given as the rule, and *sedile* as the exception. Pedantry is no more to be admired in an author than in a critic.

—I am, &c.,

BERNARD CAPES.

Not for Scholars.

SIR,—One hears and reads a great deal nowadays of “lists of best books.” Those submitted, while no doubt excellent in their way, always appear to me to be suitable to a great extent only for the library of a scholar.

I have never yet seen published a list of books which would be most suitable for the home of an intelligent man of the working or middle class.

In submitting for criticism the following fifty titles, I am presuming that a Bible is the only book in the house.—I am, &c.,

T. C. WARD.

Dictionary.
History of England.
Geography.
Atlas.
Spon's Mechanic's Own Book.
Enquire Within.
Brewer's Phrase and Fable.
Concise Cyclopædia.
Lubbock's Pleasures of Life.
Lubbock's Use of Life.
Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies.
Ruskin's Frondes Agrestes.
Ruskin's Readings in Fors
Clavigera.
Lorna Doone.
David Copperfield.
Pickwick.
Dombe and Son.
Oliver Twist.
Vanity Fair.
Newcomes.
Esmond.
Treasure Island.
Kidnapped.
Twain's Tom Sawyer.
Twain's Huck Finn.
Adam Bede.

Ball's Starland.
Blackie's Self-Culture.
Darwin's Origin of Species.
Smiles's Self-Help.
Smiles's Thrift.
Southey's Life of Nelson.
Farrar's Life of Christ.
Shakespeare.
Longfellow.
Tennyson.
Scott's Poems.
Palgrave's Golden Treasury.
Pilgrim's Progress.
Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.
Carlyle's Heroes.
Scott's Ivanhoe.
Scott's Waverley.
Scott's Kenilworth.
Kingsley's Westward Ho!
Kingsley's Hypatia.
John Halifax.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Last Days of Pompeii.
Shorter's Victorian Literature. (This would be a guide for future purchases.)

A Shakesperean Americanism.

SIR,—If, as your reviewer considers, Mr. Stephen Phillips is unfortunate in the “unintended Americanism” in:

“Am I that Herod

That fired the robbers out of Galilee?”

the author of *Herod* may take comfort in reflecting that he is unfortunate in the best of company. The last two lines of Shakespeare's 144th sonnet (“Two loves I have of comfort and despair”) run:

“Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.”

On the whole I venture to doubt, therefore, that Mr. Phillips's phrase is either an Americanism or unintended.—
I am, &c.,

WILLIAM G. HUTCHINSON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 68 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the most interesting and suggestive piece of dialogue, not exceeding 300 words, from an unwritten novel. All kinds of stories are indicated by the dialogues sent in, the sex novel being predominant. We have decided to award the prize to Mr. J. C. Hadrev, Wynand House, Bowes Park, N., for the following:

“Come out on to the balcony, Mrs. Crewe,” said Graham. “I’m going to smoke—if you don’t object.”

Ulrica followed him through the French window. She leant against the light iron railing, and looked downwards into the quiet little Parisian street.

“What is your latest news from Ralph?” Graham asked, after a few minutes’ chat.

“He is at the hospital at Wynberg. He hopes to be home in the autumn.”

“I expect he’ll be glad enough to get back,” said Graham carelessly. Ulrica’s face was turned away, and she did not speak.

“Do you know,” he continued, after an instant’s silence, “it was on this very balcony I first saw your face—that is, your portrait?”

“Was it? I suppose Dorothea showed it to you?”
Graham shook his head. His thoughts had reverted to the evening of Ralph’s confession. He had been very sorry for his friend then—well, after all, he was sorry for him now, poor devil, though he saw him chiefly in the light of a dog in the manger.

“I didn’t know Ralph had any portrait of me,” Ulrica said at last.

“He has. And I told him to throw it into the Seine,” said Graham, absently.

“You—?” Ulrica stared. Graham rose and flung the end of his cigar over the railings.

“I beg your pardon!” he exclaimed. “I should not have said that.”

She looked at him, speechless, for a moment. Then she said, in a rapid whisper:

“You know all about it, and you think I have spoiled his life!”

“No!” said Graham unsteadily, “I know all about it, and I think he has spoiled yours!”

Their eyes met. But Ulrica turned away.

“You are utterly mistaken,” she said in a low, emphatic voice.

And she stepped proudly back into the room.

[J. C. H., London.]

Other Dialogues received from: P. C. P., London; E. L., London; F. R. J., London; R. W. R., London; E. R., London; A. G., Cheltenham; G. W. H., West Didsbury; A. P. F., Canterbury; W. S. B., London; H. N., Wellingborough; E. R. C., Sydenham, R. O., London; E. M. S., London; A. J. C., —; S. W., Glasgow; G. M. W., Hull; S. A. D., Ulverston; E. L., London; E. C. M., Cork; M. B. A., Manchester; S. H., Warwick; F. B., Gravesend; F. L., Maidenhead; K. C., Wolverhampton; L. R. R., London; C. F., Cork; E. K. P., Wadhurst Park.

Competition No. 69 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the best open letter to a living writer. Not to exceed 250 words, or (we need not add) the bounds of good taste.

RULES.

Answers, addressed “Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.,” must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, January 16. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

CATALOGUES.

SOTHERAN'S PRICE CURRENT
of LITERATURE.MONTHLY LIST OF FRESH PURCHASES IN
SECOND-HAND BOOKS.

No. 601, just published for JANUARY, includes
Works on Bibliography and in Spanish Literature.
Post free from

H. SOTHERAN & CO., Booksellers, 140, Strand, W.C.;
and 37, Piccadilly, W.

NAPOLEON.—CATALOGUE of BOOKS,
VIEWS, PORTRAITS, relating to NAPOLEON I. and
his GENERALS. 16 pages.

ASIA.—CATALOGUE of BOOKS relating to ASIA
MINOR, ARABIA, PERSIA, AFGHANISTAN, BALO-
CHISTAN. 64 pages. Just ready.

FRANCIS EDWARDS, Bookseller, 83 High Street, Marylebone,
London, W.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

CATALOGUE No. 3 IN PREPARATION.

CATALOGUE No. 1, 1s., and CATALOGUE
No. 2, 2s. 6d.,

May be had on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.

A Large Collection of Fifteenth and Sixteenth
Century Books on view.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

14, Beckett Street, Covent Garden, 90, South Frederick St.
Birmingham, and 17, Broad Street, Oxford.

CATALOGUES sent free on application.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS

promptly supplied on moderate terms.

CATALOGUES on application.

WILLIAMS & CO., 27, SOHO SQUARE.

BOOKS, RARE and OUT-OF-PRINT, SUP-
PLIED.—State wants. CATALOGUES free. Libraries
and Small Parcels Purchased for Cash. WANTED, Gardner's
HISTORY, 2 vols., 1863.—HOLLAND CO., Book Merchants,
Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each given for any
Presentation Volumes with Inscriptions written inside
by Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Lamb, Keats, Shelley, Tenny-
son, Scott, Lang, and any notable Author. Special List 13,000
Books Wanted free.—RAKER'S, John Bright St., Birmingham.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman,
experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the
British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with
Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Re-
search, or to seeing Work through the Press. Translations
undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by
letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 151, Strand, London, W.C.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately
done, 10d. per 1,000 words. Simple and references.
Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss MESSER, 18, Mortimer Crescent,
N.W.

GRAHAM'S TYPE-WRITING OFFICE,
23 COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL.—All kinds of
difficult MSS. receive careful attention from experienced
workers. Specimen pages and references sent if desired. Over
five years' experience.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY
(LIMITED).

ENLARGED AND CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

(Over 500 pages, 8vo, bound in green cloth).

All the Principal Works in Circulation at
the Library

ARRANGED under SUBJECTS.

Forming a Comprehensive Guide to Notable
Publications in most Branches of
Literature.

Books of Permanent Interest on POLITICAL
and SOCIAL TOPICS, the ARMY, NAVY,
ARTS, SCIENCES, PHILOSOPHY, SPORT,
THEOLOGY, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, and
FICTION.

Price 1s. 6d.

Also a FOREIGN CATALOGUE, contain-
ing Books in FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
RUSSIAN, and SPANISH.

Price 1s. 6d.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road; and
48, Queen Victoria Street, London.

WELSH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION ACT, 1889.

CENTRAL WELSH BOARD.

APPOINTMENT OF ORAL EXAMINERS, 1901.

On the 15th of February, 1901, the Executive Committee of
the Central Welsh Board will proceed to the APPOINTMENT
OF ORAL EXAMINERS.

A. French (Grammatical and Conversational), 3 appoint-
ments;

B. French, Latin, and General Subjects of the Lower
Forms, 4 or 5 appointments;

C. Latin and General Subjects of the Lower Forms, 2 or 3
appointments;

D. German (Grammatical and Conversational), 1 appoint-
ment.

The Examinations will take place between June 12 and
July 13, 1901.

Preference will be given to Candidates who have had ex-
perience in Secondary Teaching. Women will be equally
eligible with men.

Applications for further particulars as to duties and re-
muneration should reach the undersigned not later than
Monday, the 25th instant.

OWEN OWEN, Chief Inspector.

Central Welsh Board Office,
Cardiff, January 17th, 1901.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.—The

DIRECTORS of the LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE require
the services of a MASTER qualified to give instruction in the
Advanced Commercial Department of the High School for
Boys. Subjects: Modern Languages, Commercial Geography,
Economics, Commercial Science, Correspondence, &c. Pre-
ference will be given to applicants trained in Continental
Schools of Commerce. Duties to commence 24th of April next.
Salary, £250 per annum.

Applications, with not more than three testimonials, to be
sent in to the undersigned at the Liverpool Institute, Mount
Street, Liverpool, not later than February 16th.

HAROLD WHALLEY, Secretary.

ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT
BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

Professor R. K. DOUGLAS, Keeper of Oriental Books and
Manuscripts, British Museum, Professor of Chinese, King's
College, London, will, THIS DAY (SATURDAY), January 19,
at 3 o'clock, begin a COURSE of TWO LECTURES on "THE
GOVERNMENT and PEOPLE of CHINA."

Subscription to this Course, Half-a-Guinea; to all the
Courses in the Season, Two Guineas.

Tickets may be obtained at the Office of the Institution.

UNA.

A SONG OF ENGLAND IN THE YEAR
NINETEEN HUNDRED.

By WILLIAM GERARD.

3s. 6d. net.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., Ltd.

LONDON LIBRARY.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.
PATRON.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
PRESIDENT.—LESLIE STEPHEN, Esq.
VICE-PRESIDENTS.—The Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.,
HERBERT SPENCER, Esq.; the Right Hon. W. E. H.
LEUCKY, M.P., D.C.L.
TRUSTEES.—Right Hon. Sir M. GRANT DUFF, Right Hon.
LORD AVEBURY, F.R.S., Right Hon. EARL of ROSE-
BERY.

The Library contains about 200,000 Volumes of Ancient and
Modern Literature, in Various Languages. Subscription, £3
a year; Life-Membership, according to age. Fifteen Volumes
are allowed to Country and Ten to Town Members. Reading
Room Open from 10 till half-past 6. CATALOGUE, Fifth
Edition, 1888, 2 vols., royal 8vo, price 21s.; to Members, 16s.
C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D., Secretary and Librarian

COMPLETE SETS OF THE
PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

to

"THE ACADEMY,"

can still be obtained for 3s. 6d. They consist
of 37 Portraits—viz.:

BEN JONSON.
JOHN KEATS.
SIR JOHN SUCKLING.
TOM HOOD.
THOMAS GRAY.
ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.
SAMUEL
RICHARDSON.
THOMAS DE QUINCEY.
LEIGH HUNT.
LORD MACAULAY.
ROBERT SOUTHLEY.
S. T. COLERIDGE.
CHARLES LAMB.
MICHAEL DRAYTON.
WALTER SAVAGE
LANDOR.
SAMUEL PEPYS.
EDMUND WALLER.
WILKIE COLLINS.

JOHN MILTON.
WILLIAM COWPER.
CHARLES DARWIN.
ALFRED, LORD
TENNYSON.
HENRY WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW.
ANDREW MARVELL.
ROBERT BROWNING.
THOMAS CARLYLE.
PERCY BYSSHE
SHELLEY.
CHARLES DICKENS.
JONATHAN SWIFT.
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY.
WILLIAM BLAKE.
SIR RICHARD STEELE.
ALEXANDER POPE.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.
FRANCIS BACON.
HENRIK IBSEN.

THE
PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

Edited by GEORGE R. HALKETT.

The FEBRUARY NUMBER,

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

is NOW READY, and contains many REMARKABLE
ARTICLES.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Reminiscences by
George Grossmith.
THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND. By One of her Subjects.
ETON AND THE WAR. By Mrs. Warre Cornish.
THE EVOLUTION OF THE NOVEL. A. T. Quiller Couch.
NINETEENTH CENTURY DRESS. Illustrated by
Mrs. Brown Potter.
HOOLIGANISM. Arthur Morrison.
WAR CORRESPONDENT IN THE FIELD. A. G. Hales.
CAN AN OFFICER LIVE ON HIS PAY? By a Staff Officer.

RISE OF THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL. The Late Charles Yriarte.
MR. BALFOUR AT DOWNING STREET. With Special Pictures.

Contributions from the Duke of Argyll, Harold Begbie,
Marie Van Vorst, Eden Phillpotts, Mrs. Howarth,
Alfred Kincaid, E. J. Sullivan, Maurice Greifen-
hagen, &c. &c.

There are Two Special Plates in Colour. No better
number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* has been published.

Price ONE SHILLING.

18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

No. 395. JANUARY, 1901. 8vo, price 6s.

- 1.—THE CAUSES of the AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.
- 2.—LANDSCAPE: SYMBOLIC, IMAGINATIVE, and
ACTUAL.
- 3.—SOPHIA DOROTHEA.
- 4.—THE EARLY HISTORY of FOX-HUNTING.
- 5.—RECENT APPRECIATIONS of OLIVER CROMWELL.
- 6.—VELAZQUEZ.
- 7.—FICTION and POLITICS.
- 8.—THE CORRESPONDENCE of CICERO.
- 9.—MADAME DU DEFFAND and HER FRIENDS.
- 10.—THE SITUATION in IRELAND.
- 11.—OUR SOUTH AFRICAN TROUBLES.

THE ENGLISH
HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Edited by S. R. GARDINER, D.C.L., LL.D., and
REGINALD L. POOLE, M.A., Ph.D.

No. 61. JANUARY, 1901. Royal 8vo, price 5s.

1. Articles.
THE EARLY HISTORY of BABYLONIA. By Sir
HENRY H. HOWORTH, K.C.L.E. IV. The Earliest
Semites.
CANON LAW in ENGLAND: a REPLY to Dr. MAC-
COLL. By Prof. MAYLAND, LL.D.
A SPANISH ACCOUNT of DRAKE'S VOYAGES. By
G. JENNER.
THE FOREIGN POLICY of ENGLAND UNDER
WALPOLE. By BASIL WILLIAMS. Part IV.
2. Notes and Documents.—3. Reviews of Books.—4. Notices
of Periodical Publications.
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London, New York, and Bombay.

In crown 8vo, cloth gilt. Price 6s.

ONE OF MANY.
By VERA MACHA.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

Western Mail.—"An interesting novel The
characters are drawn with boldness and effectiveness."
Nottingham Guardian.—"A novel of considerable
merit. The author has handled her theme with excep-
tional ability, and her story is deeply interesting."
Lloyds.—"A well-written story.....the character-
drawing is very sharp and good."

Western Mercury.—"The authoress has woven an
absorbingly interesting story around a rather com-
plicated plot, the gradual unravelling of the skeins of
which at once engages and then thoroughly sustains
the unflagging interest of the reader from the begin-
ning to end. The novel is uncommonly well con-
structed..... The heroine is a charmingly-drawn
character.... The novel is well worth reading."
Pall Mall Gazette.—"The book is well put
together."

London: DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18, Boulevard St., E.O.

Now Ready. Price 3s. net, post free.

WELSHMEN:

A Sketch of their History from the Earliest Times
to the Death of Llewelyn, the last Welsh Prince.

By THOMAS STEPHENS, B.A., F.R.G.S.

First Notice:—"A great amount of reading and
research has been brought within the compass of a
small volume. The style is easy and attractive."
Scotman.

London: J. F. SPRIGGS, 21, Paternoster Square.

DUCKWORTH & CO'S LIST

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S NEW BOOK.
THE ENGLISH UTILITARIANS.
Demy 8vo. 3 vols. 30s. net.

Literature.—"This is a book we must be profoundly thankful for. The work will never be done again with equal thoroughness and appreciation. A permanent addition to English philosophical literature; one that will be not only quoted in the future, but read."

BY CH. SEIGNOBOS AND CH. V. LANGLOIS.
INTRODUCTION to the STUDY of HISTORY. By CH. V. LANGLOIS and CH. SEIGNOBOS. Authorised Translation by G. G. BERRY; Preface by Professor YORK POWELL. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Educational Times.—"The very book for the serious student of history."

WITTE'S ESSAYS on DANTE.
Translated by C. MABEL LAURENCE, B.A. Edited by PHILIP H. WICKSTEED, M.A. Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Athenæum.—"Mr. Wicksteed and Miss Laurence are to be congratulated. The translations have been admirably done. Most useful book."

SPINOZA'S LIFE and LETTERS.
By Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo, 8s. net.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU and the ORIGINS of LITERARY COSMOPOLITANISM: A Study of the Literary Relations between France and England in the Eighteenth Century. By JOSEPH TEXTE. Translated into English by J. W. MATTHEWS. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE POEMS of CATULLUS.
Edited by H. MACNAGHTEN and A. B. RAMSAY, Assistant Masters at Eton College. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Times.—"A useful and elegant edition."
Spectator.—"They understand their author, and they know where to give help."

THE STORY of CATULLUS. With Translations of several of the poems, by H. MACNAGHTEN, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Assistant Master at Eton College. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Athenæum.—"The literature of Catullus has been scarce of late, and this addition to it is welcome. The versions reach a high degree of excellence."

IMPORTANT BOTANICAL WORKS.

A TEXT-BOOK of PLANT DISEASES. By GEORGE MASSEE, F.L.S., Principal Assistant, Royal Herbarium, Kew. With 92 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Speaker.—"Rarely, if ever has there been issued at cheap price so useful a manual of practical botanical knowledge. Full of sound science and helpful information."

Literature.—"The book deserves to become the leading English text-book on the subject."

A HANDBOOK of BRITISH RUBI.
By the Rev. W. MOYLE ROGERS, F.L.S. Demy 8vo, 5s. net.

AGRICULTURAL BOTANY, Theoretical and Practical. By JOHN PERCIVAL, M.A., F.L.S., Professor of Botany at the Agricultural College, Wye. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Standard.—"Mr. Percival has met a distinct want. All branches of the subject are very clearly treated, with the help of numerous and excellent illustrations."

A GLOSSARY of BOTANICAL TERMS. By BENJAMIN DAYDON JACKSON, Secretary of the Linnean Society. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

Notes and Queries.—"His Dictionary may be pronounced an exhaustive and highly meritorious performance."

PROBLEMS of EVOLUTION. By F. W. HEADLEY, Assistant Master at Haileybury College. With 14 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 8s. net.

Glasgow Herald.—"An exceedingly able and suggestive book."

Notes and Queries.—"A book of great interest. A clearness of exposition unfortunately not common."

DUCKWORTH & CO.,
3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

MR. HEINEMANN'S LIST.

A POLITICAL HISTORY of CONTEMPORARY EUROPE SINCE 1814. From the French of CHARLES SEIGNOBOS. 2 vols., demy 8vo, £1 net. *Standard.*—"Students of contemporary history will be grateful for his important historical work. Nothing can be better than his description of our political progress from the end of the Great War to the present day. The summary of French political history is equally well done; the section on Germany is singularly interesting."

SEMANTICS: the Science of Meaning. From the French of M. BRÉAL. Translated by Mrs. HENRY (JST). With an Introduction by Professor J. F. POSTGATE. 1 vol., 7s. 6d. net. *Guardian.*—"It displays on every page the author's truly encyclopaedic learning. The conclusions he formulates are the skilful deductions of a well-disciplined imagination."

A NEW VOLUME of "LITERATURES OF THE WORLD."
Crown 8vo, 6s.

A HISTORY of CHINESE LITERATURE. By Professor H. A. GILES, LL.D. Also uniform with the above, crown 8vo, 6s. each.

A HISTORY of ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE. By GILBERT MURRAY, M.A.

A HISTORY of FRENCH LITERATURE. By EDWARD DOWDEN, D.C.L. LL.D.

A HISTORY of MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By the EDITOR, Hon. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Hon. LL.D. of St. Andrews.

A HISTORY of ITALIAN LITERATURE. By RICHARD GARNETT, C.B. LL.D.

A HISTORY of SPANISH LITERATURE. By J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

A HISTORY of JAPANESE LITERATURE. By W. G. ARNOT, C.M.G., D.Lit., late Japanese Secretary to H.M. Legation, Tokio.

A HISTORY of BOHEMIAN LITERATURE. By FRANCIS, COUNT LUTZOW.

A HISTORY of SANSKRIT LITERATURE. By A. A. MACDONELL, M.A.

A HISTORY of RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By K. WALISZEWSKI.

A NEW VOLUME of "THE GREAT EDUCATORS."
Crown 8vo, 5s.

COMENIUS, and the BEGINNINGS of EDUCATIONAL REFORM. By Professor W. S. MONROE.

Guardian.—"A clear and concise account of the man and his work. The book should cover a gap and serve to introduce more commonly one of the most potent reformers that the history of education has known."

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

IMPORTANT

Official Educational Books.

SPECIAL REPORTS on EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS. Vol. VI. Preparatory Schools for Boys: their place in English Secondary Education. Issued under the direction of MICHAEL E. SADLER. Price by post, 2s. 7½d.

REPORT on TECHNICAL and COMMERCIAL EDUCATION in EAST PRUSSIA, POLAND, GALICIA, SILESIA, and BOHEMIA. By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.P. Price by post, 6d.

ANNUAL REPORT of the BOARD of EDUCATION for 1899-1900. Vol. I. The Report, by post 8d. Vol. II. Appendix to Report (Secondary Education), by post, 1s. 7d. Vol. III. Appendix to Report (Elementary Education), by post, 3s. 11d.

BOARD of EDUCATION. Schools in receipt of Parliamentary Grants. Grants paid to School Boards under Section 97, Elementary Education Act, 1870. School Board Accounts and List of Loans. By post, 3s. 3d.

MATHEMATICAL TABLES for the USE of STUDENTS. 5s. per 100.

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900. Education in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, being a descriptive Handbook accompanying the British Section. By post, 1s. 2d.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE:
East Harding Street, E.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS

MRS. ALEXANDER'S NEW NOVEL.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
A MISSING HERO.
By Mrs. ALEXANDER, Author of "The Wooling o't."

UNIFORM EDITION of ZOLA'S NOVELS.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

GERMINAL; or, Master and Man.
By EMILE ZOLA.

Edited, with an Introduction, by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. Everybody should read "Germinal" as a prelude to M. Zola's new story, "Work," which will be published by Chatto & Windus in March. In "Germinal" the author depicts the tragic sufferings of the working classes as typified by the coal-miners of Northern France. In "Work," whilst changing the scene, he takes up the subject from the point at which he left it in "Germinal," and deals with remedial measures tending to change oppressive labour into healthy and beneficial work.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s.

ECCENTRICITIES of GENIUS: Memories of Famous Men and Women of the Platform and the Stage.

By Major J. B. POND. With 91 Portraits.

A NEW EDITION—Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
THE DEAD SECRET.

By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Moonstone."

* * This Edition has been RESET in NEW TYPE, uniform with the recent New Editions of "THE WOMAN in WHITE" and "THE MOONSTONE," and is bound in uniform style.

THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASHINGAM: a Romance of Botany Bay. By HERBERT COMPTON. Author of "A Free Lance in a Far Land."

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"It is very long since we read so delightful a story."

Daily Graphic.

"The interest is sustained to the end."—*World.*

THE FOURTH GENERATION. By Sir WALTER BESANT, Author of "The Orange Girl," &c. THIRD EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"As interesting as a fairy tale."—*Times.*

THE MAN THAT GOT CHOKED
HADLEYBURG, and other Stories and Sketches. By MARK TWAIN. With a Frontispiece by LEWIS HIRSCOCK. THIRD EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Shows Mark Twain at his very best.... How I made my Debut as a Literary Person" shows Mr. Clemens in a new light. It is the most thrilling and soul-stirring thing of its kind we have ever read."—*Black and White.*

"AS A WATCH in the NIGHT":
a Drama of Waking and Dream. By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRITCH, Author of "Madame Izan," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"A strong and fascinating story.... strangely attractive."

Pall Mall Gazette.

"An extremely clever socio-political novel.... It is a notable book, and should add to the reputation of a clever and attractive writer."—*Review of the Week.*

PHILIP WINWOOD: a Sketch of the Domestic History of an American Captain in the War of Independence. By ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"A bright and spirited story.... The plot is ingenious, and maintains its interest unflinching to the end."—*Hookman.*

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT.
By WILLIAM WESTALL, Author of "With the Red Eagle," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"A capital book, pleasantly written and never dull."

St. James's Gazette.

THE "PRETTY POLLY":
a Voyage of Incident. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor,'" &c. With 12 Illustrations by G. E. ROBERTSON. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 5s.

"The story is told in Mr. Clark Russell's blithest and breeziest manner. Hundreds of boys will be pestering their fathers to charter them a brig as a present."—*Daily Chronicle.*

THE BAG of DIAMONDS, and THREE BITS of PASTE. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, Author of "A Crimson Crime," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 4s.

"We can heartily recommend it to all who enjoy a few hours' reading of the thrilling, the melodramatic, and the highly wrought."—*Scotsman.*

THE CLOISTER and the HEARTH.
By CHARLES READE. (A LARGE TYPE, FINE-PAPER EDITION.) Fost 8vo, cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

"One of the books which never seem to get out of date is Charles Reade's 'The Cloister and the Hearth.'... It is a long novel, but the use of the fine paper allows its well-nigh 800 pages to be compressed into less than an inch of thickness, and the size is very handy for the pocket. The type used is large and distinct."—*Westminster Gazette.*

HANDLEY CROSS; or, Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt. By ROBERT SURTEES, Author of "Mr. Surtees's Sporting Tour." With 75 Illustrations by JOHN LEECH. A NEW EDITION. Fost 8vo, cloth, 2s.

"There is no need to praise so breezy and rollicking a sporting novel. It long ago made its own welcome with every man who ever galloped across country with a pack of bound-in pursuit of a wily, vanishing fox. The old illustrations by John Leech have happily been retained, and they add not a little to the charm of the story."—*Leeds Mercury.*

LONDON MEMORIES: Social, Historical, and Topographical. By C. W. HECKETHORN, Author of "London Souvenirs," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"A book which we can cordially recommend to the Londoner."—*Academy.*

"Gossip about old London is generally good reading, and Mr. Heckethorn's volume is no exception to the rule."—*Daily News.*

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1498. Established 1869.

19 January, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper]

The Literary Week.

THE best English poem on Elijah! That is the subject of the Seatonian prize offered by the University of Cambridge to all members of the University who have proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts. The successful candidate is required to print the poem at his own expense.

We beg to inform several correspondents that guesses as to the identity of the author of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* have ceased to be amusing. Indeed, the wild conjectures of the week must have produced no small annoyance. Guessing at the authorship was carried too far by the *Saturday Review* when its critic suggested that, "if Mrs. Meynell did not write this book, she may well be flattered to have found an imitator so enthusiastic and adroit." Nor was this rash attribution redeemed by the protestation: "We are anxious not to attribute the authorship of anything to anybody." Mrs. Meynell did not write *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*.

It would seem that the criticism passed upon the section devoted to living poets in Mr. Quiller-Couch's anthology has been considered. For we understand that a new edition is in preparation wherein Mr. Quiller-Couch will not be handicapped by considerations of space. Even then we fear he will not please the writer of the following:

TWO TREASURIES.

(With Apologies to Mr. Henley.)

Sitting down to Palgrave,
After reading Q.,—
Like winter turned to May,—
I had a feast to-day,
A feast of lyric joy,
A feast that could not cloy,
With never a line of Wilfrid Blunt,
Or anybody new.

To Hyde and Rands and Howells
I bade a long adieu;
My weary arms had rest,
My eyes regained their zest,
And old immortal words
Sang in my heart like birds—
Sitting down to Palgrave
After reading Q.

We are glad to see that Mr. Clarence Rook's extremely clever book, *The Hooligan Nights*, has been issued in a cheaper edition. The book ends, it will be remembered, with Alf's wedding, and the departure from a South London church in a pony-cart. "They swung round the square, and young Alf, looking back, waved his whip at me. And so young Alf turned the corner." These words have a curious bearing on young Alf's later career. Only two months ago he died for his country in South Africa. The question, "What shall we do with our Hooligans?" was answered by young Alf with his life. He did not die a hooligan.

As we prepare for press, the remains of the late Bishop of London are being laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral. Dr. Creighton was a graceful and dignified figure in the Church; in literature, a world-famed student of ecclesiastical history; in life, a man of abounding energy and radiant good sense. His energy was of a rather rare kind; it was all spring and "go," and yet no man could more serenely push his work aside and say, "Well, what can I do for you?" To a young man who once apologised for tapping at his study door he exclaimed: "My dear Mr. —, I have always plenty of time." Prof. Blackie once quoted to him his own motto:

Never hurry, never worry,
Never fret or fume,

but added, "You have the power of practising my precepts better than myself." We have no doubt, however, that Dr. Creighton's peculiar energy, his abounding wit, and his surplusage of intellect (if we may use the expression) added to the difficulties of his life. Bishoprics overtook him, too, while his *History of the Papacy* was in progress, and his MSS. mocked him from a desk strewn with the affairs of a diocese. He mourned that he had not only no time to write, but could not find time to read and think. His was a two-stranded life, and he knew it. His description of bishoping will be remembered. He said:

There could not possibly be anything more ghastly from a human point of view than being a bishop. You can never please anybody. I was told I ought to be a bishop, and believed it was God's will, and we are bound to keep moving on wherever God's will leads us, we have no choice to do anything else. . . . I went to Peterborough. Yes, I was very happy there. The clergy? Oh, the dear clergy. I think England the most extraordinary country in the world, and its clergy the most extraordinary people in it. The clergy averagely do an immense amount of work, but they really are the most self-centred, undisciplined, and difficult people I ever came across.

THERE are forty entries, all told, under the name of "Creighton (Mandell), successively Bishop of Peterborough and London," in the British Museum Catalogue. Elsewhere we refer to some of the works which won him the respect of all scholars. Asked once if he approved of men writing their own epitaphs, he said, "That depends," and added, "I only want this over me:

HE TRIED TO WRITE TRUE HISTORY."

His advice to a young historian was "Suppress nothing, and don't generalise or form your theories until you have a good grasp of all your facts." A popular writer Dr. Creighton was not; it is not often, after all, that one sees his books. His *History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation*, an uncompleted work in four volumes, is for scholars. His *Queen Elizabeth*, magnificently illustrated, is for the wealthy. His *Geography for Beginners* is for schoolboys. His *Story of Some English Shires* is for the general reader, but it is the least remarkable of his books. Dr. Creighton founded, and for some years edited, the *English Historical Review*. A short time before his death

the late Bishop permitted a volume of extracts from his writings to be made, forming a small devotional book for daily reading. It was on the point of being issued when his death occurred, and will be issued in a few days by Mr. Elliot Stock under the title *Counsels for Church People*.

LAST week we printed the six Shakespeare examination paper questions which had "stumped" a correspondent who had answered fifty-three out of the fifty-nine. The learned gentleman who compiled the paper has again obliged us. "First give me permission," he writes, "to correct one or two slips in 'Some Questions in Shakespeare':"

"In Question 23 'Poins' should be 'Bardolph,' and the question should read: 'How many years had Falstaff known Bardolph before he met Mrs. Quickly?' As the lady says, in '2 Henry IV.,' that she had known Falstaff 'these twenty-nine years, come peascod time,' and in the first part of the same play Sir John avers that he has maintained 'that Salamander' of Bardolph's will give 'any time this two-and-thirty years,' the problem is a simple one.

'Pisanio's' ring should, of course, be 'Posthumus'; and the question as to Shakespeare's reference to Glasgow has no foundation—in fact, Shakespeare does not mention Glasgow.

THE answers to the other questions which have 'stumped' your correspondent are as follows:

12. The three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare are Sycorax ('this blue-eyed hag'), Imogen ('blue of heaven's own tint'), and probably Cordelia, if the expression 'heavenly eyes' may be taken to indicate colour.

13. 'Young Dizzy' is one of the prisoners in 'Measure for Measure' (iv. 3).

44. The birch is mentioned in the same play (i. 4):

As fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not for use.

50. Attentive readers of 'The Winter's Tale' will find the following items in Perdita's preparation for the sheep-shearing:

Three pound of sugar.
Five pound of currants.
Rice.
Saffron, to colour the warden pies.
Nutmegs seven.
A race or two of ginger.
Four pound of prunes and as many raisins o' the sun.

51. The greater man than Falstaff, we have it from Justice Silence, was Goodman Puff of Barson (2 Henry IV.)

THE Glasgow question did not baffle G. S. of Edinburgh, who offers this line from "Hamlet": "You go not till I set you up a glass." Three of his other answers, although incorrect, are ingenious:

12. The three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare—Imogen, Sycorax, and Hermia ("Hermia's spheny eyne").

50. Items from Perdita's *menu* for the sheep-shearers: "I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace—dates—none; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun." "Three pounds of sugar; five pounds of currants; vice" ("The Winter's Tale," iv. 2).

51. The name of a larger than Falstaff: "Colbrand the giant" ("King John," i. 1).

Fun has now progressed to its third number under Sir George Newnes's proprietorship, and we find it an excellent pennyworth of laughter. Mr. F. C. Gould is the regular weekly cartoonist, and everyone will enjoy his presentment of Sir John Tenniel's retirement from *Punch*

above the title: "Dropping the First Mate." Sir John descends the ladder in place of Bismarck. Mr. Punch looks down with genuine grief on the departing figure, and on the top rung of the ladder Toby lifts his head to the heavens and howls his regret. A high standard of draughtsmanship is being maintained in *Fun* by the art editor, Mr. Leslie Wilson. Here is a literary jokelet:

1ST AUTHOR: "My mother has never read a single line of my work."

2ND AUTHOR: "Or did she just read one?"

Two interesting letters from R. L. Stevenson appear in *L'Echo de la Semaine*. They were addressed to M. B. H. Gausseron, who had proposed to make a French translation of the *New Arabian Nights*. Stevenson, who was in the South of France, wrote:

Campagne Defil—Saint Marcel,
Baulieu de Marseille.

DEAR SIR.—My publisher tells me that you are thinking of translating my *Arabian Nights*.

Would it be of any interest or assistance to you if I glanced over the proof-sheets? I should be very glad to do so; and though I am not learned in grammar, I have had considerable practice in French.

Excuse the pencil; unfortunately, I am not very well.—Yours truly,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—I have read your *Rontins Fidèles*. I have even written a review of it, and I consider myself lucky in my translator. If only you don't throw up the job.

While the matter was in progress, M. Gausseron lost his little boy, and mentioned his bereavement to Stevenson, who replied in a letter that is interesting not only as a message of sympathy, but also for its touch of self-revelation. In it Stevenson wrote:

I am like a blind man in speaking of these things, for I have never known what mourning is, and the state of my health permits me to hope that I shall carry this good fortune unbroken to the grave. But I have done what is perhaps, I imagine in my ignorance, almost as hard to endure. I have outlived my own merits in the eyes of more than one whom I used to esteem and love. For a child as young as yours it is almost impossible to have had any demerits; and that spares you a pang of anguish.

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH makes startling predictions about Twentieth Century journalism in the *North American Review* for February. He sees coming the Simultaneous Newspaper—a newspaper of national circulation, which, after swallowing all others, shall be published all over England or the United States, as the case may be, with only such differences as the demand for local news necessitates. The main point is that instead of many newspapers there will be only one, it may be two or three. Mr. Harmsworth points out that the whole tendency of the times is the concentration of great affairs in the hands of the few. Thus England is governed by the Cecils, railways are combining their interests, and lamp-oil is supplied to English cottages by Mr. Rockefeller. Similarly, newspapers will be bought up by a gigantic combination, and the multiple or simultaneous newspaper will be an accomplished fact. Mr. Harmsworth does not say that he approves this state of things, and personally he would oppose it vigorously. But while promising to oppose it vigorously, he tells us that it is inevitable:

I hardly know how the public could prevent the development of a newspaper monopoly. The initial stages would be accomplished without any great publicity, and when once an exclusive news-service had been secured, the rest would follow as a necessary consequence. People would not consign themselves to a condition of total ignorance of all news simply because they objected to a monopoly. To refer to an illustration already used, as long as the oil in the lamp gives a good light and costs a moderate figure, people do not greatly trouble themselves about the Standard Oil Company and its methods.

ON the advantages of this journalistic concentration Mr. Harmsworth is eloquent:

Imagine the influence which would be exerted if an overwhelming majority of the newspapers in the United States spoke with the same voice, supported the same principles, and enunciated the same policy! Such a state of things would be a terror to evil-doers and to the supporters of anything inimical to the commonwealth. Napoleon once remarked: "Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets." But a hostile Press, issued simultaneously throughout the land, would be simply irresistible.

THE contrary possibility—that this giant of advocacy might exert his power in baneful and unpopular directions—is dismissed by Mr. Harmsworth on what seem to us rather insufficient grounds. He says that "a journal so demented as to purposely run counter to the honest feeling of the nation would soon have to file its petition and pass out into oblivion. The same would be true of a simultaneous newspaper." Does Mr. Harmsworth, then, contemplate with cheerfulness the creation of a single vast public opinion, and the obliteration or temporary neglect of differences of thought and feeling each demanding expression, and tending to work together to vitalise and develop the whole? We are frankly at a loss to interpret Mr. Harmsworth's mind. He smashes or brushes aside every argument that can be brought against his idea, but adds in the same breath: "Let me repeat, however, that I am not advocating newspaper monopolies." Mr. Harmsworth says he is only pointing out that they will probably arrive; but—again we are comforted—"it is unlikely that the complete newspaper monopoly will arise in the earlier end of the new century."

A Kew watchmaker appears to keep a tame litterateur on his premises. His watches are commended to the public in the following terms:

At Kew Observatory, Watches are in a few days as severely tested as if they had gone near the North Pole or part of the way "Through the Dark Continent." In ovens and refrigerators, and in all possible positions, watches are tried to the utmost. They must bear it all without a single touch to the regulator, however much they may pine for it. Stern eyes of trained observers, less pitiful than Dante's demons, will mark their demeanour the while. Should they wince more than the brief allotted breadth of seconds, they are condemned to the ignominy of an inferior certificate or none. These trials are only for watches of high rank, and if their time-keeping qualities throughout the ordeal are such as to entitle them, are awarded what is known and valued as the Kew Certificate.

MISS MILLARD, of Teddington, is her own litterateur, and her advertisements of laces and curios contain many a pleasing touch. In a catalogue that lies before us we read:

Ancient Crewel and Rarest Needlework, from the earliest kind possible to find anywhere on sale at the present time. In handling these pieces one must confess to a tender and pathetic feeling in having the poet's words vividly brought to mind:

"Long laid to rest the patient hands,
That played with formal tints;
And faded are the silken strands,
As sad and sallow chintz."

Pair of lady's pale blue satin and silver shoes of Henry VIII. reign, with outdoor pattens in ruby velvet embroidered in silver. Of course these shoes are greatly faded, but are so rare and desirable that it matters little, and, indeed, after so many years can only be expected. The wearer must have had a sweet little foot, and was, no doubt, of royal blood, as such shoes in those days were only worn by the highest in the land; the famous Gunning shoe could never have been anything to compare with these; a chance for the collector, £7 7s.

THE force of intrusive journalism can hardly go further than it does in a long article on the personality, associations, and family of Mr. Stephen Phillips, printed in the New York *Saturday Review*. Mr. Phillips's clothes, pipe, parentage, marriage, brothers, sisters, and poet-cousins (Mr. Binyon and Mr. Bridges) are all described in turn. We have no intention to quote these irrelevancies. But some of the particulars given about Mr. Phillips himself have at least the charm of novelty. We were not aware that Mr. Phillips's "distinguished merit has caused the Queen to put him on the Civil List." Neither, it seems, were we correctly informed of his place of residence. "Mr. Phillips," we are assured, "does not seek sequestered scenes, daisied meadows, the banks of babbling brooks, or the solitude of sylvan glades in which to do his musings. With measured tread, head slightly bowed, and with his trusty briar in his mouth, the poet prefers to roam along the bustling streets near his Finsbury home, which is situated in the heart of London; there to take his inspiration from the multitudinous phases and aspects of metropolitan life, pausing now and again as he walks to make a note of some suggestion which may prove useful to him later on when he is seated at his desk." We do not, however, advise any young admirer of Mr. Phillips to hang about Finsbury-pavement in the hope of seeing Mr. Phillips "doing his musings." A third piece of news is even more startling. We are told that "Sir Richard Hatton, of the *Spectator*, says that Phillips is a born journalist."

PROF. BARRETT WENDELL, whose *Literary History of America* we review this week, holds the English Chair at Harvard, where he has established a reputation rather similar to that enjoyed, on this side, by Prof. Walter Raleigh. He has now been teaching literature for twenty years, and during that period he has written a number of books, including a manual of English Composition, *Shakespeare, a Study in Elizabethan Literature*, "Raleigh in Guiana," a play, and some novels, of which the best known is, perhaps, *The Duchess Emelia*.

MR. STEDMAN's anthology of American poetry is considered a big thing in America, big in itself and in all it suggests. It is significant, however, that a writer in the *Forum* is unable to discuss the book without falling into remarks on the longevity of poets, the confusion between maiden and married names, the number of poets with identical names, the occupations of poets, &c. On the last-named subject he points out that the professional poet is almost unknown in America. "I believe Walt Whitman was the only American who inscribed 'Poet' on his door-plate, and he was the only American writer who has recorded his whole experience in song." The following added remarks are interesting:

I suppose no American ever set himself the task that Browning undertook—to write a poem every day for a given period. Browning was a professional poet, and you may get from him an idea of the total energy of an Englishman. But American poetry is occasional. Glenville Mellen is known as "the singer of one song," and "Waiting" is the one emotional experience John Burroughs has given poetic expression to in a busy lifetime. Hawthorne and Webster are credited with two or three poems carelessly preserved. James Fenimore Cooper wrote perhaps three. Bryant must do his day's work in his office, Lowell and Markham and Burton in a teacher's chair, Bret Harte in the mines, Stedman and Carryl at the Stock Exchange, Cheney at the Library. Field must labour at the "News" office, Ellsworth in invention, Crosby at the bar, Mitchell at the Sanitarium, Collyer at the forge, Brooks and Van Dyke in the pulpit. Cooper and Hawthorne exhausted their energy in fiction. Winter has dramatic criticism to write. Emerson had lectures to deliver. Lanier played the flute in the Baltimore orchestra.

IN reference to the biography of Helen Faucit, Sir Theodore Martin has written to a correspondent, who had called attention to a reminiscence of the performance of "King John" in the late Thomas Arnold's *History of English Literature*: "I thank you for your letter, and for the extract from Thomas Arnold's book. I had not before seen it, but, in any case, I could not have used it, there exist so many much more elaborate records of the performance of 'King John' at Drury Lane under Mr. Macready. The difficulty was not what to print, but what not to print." This, it will be noticed, is a reply to the objections urged against the biography, of two free quotations from contemporary dramatic criticisms. The letter concludes: "I am glad you have found my translations of the classics serviceable. They were meant as a help to men who wished to keep up their knowledge of the classics, which is very apt to slip away from us in active life."

THE *Lady's Magazine* (Pearson, Ltd.) makes its debut this week. It is neat and well printed and illustrated, but we find in it no original feature. We should not know that we were turning the pages of a brand new magazine if we did not refer to the cover. Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, *The Eternal City*, begins its run with plenty of Papacy and intrigue and spectacle. A principal character is introduced as follows:

"Who is Donna Roma?" said the Englishman.

"Santo Dio! the man doesn't know Donna Roma."

The white plumes bobbed up, the powdered face fell back, the little twinkling eyes closed, and the company laughed and seated themselves in the loggia.

"Donna Roma, dear sir," said the young Roman, "is a type of the fair lady who has appeared in the history of every nation since the days of Helen of Troy—one of those exquisite creatures whose lovely eyes and rosy mouth exercise a function in the state. . . . Why did the Prime Minister appoint So-and-so?—Donna Roma! Why did he dismiss Such-and-such?—Donna Roma! What feminine influence imposed upon the nation this or that?—Donna Roma! Through whom come titles, decorations, honours?—Donna Roma! Who pacifies intractable politicians and makes them the devoted followers of the Ministers?—Donna Roma! Who organises the great charitable committees, collects funds and distributes them?—Donna Roma! Always, always Donna Roma!"

IN Messrs. Mudie's *Select Library Catalogue* for 1901 the classification inaugurated last year is continued, and is extended to History, Travel, and Topography. To borrowers the catalogue is more than ever useful, and we find it excellent for reference.

Bibliographical.

THE daily papers have naturally dealt more or less comprehensively with the publications of the late Bishop of London. They have not, however, quite exhausted the subject, having no room for details. One may record, therefore, that the Bishop's *opus maximum*—*The Papacy During the Reformation*—was given to the public between 1882 and 1897, in this way: between 1882 and 1887, four volumes; in 1894, the fifth volume; and then, in 1897, the whole work in six volumes. Dr. Creighton's monograph on *Queen Elizabeth* had the distinction of appearing in three different forms at different prices. The first two were seen in 1896, and the third (and cheapest) in 1899. Some of the Bishop's publications were very slight in bulk—simple sermons or addresses, for instance, like *The Hope of the Future* (preached at Sandringham in 1899) and *The Position of the Church of England* (an address delivered at ruridecanal conferences in the same year). He also published his Rede Lecture and Hulsean Lecture in 1895. On the whole, one is struck by the wide range of his intellectual interests. He was by no means historian and ecclesiastic exclusively.

The announcement of Mr. F. S. Ellis's forthcoming autobiography reminds one of some of his more recent literary benefactions—for example, the *Concordance to the Poems of Shelley*, which he brought out in 1892. It is not so very long since he issued his metrical arrangement (with metrical glossarial notes) of the old English version of "Reynard the Fox." Mr. Ellis has been one of those literary publishers of whom the number cannot be too large for the interests of literature. I believe the firm of Ellis & Elvey confine themselves now to the sale of old and rare books. One would like to have a record of their original contributions to the book world. Why do not all the publishers follow Messrs. Macmillan's example, and give us a Bibliographical Catalogue of their productions from the beginning till now?

Those who have purchased Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse* will hear with mingled feelings that a revised edition of that work may be looked for soon. It is hinted that Mr. Quiller-Couch had to reduce the bulk of his anthology at the last moment, and hence the limited (and, as many think, inadequate) measure of room accorded to contemporary bards. Will this section of the book be expanded, or will it be omitted altogether? The subject seems to demand a volume for itself. It is said, by the way, that Mr. Quiller-Couch proposes to introduce John Wesley into his next novel. Wesley figured in a recent novel by Miss Braddon?

Sir Robert Finlay has been recommending people—and, primarily, I suppose, Scotch people—to read Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* more than they do. Is there any sign, then, that the work is falling off in popularity? Perhaps young persons are annoyed when they open the book and find that it consists (more or less) of facts, and not (altogether) of fiction. It cannot be that the *Tales* are not sufficiently accessible. Within the last decade there have been several editions, all at moderate prices—one in 1892 (in three volumes), one or two (cheap) in 1893, and two in 1898, the last-named being in two and one-volume forms, with an introduction by Dean Farrar (*que diable allait-il faire?* and so forth).

IN none of the notices of the late Mr. R. C. Christie seen by me were there any allusions to what was probably his most popular achievement—his edition of the poems of Dryden, contributed, with an introductory memoir, to the "Globe" series of Messrs. Macmillan. This was, and is, an excellent piece of work; would that Mr. Christie had thought well to edit Dryden's plays, or at any rate a selection from them. Of his masterpiece, *The Life of Etienne Dolet, Martyr of the Renaissance*, a new edition (at half-a-sovereign) was issued so recently as 1899, the year which witnessed the Bibliographical Society's publication of his *Incunabulum of Brescia*.

I note that Mr. Edgar Pemberton's forthcoming book on Mr. Bret Harte is announced as "a treatise and a tribute." This is pleasing, for it seems to suggest that the work will not be a biography after all, or, at any rate, will be biographical only to a small degree. Mr. Pemberton has had in contemplation, I believe, a memoir of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the actor; but it is possible, I understand, that he may produce, instead, an account of Mr. Wyndham's long occupation of the Criterion Theatre. That would have real value for theatrical students.

The selections from *Reviews of the Century* which have been made and printed by a contemporary, have been read, we may be sure, with interest. The idea, however, is by no means new. It is, in fact, just ten years old, for in 1890 there was added to the Scott Library a little volume, edited by E. Stevenson, and called *Early Reviews of Great Writers*—a careful and interesting collection, covering the period between 1786 and 1832. In this case, if I remember rightly, the reviews were given in full, and are, therefore, the more readable and suggestive. This resuscitation of old judgments is, however, rather hard on the judges.

Reviews.

Magic and Religion.

The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion. By J. G. Frazer. Second Edition. 3 vols. (Macmillan. 36s.)

THE publication, ten years ago, of the first edition of *The Golden Bough* was a momentous event in the history of the studies to which it belongs. It did more than any other book, with the possible exceptions of Prof. Tylor's *Primitive Culture* and Mr. Lang's *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, to shift the discussion of religious origins to a more profitable field than that of philology. The literary charm of Mr. Frazer's treatment interested a wide circle of readers in the scientific aspects of folk-tale and folk-custom, and the range of learning upon which he drew for the illustration of his argument served once for all as an object-lesson in the value of the comparative method. Mr. Frazer's plan of starting from the interpretation of a particular historic custom and gradually introducing his discussions of primitive religious ideas as bearing upon this was undeniably fascinating. It was not, perhaps, the most scientific scheme that could be devised, since it somewhat tended to obscure the important question of the stratification of religious ideas, which in a more formal treatise, such as Prof. Jevons's *Introduction to the History of Religion*, prevails so largely. But in spite of this, and in spite of the possibility that some of its central conceptions may not find ultimate acceptance, *The Golden Bough*, especially in its new and greatly enlarged form, will always remain at once a model of scholarly investigation and a storehouse of carefully classified anthropological facts. And, as Mr. Frazer rightly points out in the preface which he has written for this second edition, the interest of his subject is not merely a curious one. Like all great scientific advances, that which *The Golden Bough* represents has its revolutionary side. The anthropological study of religion in its genesis makes impossible certain ways of regarding religion in its essence.

It is indeed a melancholy, and in some respects thankless, task to strike at the foundations of beliefs in which, as in a strong tower, the hopes and aspirations of humanity through long ages have sought a refuge from the storm and stress of life. Yet sooner or later it is inevitable that the battery of the comparative method should breach these venerable walls, mantled over with the ivy and mosses and wild flowers of a thousand tender and sacred associations. At present we are only dragging the guns into position; they have hardly yet begun to speak. The task of building up into fairer and more enduring forms the old structures so rudely shattered is reserved for other hands, perhaps for other and happier ages. We cannot foresee, we can hardly even guess, the new forms into which thought and society will run in the future. Yet this certainty ought not to induce us from any consideration of expediency or regard for antiquity to spare the ancient moulds, however beautiful, when these are proved to be outworn. Whatever comes of it, wherever it leads us, we must follow truth alone. It is our only guiding star: *huc signo vinces*.

For the benefit of those who now approach *The Golden Bough* for the first time, it may be well to give a brief summary of the problem with which Mr. Frazer sets himself to grapple and of the means by which he attacks it. "Lapped in a green hollow of the Alban Hills" lies the placid lake of Nemi, known to the ancients as the lake of Aricia. On the northern shore once stood a grove and sanctuary of Diana Nemorensis, "Diana of the Wood." The priest of this shrine held his office on a singular tenure, only so long, in fact, as his hands could keep his head. Within the grove stood a sacred tree, a branch of which was, according to legend, the Golden Bough which Æneas must pluck before he began his perilous descent into the world of shades. Could some runaway slave

succeed in plucking this branch, he was entitled to challenge the existing priest to single combat, and, if he slew him, to hold office in his stead as "King of the Wood" until he, too, met a similar fate. This remarkable and bloodstained custom has laid hold upon many imaginations, from Macaulay, who sang of

The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain,

to the author of *Eleanor*. It lasted to the age of the mild Antonines; but classical writers give no intelligible explanation of its origin, and to the Italians of history it was probably only a conservative survival. Comparative anthropology claims, however, to lay bare the primitive cycle of religious ideas in which so extraordinary a ritual is rooted. Here are some of the questions which Mr. Frazer asks himself, and to which he endeavours to find answers: Why was the priest called a king? Why was he the king "of the wood"? Why must his accession depend upon the previous murder of his predecessor? Why must this murder be itself preceded by the capture of a bough from the sacred tree? Each of these topics in its turn leads to a wide excursion among the tangled jungles of primitive ceremony and psychology. The relation of kingship to priesthood; the nature of incarnation, taboos, tree-worship; the spirit of fertilisation; the seasonal festivals of agriculture; the *rationale* of human and animal sacrifice; totemism; the belief in an external soul—upon them all Mr. Frazer accumulates an exhaustive store of example and illustration, sometimes, it must be confessed, pursuing his research beyond the absolutely necessary limits set by his main argument.

The contents of the new edition may be roughly estimated as about double those of the first. This increase in bulk is due not to any extension of the scope of the book, but to the incorporation throughout of a large quantity of new material rendered available by the progress of Mr. Frazer's own studies and of anthropological research generally during the last decade. Occasionally a whole new section, such as that on "The Saturnalia and Kindred Festivals" is added. A useful preliminary analysis affords the student something of a key through the labyrinth. On the other hand the index, in which the character of the work required extreme fulness, is as irritatingly inadequate as ever. And we find that the general argument is less modified or strengthened in deference to criticisms than we should have expected. For example, Mr. Frazer explains the periodical death of the King of the Wood, and of other similar priestly functionaries elsewhere, somewhat in this fashion: the priest is identified, by a process of primitive thought to which parallels can be given, with the deity of whom he is priest. But the deity must periodically suffer death and be reincarnated, in order that he may not grow old and so lose the virility upon which his protective powers depends. This process is carried out in his human representative. When priest slays and succeeds to priest, the youth and strength of the god receive a fresh lease of life for a new period. But, as it seems to us, Mr. Frazer has still to prove that these notions, of the identity of priest and god, and of the liability of the god to decay and loss of powers, are in any way in the necessary and normal line of religious evolution. They occur in certain parts of the world, notably in Mexico: but have they been universal, and in particular, can they be traced in the history of European or Mediterranean cults? We incline to doubt it, and to think that Mr. Frazer too readily finds evidence of the god incarnate in the priest. Thus at spring festivals a worshipper masquerades in a garment of young leaves, a Jack in the Green, and Mr. Frazer at once assumes that such a personage represents, is even identified with, the spirit of vegetation. It is not necessarily so. We may have to deal with a mere dramatic or symbolical representation of the spring. Or the under-

lying notion may be a magical one. One of the commonest forms of magic is the magic of immediate contact. And the worshipper clad in the leaves which are god is the worshipper putting himself under the immediate influence and direct protection of that god. But he is still worshipper, and by no means god. It is Prof. Jevons, if we remember right, who has suggested what seems, on the whole, a more plausible explanation of the "slayer slain" than Mr. Frazer's. The priest is slain, not because he is the god, but because he has killed the god. His death is not a sacrifice, but it arises out of sacrifice. The god is incarnate, not in a man, but in an animal; and is sacrificed not to restore his vitality, but in order that his worshippers may partake of that vitality by eating him in the sacrificial meal. This is the magic of physical contact again. But who will dare to slay him? Only the bravest among the tribesmen, who thus incurs special sanctity by being the first to come in contact with the divine blood. At the same time he incurs blood-guiltiness—witness the curious Greek ritual of the *bouphonia*—and when his special sanctity has worn off then his death is a deferred punishment.

Mr. Frazer has, however, much improved the speculative part of his book by a more exact definition of the difference between magic and religion. Magic is, of the two, the earlier attitude of man towards the not-man. It is primitive science.

Wherever sympathetic magic occurs in its pure, unadulterated form, it assumes that in nature one event follows another necessarily and invariably, without the intervention of any spiritual or personal agency. Thus its fundamental conception is identical with that of modern science; underlying the whole system is a faith, implicit but real and firm, in the order and uniformity of nature. The magician does not doubt that the same causes will always produce the same effects; that the performance of the proper ceremony, accompanied by the appropriate spell, will inevitably be attended by the desired results, unless, indeed, his incantations should chance to be thwarted and foiled by the more potent charms of another sorcerer. He supplicates no higher power; he sues the favour of no fickle and wayward being; he abases himself before no awful deity.

It is true that the causes put into play by magic are not, as a matter of fact, those that can actually produce the desired effects: but that is a detail; the scientific intention is there. Religion comes in with animism; the recognition, or supposed recognition, in the not-man of personalities believed to act like man and to be approachable in the same way in which a fellow-man is approached.

By religion, then, I understand a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man, which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and of human life. In this sense it will readily be perceived that religion is opposed in principle both to magic and to science. For all conciliation implies that the being conciliated is a conscious or personal agent; that his conduct is, in some measure, uncertain; and that he can be prevailed upon to vary it in the desired direction by a judicious appeal to his interests, his appetites, or his emotions. Conciliation is never employed towards things which are regarded as inanimate, nor towards persons whose behaviour in the particular circumstances is known to be determined with absolute certainty. Thus, in so far as religion assumes the world to be directed by conscious agents who may be turned from their purposes by persuasion, it stands in fundamental antagonism to magic as well as to science, both of which take it for granted that the course of nature is determined, not by the passions or caprice of personal beings, but by the operation of immutable laws acting mechanically.

The distinction is a valuable one, and the only fault we have to find with Mr. Frazer's statement of it is that he appears to include "spells," "incantations," and "charms" under the head of magic, whereas it is arguable that these

were, originally at least, of the nature of prayer, which is conciliation, and so belong to the religious stage. Of course magical practices survive when religion has superseded, their conscious meaning sometimes disappearing and sometimes taking on a religious colour. Sacrifice, for instance, which probably has its roots in magic, tends more and more to become propitiatory rather than sacramental. But Mr. Frazer's definition of the term magic requires a caution; it does not cover the magic of the witch or of any sorcerer who professes to obtain his objects by the aid of an evil spirit or familiar. Such magic answers to Mr. Frazer's definition of religion. The practice of it is, in fact, a continued underground cult of dethroned deities, such as the heathen mother-goddess whose open worship Christianity had banned, or in earlier times, as when Canidia mixed her potions, some obscure Italian deity unrecognised by the official hierarchy of Rome. For magic in this sense it was perhaps better to find some less ambiguous term.

The new section on "The Saturnalia and Kindred Festivals" contains some interesting matter. Mr. Frazer quotes the recently discovered "Acts of St. Dasius" to show that as late as the beginning of the fourth century it was still the custom of the Roman legion in Lower Mœsia to put to death its Saturnalian "king." This "king" was chosen by lot thirty days before. For a month he went richly arrayed and indulged in every form of riot and wantonness. At the end of that period he cut his own throat on the altar of the god. St. Dasius was a Christian soldier, who refused to sully his last days by debauchery, and who for his refusal was slain by his fellows. Mr. Frazer also traces a spring festival analogous to the Saturnalia in the Saccæa at Babylon and the Purim of the Jews. He believes that here, too, there was a ceremonial human death, that the story of Esther had its origin in a myth intended to explain the survival of the custom, and that it was possibly performed dramatically at the feast, the slain man and his priestly successor taking respectively the parts of Haman and Mordecai. This leads to a startling suggestion, which is, that the Crucifixion was of the nature of such a dramatic performance, in which Christ, as a condemned prisoner, was made to play the part of Haman. The arguments by which this view is supported cannot be detailed here, and it must be frankly admitted that much in them is conjectural; but it is obvious that, if Christ was put to death as a festival mock king, an explanation is forthcoming of certain features of the Gospel narrative—the crown of thorns, the superscription on the cross, and so forth—which certainly do not belong to Roman judicial procedure, and for which no other reason can be plausibly assigned. Mr. Frazer considers that Barabbas was the Mordecai on this occasion.

The Popular Style.

Harvest-Tide. By Sir Lewis Morris. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

We are not devoted admirers of *The Epic of Hades*, but it is a great drop from that to this latest volume of Sir Lewis Morris. Then he wore the singing-robe of Tennyson; and we prefer it to this composite Sir Lewis, following now one model, now another, and again welding *clichés* from many sources to a perfectly featureless result, in which no individuality is discernible—least of all the poet's own. In one poem we have the familiar Tennysonian style which we associate with Sir Lewis; in another (to which we shall return) he has apparently essayed the mood of Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism"; in a third, he has seemingly been reading Mr. Watson's "Hymn to the Sea," for he adopts its English pentameters. The metre, of course, is classical; but (save for a couplet of Coleridge) we are not aware that any poet before Mr. Watson had attempted

to naturalise the metre. Consequently, it is of Mr. Watson we think when we read such verse as this:

Man that is born of a Woman the pride and the shame of
Creation;
Man that soars upward to Heaven and sinks to the nether-
most Hell;
Man that is lower than the brute and yet higher in rank
than the Angels;
Man with vile lusts that dishonour, and yearnings that
soar to the skies.

The reader will not desire more. Of the third kind to which we referred—the colourless—the “Coming of the Muse” is a specimen. We quote from it—it is too long to quote entire:

The shy Muse, rarely seen, at times
Floats down, yet will not stay,
But hides her unembodied rhymes
Far, far away.

From out the blank unpeopled page
There shines no vision fair,
And on the poet's noble rage
Broods cold despair.

In vain to toil, in vain to strive,
Efforts and vows are naught:
No favouring impulse comes to drive
The lagging thought.

Then sudden, 'mid the darkling chill,
Dead hope and strivings vain,
A ghostly radiance seems to fill
His heart and brain.

Far-off and thin, translucent, white,
His straining eyeballs trace,
Half-hidden, a phantom of delight,
A sweet veiled face.

And straight, 'tis Life, 'tis Youth, 'tis Spring
That comes his toil to cheer;
Blithe Fancy spreads a joyous wing—
“The Muse is here.”

This has the tinge of no poet in particular, but it would be difficult to find more crusted phrases in an equal compass. Could you have more worn poetic *cliches* than the rhymes of that second stanza? “Vision fair,”—“noble rage”—“cold despair.” Sir Lewis might have left the “noble rage” in the repository of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Meynell has directed upon the poor phrase some of the most feathery satire. We quote from *The Flower of the Mind*:

Pope and all the politer poets nursed something they were pleased to call a “rage,” and this expatiated (to use another word of their own) beyond all bounds. Of sheer voluntary extremes it is not in the seventeenth century conceit that we should seek examples, but in an eighteenth century “rage.” A “noble rage,” properly provoked, could be backed to write more trash than fancy ever tempted the half-incredulous sweet poet of the older time to run upon. He was fancy's child, and the bard of the eighteenth century was the child of common sense with straws in his hair—vainly arranged there.

This delicate derision should have made it impossible for any modern poet to revive the dull old phrase. Sir Lewis seems, however, to have been browsing on the eighteenth century, for a little further on we have “vernal grove.” But in the same stanza “foam-flowered wave” whisks us back again to Mr. Swinburne:

One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair.

But if you would understand how Sir Lewis Morris can be a popular poet, you must read “A New Orphic Hymn.” It is an echo of Tennyson in “The Higher Pantheism,” and not at all Orphic. Thus it opens:

The peaks, and the starlit skies, the deeps of the fathom-
less seas,
Immanent is He in all, yet higher and deeper than these.
The heart, and the mind, and the soul, the thought and
the yearnings of Man,
Of His essence are one and all, and yet define it who can?

Sir Lewis does not define it, but he pours out a succession of platitudes in language sufficiently sonorous to give the general man a conviction he is reading something very deep and lofty, and—rather to his surprise—understands it. Which puts him on good terms with himself and the poet.

The malefic invisible atoms unmarked by man's purblind
eye,
That beleaguer our House of Life, and compass us till we
die;

All these are parts of Him, the indivisible One,
Who supports and illumines the many, Creation's Pillar
and Sun!

Though Sir Lewis may devoutly hold it true, it goes perilously near bathos to tell us that microbes are a part of the Deity. But it is the one instance of anything like imaginative expression. The next stanza is, at any rate, not obvious:

Yea, and far in the depths of Being, too dark for a mortal
brain,
Lurk His secrets of Evil and Wrong, His creatures of
Death and of Pain.

What the creatures of Death and of Pain may be, how or why they lurk far in the depths of Being, or what the depths of Being may be, are matters as puzzling as what sort of a philosophy, “too dark for mortal brain,” lurks in this cryptic stanza. Yet even it will have a vague impressiveness for the popular reader.

These things fairly represent the staple of the book, but better things than these Sir Lewis Morris sometimes does, as in the poem to the birds, “Flying Southward by Night,” where he bids them remember England in their land of sun:

Here is your home and ours, where the young brood
Were born, and essayed first their callow wings:
Here, where laborious summers gained their food,
And homely love despised all outer things.
Here is full life, not there, though flowers and fruit;
Unfading spring, and weal be yours and rest,
The North still holds the nest.

That is at least scholarly verse and unaffected, with a thought in it; and the rest of the poem is not unworthy of it, marred by few *cliches*. If the volume contained more of equal merit, we should have had pleasure in expressing an opinion more favourable.

A Great Seaman.

Paul Jones: Founder of the American Navy. By Augustus C. Buell. 2 Vols. (Kegan Paul. 12s.)

It was time that some attempt at an exhaustive biography of Paul Jones should be made. We have had scraps of him before, episodes, interested depreciations, disinterested eulogies—all tending to the fuller knowledge of a most vital and powerful personality, yet with so much clashing of evidence and variation of points of view that the main figure looms luridly as something between a demon and a god. Mr. Buell has set Paul Jones clearly before us; he has gathered much information from sources hitherto untapped, and has produced a most interesting and exhaustive biography of the Scotsman who was a consistent, but worthy, enemy of England. We cannot go all the way with Mr. Buell in some phases of his hero-worship, but such favouritism as he shows is by way of inference and comment, and not by distortion of facts. This may readily be forgiven to an author whose “effort has been to write a history of Paul Jones as truthful as a great-grandfather's services under Paul Jones were faithful.”

Accident, rather than any great obsession of “liberty and the rights of man,” made Paul Jones the most formidable sea-enemy of England of his time. This, it seems

to us, is a perfectly just statement of the case. The man who sailed under English mercantile colours for several voyages became the proprietor of an estate in Virginia by a mere accident of death. His brother, William Paul, the adopted son of William Jones, a Virginia planter, had assumed the adopted father's patronymic; and this brother dying soon after Paul had anchored in the Rappahannock, the patronymic and the estate came into the possession of the young captain at a crucial period. The ferment of the rebellion was already stirring. Jones settled down to "the idyllic life of a Virginia planter"; but not for long. Adventure, the sea yearning, the passion for wide horizons were in his blood. Two years later he was gazetted first senior lieutenant in the young American navy. Five men received captains' commissions; the soul of the whole movement only a lieutenant's. Of these five captains:

Four . . . were respectable skippers; and they all outlived the war! One of them was the kind of naval captain that the God of Battles makes. That one was Nick Biddle—poor, brave Nick!—and he died in hopeless battle with a foe double his own strength, half of his hapless ship going down and the other half going up by the explosion of his magazine.

The first expedition of the first squadron of the new navy, which lasted from February 17 to April 8, 1776, was abortive. Its only result was the dismissal of one incompetent captain and the suspension of Paul Jones's chief. The first lieutenant, a month later, was given the command of the *Providence*, a sloop-of-war carrying fourteen guns and 107 men. With this little ship Jones scoured seas thick with English cruisers, and captured in all sixteen vessels. In June of 1777 he was, after a period of duty on the Board of Advice, appointed by Congress to the command of the *Ranger*, a ship-sloop with a battery of twenty long six-pounders. On October 19 he set sail for France, carrying despatches which contained the fateful news of the surrender of Burgoyne. Then followed one of the many disappointments which dogged, though they never dimmed, a brilliant career. The *Indien*, a new ship building at Amsterdam, of which Jones was to have taken command, was, upon launching, denounced by the British Minister to the Netherlands as an American ship-of-war in disguise. The secret had been betrayed to the British Government by Thornton, one of the numerous private secretaries of the egregious Arthur Lee. The States General, not daring to give up the ship to the American Commissioners, she was sold by them to the King of France, the next best thing to having her themselves. Paul Jones returned to the *Ranger* at Brest to find that his first lieutenant, Simpson, had been stirring up dissatisfaction among the crew. Said Jones to his refractory junior:

I command this ship, Mr. Simpson, by virtue of my senior rank, by virtue of the resolution of Congress . . . and by virtue of the order of the Commissioners. But I will urge none of these considerations upon you in your present attitude. So far as you are concerned, I will only say that I command this ship by virtue of the fact that I am the best man aboard—a fact which I shall cheerfully demonstrate to you at your pleasure! And I wish you to signify your pleasure to me here and now!

Lieutenant Simpson, who was a brave man and no fool, did not choose to go further. And on this matter of Jones's discipline we may here quote from the narrative of Henry Gardner:

I sailed, in my time, with many captains; but with only one Paul Jones. He was the captain of captains. Any other commander I sailed with had some kind of method or fixed rule which he exerted towards all those under him alike . . . Not so Paul Jones. He always knew every officer or man in his crew as one friend knows another. . . . I have seen him one hour teaching the French language to his midshipmen and the next showing an apprentice how to knot a "Turk's-head" or make a neat coil-down of a painter. He was in everybody's watch and everybody's mess all the time. . . . Above all

things, he hated the cat-o'-nine tails. In two of his ships—the *Providence* and the *Ranger*—he threw it overboard the first day out. . . . All the men under his command soon learned this trait in his character. One Sunday . . . he told them that, many years before . . . he had seen a man "flogged round the fleet" at Port Royal, Jamaica. He said the man died under the lash; and he then made up his mind that Paul Jones and the cat-o'-nine tails would part company. "I tell you, my men," he said, "once for all, that when I become convinced that a sailor of mine must be killed, I will not leave it to be done by boatswain's mates under slow torture of the lash! But I will do it myself—and so G—d—quick that it will make your heads swim."

No wonder that his crews loved him!

In the *Ranger* he set out from Brest for a cruise on the British coasts, and off Carrickfergus captured the twenty-gun sloop-of-war, the *Drake*. "Small as the ships were," says Mr. Buell, "this action involved the turning of a new page in naval history, and to that fact alone it owes its celebrity. It was the first instance in modern naval warfare of the capture of a regular British man-of-war by a ship of inferior force." But this exploit gives place to the really glorious fight between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*—the former under the command of Jones, the latter of Captain Richard Pearson. A personal appeal to Louis XVI., after the French Alliance, had secured for Jones, then Commodore, this commission by way of solatium for the loss of the *Indien's* command. In August, 1779, the flag-ship, with three smaller vessels, left the Road of Groaix for a circuit of the British Islands. One of the smaller vessels was the *Alliance*, under the command of Pierre Landais, as great a coward and traitor as ever disgraced a quarter-deck.

On the afternoon of December 23, the *Bon Homme Richard* being to the windward of Flamboro' Head, the whole Baltic Fleet appeared running out of Bridlington Bay, under convoy of the *Serapis* and a sloop-of-war. Paul Jones's chance had come. In a letter to Dr. Franklin he wrote:

Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the Commodore's ship till seven o'clock in the evening, being then within pistol-shot, when he hailed the *Bon Homme Richard*, and we answered him by our whole broadside.

The last entry in the log of the *Serapis* ran thus:

Ships now fairly abeam, a cable's length . . . on the same tack, wind abeam, south-west, light but steady. Sea smooth, moon full, sky clear, time 7.15 p.m. We hail second time, enemy answers with broadside.

The battle lasted for close on four hours. The heavier battery of the *Serapis* told with deadly effect. After an hour's broadsiding Jones saw that the game was not to be won that way. "Dick," he said to Gardner, his first quarter-gunner, "his metal is too heavy for us at this business. He is hammering us all to pieces. We must close with him; we must get hold of him." And close they did. When the ships were ranged alongside, the anchor-fluke of the *Serapis* caught in the mizzen foot shrouds of the *Richard*; the fluke was immediately lashed fast to the stays, and boarding became practicable. The *Richard* was on fire and had five feet of water in her hold; her starboard side was completely driven in, so that the whole gun-deck was in imminent danger of collapse. Yet she conquered by the desperate valour inspired by the overwhelming personality of one man. And having conquered, and the wounded being removed to the conquered ship, she sank with her dead, and with her flag flying. It was the flag which the girls of Portsmouth had made out of pieces of their best silk gowns.

We have not space to follow the career of Paul Jones through the further vicissitudes and triumphs which marked its amazing course. He was made a Chevalier of France by Louis XVI., and was the lover of Aimée de Telison, a natural daughter of Louis XV.; he became a

vice-admiral in the Russian Navy, and died in his boots at forty-five. The fiery activity of the man burnt out his life. If he had lived he would, we may suppose, have played some startling part in the bloody drama of the French Revolution. Perhaps it is as well for his memory that he saw no more than the vague first stirrings of that upheaval. As it was he died with a reputation unsmirched, a personal honour untarnished. His faults were the faults of greatness, and no Englishman need grudge his name a place beside the names of Drake and Grenville. His was their spirit, though he sailed under another flag.

Things Seen in Spain.

Spanish Highways and Byways. By Katharine Lee Bates. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a companion volume to Mr. Clifton Johnston's *Along French Byways*, which we reviewed with pleasure a few weeks ago. It does afresh, and freshly, what has been done many times before: it records the impressions of a wide-awake tourist in Spain just as they were received. Miss Bates travelled through the most romantic cities and provinces of Spain with a lady companion; and, thanks to her knowledge of Spanish and her keen American eyes, she observed enough to fill this book with vital descriptions. The travellers went firmly resolved to eschew the bull-fight, and all we can say is that Miss Bates's account of the bull-fight she did not eschew is mighty good reading. To be sure, the horror and nausea of it haunted her for weeks, and her sufferings even excited the notice of her Spanish host, who was greatly puzzled. He pointed out that the *corrida* had been a mild one, very suitable for a beginner—no fire-darts, no houghing of the bull, nothing really horrible. "And, after all," he urged, "animals are only animals; they are not Christians." "Who were the Christians in that Circus?" I asked. "How could devils have been worse than we?" He half glanced toward the morning paper, but was too kindly to speak his thought. It was not necessary. I had read the paper, which gave half a column to a detailed account of a recent lynching, with torture, in the United States." In Madrid, in Seville, in Granada, in Santander, and among the Basques, Miss Bates had glimpses into Spain and the Spanish mind. Her identification of religious types is quick and interesting. Spain is not all pious; some of her children are born to laugh at priests. One of the best things in the book is the author's discourse with such an *indiferente*—a cheery old pagan who had never read Calderon, but was inordinately proud of a paper-bound *geografia* he had written for use in Spanish schools. From this he read long passages to Miss Bates, and the only feature of which he seemed ashamed was its occasional sops to superstition, as when he stated that in the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela is the veritable body of St. James. "He cast a quizzical glance at me in reading this, and then laughed himself purple in the face. 'One has to say these things in this country,' he gasped, still breathless for his mirth. 'Drops of water must run with the stream. If only there were a shrine where people might be cured of being fools!'" This man had also compiled an anthology of Castilian poems; its most striking feature was the printing of each poem in a different type. He explained that this made the reading harder for children, and so exercised their minds the more. We leave the idea to the consideration of educational editors. Miss Bates read to him Calderon's "El Mágico Prodigioso," with its great argument between Cipriano and Lucifer as to the nature of God. The old wordling was delighted, and for the moment it seemed that he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. But when the drama was finished, he remained silent for

several minutes, shook his head, and delivered himself: "Not true; it is not true. There is no devil but the evil passions of humanity. And as for Cipriano's definition of God—it is good, yes; it is great, yes; but who can shut God into a definition? One might as well try to scoop the ocean into a cocoa-nut shell. No! All religions are human fictions. We have come, nobody knows whence or why, into this paltry, foolish, sordid life, for most of us only a fight to gain the bread, and then *Bueno!* I am on the brink of the jump, and the priests have not frightened me yet." This unbelieving compiler of schoolbooks was highly popular with his neighbours, and suffered none of the petty persecutions which are meted out to Spanish Protestants. College boys did not stone his windows, work and promotion had not failed him, for his house he paid only the rent of a Catholic, and he was held in high honour for the scholarship that had underpinned his faith. Miss Bates has written a thoroughly bright and discerning book on a land that lures us all to its tower-crowned cities and arid plains, alike steeped in romance. One word more: the chapter on "Choral Games of Spanish Children" should interest some of our children's authors.

An Epic of Poor Men.

On the Track and Over the Sliprails. By Henry Lawson. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson.)

SOME little while ago we drew attention to that humane and understanding volume of Australian stories, *While the Billy Boils*, and now its successor and companion lies before us, notable for the same qualities of sympathy and vigour, truthfulness and humour. Together the two books make up a little body of Australian literature that stands alone as the truest and most national thing that any writer in that country has produced.

The title which we have placed at the head of this article would cover both collections; for Mr. Lawson has always sought his heroes among wanderers and wastrels. Bullock drivers, sheep shearers, professional sharpers, gold diggers, fence builders—these are his material, with the arid Bush of Australia for background, with its squalid inns and selections, its bark shanties and rambling stations, and here and there an iron-roofed town. Another man might spend a lifetime in these surroundings and find nothing but ugliness: Mr. Lawson, having the true vision, brings away a load of treasure. Mitchell's kindly philosophy; Steelman's hard-bitten worldly wisdom; Andy's simplicity and might; the Lachlan's dogged remorse; Middleton's Peter's quiet force—these are made real to us and memorable. All are poor men, all hump the swag and drink too much whiskey and fight bloody and brutal fights, and all would probably be avoided by the majority of us as unpleasant tramps or detrimentals; and every one has a drama encircling him which Mr. Lawson has penetrated. Australia should be very proud of him: he has done so much to express the genius of the country.

The best stories in Mr. Lawson's new book are, we think, "Middleton's Peter," "No Place for a Woman," "An Incident at Stiffner's," "The Hero of Red Clay," "The Selector's Daughter," "New Year's Night," "The Story of the Oracle," and "The Songs They Used to Sing," which is not properly a story at all, but a very persuasive piece of true sentiment. "The Selector's Daughter" is a study in very sombre realism. "The Hero of Red Clay," which is the longest of these little dramas, is touched in with a sardonic irony that many more ambitious novelists might envy. In "New Year's Night" we have Mr. Lawson in a happier mood, but a mood that brings us very nigh to tears. "Poor human nature" might, indeed, be the gloss to most of his pages.

His knowledge of the simple heart is profound, and his pity for it is profound also.

To quote is not easy, because these are stories in which matter comes before manner. Not that Mr. Lawson misunderstands form; on the contrary, his form is often impeccable; but he has not such literary graces as make for detached quotation. But the end of Wild, the drunken bush doctor, is a detachable episode, not only good in itself, but one that illustrates Mr. Lawson's gift of narrative directness:

Poor Doc. Wild died in a shepherd's hut at the Dry Creeks. The shepherds (white men) found him, "naked as he was born, and with the hide half burned off him with the sun," rounding up imaginary snakes on a dusty clearing, one blazing hot day. The hut-keeper had some "quare" (queer) experiences with the doctor during the next three days, and used in after years to tell of them between the puffs of his pipe, calmly and solemnly and as if the story was rather to the doctor's credit than otherwise. The shepherds sent for the police and a doctor, and sent word to Joe Middleton. Doc. Wild was sensible towards the end. His interview with the other doctor was characteristic. "And, now you see how far I am," he said in conclusion, "have you brought the brandy?" The other doctor had. Joe Middleton came with his waggonette, and in it the softest mattress and pillows the station afforded. He also, in his innocence, brought a dozen of soda-water. Doc. Wild took Joe's hand feebly, and, a little later, he "passed out" (as he would have said), murmuring "something that sounded like poetry" in an unknown tongue. Joe took the body to the home station. "Who's the boss bringin'?" asked the shearers, seeing the waggonette coming very slowly, and the boss walking by the horses' heads. "Doc. Wild," said a station hand. "Take yer hats off."

They buried him with bush honours, and chiselled his name on a slab of blue gum—a wood that lasts.

We notice with pleasure that Mr. Lawson, who is now settled in England, has begun to contribute stories to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Other New Books.

HELENA FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN). BY SIR T. MARTIN.

It was well that a memoir of Helen Faucit should be written, but not so well, perhaps, that it should be written by her husband. He had, of course, all the facts of her career at his fingers' ends, but he lacked of necessity the power which a biographer ought to possess—that of regarding the career described with disinterested and impartial eyes. In this volume Miss Faucit does all things admirably. It is possible that she was invariably successful in her impersonations, but it is hardly likely. She was not always satisfied with them herself—a fact which Sir Theodore, by quoting from her diaries, permits her to bring out, thus breaking very pleasantly the sustained flow of his own eulogies. For some years Miss Faucit had the histrionic field practically to herself, as far as her own sex was concerned, and she was then admittedly our leading actress. Her performances, whatever their intrinsic merit, have certainly an historical interest, which thoroughly justifies this record of them. Incidentally, too, the memoir comes in contact with literature, inasmuch as it tells us of Miss Faucit's association with Hawthorne, Carlyle, Thackeray, George Eliot, Robert Browning, Westland Marston, Matthew Arnold, and Charles Kingsley. Arnold would have liked her to act in his *Merope*, and George Eliot and Kingsley would have been glad to write plays for her. Some of Kingsley's friends, however, thought that if he wrote for the stage he would impair his influence in the pulpit and on the platform, so he withdrew the proposal. The other two suggestions, as we all know, came to nothing. Altogether, this biography is not without a literary flavour, though manifestly it is mainly for the lovers and students of

the stage. It is not fortunate in its index, which is both inadequate and inaccurate. It speaks, for example, of Mrs. "Sterling," and the Mr. Wyndham referred to in connexion with p. 302 is obviously not Mr. Charles Wyndham, but Mr. R. H. Wyndham, of Edinburgh. Moreover, is Sir Theodore quite sure that the play called "Plighted Troth" (p. 88) was by George Darley? The point has always been doubtful. (Blackwood.)

LINE AND FORM.

BY WALTER CRANE.

This volume, and the author's previous work, to which this is intended as a companion volume—*The Basis of Design*—together register in print and drawings all that is characteristic in Mr. Crane's art. The essence of that teaching is that all valid design takes its structure and idea direct from Nature; and that when the designer ceases to draw his inspiration from her his designs will sink into tasteless caprice.

How far design can be taught is another question, which Mr. Crane does not discuss in these lectures; but it is strange that with all our schools of design there should be so little really original and imaginative work produced: so little, indeed, that the other day Mr. Crane, as examiner of design for the Technical Education Board, only discovered one examinee of real merit, and she was disqualified from taking the scholarship by reason of age. Nor does Mr. Crane discuss why a certain combination of lines gives more pleasure than another; and perhaps it is as well that both difficulties, which have really nothing to do with the practice of the art, should be shelved until the elements of the subject are better known.

Whether students will benefit from these lectures or not it is certain that the reader will learn from the volume how to tell a good design from a bad one, and so, possibly, himself become an inspiration, which may be all that our technical schools are in want of. Anyway, nothing but good can result from these lectures, even if they do no more than convince us that what is wanted in modern life is more freshness of idea, greater resourcefulness and imagination, less system and less imitation. The following passage, taken with the illustrations of the text, may be regarded as a "line" symphony: at the least, it shows the high claim which Mr. Crane makes for design:

Line is, indeed, as I have before termed it, a language, a most sensitive and vigorous speech of many dialects; which can adapt itself to all purposes, and is, indeed, indispensable to all the provinces of design in line. Line may be regarded simply as a means of record, a method of registering the facts of nature, of graphically portraying the characteristics of plants and animals, or the features of humanity . . . it can appeal to our emotions and evoke our passionate and poetic sympathies with both the life of humanity and wild nature, as in the hands of the great masters it lifts us to heaven or bows us down to earth: we may stand on the sea-shore and see the movement of the falling waves, the fierce energy of the storm and the rolling armament of its clouds, glittering with the sudden zig-zag of the lightning: or we may sink into the profound calm of a summer day, when the mountains, defined only by their edges wrapped in soft planes of mist, seem to recline upon the level meadows like Titans and dream of the golden age.

(George Bell. 12s. net.)

A SHORT HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, 1500-1800. BY REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

This book is an abridgment of Mr. Blomfield's large standard work, and we have only to say that it bears no unpleasing signs of the cutting-down process. On the contrary, it has all the aplomb of a complete book, and in its size and its equipment of illustrations it commends itself to the student and the amateur. "By Renaissance Architecture in England, as treated of in this handbook," says Mr. Blomfield, "is to be understood that fresh departure in architecture which began with the tentative

efforts of imported workmen in the reign of Henry VIII., which reached its highest degree of attainment in the hands of Inigo Jones and Wren, and eventually ran itself out in the uncertainties induced by the literary eclecticism of the eighteenth century." We need not point out how the book is necessarily a key to the understanding, on the part of the non-professional lover of architecture, of many types and a hundred familiar buildings. Twenty goodly pages are allotted to Inigo Jones, of whose work there are abundant remains in London, from the Banqueting Hall to the water-gate of old York House. Wren has over thirty pages; and then, leaving the dual throne, we are brought among men like Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh, Kent (the architect of the Horse Guards), Gibbs (St. Mary-le-Strand and Radcliffe Library, Oxford), Wood (the maker of Bath), Dance the Elder (the Mansion House and St. Leonard's, Shoreditch), Chambers (Somerset House), Dance the Younger (Newgate), and the Adams brothers. We need not say that Mr. Blomfield's sympathies and loyalties are plainly writ across the pages of his book. Accepting Inigo Jones as the greatest architect England has bred, he accepts his rule that architecture should be "solid, proportional according to the rules, masculine, and unaffected." Hence Mr. Blomfield's hopes rest on our emergence from all the neo-French, Italian, Gothic, and German revivals and half-revivals which have made our architecture a higgledy-piggledy for the last hundred years. But he is not hopeful of an immediate renaissance. What we specially wish to emphasise is the charm and usefulness of this book to the intelligent general reader. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

FACSIMILES OF BIBLICAL MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. EDITED BY FREDERIC G. KENYON.

In a large, but not too large, folio volume, Dr. Kenyon here gives us facsimiles of a fairly typical series of MSS., from a Papyrus Psalter of the third century down to the Second Wycliffe Bible of the fifteenth. The original documents are most handsomely reproduced by a photographic process, and to each of them Dr. Kenyon adds a transcript into modern characters and a short account of the history and condition of the text. Prominent among them is the famous Codex Alexandria given by Cyril Lucanus to Charles I., which forms one of the glories of the Museum, and the less known Codex Purpureus, a magnificent copy in gold and silver letters upon purple vellum, of which we have unfortunately only four leaves. Very interesting, too, is the sixth-century palimpsest, showing how a Greek Gospel at St. Luke has been rubbed out to receive a controversial work in Syriac three centuries later. To a theologian, as to a sapper, nothing is sacred. The only possible improvement that can be suggested is that the colours of the originals might have been added, but no doubt the extra expense has proved deterrent. The omission must have gone to the heart of Dr. Kenyon, whose enthusiasm in the cause of palaeography has been signally proved on this as on many former occasions. (British Museum Publications.)

Lives of Lord Roberts are poppering us fast. Mr. Ernest Russell, the author of *Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford* (Drane), says engagingly: "'Bobs' has been biographed (*sic*) often, but, however often, the latest 'life' is only less out of date than the earliest. His career continues to be crowded with interest, and this little volume carries the record down to the beginning of what every good Briton will hope is to be another brilliant chapter."

A popular and full account of Lord Roberts's career is Mr. J. S. Fletcher's *Roberts of Pretoria* (Methuen: Sixpenny Library). In an introduction dedicated "To the Man in the Street" Mr. Fletcher quotes about twenty lines of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" in application

to the hero of the hour. We can recommend this book; it is good and cheap, and for the moment sufficient.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine wrote a striking little book, called *In Tune with the Infinite*. He now puts in a various plea for consideration toward the animal creation, under the title of *Every Living Creature* (Bell, 1s. net). The book is small, white, and pretty, and its chapters deal with such familiar and controversial subjects as Hunting, Vivisection, Docking, Cattle Transport, &c. We are not in sympathy with total vegetarianism, nor do we hold that hunting and shooting are debasing sports, though we are sure they are sometimes abused. Where we are with Mr. Trine heart and soul is in his denunciation of the killing of birds to supply millinery establishments with something to sell and thoughtless women with something to wear. But here again we cannot keep up with Mr. Trine, who proceeds to denounce the wearing of furs on the same principle. The ethics of these things are finer and more various than his zeal allows him to perceive.

Three new editions of the week are just as different in kind as they can be. We have Dr. Malcolm MacColl's *The Reformation Settlement*, ninth edition (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net), with a new Preface in reply to criticism, and enlargements of the text; secondly, we have what is practically a new translation of M. Zola's *Germinal*, by Mr. E. V. Vizetelly (Chatto, 3s. 6d.); and thirdly, a new and revised edition of Mrs. Beeton's *Shilling Cookery Book* (Ward, Lock), which the publishers suggest, and we do not think of denying, is "a remarkable shilling's worth."

Fiction.

Parson Peter: a Tale of the Dart. By Arthur H. Norway. (John Murray. 6s.)

JACOB PETER was a smuggler, and vicar of Kingswear, many decades before the Great Western Railway established a terminus there. The idea of a parson being a smuggler seems at first sight distinctly repellent: one imagines that the man must have been both a knave and a hypocrite; but Mr. Norway would hotly deny that his hero was either. The apology for smuggling, even clerical smuggling, is one of the best things in the book:

A hundred years ago there were sheep and goats just as there are now, but it was not always quite so easy to distinguish them. Law had not yet won all her battles. She had made scant progress on the ocean, and none too much upon the coasts, where the bulk of the fishermen and traders had inherited practices and ways of thought which were mediæval more than modern, handed down from a vast antiquity, stamped with that impatience of control which is caught by all men who go to and fro upon the sea, instinct with a love of daring above all other qualities, clinging tenaciously to the freedom which from primæval centuries had been unchallenged on the ocean, resenting fiercely the intrusion of law on that proud domain; cherishing all these passions and traditions mutely, with an angry outlook on a changing world, which was fast robbing them of the privileges of their fathers, and checking them in what they believed they had a right to do. . . .

And so on.

Mr. Norway advises those who cannot accept his plea not to proceed with the story. It is a good story, animated by a real feeling for the sea and seafarers; and if, as we believe, it is Mr. Norway's first effort in fiction, it reflects on him much credit. Both the smugglers and the "King's men" are admirably drawn, and the fighting episodes have spirit. The last disappearance of the Parson in his venturous cutter is brave and pathetic enough to soften the hardest heart towards this man who would interrupt the preparation of a sermon in order to plan the salvage of sunk kegs.

The Joy of Captain Ribot. By A. Palacio Valdés. Translated by Minna Caroline Smith. (Downey. 6s.)

In a letter to Mr. Sylvester Baxter, the "introducer" of this story, Don Armando Palacio Valdés wrote: "It is a protest from the depths against the eternal adultery of the French novel." Having regard to the fact that the book contains one adultery, and two cases in which adultery was prevented only by the adamant honesty of the really charming heroine, we cannot but regard such a statement as somewhat over-coloured. For the rest, though inferior in strength and fineness both to *Froth* and *The Grandee*, the only other novels of Valdés that we happen to have read, *The Joy of Captain Ribot* is an able and attractive piece of fiction, and the sentimentality of its conclusion does no harm to it. Ribot is admirably drawn; Cristina's mother is an amusing figure of comedy. There is in the book an unfamiliar kind of humour, which presumably must be called Spanish. The indiscreet translator remarks that Valdés' "greatness of soul" finds "expression in a consummate mastery of the novelist's art." This is hyperbole of the wildest, but nevertheless the technical excellence of the story is rather notable. Written, of course, under French influences, and under a Latin inspiration, it has qualities of formal beauty which are only too rare in English fiction. What it chiefly lacks is mere power of imagination—in a word, force.

A Scholar of his College. By W. E. W. Collins. (Blackwood. 6s.)

"Then you truly and seriously mean to go back from your definite promise to me, Leuchars?" and the speaker, a stout, red-faced man of some sixty or more summers, scowled angrily as he looked at his companion.

WHEN a novel begins so (. . . and the speaker . . .) you know instantly that it will never startle or shock you or make you think, though it may promote digestion. Mr. Collins's story of college and country-house life is thoroughly and honestly old-fashioned. The people in it are named Jack Treherne, Bertie ditto, Algie Chevely, and so forth. The book is full of all the beloved antique phrases—*exigante, facile princeps, amende honorable*, "slowly retraced his steps," &c., &c. And the incidents, too, have a similar antiquity:

"Look you here, my man," he said sternly, again getting a good grip of the butcher's collar, "we don't want any of that language. And I will give you a fair warning that if ever I pass this way and catch you or your filthy cur making nuisances of yourselves to your neighbours, I'll break the creature's neck first, and then turn you over your own counter and smack you soundly with your own cleaver"—and he pushed the butcher from him with sufficient force to send the fellow tottering along the pavement backwards for some half-dozen yards, till, arriving at a convenient doorstep, he sat down with considerable discomfort. And there, until his assailant had fairly turned his back, the butcher thought it prudent to remain. Like other fallen idols, he found himself destitute of worshippers, and even the one congenial spirit who presently helped him to recover his feet and brush himself down proved little better than a Job's comforter.

This famous episode, doubtless, occurred first in the ramping "Town v. Gown" days of Cuthbert Bede and Frank Fairleigh; we had thought it "quite, quite dead," but we were mistaken. *A Scholar of his College* is highly sentimentalised, saccharine, *convenable*, discreetly smart, and "wholesome." It is about as far removed from life as a carefully written and evidently sincere novel could be. We are glad to admit, however, that the hero is not a prig, but a quite likeable human youth, and that the remarks of the head keeper concerning the necessity of destroying pheasants, on pp. 31-32, show some trace of humour.

The Queen versus Billy, and Other Stories. By Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann.)

Nobody has graduated in a better school of literature than Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and for association's sake he is bound to get a sympathetic hearing. But this volume of pathetic, poignant little South Sea stories may well stand on their own merits. Quite simple and natural Mr. Osbourne is not. He is rarely without just a touch of the whimsical and burlesque. The ludicrous contrasts of the type of civilisation which he knows best prey upon his imagination. But he is thoroughly human, has the gift of observation, and a keen eye for a dramatic situation. His sympathies extend to all sorts and conditions of men in the strange medley which makes up South Sea society: missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, man-of-war's men, disreputable beach-combers, Kanaka "boys," and graceful Samoan women, all are indifferently the material for the humour and tragedy he can see in them. Of the nine stories that make up the volume, the four best seem to us to be "The Queen versus Billy," "The Dust of Defeat," "Father Zosimus," and "The Phantom City": each in its way is genuine art. But the freshness of the whole book is unmistakable.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

IN THE NAME OF A WOMAN. BY A. W. MARCHMONT.

With eight pictures. The frontispiece is called, "She fired two shots in rapid succession with deadly effect." The story is told by Gerald Winthrop, and opens briskly in the Bulgarian capital. Gerald, who had gone to Sofia on a mysterious mission, "to get at the bottom of the secret machinations by which Russia was endeavouring to close her grip of iron on the throne and country of Bulgaria," saves a young woman's life. She urges him to join the conspirators, to ally himself to the cause. His adventures make the story. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE PRIDE OF RACE. BY B. L. FARJEON.

A long novel, somewhat after the Zangwill model. In the opening chapter Moses Mendoza pays a visit to Mr. Septimus Gray, schoolmaster, to ask a favour. "If you can persuade Mr. Septimus Gray to take your boy it'll be the making of 'm,'" a gentleman who was once a friend of Mr. Gray's had said to Moses. The book is divided into five panels: "The Rise of Moses Mendoza," "In Society," "Raphael Mendoza and his Wife, Lady Julia," "The Fall of Moses Mendoza," and "Light." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

SHYLOCK OF THE RIVER. BY FERGUS HUME.

Readers know what to expect from the author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. "The young man started to his feet. 'Kirby—murdered—at his home?' 'No,' replied the girl, wondering at the strangeness of the remark, 'at his office!'" Mr. Brand drew a long breath, seemingly of relief. "How terrible!" he said. "I suppose the assassin is in custody." (Long. 6s.)

DRISCOLL, KING OF THE SCOUTS. BY A. G. HALES.

The war correspondent of the *Daily News* has here thrown into the form of a story his experiences and observations during the first year of the South African War. Mr. Hales is a picturesque writer, and he has high spirits, together with a rather wandering pen. A picture of Driscoll is given as a frontispiece to the volume. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

Educational Supplement.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

From Mr. Murray's Educational List.

THE STUDENT'S MANUALS.

New Editions. Ready in January.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY of ROME.

FROM the EARLIEST TIMES to the ESTABLISHMENT of the EMPIRE. With Chronological Tables and Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By H. G. LIDDELL, D.D., sometime Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Revised, and in part Re-written, by P. V. M. BENECKE, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. With Coloured and other Maps, and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON. Abridged from the

Original Work by Sir WM. SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D. A New and Revised Edition in 2 Parts.

PART II.—Nearly ready. By J. G. C. ANDERSON, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College and Lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford. With Maps and Illustrations.

PART I.—Published. From the Accession of Commodus to the Death of Justinian. By A. H. J. GREENIDGE, M.A., Lecturer and late Fellow of Hertford College, Lecturer in Ancient History at Brasenose College, Oxford.

Crown 8vo, 5s. each Volume.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY of GREECE.

A Companion Volume to "Little Arthur's England" and "Little Arthur's France." By the Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, 2s. 6d. [Ready shortly.]

THE GROWTH of GREATER BRITAIN. A

Reader for Schools. Compiled and Edited by ELIZABETH LEE, Author of "A School History of English Literature," &c., Editor of "Cowper's Task and Minor Poems," &c. Price 2s. [Ready shortly.]

This School Reader is conceived on novel lines. The extracts are arranged in sections, comprising "The English Colonies up to 1500," "Australia," "India," "South Africa," &c., and the story of these periods of British history is told by the actual explorers, navigators, colonists, and statesmen who were instrumental in the expansion of England at that time. The selections range from the works of Sir Walter Raleigh to the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield, and include yet more modern authorities. There will be a literary introduction, weaving the threads together, and the extracts will be supplied with biographical and historical notes. The name of the author, who is a contributor to the "Dictionary of National Biography," carries assurance that the editorial work will be well done.

THE GREEK THINKERS. By Professor

THEODORE GOMPERZ, of Vienna University, Hon. LL.D. Dublin, Ph.D. Königsberg, &c. Translated by LAURIE MAGNUS, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford. Demy 8vo, 14s. net.

VOLUME I.—The Geography of Greece—National Greek Characteristics—The Art of Writing—Colonies—Commerce—Society—Religion—Anthropomorphism—Homer—Hesiod—Ionian Nature Philosophy—Thales—Anaximander—Anaximenes—Heraclitus—The Orphics and Orphic Cosmogony—Pythagoras—Pythagoras and his Disciples—Xenophanes—Parmenides—Anaxagoras—Empedocles—The Historians—Hecataeus—Herodotus as Monotheist, Critic, and Positivist—The Age of Enlightenment and Emancipation—The Physicians—Atomism—Mental and Moral Sciences—Sophists—Protagoras—Gorgias—The Advance of Historical Science. [Ready in January.]

VOLUME II., containing PLATO, is now nearly completed, and is already in course of translation.

This account of Greek Philosophy by the author of the standard German translation of J. S. Mill's "Logic" is inspired by the endeavour to do justice to the chief tendencies in all departments of ancient thought. Composed throughout in a clear and popular style, the work will be found to combine in a singular degree the resources of an almost encyclopedic learning with an appreciation of the results of modern science and of the dependence of the civilisation of the present on that of past ages. "The Greek Thinkers" in this sense include the leaders of religion, of literature, and of the special sciences.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"No such comprehensive work has hitherto been issued, and, in our opinion, 'The Public School Speaker' has leaped at a single bound into the very foremost rank, and has become the classic of its kind."—THE BOOKSELLER.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SPEAKER.

Compiled by F. WARRE CORNISH, M.A., Vice-Provost of Eton College. Large 8vo, 7s. 6d.

This work, as its name implies, is a collection of pieces suitable for recitation at school "speeches." The editor has made his selection in the widest manner and from various languages—Greek, Latin, English, German, French, and Italian. He has included drama, general poetry, orations, and other prose pieces, ancient and modern, and is in hopes that no serious omissions can be found, unless it be those intentional ones from classics that are at everyone's command, which he has left out to make room for others more difficult of access.

It will be noticed that he has in many cases given an extract longer than is sufficient for a single recitation—he has done this advisedly with a view to affording greater scope for individual requirements and individual taste.

A complete Illustrated Catalogue of Standard Educational Works published by Mr. Murray may be had, post free, on application. This Catalogue includes Sir William Smith's famous Series of Student's Manuals, smaller Manuals, Dictionaries, Principals, &c.

MURRAY'S HANDY CLASSICAL MAPS.

Edited by G. B. GRUNDY, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford.

LIST OF MAPS NOW READY.

GALLIA. One sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.

BRITANNIA. One sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.

HISPANIA. One sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.

ITALIA (Northern Italy, South, and Sicily). Two sheets in one case, 3s. cloth; 1s. 6d. net, paper.

GERMANIA, RHAETIA, ILLYRIA, MOESIA, &c. One sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.

PALESTINE, SYRIA, and Part of MESOPOTAMIA, and a Map showing St. Paul's Voyages. Three Maps on one sheet, 2s. cloth; 1s. net, paper.

GRAECIA (Northern Greece, South, and Peloponnesus). Two sheets in one case, 3s. cloth; 1s. 6d. net, paper. [Immediately.]

An Index is bound in each case.

"This method of showing physical features is most effective, and lends the maps a value which is possessed by no other classical atlas known to us.... We recommend all schoolmasters and students who care for geographical matters to look at these maps."—*Athenaeum*.

".....May be taken as correct and up-to-date.....Both attractive to the eye and informing to the mind."—*Manchester Guardian*.

NEW EDITION, JUST PUBLISHED.

ENGLISH COLONIZATION and EMPIRE. By

A. CALDECOTT, M.A. (Camb. and Lond.), Fellow and Dean of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Philosophy, King's College, London. With Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. With a New Chapter, bringing the work entirely up to date, by F. A. KIRKPATRICK, M.A.

A NEW FRENCH GRAMMAR.—JUST PUBLISHED.

THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL FRENCH GRAM-

MAR. By Dr. W. KRISCH, Teacher of Latin, Greek, French, German, and Spanish at the Wolverhampton Free Library Science School, Examiner in Modern Languages to the Midland Counties Union of Educational Institutions, 1897-99, &c. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

COMMERCIAL FRENCH COURSE. In Two

Parts. By W. MANSFIELD POOLE, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford, Assistant Master at Merchant Taylor's School, and MICHEL BECKER, Professor at the Ecole Alsacienne, Paris, Author of "L'Allemand Commercial," and "Lectures Pratiques, d'Allemand Moderne." With a Map.

PART I.—Consisting of Simple Sentences and Passages in French, with occasional Business Letters, arranged in a manner suited for Practical Teaching, and containing in an Appendix a clear system of French Grammar, with special reference to the Verb, is in course of active preparation. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

PART II.—Comprising an Advanced Commercial Reader, will be duly announced.

MEDICAL WORKS.

A TREATISE on MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE

Based on Lectures delivered at University College, London. By G. VIVIAN POORE, M.D. With Illustrations. 8vo, 12s. net.

[Immediately.]

THE PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE SERIES.—Large crown 8vo, 6s. each vol.

THE COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY of the

BRAIN and COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By Professor JACQUES LOBB, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the University of Chicago.

[Immediately.]

MACMILLAN & CO.'S BOOKS FOR SPECIAL EXAMINATIONS (1901-1902).

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, 1901-2.

MATRICULATION, JUNE, 1901.

- Sallust—Catilina.** With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. G. H. NALL, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Sallust—Catilina. Edited by C. MERIVALE, D.D. 2s.
Sallust—Bellum Catilinae. Edited by A. M. COOK, M.A. 2s. 6d.
English Grammar Past and Present. By J. C. NEWFIELD, M.A. 4s. 6d. Key, 2s. 6d. net. Specially adapted to the requirements of candidates for Matriculation.
A Short History of English Literature. By Professor G. SAINTSBURY. 8s. 6d.
Elementary General Science. By A. T. SIMMONS, B.Sc. and L. M. JONES, B.Sc. 3s. 6d. (Adapted to the London Matriculation Course.)

MATRICULATION, JANUARY, 1902.

- Horace—Odes.** Book I. With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Plato—Euthyphro, Apology, Crito, and Phaedo. Translated by F. J. CURCH. 2s. 6d. net.
Plato—Crito and Phaedo (Chs. 57 to end). Edited by C. H. KEENE, M.A. 2s. 6d.

MATRICULATION, JUNE, 1902.

- Cicero—De Senectute.** With Notes and Vocabulary. By E. S. SHUCKBURN, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Euripides—Medea. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. M. A. BAYFIELD, M.A. 1s. 6d. Edited by A. W. VERRALL, Litt.D. 2s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

June and December, 1901, and June, 1902.

- Spenser—Faerie Queene.** Book I. With Introduction and Notes. By H. M. PERCIVAL, M.A. 3s.; sewed, 2s. 6d. [June, 1901.]
Bacon—The New Atlantis. With Introduction and Notes. By A. T. FLUX. 1s. [June, 1901.]
Shakespeare—Coriolanus. With Introduction and Notes. By K. DIGHTON. 2s. 6d.; sewed, 2s. [June, 1901.]
Macbeth. With Introduction and Notes. By K. DIGHTON. 1s. 6d. [June, 1902.]
Milton—Paradise Lost. Books III. and IV. With Introduction and Notes. By M. MACMILLAN, B.A. 1s. 3d. each; sewed, 1s. each. [June, 1902.]
Bunyan—The Pilgrim's Progress. With Introduction and Notes. By J. MORRISON, M.A. 1s. 6d.; sewed, 1s. 6d. [June, 1902.]
Walton's Lives and Complete Angler. Edited by A. W. POLLARD, M.A. 3s. 6d. net. [June, 1902.]
Milton—Poetical Works. Edited by D. MASSON. 3s. 6d. [June, 1902.]
Dryden—Poetical Works. Edited by W. D. CHRISTIE. 3s. 6d. [June, 1902.]
Historical Outlines of English Accidence. By Rev. R. MORRIS, LL.D. Revised by L. KELLNER, Ph.D., and H. BRADLEY, M.A. 6s.
The History of the English Language. By O. F. EMERSON, Ph.D. 6s. net.
A Primer of Chaucer. By A. W. POLLARD, M.A. 1s.
English Prose Selections. By Sir H. CRAIK, K.C.B. Vols. I-IV, 7s. 6d. each. Vol. V., 8s. 6d.
The English Poets. Edited by T. H. WARD, M.A. Vols. I-III, 7s. 6d. each. Vol. IV., 8s. 6d.
A Shakespearean Grammar. By Rev. E. A. ARNOLD, D.D. 6s.
Horace. Book III. With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [June, 1901.]
Cicero—Pro Lego Manilla. Edited by A. S. WILKINS, Litt.D. 2s. 6d. [June and December, 1901, June, 1902.]
Lucretius. Books I. to III. Edited by J. H. WARBURTON LEZ, M.A. 3s. 6d. [December, 1901, June, 1902.]
Demosthenes—De Corona. Edited by B. DRARE. Revised by E. S. SHUCKBURN, M.A. 3s. 6d. [June, 1901.]
Thucydides. Book IV. Edited by C. E. GRAVES, M.A. 3s. 6d. [December, 1901, June, 1902.]
Moliere—Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. 1s. 6d. L'AVARE. 1s. Edited by L. M. MORRIS, B.A. [June, 1901.]
Le Misanthrope. Edited by G. E. FASNACHT. 1s. [December, 1901, June, 1902.]
Cornelle—Le Cid. Edited by G. E. FASNACHT. 1s. [June, 1901.]
Goethe—Iphigenie. Edited by H. B. COITTEILL, M.A. 3s. Edited by C. A. EGERT, Ph.D. 3s. 6d. [June, 1901.]
Hermann und Dorothea. Edited by J. T. HATFIELD. 3s. 6d. [December, 1901, June, 1902.]
Lessing—Nathan der Weise. Edited by G. O. CURME. 3s. 6d. [June, 1901.]
Schiller—Maria Stuart. Edited by C. SHELTON, Litt.D. 2s. 6d. [December, 1901, June, 1902.]
Grillparzer—Sappho. Edited by W. RITTMANN. 3s. [December, 1901, June, 1902.]

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, 1901.

- The Gospel According to St. Matthew.** THE GREEK TEXT. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. A. SLOMAN, M.A. 2s. 6d.
The Acts of the Apostles. Authorised Version. With Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 2s. 6d.
The Greek Text. With Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 3s. 6d.
Deffoe—Robinson Crusoe. Edited by H. KINGSLEY. 2s. 6d. [Preliminary.]
Scott—Lay of the Last Minstrel. With Introduction and Notes. By G. H. STUART, M.A., and E. H. ELLIOTT, B.A. 2s. [Junior.]
Shakespeare—Henry V. With Introduction and Notes. By K. DIGHTON. 1s. 6d. [Junior and Senior.]
Spenser—Faerie Queene. Book I. With Introduction and Notes. By H. M. PERCIVAL, M.A. 3s.; sewed, 2s. 6d. [Senior.]
Caesar—Gallic War. Book VII. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. J. BOND, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [Preliminary and Junior.]
Cicero—Catiline Orations. Edited by A. S. WILKINS, Litt.D. 2s. 6d. [Junior and Senior.]
Virgil—Aeneid. Book IX. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. H. M. STEPHENSON, M.A. 1s. 6d. [Junior and Senior.]
Horace—Odes. Book III. With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. [Senior.]
Livy. Book I. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. H. M. STEPHENSON, M.A. 1s. 6d. [Senior.]
Nepos—Greek Lives (containing Lives of Aristides, Cimon, Miltiades, Pausanias, Themistocles). With Notes and Vocabulary. By H. WILKINSON, M.A. 1s. 6d. [Preliminary.]
Thucydides. Book VI. Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. 3s. 6d.
Thucydides. Books VI. and VII. Edited by Rev. P. FROST, M.A. 3s. 6d. [Senior.]
Plato—Crito and Phaedo. Edited by C. H. KEENE, M.A. 2s. 6d. [Senior.]
Plato—Euthyphro and Menexenus. With Introduction and Notes. By C. E. GRAVES, M.A. 1s. 6d. [Senior.]
Plato—Euthyphro, Apology, Crito, and Phaedo. Translated by F. J. CURCH. 2s. 6d. net. [Senior.]
Xenophon—Anabasis. Book VI. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. G. H. NALL, M.A. 1s. 6d. [Junior.]
Moliere—Les Précieuses Ridicules. Edited by C. E. FASNACHT. 1s. [Senior.]

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, 1901.

- The Gospel According to St. Matthew.** THE GREEK TEXT. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. A. SLOMAN, M.A. 2s. 6d.
The Acts of the Apostles. Authorised Version. With Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 2s. 6d.
The Greek Text. With Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 3s. 6d.
Poems of England.—A Selection of ENGLISH PATRIOTIC POETRY. With Notes. By H. B. GEORGE, M.A., and A. SIDGWICK, M.A. 2s. 6d.
Shakespeare—Henry V. With Introduction and Notes. By K. DIGHTON. 1s. 6d.
Merchant of Venice. With Introduction and Notes. By K. DIGHTON. 1s. 6d.
Byron—Child Harold's Pilgrimage. Edited by Prof. E. E. MORRIS. Cantos III. and IV. 1s. 6d.
Caesar—Gallic War. Book VI. With Notes and Vocabulary. By C. COLCLOCK, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Virgil—Aeneid. Book I. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Horace—Odes. Book IV. With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. Edited by the same. 2s.
Epistles and Ars Poetica. Edited by A. S. WILKINS, Litt.D. 5s.
Livy. Book V. With Notes and Vocabulary. By M. ALFORD. 1s. 6d.
Caesar—The Gallic War. By Rev. JOHN BOND, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 4s. 6d. With Notes and Vocabulary. Book IV. By CLEMENT BRYAN, M.A. 1s. 6d. Book V. By C. COLCLOCK, M.A. 1s. 6d. Book VI. By C. COLCLOCK, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Xenophon—Anabasis. Book II. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Euripides—Alcestis. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. M. A. BAYFIELD, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Xenophon—Anabasis. With Notes and Vocabulary. Book I. By Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d. Book I. With Exercises by E. A. WELLS, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Thucydides. Book VII. Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. 3s. 6d.

OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE SCHOOLS EXAMINATION, 1901.

- Burke—Reflections on the French Revolution.** With Introduction and Notes. By F. G. SELBY, M.A. 5s.
Chaucer—Works. Edited by A. W. POLLARD, M.A. Globe Edition. 3s. 6d.
Shakespeare—The Merchant of Venice. With Introduction and Notes. By K. DIGHTON. 1s. 6d.
Hamlet. With Introduction and Notes. By K. DIGHTON. 2s. 6d.; sewed, 2s.
Kingsley—Westward Ho! Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; 8vo, sewed, 1s.
Spenser—The Faerie Queene. Book I. With Introduction and Notes. By H. M. PERCIVAL, M.A. 3s.; sewed, 2s. 6d.
Cicero—Pro Roscio Amerino. Edited by E. H. DONKIN, M.A. 2s. 6d.
The Catiline Orations. Edited by A. S. WILKINS, Litt.D. 2s. 6d.
Horace—The Odes and Epodes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 5s.
Terence—Hauton Timorumenos. Edited by E. S. SHUCKBURN, M.A. 2s. 6d.; with Translations, 3s. 6d.
Adelphoe. Edited by S. G. ASHMORE, 3s. 6d.
Tacitus—Histories. Edited by A. D. GODLEY, M.A. Books I. and II. 3s. 6d. Books III. and IV. 2s. 6d.
Virgil—Aeneid. With Notes and Vocabulary. Book X. By S. G. OWEN, M.A. 1s. 6d. Books XI. and XII. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. each.
Sallust—Catilina. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. G. H. NALL, M.A. 1s. 6d. Edited by C. MERIVALE, D.D. 2s. Edited by A. M. COOK, M.A. 2s. 6d.
Aeschylus—Persae. Edited by A. O. PRICKARD, M.A. 2s. 6d.
Euripides—Andromache. Edited by A. R. F. HAYLER, M.A. 2s. 6d.
Homer—Iliad. Books XIII-XXIV. Edited by W. LEAF, Litt.D., and Rev. M. A. BAYFIELD, M.A. 6s.
Iliad. Books I., IX., XI., and XVI. to XXIV. Edited by J. H. PRATT, M.A., and W. LEAF, Litt.D. 5s.
Euripides—Alcestis. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. G. H. NALL, M.A. 1s. 6d. Edited by M. L. EARLE, Ph.D. 3s. 6d.
Thucydides. Book VI. Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. 3s. 6d.
Books VI. and VII. Edited by Rev. P. FROST, M.A. 3s. 6d.
Moliere—Le Malade Imaginaire. Edited by G. E. FASNACHT. 1s. 6d.
Cornelle—Le Cid. Edited by G. E. FASNACHT. 1s.
Voltaire—Charles XII. Edited by G. E. FASNACHT. 3s. 6d.
Merimee—Colomba. Edited by G. E. FASNACHT. 2s.
Goethe—Egmont. Edited by S. PRINCE, Ph.D. 3s. 6d.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS' EXAMINATIONS.

July and December, 1901.

- Shakespeare—Henry V.** With Introduction and Notes. By K. DIGHTON. 1s. 6d.
Spenser—The Faerie Queene. Book I. With Introduction and Notes. By H. M. PERCIVAL, M.A. 3s.; sewed, 2s. 6d.
Poems of England.—A Selection of ENGLISH PATRIOTIC POETRY. With Notes by H. B. GEORGE, M.A., and A. SIDGWICK, M.A. 2s. 6d.
Caesar—Gallic War. With Notes and Vocabulary. Book VI. By C. COLCLOCK, M.A. 1s. 6d. Book VII. By Rev. J. BOND, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Virgil—Aeneid. With Notes and Vocabulary. Book I. By Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. Book IX. By Rev. H. M. STEPHENSON, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Horace—Odes. Books I., III., and IV. With Notes and Vocabulary. By T. E. PAGE, M.A. 1s. 6d. Edited by the same. 2s.
Livy. Book V. With Notes and Vocabulary. By M. ALFORD. 1s. 6d.
Phaedrus—Fables. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. G. H. NALL, M.A. 1s. 6d. SELECT FABLES. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Eutropeus. Books I. and II. With Notes and Vocabulary. By W. WELCH, M.A., and C. G. DUFFIELD, M.A. 1s. 6d.
Euripides—Alcestis. With Notes and Vocabulary. By Rev. M. A. BAYFIELD, M.A. 1s. 6d. Edited by M. L. EARLE. 3s. 6d.
Xenophon—Anabasis. With Notes and Vocabulary. Book VI. By Rev. G. H. NALL, M.A. 1s. 6d. Book VII. By Rev. G. H. NALL, M.A. 1s. 6d.
The Gospel According to St. Matthew. THE GREEK TEXT. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. A. SLOMAN, M.A. 2s. 6d.
The Acts of the Apostles. With Introduction and Notes. By T. E. PAGE, M.A., and Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Educational Supplement.

SATURDAY: 19 JANUARY, 1901.

Self-Education.

It is a trite saying that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client; nor will wise doctors treat themselves for serious ailments. Self-education is not exposed to the same objections as self-healing or the drawing of one's own conveyances. Indeed, in a certain sense, no one can educate a man except himself. Your pedagogue may stuff the mental stomach with the matter of nutriment; the organ itself must supply the secretions by which digestion is effected. But in this article only a particular and narrow case of self-education is contemplated. Given one who has never had any formal instruction beyond that of an elementary kind; given a desire on the part of such an one, say at twenty-one years of age, to make good the defects caused by the lack or the neglect of all opportunities of what is called higher education; and given a position which excludes the help and inspiration of a living teacher; it is proposed to consider tentatively what are the books from which, under these circumstances, most gain can be derived. We know that self-education is possible. Small was the debt that Rousseau, for example, with his mastery of written speech and rare suggestiveness of thought, owed to professors or seats of learning. The problem has often been solved; the only question is as to the best method of solution.

The reader will observe that the conditions set forth restrict us to education as it can be got from books. We are compelled to ignore the many other educative agencies by which everyone is surrounded, and which are, at least, as useful as printed counsellors. To couple unlike things, music and example, with all that they can teach, are outside of our purview, no less than table-talk and the scenery of nature. Moreover, by education we mean general, not technical, education. Our aim is to make a man, not to assist the form of progress known as getting on in the world. Lest we should glut our beginner instead of whetting his appetite, we confine ourselves to offering him a list of fifty books, which digested, he may choose his own food. No attempt has been made, be it noticed, to mark off knowledge into a chequer-work of equal squares; nor has the mind been resolved, although some of its powers are named, into exclusive faculties each demanding a separate regimen. Such analyses are, for the most part, futile, or profitable only by way of exercise for the investigator who conducts them. Having thus guarded ourselves against possible misconceptions, let us to our task, grouping the books according to the end in view, and recommending none that will not yield a meaning to careful and repeated study.

First of all, there are two preliminary disciplines of such value as to be practically indispensable. One is Language, which is best examined by the student's comparing some other speech with his own. Many reasons may be urged for Latin as the speech to be selected; such as its clearness, the light it throws on French and English, as well as its frequent use for quotation in learned and unlearned works. Assuming that it is the language to be taken up, it may be studied in the following books:

(a.) LANGUAGE (LATIN).

1. *An Elementary Latin Course*. By L. Huxley. (Joseph Hughes & Co. 2s. 6d.)
2. *The Seven Kings of Rome*. By Wright. (Macmillans. 3s. 6d.)
3. *Latin Grammar for Schools*. By Roby. (Macmillans. 5s.)
4. *Latin Dictionary*. By Lewis and Short. (Clarendon Press. 25s.)
5. *Virgil's Æneid*. Edited by Papillon and Haigh. (Clarendon Press. 7s.)

No. 1 is, as its title states, a "Course"—that is, grammar, reader, and exercise-book combined in one. After it has been mastered, the learner should proceed to some easy translation book having a vocabulary at the end, such as No. 2. The bookstalls, however, will supply him at a cheap rate with any number of such books, published by the same firm as the *Seven Kings*. He next requires a good grammar (as free as possible from jargon), a trustworthy dictionary, and a specimen of Latin literature. Our list has provided for all these wants; with the addition of a few more texts, and as many "cribs," it should enable him to read, though not to write, Latin with ease. Even from the five books alone he could get a modest knowledge of the language and much useful training.

The second preliminary discipline is concerned with the phenomena of number and space, in the consideration of which the books now to be named will be found most serviceable:

(b.) MATHEMATICS.

6. *Arithmetic*. By C. Pendlebury. (Bell & Sons. 4s. 6d.)
7. *Algebra*. By Hall & Knight. (Macmillans. 4s. 6d.)
8. *Elements of Plane Geometry*. By the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6d.)
9. *Modern Plane Geometry*. By Richardson & Ramsay. (Macmillans. 3s. 6d.)
10. *Elementary Trigonometry*. By Hall & Knight. (Macmillans. 3s. 6d.)

It may be noted that No. 7 is continued in a *Higher Algebra* by the same authors, and that to Nos. 6, 7 and 10 keys, somewhat expensive, are published, also by Macmillans.

No education deserves its name if it does not regard in some sort the physical and the chemical forces, the history, movement and relations of the earth, and the physiology of man. We collect a few books on these subjects under a rough title.

(c.) NATURAL SCIENCE.

11. *Lessons in Elementary Physics*. By Balfour Stewart. (Macmillans. 4s. 6d.)
12. *Lessons in Elementary Chemistry*. By Roscoe. (Macmillans. 4s. 6d.)
13. *The Earth's History*. By R. D. Roberts. (Murray. 5s.)
14. *Story of the Heavens*. By Ball. (Cassell's. 10s. 6d.)
15. *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*. By Huxley. (Macmillans. 4s. 6d.)

We pass from science to a different, but no less essential, form of culture. To stimulate the imagination the supreme means at our command is furnished by the poets, above all, by the epic poets and the dramatists. Hence the next group of books:

(d.) POETRY (CHIEFLY EPIC AND DRAMATIC).

16. *Shakespeare's Complete Works*. Globe Edition. (Macmillans. 3s. 6d.)
17. *Milton's Poetical Works*. (Globe Edition.) (Macmillans. 3s. 6d.)
18. *Æschylus, The House of Atreus* (the trilogy). Translated by Morshead. (Kegan Paul. 7s.)
19. *Homer's Iliad and Odyssey*. Translated by Chapman. (Dent. 6s.)
20. *Dante, The Vision of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise*. Translated by Cary. (Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.)

The atmosphere of the Greek writers will grow familiar by degrees. Transition to it may be effected through the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton.

Between poetry and prose fiction there exists an intimate connexion. Nevertheless, as instruments of education, the two things have different functions. The note of a good novel is sympathetic observation; the use of the novel, as we allow ourselves to think, is to quicken the

powers of observation in the sphere of nature or society; from which point of view we submit five well-known examples of this form of literature:

(e.) PROSE FICTION.

21. *Tom Jones*. By Fielding. (Routledge. 2s.)
22. *Pride and Prejudice*. By Jane Austen. (Dent. 4s. 6d.)
23. *Esmond*. By Thackeray. (Smith & Elder. 2s.)
24. *Père Goriot*. By Balzac. Translated by K. P. Wormeley. (Routledge. 3s. 6d.)
25. *Peace and War*. By Tolstoi. Translated by N. H. Dole. (New York. 15s.)

Self-educated men are, perhaps, more liable than their neighbours to be led away by fallacies, by a mistaken use of words, by preconceived opinions, and by like causes of error. On the other hand, they lack what Hallam calls "a sober and serious, not flippant or self-conceited, independency of thinking." Accordingly, we offer:

(f.) SAFEGUARDS AND HELPS.

26. *A Primer of Logic*. By Jevons. (Macmillans. 1s.)
27. *Lessons in Logic*. By Jevons. (Macmillans. 3s. 6d.)
28. *English Synonyms*. By Crabb. (Routledge. 2s.)
29. *On the Use and Abuse of Some Political Terms*. By Cornwall Lewis. (Thornton. 6s.)
30. *Conduct of the Understanding*. By Locke. Edited by Fowler. (Clarendon Press. 2s.)

By this time the student will be anxious and ready to approach the higher questions of life, among which this will soon confront him: Granted that there are things which ought to be done and things which ought not to be done, by what test are they distinguished? He may like to weigh a few answers:

(g.) ETHICS (MODERN).

31. *The Ethics of Hobbes*. In Selections from his Works. By Sneath. (Ginn & Co. \$1.35.)
32. *Dissertation on Virtue, and Fifteen Sermons*. By Butler. (Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.)
33. *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation*. By Bentham. (Clarendon Press. 6s. 6d.)
34. *Introduction to Cudworth's Treatise Concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*. By W. R. Scott. (Longmans. 3s.)
35. *Data of Ethics*. By Herbert Spencer. (Williams & Norgate. 8s.)

No. 34 is intended as a stopgap until the Treatise itself is reprinted, of which there is hope.

Closely connected, at least in some systems, with Ethics is Politics; but before proceeding to the general science the learner must make some acquaintance with the histories of particular States. Hence the two sections which follow:

(h.) HISTORY.

36. *History of Greece*. By Oman. (Rivingtons. 4s. 6d.)
37. *Outlines of Roman History*. By Pelham. (Percival. 6s.)
38. *The Student's Gibbon*. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)
39. *General Sketch of European History*. By Freeman. (Macmillans. 3s. 6d.)
40. *Short History of the English People*. By J. R. Green. (Macmillans. 8s. 6d.)

(j.) POLITICAL SCIENCE (CONSTITUTION OF STATES; POLITICAL ECONOMY; LAW).

41. *Aristotle's Politics*. Translated by Welldon. (Macmillans. 10s. 6d.)
42. *Theory of the State*. By Bluntschli. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d.)
43. *Political Economy*. By J. S. Mill. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)
44. *The Spirit of Laws*. By Montesquieu. (Bell & Sons. 7s.)
45. *The Student's Blackstone*. By Kerr. (Reeves & Turner. 7s. 6d.)

Mill, we are told, needs to be corrected at times, but his book carries off the palm from its rivals owing to its perspicuous style. In any case, our object is to induce judgments, not to supply them ready-made.

We close our list with a few miscellaneous books for—

(k.) GENERAL READING.

46. *Don Quixote*. By Cervantes. (Bell & Sons. 7s.)
47. *Goethe's Wilhelm Meister*. Translated by Carlyle. (Chapman. 3s.)
48. *Essays*. By Montaigne. (Bell & Sons. 10s. 6d.)
49. *The Advancement of Learning*. By Bacon. Edited by Wright. (Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.)
50. *Marcus Aurelius, To Himself*. Translated by Rendall. (Macmillan. 6s.)

The self-educator is not obliged to complete the study of one group of books before beginning another, but he will do well to follow in the main the order indicated by the numbering in each section. Let him work through these fifty books again and again, turning, upon occasion, to a dictionary; let him copy out and learn by rote the passages which strike him most; and let him apply his utmost intensity of thought to every paragraph that he reads. When his task is finished, he will be able to guide his own life with some measure of success. He will be fit to drop a vote into a ballot-box, and he will have prepared himself to climb intellectual heights with steady foot.

Reviews.

Winchester.

"HANDBOOKS TO THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS."—*Winchester*. By R. Townsend Warner. (Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE multiplication in late years of histories of our public schools is really a side-ripple of the wave which has borne Mr. Kipling on its crest, and is now binding the Australians in one imperial faggot. Already Messrs. Bell have issued handbooks to Charterhouse, Rugby, and Eton. Messrs. Duckworth's "English Public Schools" series include *Eton*, *Rugby*, and *Winchester*.

As "the Mother of Schools," Winchester has a claim on the regard of all Englishmen. It is but eight years since it celebrated the five-hundredth anniversary of the opening of its doors, and since then quite a sheaf of books has done justice to its history. Mr. Warner's book, taking its size and style from the series to which it belongs, is a well-arranged and, as we have found, a very readable narrative and description of William of Wykeham's great foundation. The only unpublished matter which Mr. Warner claims to give us is derived from some school letters written between Ralph Verney and his father in the seventeenth century, and belonging to the apparently inexhaustible Verney MSS. Ralph went to Winchester as a gentleman commoner in 1682, his father accompanying him, and reporting their arrival as follows:

We wayted on Mr Warden, and from thence wee wayted on our cousin fines at his Chamber, where wee met Mr Harris the Schoole master, who are Both very fine Gentlemen, and were highly civill and obliging to us, entertayned us at Both their Chambers, made us Dine wth them in the Hall, and walkt about with us within the Praecincts of the Colledge and shewed us All: chose one Mr Thomas Terry to Be my sonnes Tutor, who seemes to Be a solid Discreet youth, and Mr Harris sayes He is one of the best, if not the best scholar in the Schoole of his standing, though Hee Bee not yet a Praepositor, and moreover that Hee is of a Sweete (pray turne over the Leaf) Disposition: and Then Mr Harris sent Him, and Mr Windham my Sonnes Chamber fellow, to show my Sonne All about the Towne, w^{ch} They Didd, and Brought Him about 5 a clock after noone unto my Inne at the Signe of the Sunne kept by one Mr Holloway. . . .

We have also an inventory of young Verney's outfit, which included "1 Sylver Issue Plate, with two payres of Stayres on it and 2 little Sylver Hookes belonging thereunto." This was the apparatus for bleeding. Mr. Warner's note is: "When a vein was opened in the neck, a silver pen was inserted to

prevent it closing, and the plate was used to keep the pen in its place, and was fastened round the neck with hooks and stayers. The boy was constantly in doctor's hands." Young Verney seems to have been a good enough lad. Dr. Sherrugg's report of him ran: "He hates lewdness and intemperance, but he publicly professeth that he hates also his book like a Toad, and that which he calls y^e Nastiness of y^e Lodging and eating in the Colledg and the drudgery of the Schoole." But Verney's day is quite modern in the life of Winchester. Splendid, indeed, are the traditions of a school of which it can be written: "It must have been a striking occasion when, in 1415, a messenger brought to Colledge the news of a great battle 'apud Agincourt in Pecardiu in festo Sanctorum Crispini et Crispiani,' and received 6s. 8d. for his news."

There is a distinctiveness, a real self-possession, about Winchester which no other school can rival. As Mr. Warner points out, its founder left an impress on the school which time has only deepened. "Wykehamists," not "Wintonians." The school motto is but William of Wykeham's personal motto: "Manners Makyth Man." And the school song has a unique independence. Though its words knit Winchesters together wherever they be, they contain no praise of Winchester, nor do they even allude to the place save that they are wholly concerned with the pleasure of leaving it. We could cull a score of interesting statements from Mr. Warner's pages did space permit. Enough to note that the regular school paper, the *Wykehamist*, is edited by two boys, one in college, and one commoner, and never by masters. Its independent tone reflects the thoroughly English liberty bounded and safeguarded by accepted usages, rather than written rules, which the boys enjoy. With this has gone a conservatism reflected in that famous vocabulary which calls a half-holiday a "half-rem."—i.e., "half-remedy"—and knows an idle time as a "thoke." Mr. Warner has not failed to make his book useful to parents with boys to educate, who will find precise information on "Admission and Expenses," "Games," "Prizes and Honours," &c. The photographic illustrations complete a well-nigh ideal handbook.

The Making of Us.

The Springs of Character. By A. T. Schofield. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In reading this rather abstruse book we have found ourselves exclaiming again and again: "A good parent knows all this, does all this." What he does not do, and will probably never be persuaded to do, is to distinguish between conscious, sub-conscious, and unconscious mind; to distinguish, again, between the real self, the supposed self, and the artificial self; or to tabulate good and bad qualities as they are set forth on pages 149-152 of this book. When, moreover, we find that Mr. Schofield crowns his philosophy and metaphysics with a recognition of the all-importance of orthodox Christianity, we are the more inclined to exclaim that the Christian parent has his own sure and short ways to the truths he wishes to enunciate. Still, no efficient parent can read this book without receiving valuable ideas. That he will be greatly inspired or charmed we dare not predict. Mr. Schofield is earnest and erudite; but he does not fuse his thoughts in a glowing and sustaining thesis. At the end of the book there is a formidable list of about one hundred works which he appears to have consulted, and many of which he quotes. Mr. Schofield's quotations have an irritating frequency and baldness, suggesting a rather dead-weight transfer from a commonplace book. There are too many paragraphs beginning: "Wundt says," "Stout says," "To this McEunn adds," or "It is the duty of parents," as C. Mason tells us." We cannot give a typical passage from Mr. Schofield's pages, which must be read as a whole, but we have indicated their nature, and their conclusion. The following illustration in the chapter on "Character and Conscience" is interesting for its own sake: "The natural conscience at different ages varies immensely, being generally most acute before puberty, and gradually deadening in old age. That of children, as we have just seen, is very strong in its sense of sin, and is also severe in its penalties. This has been proved by Prof. Earl Barnes from the result of questions put to some 20,000 school children in England and America. One question was: 'If a mother gave her child some paints and then left the room, and the little child painted all the chairs blue, what should the mother do to her when she returned?' The answers given showed that the younger the

school children, the heavier the penalties they wished inflicted. In the lowest standards nothing less than corporal punishment satisfied the offended conscience. As the children rose in the school so was the penalty modified, until in the highest standard punishment disappeared, and the answer to the question was merely that the child should be remonstrated with, and shown its error." A curious example, this, of the growing charity which at last exclaims: "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?"

Text Books, School Books, &c. English.

Source-Book of English History. Edited by Elizabeth K. Kendall, M.A. (Macmillan 3s. 6d. net.)

PARTLY because of a general feeling that history lessons are dry, and that the ordinary text-books are little more than dull epitomes and a meaningless aggregation of facts, and partly because both the method and the matter of all the subjects taught in Secondary Schools have been, within the last few years, targets for criticism to pelt at, there is a growing demand for books, prints, fac-similes, photographs of men and buildings, which will help to make children familiar with the human documents at first hand, and add freshness and reality to the story of the past. The present volume, Mr. Colby's *Selections from the Sources*, Mr. Henderson's *Sidelights on English Literature*, and several others which need not be named here, ought to be in every school library. The extracts in this volume (pp. 465) cover the whole of the historical period. We have space for a short selection only; it is from Alfred's dooms:

If a man have only a single garment wherewith to cover himself, or to wear, and give it [to thee] in pledge; let it be returned before sunset. If thou dost not so, then shall he call unto me, and I will hear him; for I am very merciful.

Judge thou very evenly; judge thou not one doom to the rich, another to the poor; nor one to thy friend another to thy foe, judge thou.

If a man strike out another's tooth in the front of his head, let him make bot for it with viii shillings: if it be the canine tooth, let iv shillings be paid as bot. A man's grinder is worth xv shillings.

The book can be confidently recommended.

Western Civilisation. By W. Cunningham, D.D. Vol. II. (Cambridge: University Press. 4s. 6d.)

PROF. CUNNINGHAM is well known as a student of economics on historical lines; probably no writer has done more to change the method of economic research. The present volume completes a series of three text-books dealing with English Industrial History and the Economic Aspects of Civilisation. The first part of the book contains an extremely suggestive and interesting inquiry on the foundations of society and the economic effects of Christian relations with heathen and Moslems. It is difficult for us to realise to-day the homogeneity in idea and practice of Mediæval Europe: Latin was spoken at all the Universities, and the student could pass from one to the other and feel at home everywhere; the merchant and the artist could travel from market to market knowing beforehand what restrictions and assistance to expect. In religion, too, there was the same broad agreement between all the countries. God was the Supreme Head. The Christian would find at home or abroad little differences in the service and ritual between one church and another. What gives this part of the book its freshness is the attempt which is made in it to express, in terms of economy, the great ideas of Mediæval Christendom.

The French Monarchy (1483-1789). By A. J. Grant, M.A. Vols. I. and II. (Cambridge: University Press. 9s.)

"THE aim of this series" ("Cambridge Historical"), writes the general editor, "is to sketch the history of modern Europe, with that of its chief colonies and conquests, from about the end of the fifteenth century down to the present time." Already more than a dozen volumes have been published, and as many more are promised. Few students will probably master all, most will select those volumes which deal with the history of the country their reading or predilection has been a preparation. It will be a mistake if, however, there

is not written a general history which would serve as an introduction to the whole series, and would lead the student to feel that in these two volumes there is no attempt to furnish a fresh analysis—that is left to the reader to make out from the facts carefully collected. Prof. Grant does not belong to the "Catastrophic" school of historians. In a summary of the intellectual and social conditions of France he writes: "But, notwithstanding this ignominious end of the old monarchy, it is necessary to protest against the view which would make of its history nothing but a record of 'wickedness, of falsehood, oppression of man by man'; nothing but an instrument of evil, of which the world was happily rid. . . . It had saved France from internal disorders and foreign dominion, and had enlarged her frontiers."

Canada (1760-1900). By Sir John G. Bourne. (Cambridge: University Press. 6s.)

ANOTHER volume in the "Cambridge Historical" series. It is an entirely competent and fair statement of the case for British rule. The first chapter summarises the period under the French régime. Of the banishment of the Acadian French in 1755, an incident made memorable by Longfellow's poem, the author writes: "But while there are writers who defend this sad incident of American history on the ground of stern national necessity at a critical period in the affairs of the continent, all humanity that listens to the dictates of the heart and tender feeling will ever deplore the exile of those hapless people." A sentence admirably illustrative of the temper in which the book has been written. At a time when the relations between English and French Canadians are not over friendly it is satisfactory to meet with a historian who has no fuel for fires of racial hate. At various points in the narrative the intellectual, social, and economic conditions are referred to. Of the present state of education, the author, whilst hopeful in the main, considers that the weakness of the public school system, especially in Ontario, is the constant effort to teach a child a little of everything, and to make him a mere machine. The consequences are superficiality, a veneer of knowledge, and loss of individuality. A very serious indictment, but one which is, alas! also true of the mother country.

Comenius. By W. S. Monroe. (Heinemann.)

JOHN AMOS COMENIUS (1592-1670), the Moravian schoolmaster, the author of the *Great Didactic*, *Janna Orbis Pictus*, and numerous other books and pamphlets, was the first, if not to formulate, to give permanent form to the idea that a child's knowledge of the names of things should not precede his knowledge of the things themselves. Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel all owed much to him directly or indirectly. Indeed, much of modern educational reform is simply directed to making explicit what is implicit in Comenius' teaching. The child is to have physical freedom, to learn by direct experience; its æsthetic powers are to be developed by music and drawing, and punishment should be impersonal and only used for offences against moral laws. Mr. Monroe gives in outline a sketch of the life of Comenius, a short account of his more important works, and adds a bibliography for the use of those who desire to make a first-hand acquaintance with his writings in the original and in translations.

Outlines of the History of the English Language. By T. N. Toller. (Cambridge: University Press. 4s.)

PROF TOLLER tells the story of our "noble vulgar tongue" in this volume, or, more correctly, follows its history very fully from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle to Chaucer. The rest is passed over very quickly; to the nineteenth century a page and a half only is devoted! The selections from old English are invariably translated so that the student unacquainted with pre-Chaucerian English does not find his ignorance a barrier to his enjoyment. As an example of Prof. Toller's erudition and thoroughness, it is sufficient to say that he gives a list of over 400 words which had found their way into English by the middle of the eleventh century. The book is primarily intended for the general reader rather than the student of the English language, although the latter, if we mistake not, will read it with much the keener enjoyment.

English Drama. By J. Logie Robertson. (Blackwood 2s. 6d.)

THE editor of this book thinks that the study of the drama has been too long confined to Shakespeare, accordingly he has made a selection from the plays of twelve dramatists, beginning with Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" and ending with Sir

Henry Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde." It seems strange, considering the object of the book, that he should devote fifty pages of it to Shakespeare. A book like this would not precede, but follow the study of Shakespeare, if for no other cause than that the examiners have determined it so. Since the scenes selected are interesting in themselves and characteristic, it could be used with profit and amusement in the higher forms as an occasional reader. But is it wise to tell a boy, whose literary opinions are not based on knowledge, that no comedies since "She Stoops to Conquer" and the "School for Scandal" have come up to their level?

Problems in Education. By W. H. Winch. (Swan Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.)

MUCH of this book is spoiled by careless writing and incoherent thinking. Again and again grammar or sense is conspicuously absent. On p. 17 we read: "The solid individual becomes dissolved in a network of relations." Mixed metaphors and hazardous grammar may pass; but the sense is surely important in a book the aim of which is to dethrone some educational theories. For instance, what meaning does the author expect a hard-worked and imperfectly educated teacher to get out of the statement: "Allied with this is some form of naturalistic ethics, often a very imperfectly conceived utilitarian one, so imperfectly that impulse is deified, and the immediate pleasure-giving power of any course of action or instruction is held to be sufficient justification"? What is the teacher whom he desires to interest in education to understand by an imperfectly conceived utilitarian form of naturalistic ethics? The book should be re-written, otherwise Mr. Winch's colleagues will never find the pearl hidden presumably in the great heap of his learning. Were the book simplified, and terms like "atomism" and "individualism" defined, Mr. Winch would at least discover whether at the back of his involved and jerky English there was any thought at all which would help his readers to see that education is based upon a discredited philosophy. Anyway, unless as an exercise in paraphrasing, the book is without value, and will certainly fail of its object.

Secondary Teaching. (Manuals of Employment for Educated Women.) By Christabel Osborn and Florence B. Low. With an Introduction by Miss E. P. Hughes. (Scott. 1s.)

THIS is the first volume of a series intended for educated women who are on the look-out for employment. The information contained in these eighty-two pages supplies all the necessary external facts as to the calling—its money value, the leisure and fame it offers, the field of work and how to train for it, its mental and physical strain. The answers to the more vital questions will come only with the knowledge born of experience. We would suggest, in case of doubt, that a trial be made; the step is not irrevocable, and escape in the early stages is easy. Miss Hughes's introduction will, we fear, terrify many a quiet girl; no good can come of impressing upon the candidate, already probably too serious from her severe studies, the high responsibility of teaching. No profession should be entered upon lightly, but there is a cant of "over seriousness" which, unfortunately, high academic distinction too often fosters.

Macaulay's Essay on Pitt. Edited by C. J. Battersby. (Blackie. 2s.)

THE text has been edited on a plan now very familiar, that is, the text is sandwiched between a life of the author, an essay on Macaulay's style and his estimate of Pitt and notes. Why will not editors of English classics allow students to find out for themselves the style of the writer they are beginning to read? What encouragement is there to begin at all after learning that Macaulay is a master of "resonant commonplace"?—a criticism quoted by the editor.

THE PICTURE SHAKESPEARE.—As You Like It. (Blackie 1s.)

THE text of this play has been expurgated for class use; as its title suggests, it is illustrated; it contains notes and a short introduction.

King Henry V. Edited by A. W. Verity. (Cambridge: University Press. 1s. 6d.)

As Mr. Verity has edited already some eight or nine plays of Shakespeare for this series, the reader must be content with the information that the introduction, notes, and illustrations from Holinshed, &c., bulk larger by sixty pages than the text itself. It is not the editor's fault if the schoolboy's knowledge of Shakespeare is not exhaustive.

ARE YOU READING
RUDYARD KIPLING'S
GREAT STORY,
"KIM,"
NOW COMMENCING IN
CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

For January, price 6d?

Tens of Thousands of New Readers of this world-famous Magazine are enjoying this splendid literary treat of the New Century.

"Kim" opens magnificently."

The Daily Express.

"The biggest attraction, no doubt, to the reading world in general will be the story by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, entitled 'Kim.'"

The Queen.

"The instalment closes with an exciting scene of espionage."—*The Literary World.*

"'Kim' is likely to prove the most characteristic and striking work of the very versatile writer. The illustrations, which are the production of the author's father, are unique and artistic."—*The Liverpool Mercury.*

An Unrivalled Gallery of Historical Works of Art,

IN WEEKLY PARTS, PRICE 6d. PART I READY JANUARY 23.

THE CENTURY EDITION OF
CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND

A SERIES OF
SUPERB COLOURED PLATES

Has been specially prepared for this edition, consisting of reproductions executed in the best style of modern colour printing, of painting, by leading artists representing the great events in the history of the English people.

The CENTURY EDITION will be brought down to the beginning of the 20th century, will be printed on superior paper, and contain nearly 2,000 original illustrations.

PART 2 READY FEB. 6, and Weekly thereafter.
CASSELL & COMPANY LIMITED, London; and all Booksellers.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST DICTIONARIES
IN EXISTENCE.

CASSELL'S FRENCH DICTIONARY.

595th Thousand. 1,150 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

CASSELL'S GERMAN DICTIONARY.

257th Thousand. 1,120 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

CASSELL'S LATIN DICTIONARY.

122nd Thousand. 927 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

CASSELL'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

1,100 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

Cassell's Educational Catalogue will be sent post free on application.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,
London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne.

SMITH, ELDER & CO'S LIST.

STUDENTS' EDITION OF SIDNEY LEE'S "LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE."

With a Photogravure Plate and 4 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Shakespeare's Life and Work:

Being an Abridgment chiefly for the Use of Students of "A Life of William Shakespeare." By SIDNEY LEE, Editor of "The Dictionary of National Biography"; Honorary Doctor of Letters in the Victoria University.

* Also the FOURTH ORDINARY EDITION of "A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE," with two Portraits of Shakespeare, a Portrait of the Earl of Southampton, and facsimiles of Shakespeare's known signatures, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.; and the ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION, in 1 vol., medium 8vo, profusely illustrated with Photogravures, Topographical Views, &c. 16s.

Daily News.—"Mr. Lee's little volume can be most confidently recommended, not only to students, but to all who wish to have at hand a thoroughly trustworthy work of reference."

British Weekly.—"No abridgment was ever better managed than this.... Nothing important even in the notes is omitted.... Was ever so valuable a re-issue published at so small a price as this?"

INTRODUCTION to the STUDY of the RENAISSANCE. By Mrs. LILIAN F. FIELD. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Daily Chronicle.—"A thoroughly creditable piece of work, sufficiently concise for educational purposes, and likely at the same time to be acceptable to a reader of literary taste."

A SIMPLE GRAMMAR of ENGLISH

NOW IN USE. By JOHN EARLE, M.A., Rector of Swanwick; Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford; Author of "English Prose: its Elements, History, and Usage," "The Philology of the English Tongue," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Guardian.—"Cannot fail to help anyone who reads it attentively, to think, and speak, and write with accuracy and precision.... We should like to see the 'Simple Grammar' in the hands of every educated man and woman."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

ENGLISH PROSE: its Elements, History, and Usage. 8vo, 16s.

WORKS BY THE LATE PROFESSOR JOHN MARSHALL, F.R.S., F.R.C.S.

A DESCRIPTION of the HUMAN

BODY: its Structure and Functions. Illustrated by reduced copies of the Author's "Physiological Diagrams," to which series this is a companion work. Designed for the use of Teachers in Schools, and of Young Men destined for the Medical Profession, and for Popular Instruction generally. By the late JOHN MARSHALL, F.R.S., F.R.C.S.

The work contains 200 quarto pages of Text, bound in cloth, and 240 Coloured Illustrations arranged in 11 Folio Plates, measuring 15 inches by 7½, in a limp cover. Price of the Quarto Volume and Small Folio Atlas, 12s. 6d.

PREPARED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

PHYSIOLOGICAL DIAGRAMMS:

Extended and Revised by the Author. 11 Diagrams life-size, each on paper 7½ by 3½, 9 in., coloured in facsimile of the originals. Price 12s. 6d. each sheet; or mounted on canvas, with rollers, and varnished £1 1s. each. Explanatory Key, 16 pages, 8vo, price 1s.

1. The Skeleton and Ligaments. 2. The Muscles and Joints, with Animal Mechanics. 3. The Viscera in Position; the Structure of the Lungs. 4. The Heart and Principal Blood-vessels. 5. Lymphatics or Absorbents. 6. The Digestive Organs. 7. The Brain and Nerves. 8. The Organs of the Senses—Plate I. 9. Ditto—Plate II. 10. The Microscopic Structure of the Textures and Organs—Plate I. 11. Ditto—Plate II. 12. Diagrams Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 6, are specially adapted for use in Pupil Teachers' Centres and Certificate Classes as aids in the instruction of DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & CO. will be happy to forward an Illustrated Prospectus of the Diagrams post-free on application.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO.,
15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

BLACKIE & SON'S NEW EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

BLACKIE'S

ILLUSTRATED LATIN SERIES.

General Editor—Prof. R. Y. TYRRELL, Litt.D., Examiner to the Universities of London and Glasgow, &c.

NEW VOLUMES.

The Volumes are published with or without Vocabularies.

Caesar—Gallic War. Books I. and V. Edited by Prof. JOHN BROWN. 1s. 6d. each. [Book I. in January.]

Livy—Book I. Edited by Prof. JOHN BROWN. 2s. 6d. [In January.]

Livy—Book XXI. Edited by G. G. LOANE, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Sallust—The Catiline Conspiracy. Edited by the Rev. W. A. STONE, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Virgil—Aeneid VI. Edited by H. B. COTTERILL, M.A. 1s. 6d. [In January.]

Virgil—Aeneid II. and III. Edited by Prof. SANDFORD, M.A. 1s. 6d. each. [Book II. in January.]

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.

A Primer of French Literature. By Prof. WEEKLEY, M.A., University College, Nottingham. 2s. 6d.

Parlons Francais. A New Course of Conversational and Idiomatic French. By F. JULIEN, French Master at King Edward VI.'s Grammar School, Birmingham. 2s. 6d.

French Weekly Tests. Providing a Test Paper in French for each Week of the School Year. Compiled by EMILE B. LE FRANCOIS. 4d.

French Commercial Correspondence By Easy Stages. By ALFRED STARCK, formerly Modern Language Master, Honiton Grammar School. 1s. 6d.

German Commercial Correspondence. For Initiatory and Intermediate Classes or Private Use. By ALFRED OSWALD, Lecturer in German at the Athenaeum Commercial College, Glasgow. 2s.

NEW ILLUSTRATED SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE.

Blackie's Picture Shakespeare.

Under the above title Messrs. Blackie & Son are about to issue an Illustrated Edition of Shakespeare's Plays in single volumes suitable mainly for Schools and the home circle. Each volume will be provided with a brief Introduction and Explanatory Notes, and will contain a Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Black-and-White Illustrations. The Plays are issued in a prettily designed cloth cover at the uniform price of 1s. per volume.

The Series is adapted for University Local and College of Preceptors' Examinations. The volumes now ready are—

As You Like It. | Julius Caesar.
Others are in preparation.

NEW GEOGRAPHIES.

A Brief Introduction to the Commercial Geography of the World. By the Rev. FREDERICK SMITH. With Coloured Maps. 1s. 6d.

The Continental Geography Readers

Each book is provided with an up-to-date synopsis of the geography, illustrated with numerous Coloured Maps. The Reading Lessons are plentifully illustrated with Sketch Maps. The lessons are couched in simple but picturesque language; breadth of treatment rather than minuteness of detail has been aimed at. Price 1s. each volume.

Africa. With Sketch Maps, 16 Coloured Maps.
Europe. With Sketch Maps, 16 Coloured Maps.
Asia. With Sketch Maps, 16 Coloured Maps.
America, Australasia, in preparation.

London: BLACKIE & SON, LTD, Old Baile

The Junior Temple Reader. By C. L. Thomson and E. E. Speight. (Marshall. 1s. 6d. net.)

Few will dispute that this collection of heroic and fairy lore is far and away better than any junior reader of the same type in school use. When *The Temple Reader*—for use in higher forms—was published, it was commended by critics and schoolmasters everywhere; that book had, however, one signal defect—a defect which, curiously enough, passed unnoticed—the “pieces” selected were both ridiculously short and broke off very frequently when the interest was quickening to delight. *The Junior Reader* avoids this shock to a child’s nervous system. Each story is fairly long, and always complete. The illustrations—some fifty in number—are various in style.

Essays from De Quincey. Edited by J. H. Fowler. (Black.)

THE essays selected are: “The English Mail Coach,” “Joan of Arc,” “Infant Literature,” “Memories of Grasmere,” “Note on the Knocking at the Gate.” De Quincey is not often read in schools, and these essays will give many a sixth form boy a feeling for form as he watches in imagination the wonderful verbal pageant pass before him.

CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.—*Daniel.* By Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. (University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

AN introduction of 106 pages, foot-notes on each page which run up three-quarters of it, will give some idea of the thoroughness with which Dr. Driver has edited his text. Dr. Driver discusses very fully the Authorship and Date, and gives reasons for thinking that the book was composed about 168 B.C., and that accordingly Daniel did not write it.

Carlyle’s Essay on Burns. Edited by John Downie. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

IT gives us a shock to see Carlyle annotated; but reflection bids us take heart again, for we need not read the notes and introduction unless we like. The fear is that some will read these in preference to the text, and stand amazed, like the examinee who had to confess, on being asked to repeat the first sentence in Bacon’s *Essay on Marriage*, that he had only read the explanations at the end. Mr. Downie has commented on every allusion, and there is no reason why the illusion should pale with increase of understanding.

GEOGRAPHY READERS.—*Asia and Africa.* (Blackie. 1s. each.)

THESE “geography” readers are a compromise between the “reader” exclusively general, and the ordinary regulation geography book which is made up entirely of “name-lists.” The sketch-maps scattered up and down the text will add to the interest of the reading. The Synopsis need not be studied.

The Sovereign Reader. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

THIS reader is made up of scenes from the life and reign of Queen Victoria. The present edition has accounts of the Sudan War and the Conquest of the Transvaal.

A Brief Introduction to Commercial Geography. By Rev. F. Smith. (Blackie.)

THERE can be no question that the youth who reads carefully through this book will learn a great deal about trade and commerce; but since the author intends it merely as an introduction, and a brief one at that, it is a pity that it does not stimulate an interest inductively. Everything is told, and the mental reaction of the learner is apparently entirely ignored.

Macaulay’s Warren Hastings. Edited by John Downie. (Blackie. 2s.)

IT has been said that Macaulay’s claim to fame partly rests on the fact that he was to many readers the first writer who interested them in things of the mind. It is also true that few writers are more allusive. Mr. Downie supplements the text with a Life of Macaulay, a synopsis and criticism of the essay, a short bibliography, and full notes.

Greek and Latin.

Homer: Odyssey. Book VI. By E. E. Sikes. (Blackwood. 1s. 6d.)

MR. SIKES considers that in the whole range of literature there is, perhaps, nothing simpler and nobler than the picture of Nausicaa. However that may be—and there are many

claimants for this honour—no pains have been spared to make the pupil’s introduction to the graceful story of Odysseus and Nausicaa a memorable moment. Fine scholarship, carefully selected illustrations, a short Homeric grammar, a little talk on Homer’s folk-lore and on the rise of Greek epic and characteristics of the poem, notes, and good print and paper combine to make plain the rough places of a very difficult language. The schoolboy is to be envied who has such an Ariadne to help him thread the maze of Greek. If the price of this series is considered, we know not where to look for its equal.

The Anabasis of Xenophon. Book VI. By G. M. Edwards. (Cambridge: University Press. 1s. 6d.)

THE plan followed in this book is the same as Mr. Edwards’s editions of Books II., III., IV., and V. of the *Anabasis*. We suppose schoolboys will go on reading this most arid book to all time, and it is well, therefore, that they should have all the help which scholarship can give. Of this series for schools and training colleges, we may say as Æneas to Dido, “From one learn all.”

Ovid: Metamorphoses (Selections). By J. H. Vince. (Blackwood. 1s. 6d.)

WE agree with the editor that it is desirable that schoolboys should know something of the current teaching on mythology and folklore. Mr. Vince, very appropriately, devotes some twelve pages to metamorphic mythology and magic in classical literature. The frontispiece, “Medea Boiling the Ram,” from an amphora, is a very effective illustration, as is also the one on p. 6, “Herakles Wrestling with Triton.” On the whole the notes are satisfactory, though occasionally too learned.

Cæsar: Gallic War. Book VII. E. S. Shuckburgh. (Cambridge: University Press. 1s. 6d.)

THIS series for schools and training colleges is now very familiar. All information, whether useful or interesting, which the editor’s long experience in editing classical texts has taught him that the pupils will ask for, has been given in the notes.

Georgics of Virgil. Book I. S. E. Winbolt. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

So long as workmanship is considered in art as well as the matter of it, so long will Virgil hold an assured place in the affections and admiration of men. No doubt the beautiful lines beginning:

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,

contain little positive thinking; but they fascinate, and we find the combination of music and images strong enough to produce an emotional response which runs up and down the memories of hours spent in nature’s “quiet seats.” It is the same with Tennyson’s lines:

The island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow;
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow’d happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown’d with summer sea.

Here the music is so powerful that it bears down our science. No better example of perfect workmanship can be found than in the *Georgics*, and the editor of this book endeavours to make the pupil feel this. The illustrations, too, are suggestive of simple and quiet country life. As editing, for a school-book its standard is unusually high.

The Æneid of Virgil. Book III. By P. Sandford. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

IN addition to the usual explanation of the subject-matter of the book, Mr. Sandford has written a delightful essay on Virgil’s style; interesting notes on the metre and illustrations; and, as if this was not enough, he has increased the value of the book by a selection of translations of some of the unforgettable passages. We heartily commend this attractive textbook to the notice of teachers.

Cæsar: The Gallic War. By J. Brown. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

THIS is a revised and more fully illustrated edition of the first, published seven years ago. The notable features of the book are an account of Roman books and book-making, and a rather full notice, for a school-book, of the constitution of the army in Cæsar’s time.

A Second Latin Reader. By G. B. and A. Gardiner. (Arnold. 1s. 6d.)

THE authors have aimed at making their series, not only instructive, but also interesting and attractive to young people. If the book is used with a classical dictionary, and if the pupil has some knowledge of the history of Rome and Greece, he will get much pleasure out of the book.

The Fourth-Form Latin Prose Book. By E. C. Cumberbatch. (Longmans.)

A COLLECTION of English sentences for turning into Latin, followed by a prose memoranda and English-Latin dictionary.

French.

French Lessons in French. By F. P. de Champtasoin. (Cassell. 2s.)

NOW that examinees are, by command, to be allowed certain *tolérances* in accident, more and more will there be a tendency to teach French in French. If the subject-matter of the lessons is also made interesting, and a mental exercise as well as a merely "imitative" one, the difficulty of modern language teaching will be solved. So far, however, the reformers lay stress on imitation and neglect the intelligence. Our single criticism of M. de Champtasoin's book is that it is tiresome to read. The author might reply very fairly: "So it ought to be."

Le Songe d'Or, and Other Stories. By Ernest Weekley. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

THE notes to this collection of five short stories are in French, the idea being that the boy who is plucky enough to read in "notes" will not be deterred from doing so because they are written in the language he is learning. At the end of the book there are exercises in the subjunctive and in the inversion of "que" to save the learner from the pitfall in such sentences as "L'Épée que brandissait le capitaine."

Le Chien du Capitaine. Louis Énault. Edited by Margaret De G. Verrall. (Pitt Press. 2s.)

THE new feature of this volume is a classification of the uses of the subjunctive, all the examples of which are taken from the text itself. There are notes and a vocabulary, but no introduction. The narrative is very simple, and suitable for junior forms.

French. "Self-Educator" Series. John Adams. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)

THE aim of this series is to help the isolated student. Although the book is neither interesting nor original in plan, it will undoubtedly serve the needs of some learners who do not mind the grind.

Le Coup de Pistolet. Mérimée. Edited by J. E. Michell. (Blackie. 1s.)

AN exciting romance of the kind boys delight in. Whether a teacher should go out of his way to find for his pupils what unaided they will find for themselves in abundance is a question which does not concern us here. The book contains both vocabulary and brief notes.

Science.

Biology.

A Treatise on Zoology. Edited by Prof. E. Ray Lankester. Part II.: The Porifera and Coelentera. Part III.: The Echinodermata. (Black.)

Text-Book of Zoology. By Dr. Otto Schmeil. Translated from the German by Rudolf Rosenstock. Edited by J. T. Cunningham. Part III.: Invertebrates. (Black.)

Problems of Evolution. By F. W. Headley. (Duckworth.)

THE ten parts of the treatise on zoology edited by Prof. Lankester are to be prepared, as far as possible, by graduates of the University of Oxford. Hence we may be permitted to regard the work as a friendly rival of the *Cambridge Natural History*, which has been in course of publication for several years. The work is not for the reader who considers the materials for the study of zoology to be represented by the

collection of animals living in the Zoological Gardens, but for the serious student of animal morphology. Taking the two volumes already published as an earnest of the value of those to come, it may be said at once that the treatise will be a credit to British zoology, and will find a permanent place on the bookshelves of every museum and educational institution where the systematic study of the animal kingdom is carried on. To our mind, the characteristics which distinguish the work from others of much the same type—though there is nothing exactly like it—are the careful consideration given to fossil forms; the comprehensive treatment of systematic zoology; and the concise but instructive way in which the student is led, by text and illustration, to appreciate all the structural facts of value in determining organic relationships and affinities.

In the second part, the sponges are dealt with by Prof. Minchin, his contribution occupying more than one-half of the book, and being the best account of this group that has yet appeared in an English text-book. The jelly-fishes, sea-anemones, corals, and other organisms of the same rank, are described by Drs. Bourne and Fowler. The authors of the third part, Prof. J. W. Gregory, Mr. Goodrich, and Dr. Bather, deal with such animals as the sea-urchin, star-fish, brittle-star, sea-cucumber, sea-lily, and feather-star. As each volume is complete in itself, the order and rate of publication are perhaps not of much importance; nevertheless, we hope that the remaining volumes of the treatise will soon be available.

Dr. Schmeil's work is altogether different in character from the one for which Prof. Lankester is responsible. It is a more or less popular account of animal life from the point of view of the outdoor naturalist, the volume under notice dealing with animals like insects, spiders, snails, star-fishes, jelly-fishes, and sponges, destitute of a backbone. The book should be useful to teachers of nature-study on account of the facts it contains. It was scarcely worth while, however, to go to Germany for a work of this kind, and Mr. Cunningham could have improved it by the free use of editorial functions.

In the opinion of the Lamarckians: "The giraffe's neck grew long from constant straining upward; from constant use the elephant's trunk became a long and perfect grasping implement; much desert walking made the camel's foot what it is; in each generation there was an increment due to exercise, and this increment was handed down to the offspring." The Neo-Lamarckians accept this view with slight modifications.

Mr. Headley shows, in his thoughtful and thorough contribution to the literature of evolution, that Lamarck's theory has no basis in fact, and offers no satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of animated nature. He describes the position of the Neo-Darwinian—the follower of Weismann—and explains how Nature acts as a breeder, selecting for survival animals having variations of structure most suitable for existence in a particular environment. On this principle, no characteristics developed by exercise are inherited—the son of a blacksmith does not inherit his father's strength of arm, and a clever pianist does not transmit to his child the dexterity of finger acquired by him by long practice. Case upon case of this kind have been disposed of by Weismann, Wallace, and other Darwinians; and Mr. Headley adds his testimony to the same side of the scale. He goes even further, for he shows in the second part of his volume how the principles which have brought about the evolution of plants and animals other than man can be used to account for the main facts of human evolution. The book, while scientific in fact and method, can be followed with intelligence by anyone having a nodding acquaintance with natural history; and as a means of bringing the reader into the stream of thought and discussion concerning the causes which have produced the living world, it is admirable.

Rocks and Fossils.

Studies in Fossil Botany. By Dr. D. H. Scott. (Black.)

Geology. By Prof. T. G. Bonney. (S.P.C.K.)

An Elementary Text-book of Coal Mining. By Robert Peel. (Blackie.)

PLANTS, like animals, have left their records in the rocks; and though these fossil remains are by no means evenly distributed through the series of strata, it is possible to determine by them the relative dates of botanical history. Our coal-seams have provided numerous specimens of this kind; and is, in fact, richer than any other formation in the flora of the past. A

2 NEW BOOKS FOR TEACHERS

To meet the requirements of the Board of Education.

Crown 4to, 5s.

AMBIDEXTROUS AND FREE-ARM BLACKBOARD DRAWING AND DESIGN.

By F. F. LYDON,
Art Master, Parmiter's
School, People's Palace
School of Art, and Tot-
tenham Training College.

This work, in addition to a fully illustrated description of the forty-eight graduated plates, which are designed as a progressive course in free-arm drawing and design, gives numerous photographic blocks and diagrams illustrative of the method of work described, and of the best ways to fit up the class-room for the study of this subject. The letterpress shows how the subject may be inexpensively introduced into any school, and made an accessory to the ordinary drawing lesson.

Crown 4to, 3s. 6d. net.

MODEL AND BLACKBOARD DRAWING.

By F. F. LYDON.

The book consists of 44 Plates, which divide themselves into three classes, dealing respectively with the geometric models proper, common objects based on them, and black-board exercises, treated boldly, and reproduced white on black. There are 52 pages of descriptive letterpress, in which the usual difficulties of the student are fully dealt with.

NEW METHODS IN EDUCATION. ART—REAL

MANUAL TRAINING—NATURE STUDY. Explaining processes whereby Hand, Eye, and Mind are educated by means that conserve vitality and develop a union of thought and action. By J. LIBERTY TADD.

With 478 Pictures

and

44 Full-Page Plates

showing children and teachers practising these new methods or their work. A revelation to all interested in developing the wonderful capabilities of young or old, inspiring it with a desire to do likewise. Teachers and parents at once become enthusiastic and delighted over the Tadd methods, which the book enables them to put into practice. Size 7½ x 10½ inches. 456 pages, fine plate paper, bound in cloth boards. 1 vol., imp. 8vo, 14s. net. Prospectus free.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

JUST PUBLISHED.

An Introduction to Modern Scientific Chemistry.

In the Form of Popular Lectures suited for University Extension Students and General Readers.

By Dr. LASSAR-COHN, Professor in the University of Königsberg, Author of "Chemistry in Daily Life," "A Laboratory Manual of Organic Chemistry," and Hon. Member of the Society of Biological Chemistry, London. Translated from the Second German Edition by M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. With 58 Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Chemistry in Daily Life.

Twelve Popular Lectures by Dr. LASSAR-COHN, Professor of Chemistry in the University, Königsberg. Translated into English by M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A. With 21 Illustrations. Second Edition, Revised and Augmented. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

The Elements of Electro-Chemistry Treated Experimentally.

By Dr. ROBERT LÜPKE, Head Master of the Municipal Dorothea Real Gymnasium, and Lecturer in the Imperial School of Post and Telegraphs, Berlin. With 54 Figures in the Text. Translated from the Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged, by M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

H. GREVEL & CO.,

33, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

large part of Dr. Scott's work is, therefore, devoted to the plant-remains of the Carboniferous period. All the plants investigated belong to two vegetable sub-kingdoms, namely, the Pteridophytes and the Gymnosperms, and possess clearly-marked characteristics. The former group comprises the Ferns, Horsetails, and Club-mosses, and the latter contains the Conifers and Cycads. The common Horsetail, which may be found in fields and waste places in the spring and summer, is a living representative of a once very extensive family having similar characteristics. There are only about twenty-five surviving species of the genus to which it belongs; but fossil botany provides details concerning many others, and reveals the affinities between them. So with other plants—and especially with those belonging to the two divisions examined by Dr. Scott—the study of ancient forms is essential to the understanding of their mutual relationships. It would scarcely be possible to trace the connexion more clearly, consistent with scientific accuracy, than Dr. Scott has done. His book will be at once accepted by men of science as an authoritative statement of the facts and inferences of fossil botany. The illustrations are remarkably fine, and are not the least attractive characteristic of a very valuable volume.

A general acquaintance with plant structures, and a knowledge of the rudiments of geology—such, for instance, as can be obtained from Prof. Bonney's primer—is the only mental equipment required to comprehend Dr. Scott's work. The primer was originally published a quarter of a century ago, when orthodox Christians regarded the teachings of geology with alarm, and refused to believe the evidence of evolution imprinted upon the rocks. Prof. Bonney has made a number of corrections and additions to bring the book into line with the present state of knowledge; but the fact that the general arrangement and method of treatment remain the same reminds us that credit is due to him for the share he has taken in the emancipation of science.

Mr. Peel's book provides the student of coal-mining with elementary information which will prove of interest and service. We notice incorrect points here and there. Fossils are not merely remains of organisms—the name is also used to designate footprints, tracks, and casts; the section across the Jura Mountains (Fig. 9) is a misrepresentation of fact; the dyke of igneous rock (Fig. 22) looks more like a stack of drain-pipes than actual rock; the particulars as to accidents in mines ought to have been obtained from Prof. Le Neve Foster's latest report, instead of the report for the year 1891.

Chemistry and Hygiene.

Modern Chemistry. 2 vols. By Prof. W. Ramsay. (Dent.)

Progressive Course of Chemistry. By Telford Varley. (Black.)

The Science of Hygiene. By Dr. W. C. C. Pakes. (Methuen.)

PROF. RAMSAY'S two volumes belong to the excellent series of "Temple" primers. The first is concerned with theoretical, and the second with systematic chemistry. It is scarcely necessary to say that the facts and phenomena of chemical science are described in a masterly manner, but taking the accuracy and abundance of information for granted, it is difficult to understand for whom the primers are intended. Certainly not for general readers; and elementary students of chemistry will find the descriptions difficult to follow in places. Notwithstanding this, the primers should be largely used as supplementary to the text-book of the ordinary type, such, for instance, as that by Mr. Varley. There is nothing particularly novel in this volume, which contains a course of work for junior classes. But we cannot have too many books of this type, for they all assist in making chemistry a means of developing common sense. The numerous experiments suitable for performance by individual students are worthy of note.

Laboratory practice is an essential part of the study of any concrete science, but, curiously enough, no single book other than that by Dr. Pakes, dealing with the practical work required from the candidate for the diploma of Public Health, has been published. The five parts are respectively concerned with bacteriology, microscopy, chemistry, physics, and vital statistics. The inevitable result of this wide range is that in places the statements made are more of the nature of notes than explanatory descriptions; nevertheless, the book is full of useful hints and will doubtless be appreciated by teachers and students of hygiene and domestic science.

MESSRS. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS' NEW EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

Catalogues forwarded post-free on application.

BLACKWOODS' ILLUSTRATED CLASSICAL TEXTS.

General Editor—H. W. AUDEN, M.A.,

Assistant Master at Fettes College.

NOW READY.

CÆSAR.—GALLIC WAR. Books IV, V. By ST. J. B. WYNNE WILLSON, M.A., Rugby. With or without Vocabulary. 1s. 6d. Vocabulary separately, 3d.

VIRGIL.—GEORGICS. Book IV. By J. SARGEAUNT, M.A., Westminster. 1s. 6d.

CICERO.—IN CATILINAM. Books I.—IV. By H. W. AUDEN, M.A., Fettes College. 1s. 6d.

OVID.—METAMORPHOSES (Selections). By J. H. VINCE, M.A., Bradford. 1s. 6d.

DEMOSTHENES.—OLYNTIACS I.—III. By H. SHARPLEY, M.A., Hereford. 1s. 6d.

HOMER.—ODYSSEY. Book VI. By E. E. SIKES, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge. 1s. 6d.

XENOPHON.—ANABASIS. Books I, II. By A. JAGGER, B.A., Hymer's College, Hull. 1s. 6d.

* * Other Volumes to follow.

BLACKWOODS' ENGLISH CLASSICS.

General Editor—J. H. LOBBAN, M.A.,

Formerly Examiner in English in the University of Aberdeen.

With Frontispieces, in fcap. 8vo volumes, cloth.

MACAULAY.—LIFE of JOHNSON. By D. NICHOL SMITH, M.A. 1s. 6d.

GOLDSMITH.—TRAVELLER, DESERTED VILLAGE, and OTHER POEMS. By J. H. LOBBAN, M.A. 1s. 6d.

SCOTT.—LADY of the LAKE. By W. E. W. COLLINS, M.A. 1s. 6d.

MILTON.—PARADISE LOST. Books I.—IV. By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON, M.A. 2s. 6d.

COWPER.—THE TASK, and MINOR POEMS. By ELIZABETH LEE. 2s. 6d.

JOHNSON.—LIVES of MILTON and ADDISON. By Professor J. W. DUFF, M.A. 2s. 6d.

CARLYLE.—ESSAY on BURNS. By John DOWDIE, M.A. 2s. 6d.

POPE.—SELECT POEMS. By G. Soutar, Litt.D. [Shortly.]

HAZLITT.—ESSAYS on POETRY. By D. NICHOL SMITH, M.A. [Shortly.]

* * Other Volumes to follow.

BLACKWOODS' SIMPLEX CIVIL SERVICE COPY BOOKS.

By JOHN T. PEARCE, B.A., Leith Academy. Price 2d. each.

CONTENTS OF THE SERIES.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| No. 1. Elements, Short Letters, Words. | No. 5. Half-Text, Sentences, Figures. |
| " 2. Long Letters, Easy Words. | " 6. Intermediate, Transcription, &c. |
| " 3. Capitals, Half-Line Words. | " 7. Small Hand, Double Ruling. |
| " 4. Text, Double Ruling, Sentences. | " 8. Small Hand, Single Ruling. |

The Headlines are graduated, up to date, and attractive.

SEND FOR SAMPLE HEADLINES.

THE UNIVERSAL WRITING BOOKS

have been designed to accompany the above Series, and teachers will find it advantageous to use them as Dictation copies, because by them the learner is kept continually writing at the correct slope, &c.

No. 1 is adapted for Lower Classes. No. 2 for Higher Classes.

Price 2d. each.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45, George Street, Edinburgh; and 37, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

BLACKWOODS' LITERATURE READERS.

Edited by JOHN ADAMS, M.A., B.Sc., F.C.P.,
Rector of the Free Church Training College, Glasgow.

Book I., 1s.—Book II., 1s. 4d.—Book III., 1s. 6d.—Book IV., 1s. 6d.

BLACKWOODS' SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE.

Edited by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

Each Play complete, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. In crown 8vo volumes, stiff paper covers, 1s., cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Merchant of Venice. [Ready.] **The Tempest.** [Ready.]
Richard II. [Ready.] **As You Like It.** [Ready.]
Julius Cæsar. [Ready.] **Macbeth.** [Immediately.]

* * Others in preparation.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

History of English Literature. By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON, M.A. 3s.

Outlines of English Literature. By Same Author. 1s. 6d.

English Verse for Junior Classes. By Same Author. Part I., Chaucer to Coleridge. Part II., Nineteenth Century Poets. 1s. 6d. net each.

English Prose for Junior and Senior Classes. By Same Author. Part I., Malory to Johnson. Part II., Nineteenth Century Writers. 2s. 6d. each.

English Drama. By Same Author. 2s. 6d.

Stormonth's Handy School Dictionary. New Edition. 1s.

One Hundred Stories for Composition. In Alternative Versions. 1s. 3d.

Elementary Grammar and Composition. 1s.

LATIN AND GREEK.

Higher Latin Unseens. By H. W. AUDEN, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Higher Latin Prose. By H. W. AUDEN, M.A. 2s. 6d.
* * Key, 6s. net.

Lower Latin Prose. New and Enlarged Edition. By K. P. WILSON, M.A. * * Key, 6s. net.

Lower Latin Unseens. By W. LOBBAN, M.A. 2s.

First Latin Sentences and Prose. By K. P. WILSON, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Tales of Ancient Thessaly. By J. W. E. PEARCE, M.A. 1s.

Higher Greek Unseens. By H. W. AUDEN, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Higher Greek Prose. By H. W. AUDEN, M.A. 2s. 6d.
* * Key, 6s. net.

Greek Prose Phrase Book. By H. W. AUDEN, M.A. Interleaved, 3s. 6d.

Greek Test Papers. By JAMES MOIR, Litt.D., LL.D. 2s. 6d. * * Key, 6s. net.

Lower Greek Prose. By K. P. WILSON, M.A. 2s. 6d.
* * Key, 6s. net.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

The Tutorial Handbook of French Composition. By ALFRED MERCIER, L. ès L., Lecturer, University of St. Andrews. 3s. 6d.

The Children's Guide to the French Language. By ANNIE G. FERRIER. 1s.

Progressive German Composition. With Copious Notes and Idioms, and First Introduction to German Philology. By LOUIS LUBOVICUS. 3s. 6d. Also in Two Parts: Composition. 2s. 6d.—Philology. 1s. 6d. * * Key to Composition, 5s. net.

Lower Grade German. By the Same Author. 2s. 6d.

A Compendious German Reader. By G. B. BEAK, M.A., Oxon.; Modern Language Master at the King's School, Bruton. 2s. 6d.

Arithmetic. With Numerous Examples, Revision Tests, and Examination Papers. By A. VEITCH LOTHIAN, M.A., B.Sc. With Answers. 3s. 6d.

Modern Geometry of the Point, Straight Line, and Circle. An Elementary Treatise. By J. A. THIRD, M.A. 3s.

A Spanish Grammar. With Copious Exercises in Translation and Composition; easy Reading Lessons and Extracts from Spanish Authors; a List of Idioms; a Glossary of Commercial Terms (English-Spanish), and a Copious General Vocabulary (Spanish-English). By WILLIAM A. KESSEN. 3s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

NEW EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

PITT PRESS SHAKESPEARE FOR SCHOOLS.—New Volume.

Subject for Cambridge Local Examinations, December, 1901.

KING HENRY V. With Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Index by A. W. VERITY, M.A., sometime Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1s. 6d.
Guardian.—"The school edition."

THE CAMBRIDGE SERIES FOR SCHOOLS AND TRAINING COLLEGES.

General Editor—W. H. WOODWARD, of Christ Church, Oxford, Principal of University (Day) Training College, Liverpool, and Professor of Education in Victoria University.

NEW VOLUMES.

OUTLINES of the HISTORY of the English Language. By T. N. TOLLER, late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; Professor of English in the Owens College, Manchester. Crown 8vo, 4s.

For Cambridge Local Examinations, 1901.

XENOPHON.—ANABASIS. Book VI. Edited (with Notes and Vocabulary) by G. M. EDWARDS, M.A. 1s. 6d.

CAESAR.—DE BELLO GALLICO. Book VII. Edited (with Notes and Vocabulary) by E. S. SHUCKBURGH, M.A. 1s. 6d.

For Queen's Scholarship Examination, December 1901.

To be published early in the present year.

THE OUTLINES of the GROWTH of the BRITISH EMPIRE. By Professor WOODWARD, of University College, Liverpool. Based upon the same Author's "History of the Expansion of the British Empire." This has been prepared specially in view of the needs of Candidates for Queen's Scholarships. With Maps and Tables. 1s. 6d. net.

CAMBRIDGE SCIENCE PRIMERS.

A PRIMER of ASTRONOMY. By Sir Robert Ball

F.R.S., Lowndean Professor in the University of Cambridge. With 11 Full-page Plates and Illustrations in the Text. Foolscap 8vo, 1s. 6d. net

PITT PRESS SERIES.—NEW VOLUMES.

A KEY to WEST'S ELEMENTS of ENGLISH

GRAMMAR. By A. S. WEST, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

[Nearly ready.]

Subject for Cambridge Higher Local Examination, 1901.

BACON.—THE NEW ATLANTIS. Edited by

G. C. M. SMITH, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Subject for London Matriculation, June, 1901.

SALLUST.—CATILINE. Edited by W. C. Summers, M.A. 2s.

Subject for Queen's Scholarship Examination, 1901.

CORNELIUS NEPOS.—MILTIADES, EPAMINONDAS. (With Complete Vocabulary.) By E. S. SHUCKBURGH, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Subjects for Cambridge Local Examinations, 1901.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Part I. Edited by J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A. 2s.

ENAUULT.—LE CHIEN DU CAPITAINE. Edited (with Vocabulary) by M. DE G. VERRALL, 2s.

FREYTAG.—DIE JOURNALISTEN. Edited by H. W. EVE, M.A. 2s. 6d.

BOOKS SUITABLE FOR VARIOUS EXAMINATIONS, 1901-2.

The Pitt Press Series.

AUTHOR.	WORK.	EDITOR.	PRICE.
Aristophanes	Plutus; Ranae.....	W. C. Green.....	3 6
Euripides	Alcestis; Hecuba.....	W. S. Hadley.....	2 6
".....	Heracleidae.....	E. A. Beck and C. E. S. Headlam.....	3 6
".....	Orestes.....	N. Wedd.....	4 6
Herodotus	Book V.....	E. S. Shuckburgh.....	3 0
".....	Books VI., VIII.....	".....	4 0
Homer	Iliad VI., XXII., XXIII., XXIV.....	G. M. Edwards.....	2 0
Lucian	Menippus and Timon.....	E. C. Mackie.....	3 6
".....	Somnium, Charon, &c.....	W. E. Heitland.....	3 6
Plato	Apologia Socratis.....	J. Adam.....	3 6
".....	Crito, Euthyphro.....	".....	2 6
".....	Protagoras.....	J. and A. M. Adam.....	4 6
Thucydides	Book VII.....	H. A. Holden.....	5 0
Xenophon	Anabasis, Vol. I., Text.....	A. Pretor.....	3 0
".....	" Vol. II., Notes.....	".....	4 6
".....	" I., III., IV., V.....	".....	2 0
".....	" II., VI., VII.....	".....	2 6
Caesar	De Bello Gallico— Comment I., III., VI., VIII.....	A. G. Peskett.....	1 6
".....	" II., III., and VII.....	".....	2 0
".....	" I., III.....	".....	3 0
".....	" IV., V.....	".....	1 6
Cicero	Actio Prima in C. Verrem.....	H. Cowie.....	1 6
".....	De Amicitia. De Senectute.....	J. S. Reid.....	3 6
".....	De Officiis III.....	H. A. Holden.....	2 0
".....	Philippica Secunda.....	A. G. Peskett.....	3 6
".....	Pro Archia Poeta.....	J. S. Reid.....	2 0
".....	" Lege Manilia.....	J. C. Nicol.....	1 6
".....	" Milone.....	J. S. Reid.....	2 6
".....	" Murena.....	W. E. Heitland.....	3 0
Cornelius Nepos	Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, Pausanias, Cimon.....	E. S. Shuckburgh.....	1 6
Horace	Odes and Epodes.....	J. Gow.....	5 0
".....	Odes. Books I. and III.....	".....	2 0
".....	" Books II. and IV.....	".....	1 6
".....	Epodes.....	".....	1 6
Juvenal	Satires.....	J. D. Duff.....	5 0
Livy	Books IV., VI., IX.....	H. M. Stephenson.....	2 6
".....	Book V.....	L. Whibley.....	2 6
Plautus	Trinummus.....	J. H. Gray.....	3 6
Terence	Hautimorumenos.....	J. H. Gray.....	3 0
Virgil	Aeneid. Books I. to XII.....	A. Sidgwick.....	1 6
".....	Bucolics.....	".....	1 6
".....	Georgics I., II.....	".....	2 0
".....	" III., IV.....	".....	2 0
".....	Complete Works, Vol. I., Text.....	".....	3 6
".....	" Vol. II., Notes.....	".....	4 6

AUTHOR.	WORK.	EDITOR.	PRICE.
About	Le Roi des Montagnes.....	A. R. Ropes.....	2 0
Cornelle	La Suite du Menteur.....	G. Masson.....	2 0
".....	Polyeucte.....	E. G. W. Brauholtz.....	2 0
De Bonnehose	Lazare Hoche.....	C. Colbeck.....	2 0
Delavigne	Louis XI.....	H. W. Eve.....	2 0
De Lamartine	Jeanne d'Arc.....	A. C. Clapin and A. R. Ropes.....	1 6
De Vigny	La Canne du Junc.....	H. W. Eve.....	1 6
Malot	Remi et ses Amis.....	M. de G. Verrall.....	2 0
Mérimee	Colomba.....	A. R. Ropes.....	2 0
Michalet	Louis XI. et Charles le Téméraire.....	".....	2 6
Molière	L'Avare.....	E. G. W. Brauholtz.....	2 6
".....	Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.....	A. C. Clapin.....	1 6
".....	L'Ecole des Femmes.....	G. Saintsbury.....	2 6
".....	Les Précieuses ridicules.....	E. G. W. Brauholtz.....	3 0
".....	Abridged Edition.....	".....	1 0
".....	Le Misanthrope.....	".....	2 6
Racine	Athalie.....	H. W. Eve.....	2 0
Souvestre	Un Philosophe sous les Toits.....	".....	2 0
Benedix	Doctor Wespe.....	K. H. Breul.....	3 0
Goethe	Knabenjahre (1740-1761).....	W. Wagner and J. W. Cartmell.....	2 0
".....	Hermann und Dorothea.....	".....	3 6
Gutzkow	Zopf und Schwert.....	H. J. Wolstenholme.....	3 6
Hackländer	Der geheime Agent.....	E. L. Milner Barry.....	3 0
Hauff	Der Schein von Alexandria und seine Sklaven.....	W. Bippmann.....	2 6
Riehl	Die Gantenben and Die Gerechtigkeit Gottes.....	H. J. Wolstenholme.....	3 0
Schiller	Wilhelm Tell.....	K. H. Breul.....	2 6
".....	Abridged Edition.....	".....	1 6
".....	Maria Stuart.....	".....	3 6
".....	Wallenstein I. (Lagerand Piccolomini).....	".....	3 6
".....	Wallenstein II. (Tod).....	".....	3 6
Bacon	Essays.....	A. S. West.....	3s. 6d. & 5 0
Cowley	Essays.....	J. R. Lumby.....	4 0
The Cambridge Milton for Schools.	Ode on the Nativity, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas.....	A. W. Verity.....	2 6
".....	Paradise Lost, Bks. I. & II.....	".....	2 0
".....	" Bks. III. & IV.....	".....	2 0
".....	" Bks. V. & VI.....	".....	2 0
More	Utopia.....	J. R. Lumby.....	3 6
Pope	Essay on Criticism.....	A. S. West.....	2 0
Scott	Lay of the Last Minstrel.....	J. H. Flather.....	2 0
".....	Lady of the Lake.....	J. H. B. Masterman.....	2 6
The Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools.	A Midsummer Night's Dream.....	A. W. Verity.....	1 6
".....	Twelfth Night.....	".....	1 6
".....	Julius Caesar.....	".....	1 6
".....	Tempest.....	".....	1 6
".....	Merchant of Venice.....	".....	1 6
".....	King Richard II.....	".....	1 6
".....	King Henry V.....	".....	1 6
Sidney	An Apologie for Poetrie.....	E. S. Shuckburgh.....	3 0

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6

„ Quarterly 5/0

„ Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

The Gate of Languages Thrown Wide.

EVER since Comenius, almost in Shakespeare's day, "unlocked" the "Gate of Languages," men devoted to the service of their fellow-men have been slowly forcing it more and more open. Who is not familiar, for instance—to speak only of modern times—with the labours of a Hamilton, a Prendergast, an Ollendorf, a Gouin, and a Rippman? These reformers have, indeed, accomplished much, and their names will live; but it has been reserved for me, who am anonymous, to throw the Gate wide.

What is the secret of this achievement? What is the deadweight that, after withstanding so much powerful leverage, has at length yielded to a touch? The answer is simple. The deadweight is the weight of *ex*-pression, and I overcome it by ignoring it. *Im*-pression offers but little resistance, and with *im*-pression I am satisfied. In plain words, I *spe*ak no language but my own; others I am content to *understand*. And so I am saved from many sorrows—I am saved, as a schoolboy, from the sorrow of wasting time, thought, and tears over weary puzzles that I can never piece together with assurance, because, when they are together, I am no judge of them; I am saved, as a grown man, from the sorrow of forcing my tongue to do violence to itself, when it has at last arrived at a certain sense of its powers and responsibilities; I am saved, as a citizen of the world, from the sorrow of never doing justice to myself among foreigners, or justice to foreigners in myself.

I have been very much in France, and not a little in Germany; I am reputed by certain of my less-travelled friends a considerable linguist; I have talked with hundreds of Frenchmen and Germans in their own language, with hundreds more in my own, and I now deliberately assert that, whereas to listen to French or German from almost any native mouth is one of the rarer privileges of existence, to listen to English from almost any French or German mouth sets up an intellectual impatience and discomfort only exceeded by that of listening to French or German from my own. I do not here speak of conscious play-acting; there is, of course, a certain pleasure in pretending to be a Frenchman.

And the loss of sorrow under my scheme is not the only gain. The schoolboy, instead of half learning to turn one or two languages to practical account, will wholly learn to make effective use of two or three; and the man—ripened boy—in intercourse with the foreigner will read his writings and listen to his speech with more sympathy, with more understanding, and therefore with more respect; and so nations will be drawn together. Will any deny that the dull average man is led, however unconsciously, to his low estimate of the foreigner, less by the foreigner's dignified ignorance of English than by his unrestrained, childlike make-believe of knowledge? And there are not ten foreigners in England who do not, upon occasion, betray themselves. Nay, are there as many Englishmen, speaking English, of whom the same could not be said?

Till the world is awake to my discovery, polyglot interpreters there must be; but let that be a vocation apart, a learned profession, a congenial calling for the man with the bent, who will know how to fit himself, without the help of reformers, in the only practical way. For the rest of us, meanwhile, the literatures of Greece and Rome, of France, of Germany, of Italy, are to be entered through my Gate, not without time and effort, but without distress; and, with more time and more effort, but still without distress, an understanding of the spoken language of such nations as attract us may be surely attained.

If every English boy and girl could leave school with well-nigh as full an understanding of written and spoken French as of written and spoken English, and if every French boy or girl could leave school similarly equipped in English, would not intercourse of every description between our nations be facilitated and ennobled a thousandfold, though each spoke only its own tongue. "But," interjects the amateur psychologist, "such bilingual intercourse is psychologically intolerable, if not impossible. Yes to a Frenchman's *Avez-vous faim?* involves both more effort and more self-effacement than *Oui*, and a greater loss of self-respect than even *J'ai*. English to French is, in fact, as inconsequent as *Very well* to *What's o'clock?*" This is an over-statement, arising from imperfect analysis. At the root of the matter is association. Accustom yourself, as I have done, to answer in English, and English will come spontaneously; accustom yourself, like the amateur psychologist, to answer in French, and the spontaneous thing will be French—of a sort—or silence. Established associations must, of course, either be maintained or destroyed—destruction the matter perhaps of a week or two—but for such as started through my Gate the associations would be of one order from the outset, and would work as smoothly as those of a man who meets a word with a gesture. But the psychologist will have other shafts ready: "It is impossible to really understand *Ich habe meinen Bruder gesehen* till you have turned *I have seen my brother* into it"; and further, "Remember the mental training involved in writing bad Latin prose and worse verses, and in torturing snippets of often impossible English into more than impossible French." I hold, on the contrary, that every time you write *Ich habe gesehen mein Bruder*—which, by the old methods, is what you do write, over and over again—you are imperiling your understanding of *Ich habe meinen Bruder gesehen*; and as for "mental training," you could get infinitely more out of the study of Chinese.

Let us by no means ignore "mental training." We want a good deal more of it than we have got, or are yet likely to get, but in the name of the future of our species, let us get it—where it is to be had in abundance—out of such things as are themselves an essential part of our equipment in the fight that is set before us. We no longer make use of things in themselves useless for strengthening the memory. Why, then, should we for training the mind? Besides, is there no mental training involved in the preparatory processes of *im*-pression—as I have called it? Let us for a moment look at those processes a little closer. There are two stages: in the first, chiefly by the clumsy, indirect means of translation, we endeavour to convey to the brain of the learner the essential ideas contained in the unfamiliar written or spoken words; in the second, we endeavour to convey those essential ideas immediately and directly—as material sensations are conveyed. In the first stage the learner will need much help, much practice, much exercise in the unfamiliar sound-symbols—for the higher life of a language, even though it be labelled "dead," lies always in the spoken word—much writing from dictation, much memorising of attractive verse; but there will be no mechanical substitution of the foreign symbol for the native symbol, and no storing of grammatical lumber—no dealings with grammar, indeed, except

in so far as it serves as a key to the forms of the unfamiliar words and their uncouth syntactical relations.

In the second stage of the process we shall still sometimes need dictionary and grammar—teacher or book—but we shall need much more the effective presentation of the new language in sound, together with a persistent imitation of that presentation, and we shall need most of all untiring practice in exercises of direct *im*-pression, in the immediate apprehension by the mind, that is, of the idea expressed by the written or spoken word.

Such a completed process would, I believe, send the average boy or girl out into the world with far greater linguistic possessions than are common nowadays. I believe also that such a steady training in *im*-pression would, in general, produce even better results in *ex*-pression than our present wasteful methods. It is, after all, a question of relative, not absolute, best. If most of us left school possessing even one foreign tongue in the same degree that we possess the tongue that is native to us, we should no longer need reformers and Modern Language Associations. But we don't; nor do I think we ever shall. Life is too precious. On the contrary, the annual waste throughout the civilised world of time, effort, and heartache in the cause of foreign tongues is, when judged by measurable results, nothing less than appalling.

Professional interpreters, as I have said, there must always be, especially for the languages of low intrinsic value; but to all purposes of ordinary intercourse between nations, to the better understanding and fuller appreciation of the foreigner—whether on paper or in person—and, lastly, to the better understanding and fuller appreciation of one's own personality, the royal road, I claim, lies through my Gate. In the interests of a more abundant harvest from the seed so toilsomely scattered by so many legions of husbandmen, I hereby throw that Gate wide to the world.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.

(Subsidiary Series.)

I.

THE thing is going splendidly, I think. Nothing like whetting the curiosity of the British Public on a personal matter! Let us keep it up to the last gasp. I see that the papers are beginning to speculate as to the authorship—an excellent sign.

II.

I know that there is much to be said for the proverb "It's well to be off with the old Love before you are on with the new"; but really I think you might have had more confidence and have printed a larger edition. The book can't be bought anywhere now, except at the shops that take the reviewers' copies. I beseech you to hurry your printers. This want of faith hurts me. Perhaps, after all, we have been too hasty, and I ought to have placed my Love in other hands. My heart is wounded. Are all men, I ask myself, like this? Is there no trust?

III.

Ah! your sweet words of reassurance. Was I so cold, so unkind? Let us forget it. After such a letter as that, I am humbled into the dust. A really large new edition all ready and selling like hot cakes—(your dear imagery!)—how splendid! I feel so happy I don't know what to do. Thank you for the Byrons. As you say, there is no poet like him, and none (I think) so well published. But I

can't help wishing, now and then, he were more modern. Have you noticed he never uses the word "obsess" once.

IV.

I suppose you read those cuttings about us. Such a list of names as possible authors—Miss Robins, Mrs. Clifford, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Herbert Spencer. But we know better, don't we, dear? By the way, you must be careful how you send parcels, or the messenger will give away the secret. Mother thinks they had better go to an empty house in the next street—an old servant of ours is caretaker—and I will fetch them after dark. I have a domino. This seems wisest.

V.

The man forgot to leave the Romeike cuttings last night. Do remind him. We simply can't live without them. I want to know the latest rumour as to the authorship. I fancy Dr. Garnett is dropping out of the running. At dinner last night I heard someone gravely state that he knew for a fact that the book was Ibsen's, translated by Mr. Gosse.

VI.

What a splendid cheque! But how expensive advertising is! If only there could be some way out of it, authors' cheques would be so much bigger, wouldn't they? I suppose you know best, and yet it's awful to see all that money going to the advertisement people. What a sunset this evening! Did you see it? All gold and purple, like a vision of the Orient, or something in Byron.

VII.

Thank you for the Dr. William Smiths'. What an erudite pen; but not exactly the thing for a mind at all pre-occupied, is he? not exactly *chic*? And I can't help thinking about that advertisement question and the money that might be saved if one didn't advertise at all. I find there are books that are not advertised and yet sell. Life is very sad, very perplexing.

VIII.

I saw a string of sandwich-men to-day, advertising a new poem. Wouldn't that be cheaper than the papers? Or notices in the omnibuses? Forgive me if I am too insistent. The Borrowers' came safely; I like them, but I wish they were more morbid.

IX.

I am sorry you object so strongly to the omnibus idea. My remarks have been made entirely in the interests of the book; but we women are always so unfortunate when we criticise business matters! It's the old story—capable Jack and foolish Jill. All things fail me: I know not where to turn for comfort.

X.

As we are going away on a long visit mother thinks it is best that I should put the affairs of the book in the hands of an agent.

THE END.

Things Seen.

Whence?

THE doors of one's mind should be kept always hospitably ajar, in case of possible surprise visits from Truth. One never can tell. It may yet be proven that some good thing may creep out of Board School education.

I was one of half a dozen quite respectable folk sitting on the top of an omnibus, which was passing through a poor but doubtless tolerably honest suburb, called by some the Whitechapel of the West. Gambolling about the greasy pavement within the purlieus of somebody's "Arms"—a flaring beer palace—I saw four urchins who were clothed with something less of trimness than are the scarecrows of the field. Patches of bare flesh, the loops and windows of their raggedness displayed in plenty. Hero and leader of the rest, a strutting six-year-old, incredibly dirty and scarce clothed at all, puffed consequentially at a bran new clay pipe, which he frequently withdrew from betwixt his baby lips, for the sake of fluency in expectoration and blasphemy. I marvelled.

Of a sudden off flew the dilapidated caps of the band as at a given signal; the pipe was whipped behind its owner's back; the four stood, grave, uncovered, in an ordered line along the curb.

I looked about me bewildered. A shabby hearse followed by one shabby carriage was jolting past us. Not a hat was raised on top of my omnibus.

I want to meet the Board School teacher who has had the schooling of those grimy urchins.

Whither?

WE live in subtle, complex times; and it behoves all true men to watch their feet where they do tread, lest in avoiding a worm they incommode an ant.

Though caviare to the general, this row is worth the attention of the few. 3d. a volume.

It was. The end volume was *The Ring and the Book*, no less; one of its fellows was *Virginibus Puerisque*, very much tattered. I bought both.

Glutinously sentimental, but comparatively inoffensive in colouring, and only 1s. 2d.

This was a framed picture; a soldier, a cradle, a baby; the customary accessories; nothing specially baneful.

Not at all a Strad, but probably cheap at the price. 3s. 9d.

An ordinary looking fiddle, without a bow.

There were several other quaint notices in this suburban shop window. The street was sourly sordid; a draggle-tailed locality. The woman within was apparelled in new and pronounced mourning. Two ill-kept infants wailed about her skirt. I spoke to her; but very little. The poor creature appeared to be without redeeming features; a clacking, incontinent, sloppy, and intensely vulgar, commonplace person, bearing about her the reminiscences of a certain poor prettiness, now quite botched and done.

Next door I found and conversed with a white-haired shoemaker.

"She'll sell out as soon as she can. There's bin no business done there this four year an' more. He died las' Tuesday. Pore chap! D.T.'s it was, 'tween you an' me. But 'e 'ad a 'ed on 'im, 'ad Tom. My word! I remember 'im goin' ter th' school roun' 'ere" (a huge red Board School). "One uv Mr. Vivian's boys, 'e wuz. An' min' you, I allers did say as Mr. Vivian seemed a queer sorter man fer a teacher, with 'is velvet coat an' 'is long hair. Wrote poetry an' sechlike, 'e did. Well, it never seemed ter me ter do Tom much good; only ter make 'im 'umpy like, an' sorter lonesome. An' my word, but arter 'is marridge 'e did drink, did Tom!"

I do not think I particularly want to know the gentleman called Vivian.

Dr. John Brown.

CAPRICIOUS chance has a way of interposing between ourselves and certain books, which we know to be enjoyable, which are easily procurable, and which everyone else has read. Whatever be the cause, we find ourselves verging upon middle-age, or nearing the tomb, with the ingenious Jones, or the smiling Smith, unread. It is so with the present writer and Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh. He has known for years that he would delight in the chronicle of Marjorie and Rab, and has been quite willing to echo Mr. Swinburne's wish that he might attain to

Some happier isle within the Elysian sea
Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.

Yet he had never read *Mora Subsecivæ* until Messrs. Black's recent dainty edition in three light volumes fell in his fortunate way. He has read them now, every word, and his first reading will not be his last. He has found them rich and rare, beautifully human, excellently Scottish, tender and witty and wise. In these forty-three papers there is no word that is not kindly. The good Doctor grips you by the hand as you read, and his face seems a familiar friend. Scotland is fertile in doctors, lawyers, and divines, of an indescribably national type; racy men, largely planned, strong personalities, shrewd and learned and individual. Stevenson, in his *Memories and Portraits* and elsewhere, has depicted these characteristic Caledonians; often eccentric, often unconventional, always lovable and delightful. Of these was Dr. Brown, whose "leisure hours" produced literature, while his working hours preserved life.

An animated medley! Grave and pleasant memorials of great physicians, from old Sydenham to modern Syme, full of careful eulogy and discriminating touch, making the dead worthies live and move before us, men, not merely men of medicine. Papers upon literary and artistic matters, the work of a man finely judging fine things—a man finely reverential before the revelations of high minds. Chronicles, reminiscences, anecdotes, all smiling and goodly in the cheerful, brave spirit of them: reports of life from one who found it, in the long run, gracious and good. Nothing splenetic, atrabilious, morose. The *Religio* of this *Medicus*, like that of his majestic predecessor and namesake, was infinitely firm, a cause of joy, a source of gratitude and wonder and delight and awe; something, too, of a sweet, old-fashioned Izaak Walton piety was upon him. In his noble tribute to Thackeray, at the great man's death, he records a scene which seems as characteristic of its recorder as of its theme. Thackeray and two friends were walking outside Edinburgh, under an evening sky of loveliest delicacy:

The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word "Calvary!" The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.

There, surely, is a touching thing told touchingly: and it is but one of many such things to be found in these manly and winning volumes. Dr. Brown wrote always with no mere literary cleverness of conscious style, but his mind and heart, full of rich substance for utterance, felt the happy and appropriate words, the simple and sufficient phrase. He is certainly an illustration of Stevenson's saying, in a memorable dedication, that doctors, as a class, are superior to the rest of us. His ardent cordiality is a cordial and cardinal virtue.

Like all good men, he can laugh; quietly, with a laughter of the brain, genial and intelligible. Like all good men (Mr. Andrew Lang excepted) he loves dogs, and has a sympathetic understanding of Scott's refusal to dine from home on the day of an "old friend's" death—said friend, a dog. He has much of Lamb's personal feeling for old literature, and a fine flavour of ripe and ready scholarship in his writings. The heart warms to him, as one reads: each sentence has some charm of human feeling. Few pieces of writing could be more unlike each other in subject and treatment than the "Letter to John Cairns, D.D.," in which he paints his cunning and convincing portrait of his father, and the quaint account of Marjorie Fleming, "the astonishing child who diverted the leisure of Scott." But in each what a grasp of the essential, what a sense of character! His pages pulse with life. He is as little able to be dull as to be merely decorative. The least scientific of readers can take pleasure in his medical papers and addresses, dignified and humorous, and of a skilled simplicity. He has much in common with his brother physician, Wendell Holmes; a like power of making his readers love him personally and feel at home with him. To quote his own words upon another writer, there is in him "a temperance, and soundness, and dignity of view, a good breeding and good feeling, a reticence and composure, which, in this somewhat vapouring, turbulent, unmannerly age of ours, is a refreshing pleasure, though too often one of memory." And he is what Bacon calls a "full man," well stored with knowledge, having no need to draw out his thoughts and fancies to attenuation. His "well-mixed, ample, and genial nature" sustained itself upon the substantial wisdom and beauty of great literature and art. He suggests more than he says. His seventy-two years of life had plenty of leisure, but no idleness, and he was a scholar outside his own profession. He wrote the first adequate notice of *Modern Painters*; he paid splendid homage to the memory of Leech; his culture was various, genuine, wide. And his writings have a pleasant old-time air or touch. Though he died but nineteen years ago, he seems to belong in spirit to the ancient Edinburgh of Scott and Jeffrey, and a hundred more names of renown. To a new reader he comes with the immediate ease and accustomed courtesy of an old acquaintance; compassionate as Goldsmith, sensitive as Lamb, a man of a well-loved type. If there be a note of exaggeration in this letter from Wendell Holmes, it is pardonable:

I have read, and re-read, and then insisted on reading, for the third time, aloud to my wife, that infinitely tearful and mirthful, smileful and soulful, tender, caressing—where shall I stop?—story of 'Pet Marjorie'; the name and the story not at all new to me, yet never old in its passing sweetness. . . . If only that fragment of your writings were saved from the wreck of English literature, men and women would cry over it as they cry to-day over the lament of Danaë, and your name would be remembered with that of Simonides. You cry, and smile, and laugh too.

Sir Henry Yule, writing upon his death, says of his two plain names:

To all who have known the man or his writings—which means to all north of Tweed, and many south of it—the combination of these two monosyllables is transfigured, and, instead of commonplace or colourlessness, rises an image of all that is most genial, humorous, pathetic, and lovable. And even some of those eyes which saw the simple record of his life without recognition will lighten up when told to associate the name with *Rab and His Friends*.

Messrs. Black have been well-advised in publishing so conveniently portable an edition of these generous and variously moving papers. *Hours Subseque* is one of those companionable books for frequent converse of which we cannot have too many—books fatal to pessimism, reporting well of life and human nature.

The Chemistry Hour.

THERE was a time when I could recite Graham's Law, and tell why sulphuretted hydrogen will turn blue litmus paper red if you give it half a chance. But these things have gone from me. Not even in dreams do I sport with dioxides, or recover the joy I felt when the primer said, "Take a test tube . . ."—as if I were free to take such a thing, to say nothing of jolly brass rods, and substances, and matches. Even Frank Bew could not "take a test tube" as often as the book required. My own belief is that the Third Class junior master—the same was Frank Bew—was expected to teach Chemistry with a minimum of broken glass. Hence high jinks with blue litmus paper were few in Number Three.

However, Frank was himself almost as exciting as experiments. He was a generous young Irishman, with a Donnybrook glare in his eye, and a great peace in his soul. Grand in cricket, he was even grander on the football field, where his valour seemed to smoke as he reeled to victory. He it was who whacked me over the *Pons Asinorum*. But his treatment of the Fourth Proposition of Euclid was a finer display of muscle. His pointer smote the blackboard with Mosaic force, and it was dangerous to approach him when he was saying that the line B C must fall on the line E F. Our failure to see this always brought a calm; and for the next few minutes silence reigned while Frank looked for his scissors, and grimly cut out two triangles, which he proceeded to gum on the blackboard. It has struck me since that, as our whole business was to prove two triangles equal by a line of reasoning, this gumming up of two triangles which we had just seen cut out with one operation of the scissors, was not a perfectly happy device. In practice it worked indifferently; if the gum was weak the triangles were sailing round Frank's feet, while he imagined he was pointing to them; and if the gum was strong he found the triangle A B C irremovable just when he wanted to impose it on D E F. For my part I could have grasped the proposition sooner but for Frank's gnomonic spells of silence. He would stop in full tide and gaze ruefully at the blackboard, as though he had glimpsed a great doubt. These pauses filled me with a fearful joy, for though I had no desire to understand geometry, I had a real ambition to upset it, and it was my cherished belief that two straight lines might be drawn somehow to enclose a space. When Frank fell into one of his reveries I thought he had stumbled on a method, and that as a consequence all knowledge was about to be quashed, and the school precipitately broken up.

I have digressed from the Chemistry Hour. Not without guile, for, in truth, only one thing sticks in my memory, and that is dear old Bew's celebrated attempt to make chlorine. He had cajoled the authorities into letting him have some retorts, and a show of bottles and tubings. These were set out on a small table in the middle of Number Three, to the great disorganisation of our desks and the entire suspension of discipline. At first the experiment went tamely, and in the silence nothing was heard but Frank's breathings of doubt. Then a test tube smashed, and a boy who tittered out of time with the rest got thirty lines. Suddenly a yellowish vapour began to curl thinly in the retort, and the smile on Frank's face had just begun to be seraphic when, with an accession of energy, the yellow vapour rolled forth, escaping by every joint. The fumes came out in insupportable waves. The apparatus was a veritable Krakatoa trembling under that energy, and the Fenian glare in Frank's eye told me that he did not know whether it was a triumph or a *débauche*. "You observe the odour?" he shouted (it had laid most of us on our backs), and the words had but left his lips when the retort broke over the spirit lamp, leaving the table

a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke.

The remainder of the lesson was theory and remorse. To some Chemistry is a delight; to others a religion; to me it is an afternoon in the 'seventies. Frank is now battling, as a doctor, with the fumes and odours of a manufacturing town; and, for Euclid, he is wrestling to keep people from crossing that *Pons Asinorum* which all must cross once and cross for ever. I am told that his patients are cured by the sound of his voice as he runs upstairs, and I believe it.

W. W.

Correspondence.

The "Fortnightly Review."

SIR,—The interesting "Retrospect" in the present number of the *Fortnightly Review* suggests a few comments.

Why, it may be asked, did the original proprietors "fail altogether" in their management of the *Review* as a commercial speculation? Why, as Trollope says, "might such failure have been predicted without much sagacity from the first"?

The promoters were not all of them men unversed in business. There was Frederick Chapman, a publisher of long standing; there were Virtue and Spalding, men of some experience; there was one shareholder who undertook to manage the accounts, and was nothing if not a man of business, and surely neither Anthony Trollope nor Cotter Morison were lacking in the shrewd sagacity we look for in men of affairs.

The truth is, I believe, that readers of the very solid food provided found a fortnightly meal too much for their digestions. Moreover, four shillings a month was a heavy magazine tax. And the *Review* was, I think, too heavily weighted at the outset. The editor and assistant editor were paid liberally, so was the author of the *Belton Estate*, for in the 'sixties Trollope's star was in the ascendant. Then in 1865 the public was scarcely prepared to welcome an independent journal based on the principles announced by Lewes. New ground had to be broken and pioneers are proverbially losers.

Lastly, though the original capital might have sufficed to put a monthly magazine upon its legs in four years, it was not large enough to give healthy life to a periodical in less than half that time.—I am, &c.,

S. W.

"Variations upon Whitebait."

SIR,—May I send you a line—across five thousand miles of cars and foam—to thank you for your witty and, to me, entirely enjoyable article, entitled "Variations upon Whitebait," in your issue of December 15?

But, dear pedagogue—to whom really I must pay more attention—there is a phrase in your article which somewhat puzzles me. You conclude by saying: "And now, to horse! There is real reading to be done." Why "to horse!"? Do you mean that "real reading" is best done on horseback? Can you really enjoy Gibbon so? On my return to England I will call at your office and beg you to instruct me in this engaging new art of trick-reading. Or can it be that "reading" is merely a misprint for "riding"? Was your meaning, rather: "And now, to horse! There is rough riding to be done."

Pardon this suggested emendation. No offence, I hope. And will you accept, too, this little verse, written, need I say, in all affection:

I made a little whitebait,
Silver from head to tail;
But the critics said it was no fish—
Because it wasn't a whale!

Perhaps, in your kind solicitude for me, you may care to

hear that I am busily engaged on a really serious "work." Not a whitebait or a butterfly in it. Only whales and elephants admitted.—I am, &c.,

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Mr. Benson's Revivals.

SIR,—I have been hoping to read some adequate appreciation—by the educated dramatic critics, at least—of the just and virile work done by Mr. Benson in all his Shakespearean revivals. It is fortunate that neither Shakespeare nor Mr. Benson depend upon puff paragraphs, hysterical commendation, and watery patronage for public support. But when the critics cannot, in justice to their own fixed ideas, praise this accomplished actor, they ought to abstain from abuse which makes the reader ashamed and the profession of writing contemptible.—I am, &c.,

X.

Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel."

SIR,—I have an autograph MS. of "Some of 'Ye Blessed Damozel'" in which the verses vary from the specimens you give in to-day's *ACADEMY*. Mr. Rossetti wrote the MS. for a relative of my own who at the time was Mr. Ruskin's assistant. My version of the first verse reads:

The blessed Damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her blue, grave eyes were deeper much
Than a deep water, even.
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

In your quotation of the third line you omit the word "grave," which certainly makes the line more melodious.

The other verse you quote, of which you give two versions, is different from both in my copy, where it runs:

She scarcely heard her sweet new friends:
Playing at holy games,
Softly they spake among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls, mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

Other verses in my MS. show variations from the versions in the *Germ*, the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, and the different editions of Rossetti's published works, which leads me to believe that the author on some occasion wrote the lines from memory, and got mixed up in the various alterations he had made on the poem since its first appearance in the *Germ*.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

SIR,—Undoubtedly the final version of this poem is better than the first, but I venture to think that the one published in 1870 is the best of all. It differs from the final one but little, except as regards the stanza you quote, which runs thus (I quote from the Boston Edition):

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

The only phrase in this to which objection can reasonably be taken is "heard hardly." The line opens better in the final version with "around her," but this improvement is dearly purchased by the alteration that follows. "'Mid deathless love's acclaims" is not only an unmusical line, but it presents no image to the mind and has no very definite meaning. Lower down "virginal chaste names" is changed to "heart-remembered" names, a change which, in my judgment, is not an improvement.—I am, &c.,

C. C. BELL.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 69 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best open letter to a living writer. We award the prize to Miss E. Rickert, 3, Great James-street, Bedford-row, W.C., for the following :

TO M. MAETERLINCK.

MONSIEUR,—You are a true poet and a prophet—yes. No doubt. But, pardon me, Monsieur, you are also a strain—a slight strain upon the imagination. I have read your plays; I have seen one acted. It made a powerful impression—only I did not quite know what it was, nor why I had it; nor did any of the people around me—not one. *Ciel!*

To illustrate. Why does the princess say so many times: "I am still thinner!"? "At the fortieth time," you say, "she seems so thin, so thin, she is faded into air—*pouf!*" Good. I yield this point.

But symbolism, Monsieur? It is admirable, within limits—yes; but you have unleashed it upon us. It is affecting to think that everything is something else, if one only knew what; *mais prenez garde*, Monsieur! When Pélée ties Mélite's hair, as she is combing it out of the tower window, to a willow—symbolism—*hein?* When the lovers search by the sea for the ring which they saw drop into the well—symbolism—*n'est ce pas?* But Shakespeare might call it "Bedlam!"

Ah, Monsieur, you are sincere, you are earnest, you are original, you are *spirituel*; but you lack the smile without which dramatic art cannot be highest. Perhaps when we are all disembodied souls, we can do without humour; but meanwhile, expound to those of us still profane, how, sheared of all desire to laugh at critical moments, we may enter your strange, beautiful magic circle. Expound! Expound!—*Votre très humble admirateur*.

P.S.—Expound, *je vous prie!*

Other letters are as follows :

TO MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

SIR,—From the serene heights of Boxhill, remote from the bustle of book-market and review, what aspect do you bend on the world of print below?

Are you indeed set on impenetrable silence? We have turned new pages in the Book of Egoism since Sir Willoughby Patterne's day; fresh types of eager youths have arisen since Beauchamp started on his career. Must these, and a dozen others, still wait for the Master's hand?

The times, one fears, are out of joint for delicate psychology and thoughtful phrasing. Whilst Mr. Bothby and Mr. Marsh race madly across the literary firmament; whilst Miss Corelli distils wisdom and Miss Fowler is queen of epigram; what room for another Pilgrim's Scrip? How lonely your heroines must be, in that critical purgatory where the inhabitants of contemporary fiction wait immortality! There is little congenial society beyond the limits of their own set. What does Mrs. Berry think of Tess, and how do the Fine Shades agree with Badalia Herodfoot and her companions? Have Clara and Janet made friends with the English-woman whose Love-Letters so delicately indicate their charms? Her undisciplined passion, we know, would shock Diana's sense of decorum: perhaps Emelia understands her best.

Meanwhile, the Comic Spirit hangs her head; the world wags, and takes its follies gravely. Is it not time that their only adequate interpreter, turning on them the search-light of his mind, should "let charity issue of disdain under the guise of honourable laughter"?—I am, sir, your respectful admirer,

[E. U., London.]

TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

SIR,—At the age of thirty-five you have attained fame and fortune. Your popularity is world-wide; you are at the same time the idol of the literary and the illiterate, and the man who never reads a book will greet your name with applause. Success so great and, in the main, so well-deserved has not been won by any other man of letters of the period.

Yet some who admire your work await a little wistfully its future developments. Your hold on the nation is as strong as ever, but is it our fancy that in critical circles enthusiasm for your writings has slightly waned? Refreshing as is your virility, the soul of the artist must compass feminine emotions before it can be mature, and those, at present at least, seem beyond your range.

Your appeal has been mostly to the head; your work has not sufficient heart-power to make it permanent and satisfying. Instead of clever technicalities that merely amaze us, touch us by portraying throbbing humanity in its heights and in its depths! We know that your knowledge of life is broad; we want to feel that it is also subtle. The literature that survives must touch in some way the spiritual nature of man. Strange it seems to say it, but spirituality—which embraces in union heart, mind and soul—is the missing quality in almost all your writings.—Yours faithfully,

[H. J., Hadley Wood.]

TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

SIR,—An admirer of genius may at times be permitted to season his admiration with something of discrimination; and, while I may not dare to suppose that you will agree with the opinions of an unknown critic, I am not, therefore, deterred from giving them expression. Of the pre-eminent qualities of your work it is needless to write; for all men recognise the merit which has carried you to the leading place amongst living novelists. To an invention which never flags you bring a gift of expression which is a constant source of delight to your readers, and, I doubt not, of envy to the little writers who begin with sensationalism and end in banality. The short story you have made a work of art; the races of India, the soldier, the sailor, and the pioneer live in your pages.

But it seems to me that you have carried Imperialism to the limits of forbearance. The tune is in danger of being too long-drawn out, and it might now be very properly committed into feebler hands. Only the life of endeavour appeals to you, the vigorous do-something existence, which fights, builds, extends, or develops for the Empire's sake. Is there not another continent of life into which you, beyond other men, are called upon to enter more fully? I mean the home life, of which you gave us too fleeting a glimpse in your "Brushwood Boy." Above all, there is not room for the clear-cut characterisation which we miss in modern fiction—those abiding types of life which are worthy to stand among the classics!

[A. E. W., Inverness.]

TO MR. ANDREW LANG.

DEAR "ANDREW-WITH-THE-BRINDLED-HAIR,"—In all reverence be it written! Something bold it is to address the author of *Letters to Dead Authors* in his lifetime, but my cause is good. I would urge you to write (1) a play, (2) an epic, for then you will have made the rounds of literary art. Nearly nine pages in the British Museum catalogue, and two forms yet untried—hoots, Mr. Lang! Being, like Tommy, a wonder, at them brawly; ye'll do them fine!

Yet, I doot, a catastrophe lies in wait for you. By the year 10,000 A.D. (May it be later!) the critics will have cut you up into a score of bits, neatly pigeon-holed and labelled "the brilliant coterie of writers who flourished at the end of the nineteenth century." There will be the translator of Homer, the historian of Scotland the authority on golf, cricket, angling, the poet, the romancer, the essayist, the biographer, the parodist, the interpreter of *Aucassin and Nicolette*. Even if your texts and treatises on ghosts, dreams, fairies, Longinus, wakes, Aristotle, art, religion, Izaak Walton, animals, English worthies, folk-lore, Poe, St Katherine, and the like should be lost, enough will remain to prove the Protean genius of the clan of Lang—which we call jersel'.

To sum up, your mind is as "brindled" as your hair—a foundation of solid colour, pied with interest in all things good and beautiful.—Yours in hope of the epic and the play,

[E. R., London.]

TO OUIDA.

MADAME,—I could fill the exiguous portion allotted to me in which to address you by merely enumerating your various crusades on behalf of the principles of Sweetness and Light, Truth and Beauty, against every sort of Ignorance and Stupidity and Brute-Mindedness. I could mention how valiantly you have confronted the vivisector, the advocate of conscription, the *mondain* and *demi-mondaine*, the Adam Smiths of the world, who regard men as simply "a quantum of lucretion," and so forth. Your creed could, I think, be summed up in the words you have used about Loti—you "have stretched to a nobler and truer scope the *nihil humani a me alienum puto*." Your fiction has been called unreal. Hyperbolic and dithyrambic you may be at times, but your novels have essential truth: however far you may wander, the silken cord still holds you. The moon, as you have yourself said, is as real as a Dutch cheese, and because the suburban dwellers who swear by Trollope can find none it does not follow that Romance is extinct. The characters of your heroes are not to be measured by the yard-poles of the commonplace. Cothurnated, so to speak, the former breathes an ampler ether, a diviner air; talk with a larger utterance; move with an ampler stride; and bear the fardel of a heavier destiny. How, too, you have written of love—of love which is "the bulwark of patience, the tutor of honour, the praise of perfectness"!

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

Competition No. 70 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the best first and last sentences of an unwritten novel. Neither sentence to exceed fifty words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, January 23. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

CATALOGUES.

WILLIAMS & NORWATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; 23, South Frederick St.,
Edinburgh; and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

CATALOGUE No. 3 IN PREPARATION.
CATALOGUE No. 1, 1s., and CATALOGUE No. 2, 2s. 6d.,
May be had on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.
A Large Collection of Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Books on view.

BAEDEKER'S & BADDELEY'S
TOURISTS' GUIDE BOOKS.
Now fully detailed CATALOGUE sent post free on application.
DULAU & CO., 37, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

WHAT D'YE LACK?

Ask Miss MILLARD, of Teddington, Middlesex, for any Book ever issued since the advent of printing (however rare or plentiful) up to the very last work published; also for any curio or object of interest under the canopy of heaven, for she prides herself on being enabled, nine times out of ten, to supply these wants. She has the largest assemblage of Miscellaneous Bijouterie in the world, and is always a ready, willing, and liberal buyer for prompt cash.

JUST BEYOND THE LIMITATION.

The Hon. C. H. DAVIS, M.D., Ph.D., President of the Board of Education, Connecticut, U.S.A., writes: "Through my book-seller you have before supplied my wants," adding, "I have perfect confidence that if I desired the tablets upon which Moses wrote the Commandments you could procure them for me."

Miss MILLARD and her Staff have a perfect relish for difficulties.
Address Teddington, Middlesex.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each offered for
Arckmann's Cambridge, 2 vols., 1815; Ferguson's Serpent Worship, 1833; Garmen Scintille, an Ode (Macmillan, 1887; Shelley's St. Irvyn, 1811; Prior's Poems, 1707; Lamb's John Woodville, 1802; Keat's Poems, 1817.—BAKER'S, Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman, experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Research, or in seeing work through the Press. Translations undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 151, Strand, London, W.C.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss MESSIA, 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

GRAHAM'S TYPE-WRITING OFFICE,
23, COCKSPUR STREET, FLEET STREET.—All kinds of difficult MS. receive careful attention from experienced workers. Specimen page and references sent if desired. Over five years' experience.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s., post free.

THE BEATITUDES, and other Sermons.
"An excellent exposition of the Beatitudes.....full of thought and knowledge and power."
British Weekly.

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, LIMITED,
21 & 22, FURNIVAL STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

to
"THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.O.

ESTABLISHED 1851.
BIRKBECK BANK,
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS
2% on the minimum monthly balances,
when not drawn below £100. 2%

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS
2 1/2% on Deposits, repayable on demand. 2 1/2%

STOCKS AND SHARES.
Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.
The BIRKBECK ALMANAC, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.
Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.
Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

WELSH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION ACT, 1889.

CENTRAL WELSH BOARD.

APPOINTMENT OF ORAL EXAMINERS, 1901.
On the 13th of February, 1901, the Executive Committee of the Central Welsh Board will proceed to the APPOINTMENT OF ORAL EXAMINERS.

A. French (Grammatical and Conversational), 3 appointments;
B. French, Latin, and General Subjects of the Lower Forms, 4 or 5 appointments;
C. Latin and General Subjects of the Lower Forms, 2 or 3 appointments;
D. German (Grammatical and Conversational), 1 appointment.

The Examinations will take place between June 12 and July 13, 1901.

Preference will be given to Candidates who have had experience in Secondary Teaching. Women will be equally eligible with men.

Applications for further particulars as to duties and remuneration should reach the undersigned not later than Monday, the 24th instant.

Central Welsh Board Office,
Cardiff, January 17th, 1901.

ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

In consequence of the lamented DEATH of HER MAJESTY the QUEEN, the Patron of this Institution, and out of respect to Her Memory, the President has decided that the LECTURES here shall be DISCONTINUED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

THE DOWNS SCHOOL, SEAFORD, SUSSEX.

Head Mistress—Miss LUCY ROBINSON, M.A.
(Late Sec and Mistress St. Felix School, Southwold).
References: The Principal of Bedford College, London, The Master of Peterhouse, &c.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.—The DIRECTORS of the LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE require the services of a MASTER qualified to give instruction in the Advanced Commercial Department of the High School for Boys. Subjects: Modern Languages, Commercial Geography, Economics, Commercial Science, Correspondence, &c. Preference will be given to applicants trained in Continental Schools of Commerce. Duties to commence 24th of April next. Salary, £250 per annum.

Applications, with not more than three testimonials, to be sent in to the undersigned at the Liverpool Institute, Mount Street, Liverpool, not later than February 16th.

HAROLD WHALLEY, Secretary.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms. Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; LONDON;
And at Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Fully Illustrated, medium 8vo, cloth limp, 4s. 6d.

ELECTRICITY:

An Expansion of Deschanel's Natural Philosophy, Part III., on the lines of Modern Electrical Theory.

By J. D. EVERETT, D.C.L., F.R.S.,

Emeritus Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Queen's College, Belfast.

London: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, Old Bailey.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE of LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING, A. W. KINGLAKE, and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

BOSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.

CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, and FESTINIOG.

BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, ORICCIETH, and PWLLHELL.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, and CHELTENHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 5s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & Co. Ltd. The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Thoroughly up to date in every respect, and including even the last hours of the Queen.

VICTORIA, R.I.

By W. J. WINTLE.

VICTORIA, R.I.

By W. J. WINTLE.

VICTORIA, R.I.

By W. J. WINTLE.

ILLUSTRATED with PORTRAITS and VIEWS.

London: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C.**THE HERO OF THE EMPIRE.**

The Story of his Career from
Cadet to Commander-in-Chief.

FOURTH EDITION (20th Thousand)
NOW READY.

**FIELD-MARSHAL
LORD ROBERTS**

V.C., K.P., G.C.B.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. WITH PORTRAIT.

By HORACE G. GROSER,

Author of "The Kingdom of Manhood," "Oliver
Cromwell, the Hero of Puritan England," &c.

*This New Edition brings the record of Lord
Roberts's life down to the date of his return
from the South African War.*

Cloth boards, price ONE SHILLING net.

Opinions of the Press.

FIELD-MARSHAL

LORD ROBERTS.

By HORACE G. GROSER.

The "MORNING POST" says:

"The author traces the military career of this
famous General in an attractive manner, every care
apparently having been taken to make it accurate."

The "ACADEMY" says:

"So clear a narrative of so fine a life can be wel-
comed as something better than a piece of book-
making."

The "OUTLOOK" says:

"Mr. Groser's book seems to us a marvel of cheap-
ness, and is written with great care and considerable
literary effect."

FIELD-MARSHAL

LORD ROBERTS.

By HORACE G. GROSER.

The "INDIAN REVIEW" says:

"An accurate and interesting account of a crowded
career."

"LITERATURE" says:

"It has reached a third edition, a good fortune
which it well deserves."

The "ENGLISHMAN" (Calcutta) says:

"The busy man will find this handbook just suited
to his needs."

FIELD-MARSHAL

LORD ROBERTS.

By HORACE G. GROSER.

The "EXPOSITORY TIMES" says:

"A well-written biography, likely to have a wide
circulation."

The "BOOKMAN" says:

"Yet another edition of this excellent little bio-
graphy."

The "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE" says:

"Worth re-reading..... A rousing little book."

London: ANDREW MELROSE,

16, PILGRIM STREET.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Imperial 8vo, cloth, price 10s. net.

RUMANIA IN 1900.

By G. BENDER,

R. Rumanian Consul-General in Stuttgart.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

By A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S.,

Late Vice-President Anthropol. Inst.

14 Plates, a Map, and 26 Illustrations in Text.

SUMMARY.

Chapter I. Geography. II. History. III. Political Organisation. IV. Agriculture. V. Fisheries. VI. Mines, Petroleum. VII. Mineral Waters. Health Resorts. VIII. Forestry. IX. Industries. X. Communications—Railways, Navigation. XI. Foreign Trade—Tariff Policy. XII. Inland Trade—Currency, Retail, and Hawking Business. XIII. Finance—Revenue, Debt, Taxation, Monopolies, Public Domains. XIV. Banking and Credit Institutes. XV. Army and Armaments. XVI. Instruction, Literature, Art, Religion, Sanitation.

Thanks to the Author's official position as Rumanian Consul-General in Stuttgart, to his long personal association with the country, and to the valuable documents of all kinds placed at his disposal by the Government, the Author writes *en pleine connaissance de cause*. As no comprehensive English work on the subject has appeared since Mr. James Samuelson's now somewhat obsolete "Roumania, Past and Present" (1832), this English edition of Herr Bender's book, by Prof. A. H. Keane, will be gladly welcomed by the British and American public.

London: ASHER & CO., 13, Bedford Street,
Covent Garden, W.C.

Illustrated.—Price 6d.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF FEBRUARY ISSUE.

REMINISCENCES of the late BISHOP of LONDON. By A. FORMER. PUBL. With Portrait from a Painting by H. HARTIG BROWN.

RUSKIN MUSEUM at CONISTON. Illustrated by Portraits of Ruskin and other Photographs never before reproduced. By MISS A. M. WAKEFIELD.

A NORTHERN HEADSTONE. By SIR HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON, BART. Illustrated with Hewick Cuts.

A FELLSIDE TRAGEDY. A Story by the late HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.

FAMOUS NORTHERN REGIMENTS.—II. The West Yorkshire (Illustrated). By WALTER WOOD.

THE LAST RISING of the NORTH, 1715. By G. M. TREVILAN.

"HIRINGS" in the DALES. By HALLIWELL STUBBS.

KING HERMAUNCE. A Yorkshire Legend by W. W. GINSON.

THE STUDY of DIALECTS. By E. W. PRESTON.

LONDON LITERARY LETTERS. By E. V. LUCAS.

A WESTMORELAND PARISH COUNCIL. By B. KIRBY.

HIGH WIND (SOLWAY to TYNE). By "ANODUS."

NORTH COUNTRY CHRONICLE.

THE LATE LORD ARMSTRONG. Memoir, Portrait, and Poem.

London: ELLIOT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Newcastle-on-Tyne: ANDREW REID & CO., LIMITED.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1901.—Price Sixpence.

MY LADY OF ORANGE. By H. C. BAILEY. (Continued.)

NOTES on RECONSTITUTION in SOUTH AFRICA.—BOER WAR, 1899-1900.

THE WOMEN of the SALONS.—V. Madame de Staël. By S. G. TALLENTYRE.

MY LADY. By WALTER HERBERT POLLOCK.

OWD TUESDAY. By C. L. ANTHONIS.

FISHES and their WAYS. By JOHN ISAHELL.

FYANDER'S WIDOW. By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (Continued.)

AT the SIGN of the SHIP. By ANDREW LANG.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

UNA.

A SONG of ENGLAND in the YEAR
NINETEEN HUNDRED.

By WILLIAM GERARD.

3s. 6d. net.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.

FOURTH EDITION JUST PUBLISHED.

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

**FROM ALDERSHOT
TO PRETORIA;**

A STORY of CHRISTIAN WORK AMONG
THE TROOPS in SOUTH AFRICA.

By Rev. W. E. SELLERS.

"Deeply interesting."—*Guardian*.
"Stirring, touching stories of heroism and endurance."—*Newsman*.
"Instructive and sympathetic."—*Standard*.
"Full of interesting matter."—*Spectator*.
"Well-chosen anecdotes."—*Manchester Guardian*.

A COMPACT and POPULAR STORY OF
THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

**WITH OUR SOLDIERS
' AT THE FRONT.**

By HENRY JOHNSON.

With 15 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt,
2s. 6d.

"Gives a good idea of the origin of the war, and its
leading incidents."—*The Times*.

"A convenient record."—*Spectator*.

"One of the most fascinating volumes on the war."
N. B. Daily Mail.

"Stories of cool courage and heroic self-sacrifice."
Leeds Mercury.

**HOW TO ATTAIN
FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.**

By Rev. J. A. CLAPPERTON, M.A., Author of
"Methods of Soul Culture," &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth
gilt, 1s. 6d.

"The author avoids unhealthy introspection and
the mysticism which is too frequently the leading
feature of works on personal holiness."

English Churchman.
"Minutely practical, and rich in valuable sug-
gestions."—*N. B. Daily Mail*.

**THE HARVEST OF
A QUIET EYE.**

By Prebendary J. R. VERNON, M.A., Author of
"Random Truths in Common Things," &c.
With an etched Frontispiece and Title-Page by
Francis Walker. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

Mr. RUSKIN wrote of the first edition of "The
Harvest of a Quiet Eye," that "he had never seen
anything more gracefully or rightly done."

**MEDITATIONS FOR
QUIET MOMENTS.**

By the Rev. J. H. JOWETT, M.A., of Carr's
Lane, Birmingham. 1s. 6d, cloth boards.

"Brief expositions, each presenting forcibly and
attractively an outstanding thought in the Scripture
selected. Mr. Jowett writes with reverence, with
grace, and with power."—*Life of Faith*.

UNSEAL THE BOOK.

Practical Words for Plain Readers of Holy
Scripture. By Mrs. ASHLEY CARUS-WILSON
(MARY L. G. PERKINS, B.A.). Crown 8vo, 2s.,
cloth boards.

"Conveying a large amount of interesting instruction
on such matters as careful translation, attention to
the context of quotations, systematic study, storing
the treasures of the Bible in the mind, the connection
between prayer and Bible reading, and the duty of
putting what is read into practice."—*Guardian*.

PUBLISHED BY
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
INCORPORATED,
56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1499. Established 1869.

26 January, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper]

VICTORIA.

May 24, 1819—January 22, 1901.

"God gave her peace."

—Tennyson.

Lo, she is dead,
Our noble England's noble Head,
In whom her corporate glories all might see
Summed up in single majesty,
Like sunset on a fronting face.
She has fulfilled her sovereign ways.

A woman, she
Had nations at her nurturing knee;
Mother, hers too the ampler motherhood;
Virtues, the home in her imbued,
Went forth in royalty; formed—Queen-spouse—
To rule an Empire and her house.

She is no more,
Whose sympathy stood at every door,
The woman crowned who wept all women's tears
Throughout her Britain. On her bier's
Black mantle let your eyes to-day,
Women, those queenly rains repay.

Her Empire's house
Garnished and sweet, just Heaven allows
The folding of her hands to sleep. Ah! who
Would desire for her burthens new
At the task's end? This way is best;
With a world weeping her to rest.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Literary Week.

THE illness and death of the Queen have, during the past week, driven all other thoughts from the mind of the community, and it is difficult to concentrate the attention within the boundaries of that province of mental activity represented by the ACADEMY. But the sympathies of the beloved and august lady whose loss the nation is mourning were wide, and on many points they touched literature. An author herself, she had the interests of authors at heart, and in the great grief of her life, the death of the Prince Consort, she found her consolation in a poem written by one of the most distinguished of her subjects—Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

WE take from the present Lord Tennyson's Life of his father the following account of Tennyson's first visit to the Queen after the death of the Prince Consort: "He said that she stood pale and statue-like before him, speaking in a quiet, unutterably sad voice. 'There was a kind of stately innocence about her.' She said many kind things to him, such as 'Next to the Bible "In Memoriam" is my comfort.' She talked of the Prince and of Hallam and of Macaulay and of Goethe, and of Schiller in connexion with him, and said that the Prince was so like the picture of Arthur Hallam in 'In Memoriam,' even to his blue eyes. When A. said that he thought that the Prince would have made a great king, she answered: 'He always said that it did not signify whether he did the right thing or did not, so long as the right thing was done.'"

BETWEEN the Queen and Tennyson there was a real friendship. This is the letter she wrote to him in sending a copy of her Highland Diary:

"DEAR LORD TENNYSON,—

Though a very humble and unpretending author, I send you my new book, which perhaps you may like to glance at. Its only merit is its simplicity and truth.

What a warm winter we have had!

Hoping that you are well, and wishing to be kindly remembered to Lady Tennyson,

Ever yours truly,
V. R. I."

How the Queen's friendship with Tennyson grew and deepened may be seen in the following passage in the Queen's private Diary, written at Osborne, August 7, 1883:

"After luncheon saw the great Poet Tennyson in dearest Albert's room for nearly an hour; and most interesting it was. He is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. But he was very kind. Asked him to sit down. He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world, where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no Immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that, were such a thing possible, God, Who is Love, would be far more cruel than any human being. He quoted some well-known lines from Goethe, whom he so much admires. Spoke of the poor Lily of Hanover [Princess Frederica of Hanover] so kindly; asked after my Godchildren. He spoke of Ireland, and the wickedness of ill-using poor animals: 'I am afraid I think the world is darkened; I dare say it will brighten again.'

I told him what a comfort 'In Memoriam' had again been to me, which pleased him; but he said I could not believe the number of shameful letters of abuse he had received about it. Incredible! When I took leave of him, I thanked him for his kindness, and said I needed it, for I had gone thro' much; and he said: 'You are so alone on that terrible height; it is terrible. I've only

a year or two to live, but I shall be happy to do anything for you I can. Send for me whenever you like.'

I thanked him warmly."

To authorship the Queen herself made no pretensions, and in publishing her private diaries of life in the Highlands she only gave to the world, under persuasion, the most artless of records. But, artless though they were, they deeply interested her subjects; and even the literary critic felt that here were two qualities which are not always found in diaries of greater literary pretensions—a most engaging candour, and absolute discretion. They revealed the secret of the Queen's love of Scotland by showing how she enjoyed—nay, revelled in—the beauties and sublimities of nature and the amenities of humble lives, lived far from the madding crowd.

MR. HEINEMANN is about to issue a new edition of the *Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen*. Mr. William Archer, who made, or supervised, all the translations, has carefully revised the diction of the plays in the light of criticism and of later convictions. While insisting that those critics are in the wrong who deny that Ibsen has any style whatever, he admits that the translations may have fostered the error by laying too much stress on the colloquialism of the poet's dialogue:

Colloquial it always is and must be; to represent it otherwise were to misrepresent it fatally. But there are in English pretty clearly marked degrees of colloquialism; and I fear I often went to the extreme when I might better have kept to the mean. For example, the contraction of auxiliary verbs was very much overdone, the pages being thickly strewn with such expressions as "I'm," "you're," "he's," "we've," "they'd." This may seem a mechanical matter, but it is far from unimportant. To exclude contractions altogether would, of course, be absurd; but it appears to me that they ought to be used only where the character or the situation renders the full form quite inadmissible. In other trifling details I have tried to soften the effect of ultra-colloquialism, making innumerable changes, too small to be recognised individually without a minute collation of the texts, yet producing, I hope, a pervasive modification for the better.

This is frank and reassuring.

On the subject of colloquial English Mr. Archer—who has a taste for such questions—makes some interesting remarks, pointing out that it is not so easy as it may appear to find out what is colloquial and what is not. We entirely agree with him that the difficulty is considerable. Many people use surprisingly formal or rhetorical expressions in ordinary talk without perceiving it. Mr. Archer says that he once blamed Mr. Sydney Grundy for making one of his characters use, in ordinary conversation, "Nor do I believe," and a day or two later he was surprised to hear it come trippingly from his own tongue. He had also habitually avoided, in translation, the expression "I can no longer do" this or that, thinking it had a bookish sound, but one day he heard a mechanic in an omnibus use the expression. It is not safe, however, to print colloquialisms because you have heard them once or twice; they must look like colloquialisms in the book, a rule which Mr. Archer fully recognises.

A LARGE composite collection of autograph letters is about to be dispersed at Sotheby's. The lots include letters from Burke, Mrs. Browning, Coleridge, Cowper, Crabbe, and Wordsworth. The following is extracted from a letter of Cowper's to Samuel Rose:

The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years, in which we are our own masters, make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future

successes or disappointments. Had I employed my time as wisely as you in a situation very similar to yours, I had never been a poet, perhaps, but I might by this time have acquired a character of more importance in society, and a situation in which my friends would have been better pleased to see me. But three years mis-spent in an attorney's office were almost of course followed by several more equally mis-spent in the Temple, and the consequence has been, as the Italian epitaph says—*sto qui*. The only use I can make of myself now, at least the best, is to serve in terrorism to others when occasion may happen to offer, that they may escape, so far as my admonitions can have any weight with them, my folly and my fate. When you feel yourself tempted to relax a little the strictness of your present discipline, and to indulgence in amusements incompatible with your future interests, think of your friend at Weston.

THE Rev. Lucius G. Fry writes a rather piquant letter to the *Times* describing—apropos of a needed fund—the present state of John Gilpin's Edmonton. John Gilpin's Edmonton means the Bell, which, we are told, has disappeared in favour of a modern public-house and a pawnbroker's establishment, while its gardens are covered by a Gilpin-grove where one hundred families live in "poverty and wretchedness." A local police-inspector, who seems to have a pretty wit, summed up the situation by remarking that when folks got "broke" in London they moved to Tottenham, and when they got "stony broke" at Tottenham they came out to Edmonton.

EDWARD FITZGERALD's devotion to Crabbe is one of the threads of individuality that run through his Letters. But to-day, as then, Crabbe is the least read of poets, and it would be rash to say that his star will again rise much above the horizon. Nevertheless, an article in the *Quarterly Review* will do something to revive interest in the poet of "The Borough." The writer has no difficulty in laying his finger on the causes of Crabbe's eclipse. He was like a husbandman who brings good fruit to market when the demand is satisfied and prices are low. "He wrote all his tales in the rhymed couplet of the Pope school, the recurrent see-saw of which became distasteful to a generation in whose ears the music of "Childe Harold" and "Adonais" had sounded. He was a realist, too, just when realism was going out of vogue. He studied and depicted the trials, the follies, the tragedy, of everyday human life, just when the poets of the new school were teaching their readers to regard man as a somewhat irrelevant atom in the pantheistic panorama."

AGAIN, it is probably true to say that had Crabbe been the contemporary of Pope he would have kept his place as a poet who, with far less concentration and finish, possessed qualities of pathos and sincerity which are never found in the author of "The Rape of the Lock." Coming when he did, Crabbe was something of a "guy," and critics, who should know better, still point the finger of ridicule. Yet Crabbe's power of portraying character and of giving pointed expression to natural feelings will always win him reinforcements of admirers. The following lines from "The Library" have an admirable neatness:

First let us view the form, the size, the dress,
For these the manners, nay, the mind express;
That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid;
Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
The close press'd leaves, unclosed for many an age;
The dull red edging of the well-filled page;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold;
These all a sage and labour'd work proclaim,
A painful candidate for lasting fame:
No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
In the deep bosom of that weighty work;
No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,
Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.

Hence, in these times, untouched the pages lie,
 And slumber out their immortality;
 They *had* their day, when, after all his toil,
 His morning study, and his midnight oil,
 At length an author's ONE great work appear'd,
 By patient hope and length of days endear'd;
 Expecting nations hail'd it from the press;
 Poetic friends prefixed each kind address;
 Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,
 And ladies read the work they could not lift.

The *Quarterly* writer concludes: "What we wish to see is a reissue—with some emendations in respect of punctuation and misprints—of Murray's beautiful edition of 1834; and we are inclined to think that the time is ripe for it."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Every dramatist is his own historian, and, if the facts of the drama do not square with the records, then Nature, not Art, is at fault. A recent illustration of this rule is given by Mr. Bernard Shaw's 'Caesar and Cleopatra.' In the play, Pothinus is slain treacherously by Ftatateeta in obedience to Cleopatra's command—an act which draws from Caesar (in the play) a fine denunciation: "'You have slain their leader; it is right that they shall slay you,'" &c. But Caesar's own words (*De Bello Civili*, cap. cxii.) are: 'Pothinus . . . a Cesare interfectus est.' Again, the length of the Heptastadion—the tongue of land at the end of which stood the lighthouse—was, as the name implies, not five miles, but three-quarters of a mile. Authorities, too, differ as to Cleopatra's age. Was it sixteen or nineteen or neither in 48 B.C.?"

In recognition of Mr. Samuel Gordon's novel, *Sons of the Covenant*, the Maccabees, the representative Jewish Club, will entertain Mr. Gordon at dinner. Mr. I. Zangwill will take the chair. After dinner there will be a discussion on the solution, suggested by Mr. Gordon's book of the problem which has long been exercising the minds of the communal leaders.

In last week's *Great Thoughts* Mr. Frederick Wedmore has some interesting observations on "The Needs of the New Century in Art," expressed with the neatness and felicity of diction which he never withholds from his work. Concerning painting Mr. Wedmore says:

If there is one fad in particular that it behoves the painter and the public to steer clear of at this time it is the notion that any dramatic interest in a picture is a diversion from a picture's legitimate aims; and that the first and last business of the painter is to be decorative; that it is his function to be concerned only with what they call "paint." Paint, however, the thoughtful person who is outside the studio will at once recollect, is a medium of expression—does not suffice in itself; or, rather, when it does suffice, the artist has grappled, beautifully it may be, successfully it may be, with only one of the problems with which it was his right, if he chose to exercise it, to concern himself. The truth about the introduction of dramatic incident in painting seems to me to be that it may add immensely not only to the width but to the depth of the appeal which the picture may make. At the same time, the too great reliance upon dramatic or literary interest does obviously open the door for the neglect of qualities that are a painter's alone—beauty of line for its own sake, beauty of colour for its own sake, richness or gaiety of tone for its own sake. . . . The standards of actual painting have undoubtedly been raised, and there is now, I think, little danger of any recurrence to the standards of a generation ago—although it is true, indeed, that "values" are not everything, that the square touch is not everything, albeit it was invented by the great Master, who is now approved most of all: I mean, of course, Velasquez.

Mr. Wedmore proceeds to point out the overdone admiration for Japanese art, and the consequent turning of Japanese methods to purposes which they cannot adequately serve. He would have us transfer some of this allegiance to the great French art of the eighteenth cen-

tury, and he bids us remember that Watteau is one of the great painters for all time. In Architecture Mr. Wedmore sees the need, not of a style, but of the sense of proportion. Lastly, Engraving. "Engraving has to be revived. . . . The educated public cannot for ever suffer his [the engraver's] art to be in abeyance. Not only in reproduction, but in original work besides, the art of the engraver gives us something which no other art can bestow."

A FEW weeks ago we printed a "Thing Seen" in which the writer described his early impressions of the late Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose style he admired in his youth and has shunned when in his years of discretion. We are amused, in taking up a little book called *Bits of Turf*, by Nathaniel Gubbins, the author of *Cakes and Ale*, to find him achieving a style even more shunnable than Mr. Sala's, and yet in its documentary way amusing and illuminative. We will illustrate it by the opening paragraph of the paper called "Chippendale's Cesarewitch":

We gather from the writings of Mr. George Augustus Sala that he employed his one holiday in the week in sorting his correspondence and dusting his *bric-à-brac*. As my own correspondence consists, for the most part, of attempts on the part of the writers to obtain money by threats, and having no *bric-à-brac* to speak of to dust—save a plaster cast of the late Mr. William Palmer—I usually occupy myself on a Saturday, when not engaged in writing racing articles for provincial journals, or in studying character at the Trocadero, in overlooking a very fine and large collection of old newspapers, which share with an assortment of boots, harness, race-cards, and seed potatoes, the major part of the untidy, ill-furnished apartment dignified by the name of "Master's Study." It was on this very last Saturday that I happened upon an old number of the *Bird o' Freedom*, dated October 1st, 1879, the Wednesday before Chippendale's Cesarewitch, the race at that time being invariably run on a Tuesday. In their articles, in the number in question, it is noticeable that both "The Member for Tattersall's" and "Old Abe" were "Adamite" to the backbone, the last-named soothsayer—usually *facile princeps* at picking winners—giving "Parole and Bay Archer" to follow Mr. Perkins' horse home.

Chippendale's Cesarewitch! How the old time—albeit more than two decades ago—wells in upon my memory with the freshness of yesterday!

We referred recently to Mr. W. D. Howells's drastic criticism of "The New Historical Romances." His article has brought forth a strong reply from Mr. Maurice F. Egan, Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Washington. Mr. Egan points out that the latter half of the nineteenth century has been a period of spiritual obscurity, and contends that a reaction is at hand. He sees "an incoming wave of spiritual vibrations," and the new historical romancists are among its prophets. Mr. Egan's views are interesting enough to quote. He says:

Realism itself could not escape analysis; the newer man wanted to dry it as the chemist does alcohol. Every drop of water must disappear. And then the Darwinian movement was affecting life. Realism, after all, cannot escape being synthetical, since even the most scientific of the new school were forced to call in the aid of imagination. Here was the difficulty. Besides, Balzac—even the all-seeing Balzac—hesitated to say some things; Flaubert had his reserves. The movement of realism was hampered by prudery, and it was not sufficiently "scientific." Zola, instead of being the founder of a school, is the beginning and the end of an illogical attempt in literature to dig around the roots of animal life in search of the monstrous grubs that infest them. The naturalistic scientific movement somewhat affected Matilde Serao in Italy and the clever Spanish novelists, among whom are Galdos and Madame Pardo-Bazan. In England it touched George

Moore. In Russia it influenced Tolstoi and Dostoyeffsky. It has had no permanent effect, except upon D'Annunzio, who may call himself a pathological criminologist of the scientific-naturalist school. Literature, one sees, has for some time been forging checks upon the Bank of Science just as that bank was engaged in playing the same game with the Bank of Theology.

FINALLY, we are assured :

In English-speaking countries the scientific-realistic movement has spent its force. Reverence and mysticism are coming into vogue again, and with them the romance. A man who does not to-day assume that he would like to believe, if he could, is as much out of the fashion as the man who doubted Spencer or Huxley twenty-five years ago. And the more you believe, the more you are in the current of the stream. It is the old motion of the pendulum. Therefore the romance is king. Poetry is even coming into vogue; the poets are struggling out of their twilight, and it will soon be day for them. Everybody who is rich looks around for ideals, and everybody who is not rich hopes to acquire some as soon as he can afford to keep them.

Bibliographical.

THE daily papers have taken very little notice of the death of Miss Arabella Shore, and very characteristically, for the daily papers are never very strong on the subject of the minor *belles lettres*. Yet the fact that Miss Shore published so recently as last year a volume of *First and Last Poems* might well have kept her in their recollection. To few publications could Miss Shore lay full claim. Apart from the book just mentioned, she was the sole author of only three—an *Answer to John Bright*, concerning the emancipation of women (1877); a translation, entitled *A Daughter of the Malepieres* (1885); and *Dante for Beginners* (1886)—the last-named being a translation of the *Divina Commedia*, with a biographical sketch and some criticism. All that she published besides these was in association with her sister Louisa, who, in the matter of poetry-producing, was certainly the abler worker. These two issued together—as by “A. and L.”—*War Lyrics* (1855), *Gemma of the Isles, and other Poems* (1859), *Fra Dolcino, and other Poems* (1870), *Elegies and Memorials* (1890), and *Poems* (1897). Miss Arabella Shore was devoted to her sister and the memory of her, and brought out, in 1897, her *Poems*, with a memoir, and, in 1898, her *Hannibal, and other Poems*, with an introduction. The two ladies’ poetical barque floats on a backwater of the river of literature—a backwater, however, which the lovers of thoughtful verse will find it well worth their while to explore for themselves.

The reprint of the poems of “Seasons” Thomson, which we are told to look for shortly in the “Canterbury Poets” series, should do something for the popularity of the poet, though I fear he is a little old-fashioned for these giddy-pacéd times. The man in the street does not know him at all—does not even know that he wrote “Rule, Britannia.” For that matter, nobody can say positively that Thomson did write it, for “Alfred,” the masque in which it figures, was announced as the result of collaboration between Thomson and David Mallet. Suppose Mallet wrote the song? One cannot say, positively, that he did not. For the rest, Thomson lives mainly in the “familiar quotations” books, for people use his sentences and phrases without knowing they are his. For the library, there is Mr. D. C. Tovey’s two-volume edition of the poems, now three or four years old. This replaced in the “Aldine” series the edition prepared by Sir H. Nicolas in 1857. Up to now, the most popular “edition” has been that superintended and “introduced” by Mr. W. M. Rossetti in 1873 (reprinted in 1880). This, probably, has been out of print for some time. Of other modern editions, mention may be made of that by George Gilfillan in 1853, and that by Robert Bell in 1855.

One of the chapters in Mr. Meredith Nicholson’s book on *The Hoosiers* has drawn attention to an Indiana literary worthy whose writings, I should say, have been but little read in this country. Of General Lew Wallace, Edward Eggleston, and James Whitcomb Riley, most educated Englishmen know something; but what of Maurice Thompson, of whose work Mr. Nicholson gives some appetising particulars? I note that at least a dozen of Mr. Thompson’s books have found their way to England; but only three of them have had English publishers—*At Love’s Extremes* (1885), *A Banker of Bankersville* (1887), and *The King of Honey Island* (1896)—all prose fiction. Among the other volumes by Mr. Thompson which have been put within the reach of our reading public are three of verse—*Songs of Fair Weather* (1883), *Poems* (1892), and *Lincoln’s Grave* (1894); three of essays—*Byways and Bird Notes* (1885), *Sylvan Secrets* (1887), and *Ethics of Literary Art* (1894); two of fiction—*The Ocala Boy* (1895) and *Stories of the Cherokee Hills* (1898); and one of history—*The Story of Louisiana* (1889). As poet and essayist Mr. Thompson seems to have real merit.

In *Who’s Who* will be found a list of publications by the late Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers, but it is not complete. It ignores, to begin with, the poem on *The Distress in Lancashire* which secured for the author the Chancellor’s medal at Cambridge in 1863; also, the volume of *Poems* (including *St. Paul*), issued in 1870; and, also, the monograph on *Wordsworth* contributed in 1878 to the “English Men of Letters” series. No doubt it was hardly necessary to refer to the prefaces which Mr. Myers wrote for his father’s *Catholic Thoughts on the Church of Christ* (1883) and for the little selection from Archbishop Trench’s verses called *In Time of War* (1900). It may be noted the *Essays Classical and Modern* ascribed to 1885 (it should be 1883), were in two separate volumes, not in one. I suppose it is the *St. Paul* which, capturing the youthful ear, has kept Mr. Myers’s memory as a poet green in the minds of those now middle-aged. It was the slow dignified melody of the verse, the smooth unbroken rhythm, which caught the fancy and held it for so many years. Re-read, the poem is found to be somewhat lacking in “fundamental brainwork.”

The prospect of a volume on the subject of Bret Harte will no doubt set some people wondering how long it is since they first became acquainted with that engaging writer. Apparently it is just a little over thirty years since Mr. Harte was introduced to the English reading public. The introduction was in 1870, and was made by means of a little book entitled *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Sketches*. In the following year came *Sensation Novels Condensed*, and *The Heathen Chinee, and other Poems*. Evidently these three whetted the appetite of appreciative John Bull, for in 1872 there was quite a flood of Bret Harte literature—*Prose and Poetry*, *Poems and Prose*, *East and West Poems*, *Truthful James and other Poems*, and *Stories of the Sierras, and other Sketches*. For humorous verse we do not now look to Mr. Harte, but in the department of prose-fiction he has maintained, all along, a creditably high level.

Trusting to memory, I wrote last week of the late Mr. R. C. Christie as the editor of Dryden’s *Poems* in the “Globe” series. I was misled by a similarity of name. It was the late Mr. W. D. Christie who edited Dryden’s verse. I was conscious of the slip directly I opened the pages of my *ACADEMY* on Friday. On Monday, having myself made a *faux pas*, I was delighted to salute a brother in distress—namely, a writer in the *Daily News*, who ascribed Calverley’s lines, beginning,

In clod—a piece of orange-peel—
The end of a cigar—

to Haynes Bayley! There is something in the slips of others which is not altogether displeasing to us.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Mind of Gray.

The Letters of Thomas Gray. Edited by Duncan C. Tovey.
Vol. I. (Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.)

WHEN Gray saw Versailles he wrote: "What a huge heap of littleness!" When a certain type of critic sees Mr. Tovey's foot-notes to Gray's letters he may feel disposed to exclaim: "What a huge heap of littleness!" and point to this note on Gray's exclamation as an example of the fault he indicates:

Macaulay writes (Paris, February 2nd, 1839): "I resolved to go to Versailles. The Palace is a huge heap of littleness" (*Life and Letters*, Popular Ed., p. 371). I suspect that he was referring to this expression of Gray's, and probably underlined it. Walpole writing to West, at the same date approximately as that of Gray's letters, jocularly says that he has resigned to Gray the task of writing the panegyric of Versailles, for "he likes it." Walpole also calls the great front "a lumber of littleness." The original expression is, of course, Pope's (Description of Timon's Villa).

Elaborate, is it not? But, for ourselves, we do not find Mr. Tovey too zealous. He sensibly pleads that no one is obliged to read all his notes. Indeed, the faculty is quickly won of using notes just as much as is necessary to the mood and hour. Some we read at once, others we glance at and murmur "Another time," and a few, altogether missed, will surprise us hereafter. Nevertheless, it is well to insist that Mr. Tovey belongs to the elaborate school of editors. Mr. Edmund Gosse is a careful editor, but his treatment of Gray's letters does not satisfy Mr. Tovey, who—to show us the difference—prints one of Gray's postscripts in Mr. Gosse's text and in his own side by side. These two versions are a curious study in the editorial conscience. Mr. Gosse printed the postscript as follows:

Trollope is in town still at his lodgings, and has been very ill. Brown wrote a month ago to Hayes and Christopher, but has had no answer, whether or no, they shall be here at the Commencement. Can you tell? Morley is going to be married to a grave and stayed Maiden of thirty years' old with much pelf, and his own relation. Poor Soul!

Mr. Tovey prints:

Trollope is in Town still at his Lodgeings, & has been very ill. Brown wrote a Month ago to Hayes and Christoph^r: but has had no Answer, whither or no, they shall be here at the Commencement. can you tell? Morley is going to be married to a grave & stayed Maiden of 30 Years old with much Pelf, & his own Relation. poor Soul!

The differences may seem microscopic, yet in the mass of the letters they stand for complexion. The use of the ampersand is characteristic in the Letters, and Mr. Tovey thinks that Gray wrote "whither" for "whether" because he so pronounced the word. In short, Mr. Tovey is sleepless in his search for the *ipsissima verba*. He has already applied his method with equal thoroughness—but, we fancy, with less reward—to the works of James Thomson, a poet who was, perhaps, as certain to be smothered under such attentions as Gray was to be improved and illuminated. Thomson was a dull man, Gray a man of exquisitely active mind. Gray was a personage, too; and you enjoy his letters none the less for knowing that he was difficult of access to all but his intimates. It is said that at Cambridge graduates would leave their dinners to see him cross a quadrangle. At the Rainbow Coffee-house, at Cambridge, whither he came pretty regularly to order his books from the Circulating Library, he was beset by admirers, who struggled for the honour of supplying one of the four subscribers' signatures which were necessary for the requisition of a book. But this is secondary. Gray's

charm consists in his being a singularly attractive embodiment of the literary life of the eighteenth century. In him that century both lives and dies; he was of it, yet above it; his eighteenth-century-ness is flecked with a modernity to which Dr. Johnson had no pretensions. Again and again you feel this: nowhere more so than in his feeling for nature. Compare Johnson's rhetorical passage on Iona with Gray's account of the Grande Chartreuse. Better still, leave Johnson alone, and put side by side with each other Gray's descriptions of the Grande Chartreuse passage and of the meeting of the Rhone and Saône, and say whether the one does not tempt you to drag Matthew Arnold into your view, and the other Mr. Henry James. Here is the Grande Chartreuse as Gray saw it in 1739, when he was twenty-three years of age:

In our little journey up the Grande Chartreuse I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining: Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday; you have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without fighting it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time.

And now consider the gaiety and transparency of this river piece:

I take this opportunity to tell you that we are at the ancient and celebrated Lugdunum, a city situated upon the confluence of the Rhône and Saône (Arar I should say) two people, who though of tempers extremely unlike, think fit to join hands here and make a little party to travel to the Mediterranean in company; the lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy, incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluat judicari non possit; the gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; and with all her soft airs she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he passes incog. without the walls, but waits for her a little below.

Not at all the kind of writing one associates with eighteenth century Grand Touring, is it? But what will be said if we hint that Gray rattled out travel nonsense which has its nineteenth century counterpart in *A Tramp Abroad*? We shall hardly be blamed for the allusion if we quote a few passages from Gray's mock synopsis of *The Travels of T. G. Gent.* He sent them to Wharton from Florence without comment:

CHAP. 1.

The Author arrives at Dover; his conversation with the Mayor of that Corporation; sets out in the Pacquet-Boat, grows very sick; the Author spews, a very minute account of all the circumstances thereof: his arrival at Calais; how the inhabitants of that country speak French & are said to be all Papishes; the Author's reflexions thereupon.

2.

How they feed him with Soupe, and what Soupe is. how he meets with a Capucin; and what a Capucin is. how they shut him up in a Post-Chaise, and send him to Paris; he goes wondering along durement 6 days; & how there are Trees and Houses just as in England. arrives at Paris without knowing it.

5.

The Author takes unto him a Taylour; his Character. how he covers him with Silk & Fringe, & widens his figure with buckram a yard on each side; Waistcoat & Breeches so strait, he can neither breath, nor walk. how the Barber curls him en Bequille, & à la negligée, & ties a vast Solitaire about his Neck; how the Milliner lengthens his ruffles to his finger's ends & sticks his two arms into a Muff. how he cannot stir, & how they cut him in proportion to his Clothes.

12.

Arrives at Turin; goes to Genoa, & from thence to Placentia; crosses the River Trebia: the Ghost of Hannibal appears to him; & what it & he, say upon the occasion. locked out of Parma in a cold winter's night: the author by an ingenious stratagem, gains admittance. despises that City, & proceeds through Reggio to Modena. how the Duke and Duchess lie over their own Stables, and go every night to a vile Italian Comedy; despises them, & it; & proceeds to Bologna.

14.

Observations on Antiquities. the Author proves, that Bologna was the ancient Tarentum; that the battle of Salamis, contrary to the vulgar opinion, was fought by Land, and that not far from Ravenna. that the Romans were a colony of the Jews, and that Eneas was the same with Ehud.

But we must draw near to the inner charm of Gray's letters. Not the least of its various elements is the Gallic lightness of mind of the author of the *Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard*. Elegies and churchyards are not at all the images which haunt us in the Letters. Rather, we are perpetually reminded that Gray spent the most impressionable months of his life in Paris, where the whole life of elegance and caprice was open to him; where he learned, once for all, not to take himself too seriously. And so you are not to look for proprieties and punctualities of emotion in Gray. If you do, he will be very apt to give you a healthy disappointment. We will illustrate this in a remote and glancing way by a reference to the story which, of all others, has made Gray's name widely and warmly known among Englishmen. We mean, of course, Wolfe's recitation of the verse, "The boast of heraldry," &c., as he glided down the St. Lawrence to victory and death, and his declaration that he would rather have written the "Elegy" than take Quebec. Aglow once more with appreciation of that fine tribute of Mars to Apollo, you turn to Gray's letters for the response. And this is what you find him writing:

[Pitt's] second speech was a studied and puerile declamation on funeral honours (on proposing a monument for Wolfe). In the course of it he wiped his eye with one handkerchief, and Beckford (who seconded him) cried too, and wiped with two handkerchiefs at once, which was very moving.

That is all. But then the whole of Gray's attitude to the "Elegy" is delightfully saline in its unexpected carelessness. His care went into its composition. Its publication was an accident. Gray had sent the poem to Horace Walpole, who handed it about so freely that the next thing Gray heard was a letter from the proprietors of the *Magazine of Magazines* intimating that they proposed to print this "ingenious Poem," and craving "his indulgence and the honour of his correspondence." This woke Gray up, and he wrote at once to Walpole to say that he was not at all disposed to be so indulgent or correspondent as they desired, and to beg him at once to have the poem printed and issued by Dodsley. Five days later the "Elegy" was out, a quarto pamphlet, price sixpence, unsigned by the poet, and with an unsigned advertisement by Horace Walpole. Its success was immediate. It is surprising how little the letters tell us of that singular "boom." Turning the pages for such references, we alight on a letter to Gray from his friend and fellow-poet, Mason, dated from Hanover, which contains a delightful story. Mason had met at Hamburg a certain Mme. Belcht, a German blue-stocking, of whose conversation he gives a specimen:

She asked who was the famous Poet that writ the *Nitt Toats*. I replied Doctor Yonge. She beg'd leave to drink his Health, in a glass of Sweet Wine adding that he was her favourite English Author. We toasted the Doctor. Upon which, having a mind to give my Parnassian toast, I asked Madame Belcht if she had ever read *La petite*

Elegie dan la Cimetière Rustique. C'est beaucoup jolie, je vous assure! (for I had said fort jolie very often before) Oui Monsr. replyd Madame Belch ja lu et elle est bien jolie et Melancholique, mais elle ne touche point la Cœur comme mes cheres Nitt toats.

This story throws a delightful light on the humour, modesty, and good sense of the poet to whom it was sent. These are the qualities which give life and charm and grit to all Gray's letters, and they are as evident when he writes of men and things as when he discusses points of criticism. There are fourteen years of Gray's letter-writing to be covered by Mr. Tovey's second volume, for which we shall wait with impatience. His life in London, his work at the newly opened British Museum, his travels in England and Scotland, the last of his friendships (Bonstetten), the curious extinction of his poetic impulse, which led him to forbid the very mention of his poems in his presence, and his last struggle with gout at Cambridge—these are to come. Meanwhile we cannot over-estimate the value of Mr. Tovey's quiet enthusiasm to Gray's memory and to the presentation of all that he wrote.

“Honest Old Monboddoo.”

Lord Monboddoo and some of his Contemporaries. By William Knight. (Murray. 16s.)

JAMES BURNET, Lord Monboddoo, was one of the central figures of that eighteenth-century Edinburgh which they called the modern Athens. The pictures of him show a typical Scottish lawyer, a sharp profile, a long nose, a chin nearly pointed, prominent eyes, and satire lurking about the flexible lips, the features of a man clever and brilliant rather than strong; you are sure at a glance he possessed a hobby that he loved to get astride, though the whimsicalness is kept in check by shrewd Scottish sense. Dr. Knight's brief, but adequate, biography, and a perusal of the letters—and what tremendous letters those eighteenth century wits found time to write—amply confirm this first impression. He was Pleydell's "old friend Burnet" mentioned in *Guy Mannering* as being famous for his *coenae* in the manner of which he imitated his beloved ancients, crowning the cups (which were of excellent Bordeaux) with roses, which were also strewn on the table. All the *bons esprits* of old Edinburgh gathered there, and we only wish that the learned host, instead of discoursing so fully on Aristotle and his philosophy and slating Locke, had set down the impressions he formed of some of the guests concerning whom we are all curious now. There was ploughman Burns, only twenty-seven, still with the glamour of the Ayrshire fields and streams in his heart, swearing in his wild way that the beauty of Lord Monboddoo's daughter, Miss Burnet, was such as to make him admire Almighty God more than ever for having made a thing so fair. Before that Rab Fergusson had been entertained at the same table, and perchance had delighted the gay old lawyers by singing the "Birks of Invermay" to them, and much later was to come limping a youth named Walter Scott, already full of the love of "mine own romantic town," and greedily assimilating his first experiences of life. But, to use a phrase of Lord Neaves, "it's a little oddo" that Lord Monboddoo ignores their existence. His taste in literature, as a matter of fact, was execrable. What he admired is precisely what this generation ridicules. Fancy a man of wit and taste at a loss for words to express his admiration of "My name is Norval, and on the Grampian M——"; but who could write out such rant now! And then, mind, it is at the expense of him whom we call our greatest. The long Number IV. letter to Harris can be put in a portmanteau phrase that holds it all: "Whaur's Wully Shakespeare noo?" Indeed, "Wully" was but a "mimographer," whatever that is; he had never studied

Aristotle's art of poetry, and Lord Monboddoo despaired of the English race because they set him on a pinnacle. How it illuminates the change from the prosy formula-ridden, tradition-following, go-by-rule eighteenth century to the unconvention that is almost lawless, a love for the unstudied and natural which is nearly a mania of this later generation. Coming from Lord Monboddoo, it, of course, has the exaggerating effect of caricature, because, as far as poetry was concerned—poetry as we conceive it—he had no soul to be saved, and neither time nor learning could possibly have made the slightest difference. He was as much in outer darkness as was Wilkie, the author of "The Epigoniad," of whose singular personality we seek in vain for the slightest trace, though he, too, was of the circle.

As to style, his views were entirely in keeping; and to the readers of a critical journal they must have at least an interest that is historical. "If it be true that, as I suppose," he says, "there is an art of writing, and that the ancients are our masters in that art, as well as in statuary and painting, it is impossible in the nature of things that the writers of that age, when the ancient authors were so much more read and admired, should not be better writers than those of this age." Wherefore he regrets that he is too old to remodel his own style according to this ideal, and expresses his preference for writing full of "periods" like that of Milton and Lord Clarendon, Demosthenes and Cicero, and his contempt for what he calls the "memorandum or shorthand writing" of such botchers as Voltaire and Montesquieu. Surely from those fields whereon, as he says, grow the plants *Asphodelus* and *Malva* he looks with reproachful eyes upon his biographer who hath sinned most flagrantly, if to be easy, and natural, and simple, and clear are crimes. *Sancta simplicitas* he admired in no sense, not even in dress. Once he brought back from France a suit of white velvet whereof he was enormously vain, and in which he went to an Assembly; but down in the country, at his little place in Kincardineshire, where, as he grew old, much of his time was spent, he got himself up with another kind of ostentation as a simple farmer. It was as Monboddoo "of that ilk" that he entertained Boswell and Dr. Johnson. He and the lexicographer "did not love one another," says Dr. Knight, but probably the bickering mostly came from the surface, and in the "dark unconscious" there was more mutual respect than ever found expression. At any rate Monboddoo was an irreproachable host, and the two spent a royal night together in the house "with two turrets, which mark an old baron's residence," even though they nearly came to loggerheads at the gate. Monboddoo received them there most courteously, pointed to the Douglas arms upon the house, and told them his grandmother was of that family. "In such houses," quoth he, "our ancestors lived who were better than we." "No, no, my lord," said uncompromising Dr. Johnson with his natural sense, "we are as strong as they and a great deal wiser." The challenge was politely ignored, but all about the farmer's dinner, Monboddoo's rustic dress and white hat, and the talk about Homer, was set down by the unsleeping Boswell, always on the watch for copy. Evidently Dr. Knight is afraid his hero does not cut a very sublime figure, and so he quotes the high praise of Sir Walter Scott—chivalrous spirit, learning, wit, hospitality, kindness, and so forth—as a set-off. No doubt both are honest and true opinions; but whereas the novelist saw only the presiding spirit of an Edinburgh supper-room, Dr. Johnson walked into the chamber of the man's mind and found little there to his satisfaction. At this distance of time it is difficult for us to take Lord Monboddoo seriously. He is an interesting figure in a circle that will ever be attractive, and the eccentricities of any age always exercise a certain amount of fascination. They are generally, at least, true bits of life, but a study of his mental power only brings home to us the

remarkably small amount of intellect required to produce a considerable lawyer. Probably Dr. Knight would retort that one consideration has so far ignored his position as a philosopher. But it was the same there as in literature. A great part of these letters is devoted to the task of pulling to bits Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, which he characterised as "no other than a hardy collection of crude, undigested thoughts by a man who thought and reasoned by himself upon subjects of the greatest difficulty and deepest speculation, without assistance of learning." Berkeley's theory was "as poor a piece of sophistry as ever I saw composed by a man who seems to be in earnest." In place of these he exalted *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*. Further, his biographer admits that he quite misconceived the drift and tendency of modern sciences. Of his books *The Origin and Progress of Language* and the *Science of Universals* there is this to be said in their favour, that the argument rested on a theory of evolution. He looks back to a time when man, in the words of Horace, was a *mutum et turpe pecus*, be his theory of the manner in which he became articulate right or wrong. The root principle of his teaching, in the words of his biographer, was the ascent and progress that was to be seen in Nature from the inorganic through the organic up to man. Only he illogically held that this progress stopped with the Greeks—Roman language and civilisation he held in contempt. For this we give him the credit Lord Neaves accorded:

Though Darwin now proclaims the law,
And spreads it far abroad O!
The man that first the secret saw
Was honest old Monboddoo.

And with all his limitations, whims and eccentricities there are few *Noctes Ambrosiana* at which we would have more willingly assisted than those at St. John-street, Canongate, where wine and company alike could be depended on, and the kind old host's most notable affectation lay in too much love for the Rose, a fair flower 'tis true, but one that hath been much misused in every generation.

Mr. Yeats's New Play.

The Shadowy Waters. By W. B. Yeats. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

In this long dialogue-poem Mr. Yeats is more shadowy, more mystical, more unearthly than ever. His beautiful, insubstantial verse approaches still nearer to the ideal of a dream. His intention is less expressed than dimly discerned through it: not stated so much as overheard. How much of Mr. Yeats's mysticism is a literary attitude of mind, how much a working philosophy of life, we do not pretend to say: it is clear that he allows it a more and more exclusive domination over his poetry. The motive of *The Shadowy Waters* is apparently to be found in the contrast between the earthly and the mystical conception of love. The chief personages are Forgael and Dectora. Forgael is upon his galley. Mysterious messages have bidden him to

Seek

His heart's desire where the world dwindles out.

He neglects his craft of buccaneering, to the loud discontent of his men, in a dream of "a love that the gods give." His friend warns him that:

No man nor woman has loved otherwise
Than in brief longing and deceiving hope
And bodily tenderness; and he who longs
For happier love but finds unhappiness,
And falls among the dreams the drowsy gods
Breathe on the burnished mirror of the world
And then smooth out with ivory hands and sigh.

But Forgael is faithful to his dreams. Then another ship

looms through the fog. The sailors board it, slay the crew and the king, whose souls hover round the mast like grey birds, and bring on to their own ship Dectora. At first Forgael will have none of her :

I wait
For an immortal woman, as I think.

But as the queen speaks, endeavouring to persuade the sailors to take her home, he becomes half-convinced that this is the love of his eternal quest. With his harp, given him on an island by the fool of the wood, he charms the sailors, who threaten to slay him, and they betake themselves to the ale. He charms Dectora, and she forgets.

I know you now, beseeching hands and eyes,
I have been waiting you. A moment since
My foster-mother sang in an old rhyme
That my true-love would come in a ship of pearl
Under a silken sail and silver yard,
And bring me where the children of Ængus wind
In happy dances, under a windy moon ;
But these waste waters and wind-beaten sails
Are wiser witchcraft, for our peace awakes
In one another's arms.

And still Forgael has to teach the woman that the love of dreams is beyond the bodily tenderness.

DECTORA.

The love I know is hidden in these hands
That I would mix with yours, and in this hair
That I would shed like twilight over you.

FORGAEL.

The love of all under the light of the sun
Is but brief longing and deceiving hope
And bodily tenderness ; but love is made
Imperishable fire under the boughs
Of chrysoberyl and beryl and chrysolite
And chrysoprase and ruby and sardonyx.

There is an ebb and flow of the spirit. Dectora is half won, and the voices of the sailors quarrelling over their ale half recall her to the light of the sun. Forgael bids her go and love his friend with the earthly love and share his happy throne. But in the end the dream triumphs over the reality, or the reality over the dream, which you will, and the lovers cut the rope that binds them to the other galley with the sailors in it, and glide away together to the music of the harp-strings.

Certainly, Mr. Yeats makes a beautiful thing of it, with his gift of level, unruffled speech. Yet it is all rather impalpable, and one has an uneasy sense that it is all rather inhuman. We turn back almost with relief to the comparative daylight of his preface, though that, too, is full of enchantment. He describes "the seven woods of Coole," where this story came to him, and invokes the shadowy beings "that cleave the waters of sleep," for whom is his song :

How shall I name you, immortal, mild, proud Shadows ?
I only know that all we know comes from you,
And that you come from Eden on flying feet.
Is Eden far away, or do you hide
From human thought, as hares and mice and conies
That run before the reaping-hook and lie
In the last ridge of the barley ? Do our woods
And winds and ponds cover more quiet woods,
More shining winds, more star-glimmering ponds ?
Is Eden out of time and out of space ?
And do you gather about us when pale light
Shining on water and fallen among leaves,
And winds blowing from flowers, and whirr of feathers
And the green quiet have uplifted the heart ?

I have made this poem for you, that men may read it
Before they read of Forgael and Dectora,
As men in the old times, before the harps began,
Poured out wine for the high invisible ones.

Well, Mr. Yeats may be inhuman and pale-blooded, but when he writes likes this he has the magic almost to draw us with him into fairy.

"The Father of the House."

Seventy Years of Westminster. With other Letters and Notes of the late Right Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P. Edited by his Daughter. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is essentially a book for quotation. It is composed chiefly of three articles which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is made up of letters which Sir John Mowbray wrote to his family, and especially to his mother. The book is edited by his daughter, who has done her work well.

Sir John Mowbray began life with the name of Cornish, and did not assume the name by which he was best known until his marriage. He was born on June 3, 1815, and was educated at Westminster, where, as a boy, he gained his first experience of Parliament, and at Christ Church. In 1847 he married, and in 1853 entered Parliament and gave up practice at the Bar. Sir John Mowbray had a great experience of men and things in the House of Commons, and gives several instances of that marvellous prescience which distinguished Disraeli. Here is an extract which is of present interest :

On the second reading [of the Oxford University Reform Act] two men, with a long Parliamentary career before them, made speeches which attracted much attention—one was Mr. Byng, afterwards Viscount Enfield and Earl of Strafford ; the other Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquess of Salisbury. The first received many compliments both in the House and from friends out of doors. Mr. Disraeli remarked to me afterwards : " You heard two speeches the other night—one by Byng, who has received so many congratulations in the House, and letters from all the duchesses and countesses in London ; the other by Robert Cecil. You will not hear much of the first ; the latter has made his mark as a real debater, and will become a considerable man." The prediction was verified. Lord Enfield was an excellent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Lord Salisbury has been three times Prime Minister of England.

The date of Disraeli's prophecy was 1854. The account of how Mr. Gladstone was turned out of his seat for Oxford in 1865 by Mr. Gathorne Hardy is a valuable bit of history. Sir John was chairman of the meeting held in London which decided to oppose Mr. Gladstone. He recounts an incident which occurred when Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam") came to record his vote :

The poll opened on Thursday the 13th of July, and lasted until the 18th, the intervening Sunday excepted. On the first day of the poll, about 5 p.m., the Bishop of Oxford came into the theatre booted and spurred, about to ride to Cuddesdon Palace. The Vice-Chancellor leant forward, and in a loud voice said : " You must vote in your Academicals, you know." This occasioned a little merriment ; and on the Bishop's return Mr. Granville Somerset, who was acting as a kind of legal adviser for Mr. Hardy, called his lordship's attention to the resolution of the House of Commons that no Peer should take part in the election of a Member of the Commons' House, and asked him if he had considered it. He said he had. Sir Robert Phillimore, who appeared for Mr. Gladstone, asked if it was not held that the resolution did not apply to elections by members of Convocation. The Bishop smiled, but did not commit himself to any answer, and immediately said : " Samuel Wilberforce, Oriel ; I vote for Mr. Gladstone," and the vote was recorded.

Mr. Hardy's majority was one hundred and eighty. Sir John Mowbray occupied a peculiar position in Parliament. He did not often speak, but he was a mainstay of the Committees, and was respected by all men and by all parties. He was in Parliament for forty-six years, including eleven general elections and two re-elections on taking office, and it is a remarkable thing that he only once had to go to the poll at a contest, and that was on his first entry into Parliament, in 1853. A curious in-

stance of the respect in which he was held occurred in 1893 at the opening of the new Parliament. There was a seat which, by courtesy, he had always occupied since he left the Front Bench in 1874. On the first day he found his seat occupied by Lord Frederick Hamilton, who, of course, gave it up directly he found out whose it was. But the strange thing was that Dr. Tanner, of all people, went up to Sir John in his blandest manner, and assured him that if any Irishman ever took the place he would see to it, and set it right.

The book is full of quotations, for Sir John Mowbray's relation with all the leading Parliamentarians were very close. It gives the idea of a most charming and lovable personality, and of a man whose unostentatious work was a loss to the nation as well as to Parliament. Sir John, who died last year, was Father of the House of Commons for the last eighteen months of his life.

Tales from the Eastern Homer.

The Story-Book of the Shah. By Ella C. Sykes. Illustrated. (Macqueen. 10s. 6d.)

THERE are no blows delivered in Persian legend quite so authentic in their clangour as those we listen to in reading the *Morte d'Arthur*; yet it is a drowsy spirit that nothing but battle can stir, and the spirit were drowsy indeed that did not stand bolt upright, so to speak, in the presence of Jemshid the Proud and of Rustam the Invincible. In this pleasant volume the gorgeous sins and heroisms collected by Firdausi are related with the mingled reticence and candour that befit a childish audience, and local colour and characteristic details are supplied by ingenious reference to modern Persia, with which a two years' residence has familiarised Mrs. Sykes. She may be gently reproved for writing "Rustem" for Rustam, the former being, in Burton's phrase, a "vile Turkish corruption." Nor can one refrain from adding that the best version of Rustam's duel with Sohrab, for a child as for an adult, remains Matthew Arnold's—one of the very rare examples of a poem that neither sugars nor complicates, but simply beautifies the literature from which it is derived.

Adult interest in Persian legend is damped in the usual way by the arbitrary conduct of the gods who arrange both beginnings and ends. Then we have Demons and the Simurgh—"the worthy Bird," whose blood, even when his moral character is defective, is efficacious enough to enable feet to tread unharmed on red-hot sand. Similarly the blood of the White Demon restores the sight of Kai-Kaus and his warriors. Evil in legend is often merely good behaving paradoxically. It is not very wise, or the Demon who once had Rustam in his power would not have let that hero slip through his fingers by throwing him into the sea when he might have killed him outright.

A Persian Icarus is to be found in the above-mentioned Kai-Kaus. Determining "to explore the secrets of the heavens," he set his magicians to work:

They fixed four javelins in an upright position at the corners of a light raft, and put a piece of meat on the point of each javelin, and the monarch sat in the middle. Four strong and hungry eagles were then fettered to the corners, and as each bird flew upwards to seize the meat, the Persian King was carried higher and higher into the air.

The Patent Office can protect no mechanical device more exquisite than this; and it is a little curious that the constructive talent which such an invention displays should have traffic with the supernatural in its crudest form. But one must remember the volcano Demavend which presides over Persia. The sudden violence of an eruption requires for its explanation the plodding science which

Fancy has ever outrun. Demavend is enough to account for the snakes on King Zohak's shoulder, which sprang into wriggling existence at the perfidious kiss of Iblis. It is enough to account for the magician who turned himself into a rock, and the dragon that could take two mules and a takht at one gape.

Other marvels—such as the hair that Rudabeh let down over the balcony to serve as a ladder for her lover, Zal—have haunted the brain of Europe. Rapunzel has an immortal relative, that fairy tales may be recognised as history and declared to be true. Their morality, which denies the gods the great gift of passionless curiosity in order that they may pounce on presumption with the punitive swiftness that forbids misunderstanding, hails from an age when men were yet more afraid to be lonely than they were to be led by a string.

Other New Books.

CHOPIN: THE MAN AND HIS
MUSIC.

BY JAMES HUNEKER.

This little book corresponds to its title with symmetrical precision. The musical section is devoted to a descriptive analysis of Chopin's chief compositions, interesting and competent, though too exclamatory. But the Man—that is, the memoir of the composer—concerns us here. It is not a mere compilation; Mr. Hunecker has taken obvious pains over it. He has boiled down and arranged the matter of Chopin's chief biographers with discretion and tact, adding whatever information he could derive by personal zeal. Would, however, that nature had given Mr. Hunecker an English style—or thereabouts. He writes terrible journalese, and writes it as one who has acquired the precious language with conscientious study, not as one born to journalese.

It is not a Chopin altogether entralling to Englishmen that comes out from his labours. Of course, since the public has conceived Chopin a somewhat feminine character, Mr. Hunecker is eager to prove him a masculine spirit. But, despite himself, he writes down the composer—psychologically—a beautiful girl. In character, as in music, we see Chopin delicate and exquisitely sentimental, capricious, fragile, passionate—with a certain kind of woman's passion, sudden, transient, uncontrolled, unconcentrated. It matters not that he was given alternately to nervous gaiety and nervous depression: so was the virile Wagner. But he was vain: at his first juvenile concert he thought the assembly was looking at his new collar; and as a "grown-up" he was vain of his graceful bow to the audience. He was vain with women, loved to make a friend jealous by vaunting favour in a quarter where he knew it would give pain. He took and parted with impressions like wax, would fall in and out of love in a night: a crumpled rose-leaf was cause enough for his changeful whims and capricious turns of dislike, as this apologist owns. An enchanting genius, but woman in his enchantment—even in that tricky sylph, his music. (Reeves.)

EXPLODED IDEAS: AND
OTHER ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"TIMES AND DAYS."

This writer does not scale the extreme heights of essay-writing. He has no immense felicities, of manner or of insight; nor does he reveal a temperament which should induce one to admit him, with Lamb or Stevenson, to the inner chambers of the spirit's intimacy. Even on a lower level he is very uneven. Often his wit is forced, his criticism cheap, his outlook commonplace. But on certain themes—in the essays entitled "A Recluse" and "The Gardener," for instance—he really has something to say which is worth saying, either for entertainment or for edification. In any case, he can turn a sentence neatly,

and, unlike some essayists of our acquaintance, he does not persist unduly. He has realised that an essay may be almost anything, except strenuous. We do not know that his ideas are more "exploded" than other peoples. They are not dynamic exactly: some of them have, perhaps, exhausted the changes which once helped them to drive the world round. But we seem to have met with them often enough, in quite ordinary conversation, upon the lips of quite ordinary folk. (Longmans. 1s.)

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA. BY THE MARCHESA BURLAMACCHI.

Dr. Williamson's new series of "Great Masters" grows apace. We cannot, however, but think that Signora Burlamacchi has somewhat misinterpreted the scope and intention of it. Her volume on Luca della Robbia is carefully put together, and interesting enough from its own point of view; but a very large proportion of it is archaeology, occupied with lists and dates, and an elaborate attempt to isolate the authentic bas-reliefs of Luca himself and distinguish them from those of Andrea. The work wanted doing, but a series of "popular" handbooks was hardly the place to do it in. Dr. Williamson has done his best to restore the balance by himself adding a chapter of æsthetic criticism, which occurs to us as rather sentimental in its tone, on Luca's *Work and Position in Italian Art*. We have nothing but praise for the excellent reproductions with which the book is provided. Signora Burlamacchi mentions one fact which we agree with her is "not generally known." No Della Robbia work is more familiar to visitors to Florence than the long row of "bambini" in circular medallions along the façade of the Hospital of the Innocenti in the Piazza della Annunziata. Four of these "bambini" are not Della Robbia or Cinquecento at all. They are copies made from medallions of Luca's elsewhere, when the façade was lengthened about half a century ago. (Bell & Sons. 1s.)

MARKS AND MONOGRAMS
ON POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. BY WILLIAM CHAFFERS.

This monumental treatise, revised and edited by Mr. Frederick Litchfield, has long been familiar to all students of ceramics and all collectors of *bric-a-brac*. Mr. Litchfield, whose own work on *Pottery and Porcelain* we recently reviewed, spares no pains to correct and improve each successive edition. This is the ninth, and we should not have troubled to call special attention to it had it been a bare reprint. But Mr. Litchfield had the fortunate idea, while preparing it, of addressing a request for information to collectors of old china, through an advertisement in the *Times*. The result was a voluminous correspondence and an important revision of several sections mainly dealing with English factories. The book deserves a very high rank among works of reference. (Gibbings. 1s.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE. ED. BY J. HOWARD B. MASTERMAN.

Robinson Crusoe as a school reader with introduction and notes! The text is that of the first edition (1719), and the notes are almost all definitions of words in the text. They bear curious testimony to the simplicity and permanence of Defoe's English. True, nearly every page has its three or four "hard" words explained, but a very great proportion of these are ordinary words of to-day, which the editor seizes the opportunity of defining. Words like circumscribed, species, distracted, bungling, and comely, being used by Defoe in their present meanings, we should have thought might have been left to the teacher, if indeed such words do not introduce themselves to a boy more thoroughly in the everyday practice of speech. There was every reason to append notes to old-flavoured words like calenture, indraft, whimsies, squab, essays (attempts), grutch'd, penthouse, perspectives (telescopes), punctually (exactly), and dispositions (arrangements); and all such words are explained. Yet in a dozen pages Defoe's diction

is so simple that the lexicographer-editor confesses, by the absence of notes, that his occupation is lost in the limpid stream. We do not much like Mr. Masterman's statement that "the great secret of the charm of *Robinson Crusoe* is that in the hero of the story we recognise those qualities of resourcefulness, activity, and practical common sense that have made Great Britain the greatest colonising power in the world." No doubt this gives the book an added charm for English boys; but *Robinson Crusoe* has not gone round the world for that, nor did Burton hear Defoe's tale recited at the tent doors of wandering Bedouins for that. The book is something vastly more human. It is an incomparable play on the wants and desires of man, which are focussed with no regard to outward probability, but with the nicest correspondence to the mind of the average man. The excellence of its subject cannot be overstated; it is one on which every novelist might try his hand. But Defoe brought to it a treatment so simple and sympathetic, so limited yet so reaching, that the name Robinson Crusoe became one with the idea, and will remain one so long as tales are told. (Cambridge: University Press. 1s.)

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE BY DR. B. WILLIAMSON AND
ON DYNAMICS. DR. F. A. TARLETON.

Writers of ultramundane romances like those which Mr. Wells has given us would be well-advised to keep this book at hand for inspiration, and as a repertory of facts suitable for use in appropriate places. Students using the book require a knowledge of higher mathematics to comprehend its contents, but a large number of the worked-out examples can be understood by anyone. Suppose, for instance, that a writer wishes to make the sun the place of an imaginary visit. We may leave the means of conveyance to his imagination; but he will be able to learn from Drs. Williamson and Tarleton that a man weighing ten stone on the earth would weigh 1 ton 13 cwt. if transferred to the surface of the sun. He will also find that an object falling from an indefinitely great distance would reach the surface of the sun with a velocity of 364 miles per second, whereas the same body falling towards the earth would have a velocity of only seven miles per second when it reached the surface. These results can be taken as trustworthy, and the methods by which they are arrived at may be left to the student of the motions produced by the action of force. No book contains a better treatment of dynamics—including applications to thermodynamics—than this by Drs. Williamson and Tarleton, or provides students with a more interesting collection of examples. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

THE ELEMENTS OF HYDROSTATICS. BY S. L. LONEY.

Archimedes founded the science of hydrostatics by the discovery of the principle that when an object is immersed in a liquid it is buoyed up with a force equal to the weight of the volume of liquid displaced. Curiously enough, his name appears to have been omitted by Mr. Loney: at any rate, in the place where the principle is utilised. Some of the simple facts concerning the properties and pressures of fluids are presented in a new light, and numerous problems are given for the student to unravel; otherwise, the book does not differ appreciably from existing volumes on the same subject. The descriptions of experiments are mostly too general to be of actual service, though they serve to give the practical appearance expected in all text-books of the present day. The description of the action of the Cartesian diver—a little figure of a man which can be made to sink in a jar of water by pressing upon a sheet of india-rubber stretched over the top—is not exactly correct. The diver sinks because the pressure compresses the air in the bulb at the top of the diver, the result being that a little water enters the space previously occupied by air. (Cambridge: University Press. 4s. 6d.)

PRIMER OF ASTRONOMY.

BY SIR ROBERT BALL.

Sir Robert Ball has managed to compress a large amount of astronomical matter into a small space, and the result is fairly satisfactory. He does not, however, excel in this kind of work, though he can entertain an audience better than any other public lecturer on scientific topics. Equipped with a slight knowledge of geometry, a reader can follow with ease every page of the book; but without it he will find it pleasanter to skip several parts. The eleven plates representing various celestial objects are as good as any we have seen, but the diagrams in the text are not so intelligible. (Cambridge: University Press. 1s. 6d.)

ART CRAFTS FOR AMATEURS.

BY FRED. MILLER.

Professional art-workers as well as amateurs will find this book of service. There are nearly two hundred illustrations, representing designs gathered from many sources, and exemplifying various tendencies. But we miss several names, including that of Mr. Lewis Day. The author's advice is good and practical, and workers at the leading art-crafts—whether as a business or a recreation—can derive from it many useful hints both in design and manipulation of tools and material. Old work should be examined wherever possible, but the imitation of it should be avoided. Nature is the true source of inspiration, and Mr. Miller does right to insist upon it. "Were I to be planning out the training of a student in the crafts," he says, "I should devote much more time to work direct from nature than seeing nature through the eyes of other folk, which is what we do when we accept others' renderings of what is seen." (Virtue.)

There is more novelty in the title of Mr. W. K.-L. Dickson's Boer War book, *The Biograph in Battle* (Unwin, 6s.), than in the book itself, but we can vouch for the briskness of Mr. Dickson's diary and the extreme interest of his photographs, many of which were secured in the firing line. Some surprising particulars are given of the work done by the Post Office at Cape Town, now under military rule. More than 750,000 letters are dealt with every week, besides tons of parcels. At Ladysmith more than twenty tons of letters were delivered within three days of the relief: twelve ox-waggon-loads and two mule-waggon-loads.

The *Antiquary* for 1900 (Stock) comes with its old motto from "Troilus and Cressida":

Instructed by the Antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

The instruction conveyed in the present volume is of the usual varied character; we note a series of articles on "King Alfred as a Man of Letters," a good paper on "Some Characteristics of Icelandic Poetry," a series of extracts from a "Diary of Journeys to London from Ireland in 1761 and 1762 by George Bowles," and a reprint of "The Ordinances of the Gild of Barber-Surgeons at Norwich." Well-digested and well-edited information abounds in the *Antiquary*.

Messrs. Willing's *Press Guide* is now in its twenty-eighth annual issue. The editor is probably right in thinking it necessary to explain that bi-weekly means every two weeks, not twice a week.

By an oversight we have omitted to notice earlier an admirable set of diaries for 1901 sent us by Messrs. Letts. Particularly good for private and literary purposes is No. 8, in which a whole page of smooth ruled paper is allotted to each day. Another diary which we can specially recommend to ladies is Letts's *Housekeeper and Engagement Book*. This affords a simple yet complete means of recording family expenditure under proper headings; and it is a matter of certainty that its careful use will result in the saving of many pounds in the year.

Fiction.

In the Name of a Woman. By Arthur W. Marchmont.
(Longmans. 6s.)

If Mr. Marchmont's novel has not already served a useful purpose somewhere as a "sensational serial," at least it might have advantageously done so. It has all the characteristics of a popular "thriller," except bad English. Mr. Marchmont writes rather well—without affectation and without too many *clichés*. His ingeniously-patterned story of intrigue between the Russian party and the Nationalist party in the Bulgarian capital owes something to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, a little to "Sydney Grier's" Balkan inventions, and a little less than nothing to its illustrator, who has selected, with an unflinching instinct for sheer melodrama, the very crudest episodes of the tale. In several places the plot is moved forward by contrivances which show real skill, and the greater, therefore, is the pity that Mr. Marchmont should have appropriated (the word is justifiable) incidents like this:

"It's a long distance, and the light's rather bad. Do you shoot much?"

"Well, a little. I have only had two or three shots here"; and I picked up a revolver carelessly. "I am sorry you found the light bad." I turned, then levelled the pistol, and fired half-a-dozen shots in rapid succession.

"You have missed," he cried, laughing gleefully.

"I think not. You will find the six bullets in a ring round the bull's-eye. I never miss." I spoke with intentionally boastful swagger.

He went up to the target and examined it, and then turned to me:

"By the Lord, you're a wonderful shot. Where did you learn that trick?"

And a conclusion like this:

All is warmth, peace, love, and rest in my English life now; and, as I glance at my dear ones, I thank heaven with fervent gratitude that they are not destined to aspire to the dangerous splendour and evanescent glory of a minor Throne. I get up quietly, and, stepping through the window into the sunlight, am hailed with a cry and rush of delight from my little darlings and a welcome of love-light from the eyes of my beautiful wife.

He might, at any rate, have altered the phraseology. There is no reason why a sensational serial should not be a work of literary art (not sublime art, but art). Mr. Marchmont, spasmodically, has come nearer to the goal than most of the craft, but he might have come a little nearer without offending the great sensational public.

The Pride of Race. By B. L. Farjeon.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

This novel, "in five panels," belongs to the old genial school of "cheerful optimism." Moses Mendoza, the humble, honest, kind-hearted Jew, who in a single month rises from the penury of an artisan to the millions of a Stock Exchange genius, is a figure of which Charles Dickens is certainly the grandfather. And Moses is indeed the whole book. His son Raphael, who marries an earl's daughter, is by contrast a lifeless and unexceptionable stock. There seems no connexion between Raphael the boy and Raphael the man; and even Moses is turned to gold too quickly. We can understand neither his rise nor his equally sudden fall; and the knowledge that such things do happen, have recently happened, does not assist us. That Mr. Farjeon can still practise with effectiveness the broader farcical methods of his great master may be seen from the following passage, *à propos* of the vicissitudes of Moses' noble father-in-law:

Her doubts not yet resolved, she went to the fire.

"Why, where's the blessed bacon?"

"The blessed bacon, 'Melia-Jane, is between the plates."

'Melia-Jane held her sides. "Ho, ho, ho! Is that the way yer cook a rasher? Well, I never did!"

With inward misgivings the Earl remarked, "I infer from your tone that it is not the way."

"You cook a rasher!" exclaimed 'Melia-Jane, with contemptuous derision. "Why, where 'ave yer been brought hup, I'd like to know! Yer can't even cut a slice of bread! Jest look at the loaf."

The Earl looked at the pyramid ruefully, and in a self-condemnatory voice observed:

"I am afraid my domestic education has been sadly neglected. I am truly ashamed. Yet I can plead in extenuation that until lately I have always had my bread cut for me, and—ha, hum!—buttered. 'Melia-Jane, may I ask you to oblige me?"

He pointed to the frying-pan, and with a courtly bow handed her a fork.

Speaking without too much precision, *The Pride of Race* is a neat and agreeable piece of work. As a certain novelist's hero said of the *chef-d'œuvre* of another novelist, "we have read it without fatigue."

A Cuirassier of Arrans. By Claude Bray.
(Sands. 6s.)

It is possible to follow this essay in a fashionable mode of fiction to its close not without interest. The narrative does not halt, and the spur and bridle note is well caught. It is a good specimen of the sort of thing which is being turned out by the score in the hope of catching a fickle popular attention which is already beginning to veer towards other breezes. Our quarrel with Mr. Bray must be that Lieutenant Gervase Scrope is really a poorer creature than the hero of a romance has any business to be. It is not absolutely necessary that a hero should be a miracle of genius and honour and chivalry, although there have been eminently successful romances in which this receipt was followed; but he must at least have wits up to the average, and indifferent honesty. Lieutenant Scrope does not seem to us to have either. He does some shady things, and neither he nor his biographer quite seem to realise how shady; and he is the merest puppet for intriguers. The mere whisk of a petticoat blinds him. The petticoats are, however, rather well put in, and the historical portraits (Lord Sunderland, Jeffreys, James the Second) are good. It is difficult to get up quite as much sympathy for King James as the scheme of the story requires.

Sarah, P.G. By Mrs. Sarah Martin Lanyon.
(Unwin. 6s.)

MRS. LANYON has not quite learnt her business. There is much good material for a novel in *Sarah, P.G.*—vigorous descriptive power, ready touches of social satire—but the essential constructive ability is lacking. The long spun-out story loses interest; there is no subordination of the irrelevant to the big situations: innumerable minor characters fly into the field of vision and fly out again. And in these days of countless novels and widespread technical accomplishment it ought to be useless for anyone except a writer of real genius to attempt to persuade the reading public to accept the raw material of fiction instead of the finished article.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD. By C. G. D. ROBERTS.

An open-air tale of forest life, by an author who, in former books, has shown his sympathy for woodland men

and women wise in woodcraft and beast lore. In such books animals have a place in the scheme of things, and strange, yet familiar, the intrusion seems. For example: "The old trail served the flat, shuffling tread of Kroof, the great she-bear, as she led her half-grown cub to feast on the blueberry patches far up the mountain. It caught the whim of Ten-Tine, the caribou, as he convoyed his slim cows down to occasional pasturage in the alder swamps of the slow Quah-Davic." (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

AMUSEMENT ONLY.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Last November we totted up Mr. Marsh's "output" for the year, and, finding that he had published eight volumes since the preceding January, we wondered if, by a splendid spurt, he could write four more before the end of the year, and thus make a record. That was not to be. But a new year is now upon us, and with it comes Mr. Marsh's January book. Good. It is called *Amusement Only*. It contains twelve tales, and the first of them, entitled "The Lost Duchess," truly amused us. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

MORALS AND MILLIONS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

A story of modern life, by the author of *The House on the Marsh*. "When he got into the hall, David Thompson found Lady Alison ready to start," and so on. "So he got into the phaeton with her, to the great indignation of Claude, who was watching them from the coffee-room window, while Lord Goring and Hamo remounted their horses," and so on. (White. 6s.)

THE COMING WATERLOO.

By CAPTAIN CAIRNES.

This is a "looking-ahead" book. The date of the story is 1903, and at the opening, Great Britain, having swept France from the seas, is preparing to land an army of invasion in France. Some episodes with submarine boats prepare the way for the advent of the British and the thunder of a European war. There is plenty of martial reading for those who like this kind of fiction—reading like this: "'We have had a most providential success,' said General Hippisley. 'To what do you attribute it, Colonel?' 'Under Heaven, sir,' said Colonel Daunt, 'to the shooting of our infantry.'" (Constable. 6s.)

THE INVADERS.

By LOUIS TRACY.

This is another "looking-ahead" story, but it is England, not France, this time that is invaded. On page 10 we learn that "Liverpool has been attacked and taken by an unknown enemy." It was accomplished in the easy way that events happen in fiction. On page 34 we are told that "Liverpool, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Derby, Sheffield, and Goole have been seized by German and French soldiers." Later Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and even Mr. Weir, appear as characters, and the things that happen should knock down the inexperienced novel-reader—if there be such a person left in the world—with a feather. But Mr. Tracy also has his milder moments. He ends with a marriage. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE SACK OF LONDON.

By ONE WHO SAW IT.

This is another! (White. 1s.)

We have also received *Lore Has No Pity*, by F. Langridge (Long, 6s.); *The Minor Canon*, by G. Beresford Fitzgerald (Long, 6s.); *A Wheel of Fire*, by Jean Middlemas (Long, 6s.); *Bits of Turf*, by Nathaniel Gubbins (White, 1s.); *The Weird of the Silken Thomas*, by R. M. Craig (Moran); *Sneape's Spirit*, by Cuming Walters (Griffiths, 3s. 6d.); *What May Happen*, by Beatrice Heron-Maxwell (Griffiths, 3s. 6d.).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6

„ Quarterly 5/0

„ Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

The Domestic Novel.

An Inquiry.

The morning-room is comfortable, but so are not its occupants—only two—of whom the one has within the last five minutes sprung a mine upon the other. It must have been inside this small time-limit since the clock on the narrow eighteenth-century mantelpiece had struck the half-hour, while the footmen were carrying in the last lamp and dropping the last curtain.

*The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.*

THE appearance of a novel by Rhoda Broughton, written in her first and sprightliest manner, naturally brings up the large question of "the domestic novel"; for Miss Broughton, admired by Mr. Andrew Lang, and disdained by Mr. Swinburne in a withering chance phrase, is, perhaps, the typical novelist of our domesticity. Endowed with wit, sentiment, and a discerning eye for some aspects of character, she has during thirty and three years given a modest and refined pleasure, not only to the *petites âmes conjugales*, but also to the great intellects philosophic, scientific, and economic, which in hours of slipped ease graciously "unbend" themselves over a novel. It is significant, and probably no mere accident, that the opening lines of *Foes in Law* (Macmillan) should contain references to morning-rooms, mantelpieces, footmen, lamps, and curtains—the whole constituting a background for the fragrant cup and a proposal of marriage. "Instead of a cup of tea he has asked her for herself." And "he" is a curate, and "she" is named Lettice. All these things conspire. If Miss Broughton had purposely tried to embody the characteristics of her school in a single scene, she could not have bettered the first ten pages of *Foes in Law*—that novel which, without harming him, might divert an archdeacon; which is at this very moment being read by the mothers of the conquerors of the world; and which will doubtless be read by the conquerors too, when they come home.

Since most of the fiction of Balzac, Turgenev, Thackeray, Tolstoi, Meredith, d'Annunzio, Hardy and Zola is domestic, it may properly be asked what sinister or satiric import attaches to the term "domestic novel"? The answer lies in the fact that the adjective applies, not to the themes of this particular class of novel, but to its public. The domestic novel is so called because it is written for, not because it is written about, domesticity. At the same time, since it may have wit, and even humour, and may be concerned with the affairs of adult people, it is not to be confused with the "story for girls." It is part of the artistic furniture of the home, like the ballad on the piano and the water-colour on the wall. It is admitted because it respects

that "sanctity of the English home" which some other things—for instance, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill—are said to "invade." Dean Farrar once wrote a book whose sub-title is "The World of School." There is "a world of home," which preserves its qualities only by ignoring every other world. The English world of home is one of the most perfectly organised microcosms on this planet, not excepting the Indian *purdah*. The product of centuries of culture, it is regarded, not too absurdly, as the fairest flower of Christian civilisation. It exists chiefly, of course, for women, but it could never have been what it is had not men bound themselves to respect the code which they made for it. It is the fountain of refinement and of consolation, the nursery of affection. It has the peculiar faculty of nourishing itself, for it implicitly denies the existence of anything beyond its doorstep, save the Constitution, a bishop, a rector, the seaside, Switzerland, and the respectful poor. And its exclusiveness is equalled by its dogmatism. In the home there are no doubts, no uncertainties, no "open questions." The code, surpassing even that of Napoleon, provides for all contingencies. This is right: that is wrong—always has been, always will be. This is nice: that is not nice—always has been, always will be. The earth may spin like a fretful midge amid problems, philosophers may tremble with profound hesitations, partisans may fight till the arenas are littered with senseless mortality; but the home, wrapt in the discreet calm of its vast conservatism, remains ever stable, a refuge and a seclusion for those who will accept its standards and agree not to create a disturbance.

It is for this wonderful institution, sublime in its self-reliance, living like a besieged city round which "ignorant armies clash by night," that the domestic novel has been brought into being. It arose naturally and inevitably upon demand, and it conforms to the conditions imposed upon it as precisely as a good child. The domestic novel was born in the home, and it has never been past the porch. When its time comes it will expire of neglect in the attic. There is the home and there is the world, and sometimes on very stormy days the domestic novel goes to the window and looks out, and brings back to the fireside a mild report of the embattled sky; but that is dangerous; it is better to put a log on the fire and talk serenely of the tranquil microcosm. Therefore the domestic novel is usually occupied with domesticity, and in a domestic way—a way which avoids trouble by taking everything for granted. Can there be aught more delightful than the home? And can one imagine a more desirable home than the first-class country house, where virtue, elegance, and wealth have combined to produce an environment and a piece of machinery of ideal perfection? This is why the domestic novelist makes a parade of footmen and the apparatus of luxurious comfort: not so much from snobbery as because such things are the symbols of an ideal. "A good home"—what aspirations, narrow but intense, are in that phrase! Happily, even in the home, one is human, or the domestic novelist would be unable to extract his sedate dramas from that haunt of quietude. It is notorious, indeed, that the smaller the community and the more completely it is self-contained, the deeper will be its preoccupation with its own trilling affairs. Hence the domestic novelist is likely never to be short of material. Miss Rhoda Broughton, in *Foes in Law*, treats domestically of the warfare between a squire's sister and his wife, two women of opposite temperaments. No larger interest is involved, nothing but the friction of these twain in the spacious apartments of a fine country-house. Conceive the deliberate act of sitting down to compose a whole book about the *tracasseries* of sisters-in-law! Yet here the book is, written out in full; and clever, too, adroit, amusing, and—so far, but no further—realistic. Housekeeping, pet dogs, private theatricals, benevolent societies, visits, and a convenient final legacy of thirty thousand pounds: such are the materials of *Foes in Law*, in which the tragedy of passion never rises higher than a

misunderstanding, nor the ecstasy of it exceeds "domestic bliss."

The significant fact is, not that a witty and talented author should have selected themes like that of *Foes in Law*, well assured that she would thereby give pleasure to an educated and refined public—Balzac did the same—but that she should have found success in treating them so trivially, with so absolute a detachment from the struggling world, with such a convinced air that here, concealed in this frothy mixture of jealousies and afternoon tea, was the essence of life, the one thing worthy to be talked about. Matthew Arnold in his most human poem cried :

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But —

There is no *but* in the domestic novel, nor even the *but* sense, the vague, troubled apprehension of *buts*. The sea of faith, despite Matthew Arnold and all other would-be disturbers of an ancient peace, is still and glassy as that in which the infant characters paddle once a year.

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

which for Matthew Arnold drowned every other noise, is not heard, nor the breath

Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Naked shingles of the world, indeed! At the first-class country-house, when the footmen by a united effort have dropped the last curtain, and instead of a cup of tea the curate has asked her for herself, there are no naked shingles of the world; only a lawn and a well-behaved moon.

Frederic Myers.

MR. FREDERIC MYERS chose Rome for his death-place. His ill-health dated from an attack of influenza some two years ago, and, though a stay abroad seemed to set him up again, and he was seen again in Cambridge, he seemed to know when he set out to pass this winter abroad that there might be no returning for him. He loved Rome, where, thirty years ago, he had written some of his fine verses. He was "Rome-sick" when away from it; and his name must be added to the strangely long list of English poets who took their last breath in Italy—Keats, Shelley, the Brownings, Walter Savage Landor, and the rest.

For it is as a poet that Frederic Myers will surely be best remembered, though as a poet he is now, perhaps, forgotten. So one might say, now that he is gone, in reading the newspaper tributes to him, as one of her late Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and as "a writer of several prose-works, including *Essays, Modern and Classical*, and *Science and a Future Life*." Another item: "Mr. Myers married a sister of the wife of Sir Henry M. Stanley." But where is any mention made of *St. Paul*? To me he lived and moved and had his being as the author of the series of strenuous religious verses, pæan on pæan, which bear that name. Late in the 'sixties they caught me up into the seventh heaven. "God, who giveth joy to my youth!" says the Psalmist. Joy of our youth! The phrase increases in significance with the increasing years. The pure delight of poetry was a large element in that joy—that joy with the time-limit. A little dread was mine, therefore, when, after a quarter of a century, I came back to my *St. Paul*. Inconstancy to one's early poets is among the sadnesses of maturity. But *St. Paul's* heart-remembered antiphones had not lost

their old spell. Those moving numbers moved me still. *St. Paul* is the speaker :

What was their sweet desire and subtle yearning
Lovers, and ladies whom their song enrolls?
Faint to the flame which in my breast is burning,
Less than the love with which I ache for souls.

How have I knelt with arms of my aspiring
Lifted all night in irresponsible air,
Dazed and amazed with overmuch desiring,
Blank with the utter agony of prayer.

Well, let me sin, but not with my consenting,
Well, let me die, but willing to be whole:
Never, O Christ—so stay me from relenting—
Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul.

Lo, as some ship, outworn and overladen,
Strains for the harbour where her sails are furled,—
Lo, as some innocent and eager maiden
Leans o'er the wistful limit of the world—

So even I, and with a heart more burning,
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Groan for the hour, O Christ, of Thy returning,
Faint for the flaming of Thine advent feet.

The Passion of Paul has its usual complement-compassion for others :

Never a sigh of passion or of pity,
Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,
Has not its archive in the angels' city,
Finds not an echo in the endless song.

O that Thy steps among the stars might quicken!
O that Thine ears would hear when we are dumb!
Many the hearts from which the hope shall sicken,
Many shall faint before Thy Kingdom come.

The allusions to women are general and particular :

Witness the woman, of his children sweetest—
Scarcely earth seeth them, but earth *shall* see—
Thou in their woe Thine agony completest,
Christ, and their solitude is nigh to Thee.

The more particular allusion is to be found in the verses about Damaris, *St. Paul's* own convert :

Then to her temple Damaris would clamber,
High where an idol, till the dawn was done,
Bright in a light and eminent in amber,
Caught the serene surprises of the sun.

Then the strong soul which never power can pinion
Sprang with a wail into the empty air,
Thence the wide eyes upon a hushed dominion
Looked in a fierce astonishment of prayer.

These verses are taken not wholly at random, yet they are scattered links in the chain of song with which Mr. Myers made me his slave when the years were young. The very word "young" is reminiscent of him: for they recall some lighter verses of his which I first encountered, I think, in *Macmillan's Magazine* in the 'sixties :

Then, like a newly-singing bird,
The child's soul in her bosom stirred;
I know not what she sung;
Because the soft wind caught her hair,
Because the golden moon was fair,
Because her heart was young.

I would her sweet soul ever may
Look thus from those glad eyes and grey;
Unfearing, undefiled,
I love her: when her face I see,
Her simple presence wakes in me
The imperishable child.

W. M.

Things Seen.

Morbidity.

It was past midnight, but the deadly punctuality of the train had not faltered. Suddenly, however, it stopped near South Kensington, and I, in the solitude of my dingy compartment, looked out mechanically. I might almost have pressed my face against the featureless wall at my right. Alien from all that is domestic and comfortable, it might, for all human meaning, have been the surface of the moon. There and then, in the stillness of that sudden stoppage, I felt impelled to know what it was made of, to feel its sepulchral emanations, to unconvince myself that it was glazed with a bodiless slime.

I stretched out my hand and touched it. There was the cold of subterranean brick, nothing more. As, half-ashamed, I withdrew my hand, I saw another hand, stretched and rigid, touching as I had touched—a hand that, for one instant, I read as I have seldom read a face, a hand that I read as few have read a book.

Authority.

It was afternoon. The omnibuses, all full inside, went slowly along the sloppy streets, and every pedestrian was well-bespattered with mud. I sat outside an omnibus, on the right-hand seat behind the driver, and after a time I began to find a miserable substitute for amusement in the evident misery of all the rest of the world. Everybody was bad-tempered, and the language used by the driver whenever any occasion for eloquence arose was saddening. He ought by his looks to have been capable of real humour; as it was he was merely abusive. So we came at last to Fleet-street, and arrived at Fetter-lane. A gaunt, tall clergyman suddenly appeared on the pavement, and for one moment looked in dismay at the mud and the crowded vehicles. Then he stepped briskly into the roadway, and raised his hand. The omnibuses stopped, and he passed briskly across the street, and disappeared into the post-office. The driver looked at me over his shoulder with all his good-temper recovered. "See that?" said he.

Brown Boots.

He was young, and beautifully dressed, and obviously happy. His frock-coat was well cut, his gloves were just at the proper remove from perfect newness, and as he passed me I observed that he wore violets in his button-hole. It was pleasant to walk behind a man so clearly happy, and to try to imagine what was the nature of his delightful errand. Then I saw suddenly that his boots, though shapely and beautifully polished, were of brown leather; and I pitied him, for it was not possible to suppose him ignorant of convention. I kept pace with him, and the pity grew: he was happy as a king, and I have not said as yet that he was radiantly good-looking. I know not what brought him the revelation; but suddenly he stopped and looked half-round, and then made a dash into a cab which, happily, chanced to be crawling past him. He spoke to the driver, who turned, and drove off rapidly in the direction from which the youth had been so gaily walking.

A Scholar's Garland.

We can imagine no prettier compliment to a veteran scholar than such a collection of essays and studies on the subjects of his own predilection as Dr. Furnivall's co-workers and admirers have put together in his honour, under the title *An English Miscellany* (Clarendon Press).

The "Festschrift" is hardly a recognised institution in England; in France and Germany, where different, more personal and more permanent, relations prevail between the teachers and the taught at the great seats of learning, it is not infrequent. A comparatively recent example was a volume of *Études Romanes*, dedicated to M. Gaston Paris; and it is pleasant to observe that the great French scholar is one of the contributors to the volume before us with a valuable notice of the romance of *Amadas et Idoine*. Nor is he the only writer whose name testifies at once to the international character of erudition and to the esteem which Dr. Furnivall's work has won in many lands. Side by side with such representative Englishmen as Profs. York Powell, Skeat, and Ward stand M. Jussierand, also from France; Drs. Brandt, Flügel, Kluge, Köppel, and Wülker from Germany; Prof. Lozeman from Belgium; and Prof. Gummere from America. The occasion of the "Festschrift" is Dr. Furnivall's seventy-fifth birthday, and it forms part of a more extensive memorial of the event, which includes, besides personal gifts, a substantial contribution to the funds of the Early English Text Society. Nor will anyone who is acquainted with the history of English scholarship during the last forty years, or reads the bibliography of Dr. Furnivall's work which Mr. Littlehales has compiled, hesitate to declare that the honour is as deserved as it is unusual. Dr. Furnivall's own editorial labours have been both laborious and conscientious; his services to philology and literature through the Chaucer Society, the Early English Text Society, the New Shakespeare Society, can hardly be over-estimated.

Turning to the contents of the miscellany itself, we note that they form fine mixed reading, with a wide range from the Anglo-Saxon *Judith* to Shelley's *Alastor* and Ibsen's *Love's Comedy*. Particular attention appears to have been paid to the history of the drama, and a list of the contributions on this subject alone may serve to give some idea of the richness of the medley before us. Thus Mr. Pierce Butler writes on "The Origin of the Liturgical Drama"; Mr. W. A. Craigie on "The Gospel of Nicodemus and the York Mystery Plays"; Dr. Flügel on "Nicholas Udall's Dialogues and Interludes," M. Jussierand on "Pageants and Scaffolds Hye"; Mr. A. F. Leach on "Some English Plays and Players"; Mr. Sidney Lee on "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer"; Prof. Lozeman on "This too, too Solid Flesh"; Mr. M. W. McCallum on "The Authorship of the Early Hamlet"; Mr. G. C. Moor Smith on "Shakespeare's King John and the Troublesome Raigne." The variety of treatment is no less interesting than that of subject. You have all sorts, from solid chunks of philological erudition to airy arts and shreds of *belles-lettres*. And we do not doubt that Dr. Furnivall will relish them all. Without wishing to be invidious, we may perhaps mention as among the more important and original contributions, besides some of those already named, Prof. Napier's account of "The Franks' Casket," Prof. Gummere's essay on the ballad of "The Sister's Son," and an amusing note by Mr. W. E. Mead on "Colour in the English and Scottish Ballads." Three or four writers, by the way, betake themselves to verse. We venture to quote the clever verses of Prof. Saintsbury:

G. S. TO F. J. F.

"Partes autem mere sunt quatuor: littera, litteratura,
litteratus, litterate."

Partes mere sunt quatuor—Dame Grammar saith, saith she,
In Martian of the Goatlings (full quaintly writeth he!),
Littere, Litteratura, Litteratus, Litterate!

The good gray head we honour, she gave it of the four,
And the gods, to eke that blessing, they added one thing
more.

So *partes ejus quinque sunt*, with the wielding of the oar!

Litteræ, Litteratura. Well wot ye all, I trow,
How he wrought at the speech of the kindreds, and gave us
the same to know

In a hundred goodly volumes—they face me all of a row!

Litteratus, Litterate. And not for place or pay,
But all for the fame of the English, he wrought in the
English way;

And his sheaves they follow, as his wage, at the closing of
the day.

With the maids a double-scutting, his water-pomp to be;
For ever he loved the water well—more well than
wis(e)ly—

Men should not *drink* the water, save in the barley-bree!

These are the words of a Tory, a bitter beast of bale,
Who troweth in Church, and Kings, and Peers, and eke in
wine and ale—

But wisheth all love and honour to him of the Furnace-
Vale!

Martin Tupper, Playwright.

It is not, of course, with the business of playwriting that the average man associates Mr. Martin Tupper. I do not know to what extent the *Proverbial Philosophy* is now read, but it is as the Proverbial Philosopher, and as nothing else, that Mr. Tupper is most generally remembered. Yet we know that he was, as a matter of fact, a miscellaneous as well as fertile writer. He wrote reams of verses; he wrote tales in prose—notably, *The Crock of Gold*, which had the questionable distinction of being dramatised by Fitzball; and he wrote other prose things, such as *Rides and Reveries of the late Mr. Æsop Smith*, edited by Peter Query, F.S.A., a copy of which lies before me. Moreover, Mr. Tupper also wrote plays—three plays in all, one of which had the doubtful honour of being enacted.

With a copy of this drama—entitled “Alfred: a Patriotic Play”—Mr. Tupper was so good as to present me a few years before his death. It makes a little paper-covered pamphlet of forty-four pages, and is, I suppose, a reproduction of the “prompt” copy, inasmuch as the names of the actors are set forth at the back of the title-page. In the British Museum there is a copy of “Alfred” as printed privately in 1858. From my autograph version I gather that the play was produced at the Queen’s Theatre, Manchester, in June, 1881, with no less prominent a personage than Mr. Walter Montgomery in the title part; other roles being taken by Mr. Charles Horsman, Miss Julia Seaman, and Miss Henrietta Hodson (now Mrs. Labouchere)—all people of more or less importance in their profession.

There had been plenty of stage presentments of King Alfred—from the old Latin comedy by Drury, performed in 1619, to the “Alfred the Great” of Sheridan Knowles, brought out at Drury Lane in 1831, with Macready and Miss Faucit. There had been the masque by Thomson and Mallet, the drama by O’Keefe, the tragedy by John Home, and the musical drama by Pocock, to name no others. Nevertheless, Mr. Tupper was fain to try his hand at the theme, and did so. His play is, of necessity, in the conventional five acts, but they are short ones. As no one will be surprised to hear, they are not miracles of construction.

Of the characterisation, most pains, naturally, have been bestowed upon the hero, who is first brought before us, in the mind’s eye, as a great fighting man. One of his “headmen” thus describes his prowess in the battle which has preceded the raising of the curtain:

I saw him stand
Surrounded by a jackal pack of Danes,
The very lion at bay; they crowded on,
But still he slew and slew, heaps upon heaps;

I strove to reach him, but could not get nigh;
For, wielding his red mace and battle-axe
In either hand more terribly than Thor,
Stoutly he cleft a narrow bloody lane
Right through their opposite host.

“Heaps upon heaps” is good. Mr. Tupper’s Alfred must have been a redoubtable warrior indeed. But he is, above all things, a patriot. He has no patience with the neatherd’s wife when that unworthy woman, not knowing him, cries, in his hearing: “A plague on that quarrelsome king of ourn, says I! Why can’t he be peaceably disposed with these brave newcomers, but fights and wars with the worthy gentlemen, to the ruination of all our crops?” [Observe the “early English”!] On this hint Alfred speaks:

Heaven grant me patience! Can they sink so low
And still be counted men and Englishmen—
That liberties are nothing, good laws nothing,
Religion nothing—so they may keep peace
And hatch in shame and sin their golden eggs! . . .
But no, no, no!

My People, England—thou art not as these,
My generous, noble, dear, devoted People!
Had there been only weapons in your hands
True as the hands that should have wielded them,
These fierce sea-robbers never had set foot
Upon our sacred shore.

Altogether, Alfred is portrayed as loving England more than it loves itself, and as being, indeed, in all respects, a man before his time.

Elswitha is only a shadow—the typical good wife and mother. There is more substance in the plucky Bertha and in the impressionable viking, though the latter’s rapid falling-away from his ancient faith does more credit to his impulses than to his understanding. The remaining characters are of no account.

As regards the style and diction, the quotations given above will be some guide. For the most part the writing is simple and level. And that is just as well, for when the author does drop into metaphor he is apt to be drowned in it. For instance:

Never yet
(And for a thousand years shall this be true)
Have Englishmen or England striven against
The strong incline their Alfred sloped for them!

Every now and then we come upon examples of that perfect commonplace which made the *Proverbial Philosophy* so popular. As:

To know aright the blessedness of plenty
A man must once have felt how hunger gnaws.

The stage directions are sometimes very elaborate, and one wonders whether they were ever fully carried out. The suggestions as to the musical illustration to be used are not without an element of humour:

The overture to be exclusively English and national music: to commence with wailing Welsh or old British tunes, then to swell into marches and military Bardism,—thereafter to change gradually into other recognised national airs; a well-wrought cento of tunes, including (for example) “The Bay of Biscay,” “Rule Britannia,” and so forth, ending with “God Save the Queen.”

For the interval between Acts I. and II., the author advises old English airs, “with, perhaps, the modern one of ‘Hard Times, Come Again no More.’” The music between Acts II. and III. “may include hints of the tunes, ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ and ‘There’s a Good Time Coming.’” Between Acts III. and IV., “Hearts of Oak”; between Acts IV. and V., “The Land, Boys, we Live In”—nothing like local colour!

In 1866 Mr. Tupper printed an historical play called “Raleigh: his Life and Death” and he was the author, further, of a drama, called “Washington,” printed at New York in 1876. On these I need not dwell. *Ex uno omnes.*

Correspondence.

English Rhymed Elegiacs.

SIR,—There are earlier rhymed elegiacs in English than these of Mr. Watson, which the reviewer of Sir Lewis Morris's *Harvest Tide*, in the ACADEMY of January 19, seems to doubt. There are Tennyson's. At the age of seventeen I also published a piece in rhymed elegiacs, when Mr. Watson, I daresay, was unborn. May I inform the lady or gentleman who asks me to round my labours with an epic that he, or she, will find one (at least, if it is not an epic, I don't know what it is) in the list of my compositions?—I am, &c.,

A. LANG.

Blue-eyed Characters.

SIR,—Why should not Rosalind's "old religious uncle" be accepted as one of the three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare, mentioned in the ingenious questions proposed in the ACADEMY of January 5? She says he had "a blue eye and sunken"—positively. See "As you Like It," III., ii., ll. 362 and 393.—I am, &c.,

J. PIERCE.

SIR,—With reference to the paragraphs on p. 44 of your last number, I write to say that I have always understood the "blue-eyed hag," Sycorax, to be blue under the eyes.

Not long ago an article in the *Globe*, on the eyes of Shakespeare's characters, attracted my attention on this point. There the writer also inferred that blue was the colour of the eyes of Shakespeare's ideal lover, from Rosalind's description: "a blue eye and a sunken, which you have not."—I am, &c.,

R. W. K. EDWARDS.

The Elision of the "E."

SIR,—A question of orthography involving arguable issues occurs in consequence of the juxtaposition of two analogously-formed words in last week's ACADEMY. Philologists can doubtless shew that the spellings of "likeable" and "unmistakable" are not irreconcilable, and that the "e" is correctly elided in the one, and properly retained in the other. At the same time, the modern tendency of "clipping" exercises its effect upon all such words, whether newly-contrived or old-established; consequently a various spelling often exists. Milton, for instance, if my edition err not, has "irreconcilable," whereas above I have used its modern spelling. That there is a complete lack of uniformity in this respect among present-day writers, the random perusal of a periodical or two, sufficiently proves. Is the point, then, so debatable that it cannot be settled whether one spelling is to be regarded as old-fashioned or its alternative as more modern, and therefore correct? Not that, as in France, the language should be officially "tinkered," or its orthography modernised by decree; but let there be among literary men a uniform practice, based upon literary principles, of avoiding the inconsistency of two ways of spelling the same word.

I suppose that when "civilisation" is everywhere spelt with an "s" instead of a "z," such a consummation will at length be reached.—I am, &c.,

ERNEST H. HARRISON.

"The Blue Boy."

SIR,—I have read both letters in your columns about "The Blue Boy" from "Audax" and "Buscador." Will the latter kindly tell me all he knows about the two pictures? Apparently he knows a good deal, and can perhaps throw some light on what happened to Gainsboro's picture or pictures between 1770 and 1802. That period

of thirty years seems to be involved in darkness as to the resting-place or fate of two works of art by a famous master.—I am, &c.,

CARO MORGAN.

Shakespearean Americanism.

SIR,—In your issue of the 12th inst., a correspondent quotes Shakespeare's

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out,

to show that Mr. Stephen Phillips has sinned in exceptionally good company in making use of what (according to your reviewer's judgment) is an "unintended Americanism" in *Herod*.

This particular quotation has done yeoman service to Americanism apologists, and has become quite a venerable "philological jocosity." The exact sense in which Shakespeare used the phrase can, however, be more clearly understood by referring to "King Lear," Act V., scene 3:

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven
And fire us hence like foxes.

—I am, &c.,

JUAN W. P. CHAMBERLIN.

Rice, Rice!

SIR,—In last Saturday's ACADEMY you credit me with including in the *menu* supplied by Perdita for the sheep-shearers a commodity called "*rice*." As this is rather a reflection both on Perdita and her guests, allow me to say that the article referred to was *rice*.—I am, &c.,

G. S.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 70 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best first and last sentences of an unwritten novel. We intended that only two sentences should be written; but most competitors have evidently considered that more than two were permissible if neither set exceeded fifty words. The difference is often only one of punctuation, and we have decided to disqualify no competitor who has not exceeded the limit of words. We award the prize to Mr. Eyre Hussey, 3, Prince's-square, W.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, and don't you forget it, Norah, nor what happened to him subsequently. I daresay the fall will come; it usually does; but that great big heart of yours—so much too big for your theories—will keep watch over your natural womanhood, never fear."

There was silence, just that bar's rest which enables the tendrils of a chord to clasp the soul of a listener. "How true my words were," he said; "I knew that the rugged exterior—the reef of quartz—" "Would have its pints." Her white hand closed his lips.

Other sentences received are as follows:

After twenty years' experience of herself and of life generally, Betty decided Betty's influence over the world to be stronger than the world's influence over Betty, and the idea of reforming an indefinite and unlocated but a needy and grateful portion of the inhabited earth, appeared no very appalling task.

The sins she had thought to rebuke, she had sinned; the mercy she had dreamed to give, she had received; the courage she had burnt to inspire, she had lacked; and though the future should bring other joys, she could never realise the blessedness of work well done.

[K. J., Leeds.]

Millicent, Countess D'Orgueil, sat alone amidst her priceless Sèvres vases, her Louis Quinze furniture, her cinque-cento medallions, and her various articles of *virtu*: a little sad in the midst of all the Sardanapalian splendour by which she was surrounded—a little dissatisfied with the emptiness and objectlessness of modern life.

It is the old story of the two islands in the Munster lake. At first we think we shall never tire of our own island because death

cannot enter it, but more and more we yearn for the other shore. How reposeful its aspect! We are ready to embark.

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

The church was crowded; the familiar question, beginning "Wilt thou have this man?" had just been asked when I was startled by Dick muttering, "By Jingo!" the bride had faced her companion, making a superb, sweeping courtesy, then, turning, she passed into the vestry, leaving both clergy and congregation petrified.

Ten years have passed, but only to-day have I understood why Veronica did not marry Sir John Stuart, and I am glad she didn't, for Dick is now one of the happiest men in the world.

[M. G. C., Ealing.]

The man and woman trudged silently along the grey, paved street, bordering the sluggish, brown waters of the canal; dusk was falling and the lamps threw their sickly light on the bride's delicate face, over which a tense, miserable expression was stealing, and on the man's set look of triumphant possession.

Jem's face expressed nothing: Susan's habitual bold stare was tempered with triumph, and fierce exultation filled his mother's heart as she drew the sheet over the white face, and the poor prettiness unkind life had done her best to destroy, kinder death had already partially replaced.

[M. W. J., Manchester.]

"High ideal!" said his wife, scornfully. "Low reality, you mean! I've nothing a handsome woman *ought* to have—thanks to your 'high ideal.' But money and pleasure I *will* have. Abrahams wants comic operas—compose *them*! If not, I'll go on the stage. I mean it! Abrahams would have me!"

"German paper, Arthur! Can't stay—dear Lady Jane's carriage waiting. Isn't she sweet?"

The door banged. Wearily opening the paper, he read of the immense success of Oppenheim's new opera—"an immortal work."

Oppenheim—fellow-student—and his inferior! With a heart-breaking sigh, his head sunk into his hands.

[W. S. B., London.]

"Why did you do it?" asked Edgar, his yellow moustache twitching with rage, as he looked fiercely into Oswald's eyes: the kindly eyes of Oswald, whom none could have thought capable of the "it" which had been "done." "Why, why did you do it?"

And Edgar, leaning from the window of his chambers, saw Oswald crossing the Walk; his step was brisk and alert; and from the steps of the library opposite a slender form came blithely towards him; and Edgar turned and sighed: "Yes, that is why he did it."

[A. T., Italy.]

"That is your last word?" Wynyard said slowly, "the happiness of both our lives to be sacrificed to . . . My God! if it is a question of honour I ought to answer for that. I made the mistake . . . thirteen years ago. But it is not too late; yet, if . . . Oh, Barbara!"

Barbara listened in passionate pity and remorse. They were united—she with youth and beauty, Emily in faded middle age—by their love for this man whom each had unconsciously injured. To her crude, girlish conception of loyalty and honour, three lives had been sacrificed, and, tragic futility! sacrificed in vain.

[L. G., Reigate.]

As a devout believer in the infallibility of youth and Divine right of love, I readily urged the unworldly course when bidden to a family consultation upon my friend Athalie's engagement, the which having happened away from home, I was the more inclined to impute desirableness to the affair.

Although Athalie's reticence is something finer than the mere shame of owning a mistake, I have my idea that, for all her fortitude, I shall yet hear from her one great involuntary comment upon her life, and I wonder if then she will blame anybody, and whom, and how much.

[G. W., London.]

Had we asked for the most *conventional* opening and closing sentences of an unwritten novel, we think we should have divided the prize equally between the senders of the following:

On a calm evening in the July of 1812, when the shadows were long on the grass, and the insects were dancing like gold-dust in

the rays of the departing sun, a solitary horseman appeared upon the brow of the hill that shelters the quiet little village of Eastslope.

At such times the voice of the good Vicar would come upon him with a message of great comfort; he would smell the flowers again, and hear the words, beautiful in memory: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

[H. A. M., London.]

On the edge of a Cornish moorland, hard by a lazy fern-embowered little stream, there is an old broken-down stile, from which, passing across two cornfields, a path leads to a small farmhouse.

"It was just here," he said, "that I first saw you, as you came across the corn-fields towards me, with the sunlight upon your hair, and love's message in your eyes."

[F. W. S., London.]

Alone, in a vast wilderness of undulating snow, stood the grim ancestral home of the Vanderoffs—one of Russia's noblest families.

Then, standing hand-in-hand at the open casement, they heard the bells of St. Isaac's peal forth their sweet melody; awakening them from their dream to the life of happiness and love before them.

[E. V. W., Birmingham.]

"Why is the sky not bluer, and the sun more radiant? My heart is singing a glad, glad tune, but the lark is trilling so sadly! Has not my love promised me her heart of hearts, and should not all the world rejoice! Ah, Love!"

The sun's rays burn me; the sky's blue mocks me; and the song of the birds clashes inharmoniously with my heart's sad cry—"My Love has flown away to the Angels. Hush!"

[I. R., Cornwall.]

Far from the haunts of men lies Grasdene, an ocean-rocked village, with its old church and glistening white cottages. Where in spring the apple-blossoms bloom in all their glory, and where violets grow, but none sweeter than those on one lonely grave in Grasdene Churchyard.

And now my tale is told. It is no morbid tragedy, no thrilling romance. Simply the story of an old-world village, whose heroine sleeps in peace in "God's Acre." All her sorrows are over; nothing breaks the stillness but the music of the sobbing waves "making their moan."

[G. H., Didsbury.]

This is the chronicle of an ancient but beautiful lady, who already oversteps her threescore and ten, telling how she outwitted her phalanx of relatives, and set up a kingdom of her own; and faith! it has as much matter to it as any love-story in the world.

And Madam is near a hundred now, and plays her mad pranks by the fireside, with unabated twinkles, only rarely remembering her one defeat, and murmuring with much hauteur—and a tear or two—"I'm going home in a few days," whereat we chorus, "Oh gran' moth, not yet—please!"

[E. R., London.]

Sentences also received from: E. U., London; J. D. W., London; G. C. P., Chelsea; R. W., Brighton; J. B. N., York; C. F. K., Eccles; R. M., Brighton; J. C. H., London; M. H. I. N., London; P. C. F., Cambridge; M. F., London; E. B., London; R. O. S., Kennington; K. M., London; O. W., Surrey; S. M. S., London; F. L. A., Ealing; Mrs. C., London; A. E. W.; E. L., Didsbury; J. R. C., Cambridge; A. M.; G. W., London; L. E. I., Ashby-de-la-Zouch; T. C., Buxted; H. A. D., London; E. A., Wangford; A. S. H., Dalkeith.

Competition No. 71 (New Series).

In our "Literary Week" columns will be found a passage from "The Library" of George Crabbe. We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best set of lines, in the same style, on some domestic incident or object, such as "The Sofa," "The Postman's Knock," "A Noise in the Night," &c. &c.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, January 30. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

TO BOOKBUYERS and LIBRARIANS of FREE LIBRARIES.—The FEBRUARY CATALOGUES of Valuable SECOND-HAND WORKS and NEW RE-MAINERS, offered at prices greatly reduced, are now Ready, and will be sent post free upon application to W. H. BARR & SON, Library Department, 186, Strand, London, W.C.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

CATALOGUE No. 3 IN PREPARATION.
CATALOGUE No. 1, 1s., and CATALOGUE No. 2, 2s. 6d.,
May be had on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.
A Large Collection of Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Books on view.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS
promptly supplied on moderate terms.
CATALOGUES on application.
DULAU & CO., 27, SOHO SQUARE.

BOOKS, RARE and OUT-OF-PRINT, SUPPLIED.—State wants. CATALOGUES free. Libraries and Small Parcels Purchased for Cash. WANTED, Gardiner's HISTORY, 2 vols., 1823.—HOLLAND CO., Book Merchants, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each offered for Ackermann's Cambridge, 2 vols., 1815; Ferguson's Serpent Worship, 1873; Carmen Seculare; an Ode (Macmillan), 1887; Shelley's St. Irvyn, 1811; Prior's Poems, 1797; Lamb's John Woodvil, 1822; Keat's Poems, 1817.—BAKERS, Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss MESSER, 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

GRAHAM'S TYPE-WRITING OFFICE,
23, COCKSPUR STREET, PAUL MALL.—All kinds of difficult MSS. receive careful attention from experienced workers. Specimen page and references sent if desired. Over five years' experience.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman, experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Research, or in seeing Work through the Press. Translations undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 151, Strand, London, W.C.

This week's issue of
THE LADIES' FIELD
IS A
MEMORIAL NUMBER
To our beloved Queen Victoria,
AND IS
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS and SKETCHES
Taken at various ages and during important periods of her life.
In addition, there are reproductions of famous Historical Pictures, and several special Articles, including—
A TRIBUTE, by Lady JEUNE; THE QUEEN as an ARTIST, by W. H. WHITLEY. Illustrated with Sketches executed by Her Majesty; and THE QUEEN as a HORSEWOMAN. Illustrated.

The number includes a BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT, with Memoir of the Queen, and our special Fashions Artists contribute some exclusive designs for Mourning Toilettes.

100 beautifully printed pages of Art Paper, with upwards of 100 illustrations. Price 1s.

This superb number cannot be reprinted, and is already nearly sold out.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., Southampton Street, Strand.

ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

THE LECTURES WILL BE RESUMED NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY NEXT, February 5, at 3 o'clock, Professor J. A. EWING, M.A., F.R.S., M. Inst. C.E., THIRD LECTURE on "PRACTICAL MECHANICS" (Experimentally Treated): First Principles and Modern Illustrations.

WEDNESDAY, February 6, at 3 o'clock, Professor R. K. DOUGLAS, SECOND LECTURE on "THE GOVERNMENT and PEOPLE of CHINA."

THURSDAY, February 7, at 3 o'clock, The Rev. HENRY GREY GRAHAM (Author of "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century") FIRST of THREE LECTURES on "SOCIETY in FRANCE before the REVOLUTION." Half-a-Guinea the Course.

FRIDAY, February 8, at 3 o'clock, The Rev. HENRY GREY GRAHAM, SECOND LECTURE on "SOCIETY in FRANCE before the REVOLUTION." Half-a-Guinea the Course.

FRIDAY, February 8, at 9 o'clock, Professor G. H. BRYAN, Sc.D., F.R.S., on "HISTORY and PROGRESS of AERIAL LOCOMOTION."

THE Rev. WILLIAM C. STEWART, LL.B., LECTURES on HISTORY and LITERATURE, and gives LESSONS in ELUCIDATION and in COMPOSITION (Orally or by Correspondence).—7, Spencer Road, Wandsworth Common.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

"THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

WHAT D'YE LACK?

Ask Miss MILLARD, of Teddington, Middlesex, for any Book ever issued since the advent of printing (however rare or plentiful) up to the very last work published; also for any curio or object of interest under the canopy of heaven, for she prides herself on being enabled, nine times out of ten, to supply these wants. She has the largest assemblage of Miscellaneous Bijouterie in the world, and is always a ready, willing, and liberal buyer for prompt cash.

JUST BEYOND THE LIMITATION.

The Hon. C. H. DAVIS, M.D., Ph.D., President of the Board of Education, Connecticut, U.S.A., writes: "Through my bookseller you have before supplied my wants," adding, "I have perfect confidence that if I desired the tablets upon which Moses wrote the Commandments you could procure them for me."

Miss MILLARD and her Staff have a perfect relish for difficulties. Address Teddington, Middlesex.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1024. — FEBRUARY, 1901. — 2s. 6d.

THE CAPTIVITY OF THE PROFESSOR. By A. LINCOLN GREEN. — CRICKET REFORM. — MALADMINISTRATION OF MESSES. By COLONEL H. KNOLLYS. — A DOUBLE BUGGY AT LAHEY'S CREEK. By HENRY LAWSON. — MY HOUSE IN THE WEST INDIES. — ERISKAY AND PRINCE CHARLES. SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS OF THE '45. By A. GOODRICH-FREER. — DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE. By NEIL MUNRO. CHAPS. XVI. XIX. — MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD: THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS. — THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CROWD. — AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION. — THE PLACE OF FRENCH AND GERMAN IN OUR EDUCATION. — THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF UNIVERSITIES. — A MASTERPIECE OF SCHOLARSHIP. — LAND PURCHASE. — FOREIGN UNDESIRABLES. — QUEEN VICTORIA. "MOST GREATLY LIVED, THIS STAR OF ENGLAND."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

NEXT WEEK.

QUEEN VICTORIA

SCENES FROM HER LIFE AND REIGN.

By G. A. HENTY.

Fully Illustrated. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

London: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, Old Bailey.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

No. 288. — FEBRUARY, 1901.

AN EPITAPH.
VICTORIA the GOOD: a Sonnet. By Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.
LAST MONTH—THE QUEEN. By Sir WEMYSS REID.
MY WAYS and DAYS in EUROPE and in INDIA. By His Highness the MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR of BARODA, G.C.S.I.
THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK in the TRANSVAAL. By ARTHUR B. MARKHAM, M.P.
CLEARING NATAL. By L. OPPENHEIM.
SHAM versus REAL HOME DEFENCE. By Colonel LONSDALE HALE.
OUR ABSURD SYSTEM OF PUNISHING CRIME. By ROBERT ANDERSON, C.B., LL.D. (Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis).
A PLEA for the SOUL of the IRISH PEOPLE. By GEORGE MOORE.
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE of INDULGENCES. By HERBERT PAUL.
"PI-PA-KI, or SAN-POU-TSUNG." By Professor HUTCHINSON MACAULAY FORBES, LL.D.
THE HIGHER GRADE BOARD SCHOOLS. By Sir JOSHUA FITCH.
WHAT WERE THE CHERUBIM? By the Rev. Dr. A. SMYTHE PALMER.
OFFICIAL OBSTRUCTION of ELECTRIC PROGRESS. By Professor J. A. FLEMING, D.Sc., F.R.S.
"THE SOURCES of ISLAM." (A Letter to the Editor.) By the Rev. W. St. CLAIR-TINDALL.
THE QUESTION of the NATIVE RACES in SOUTH AFRICA. By JOHN MACDONELL, C.B.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

LONDON LIBRARY, St. James's Square, S.W.

President—LESLIE STEPHEN, Esq.

Vice-Presidents—The Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.; HERBERT SPENCER, Esq.;

The Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P., D.C.L.

Trustees—Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY, F.R.S.; Right Hon. EARL of ROSEBERY, K.G.;

Right Hon. Sir M. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.

Committee—Rev. Canon AINGER; J. H. BRIDGES, Esq.; Professor LEWIS CAMPBELL; J. W. COURTHOPE, Esq., C.B.; EARL of CREWE; AUSTIN DOBSON, Esq.; SYDNEY GEDGE, Esq.; Sir A. GRIFFIE, F.R.S.; Sir R. GIFFEN, K.C.B., F.R.S.; EDMUND GOSSE, Esq., LL.D.; Mrs. J. R. GREEN; FREDERIC HARRISON, Esq.; Sir C. P. LEBERT, K.C.S.I.; Sir C. M. KENNEDY, C.B., K.C.M.G.; SYDNEY LEE, Esq.; W. S. LILLY, Esq.; SIDNEY J. LOW, Esq.; FRANK T. MARZIALS, Esq.; Sir F. POLLOCK, Bart.; Rev. Rigg, D.D.; N. ARTHUR STRONG, Esq.; H. R. TEDDER, Esq.; Sir SPENCER WALPOLE, K.C.B.; A. W. WARD, Litt.D.

The Library contains about 200,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature, in various Languages. Subscription, £3 a year; Life Membership, according to age. Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country and Ten to Town Members. Reading Room open from Ten to Half-past Six. CATALOGUE, FIFTH EDITION, 2 vols., 1888, royal 8vo, price 21s.; to Members, 18s.

C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D., Secretary and Librarian.

JUST PUBLISHED.
A BOOK OF THE DAY.
THE CHURCH AND NEW CENTURY PROBLEMS.

By the Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of DURHAM, the Revs. Canon SCOTT HOLLAND, Canon GORE, Canon BARNETT, A. CHANDLER, T. C. FRY, A. L. LILLEY, and P. DEARMER.

With Preface and Introduction by W. J. HOCKING, Vicar of All Saints', Tufnell Park.
Now ready, crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

THE GOBLIN: a Novel.

By CATHERINE S. and FLORENCE FOSTER.

Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

"Thoroughly wholesome and enjoyable, and well written."—*Athenæum*.
"This is a clever and diverting novel, crowded with what are called 'character sketches' of life in the country among the upper circles. The talent displayed is everywhere fresh and plentiful."—*Academy*.
The dialogues in this book are extremely clever, and it is well worth reading through from the first page to the last."—*School Guardian*.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

**SPIRITUAL LETTERS of
the Rev. J. P. F. DAVIDSON,**

Late Vicar of St. Matthias, Earl's Court.

WITH SHORT MEMOIR.

By his Son, ARTHUR F. DAVIDSON.

Crown 8vo, with Portrait, cloth boards, 6s.

The SECOND EDITION is already almost exhausted, but a THIRD will be ready shortly.

"These are the letters, and the record of the life of a good man, which many will be glad to possess,"
Church Times.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.

**THE POWER OF WOMANHOOD;
Or, MOTHERS AND SONS.**

A Book for Parents and those in Loco Parentis.

By ELLICE HOPKINS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"It is a sincere and useful appeal for seriously meeting a great problem."—*Literature*.
"This volume is written with an earnestness and seriousness which must command respect, and the delicacy and moral sincerity with which a difficult subject is treated will appeal even to the most sensitive of minds. In dealing with education and the formation of character the authoress writes much that is of value."—*Glasgow Herald*.

London: WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., 3, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.,
and 44, Victoria Street, S.W.

DEDICATED by PERMISSION to HER LATE MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

By W. A. LINDSAY, Q.C.

(WINDSOR HERALD).

Price 25s. net.

This work is at present especially interesting, as it contains a record of all those in waiting from 1837 to 1897, and a reprint of the principal ceremonials as published in the *London Gazette*, some of which are now unobtainable.

THE ENGLISH REGALIA.

By CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.

With 12 Colour Plates by W. GRIGGS, and numerous Illustrations in the Text.

Only 500 Copies Printed.

Royal 4to, 21s. net.

London: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD., Charing Cross Road, W.C.

**CASSELL & COMPANY'S
ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

**THE HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE
DURING THE
REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA**

Will be Narrated in upwards of
2,000 Quarto Pages, Profusely Illustrated
in the CENTURY EDITION of

**CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,**

which will be BROUGHT DOWN TO
THE PRESENT TIME.

The entire work contains upwards of 5,000 pages, and records the history of the Empire from the earliest period to the present time.

A series of SUPERB COLOURED PLATES has been prepared expressly for issue with this edition, and will form an unrivalled gallery of historical works of art.

Part I. Now on Sale, price 6d.

New Issue, in WEEKLY PARTS, price 6d. net.

Brought down to the Close of the
Reign.

**THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
QUEEN VICTORIA.**

The work includes a special PERSONAL MEMOIR, by Mrs. Oliphant. It is PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED throughout, and contains a series of SPLENDID REMBRANDT PHOTOGRAPHURE PLATES.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—With Part I. (ready Feb. 6) will be presented a beautiful Rembrandt Photogravure Portrait of Queen Victoria (size 17 in. by 14 in.).

Now on Sale, price 1d.

VICTORIA, QUEEN & EMPRESS
The Life Story of Britain's Greatest
Ruler.

64 large pages profusely illustrated.
(Forming the Great Memorial Number of the "New Penny Magazine.")

**THE BEST PERSONAL LIFE OF THE
QUEEN.**

JUST PUBLISHED.—3s. 6d.

**QUEEN VICTORIA:
A Personal Sketch.**

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

With 3 Rembrandt Photogravure Plates, and 70 choice Illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges.

"A charmingly sympathetic and graceful account of the Queen's domestic life and personal character."
World.

JUST READY.—Bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

**MICHAEL FARADAY:
His Life and Work.**

By Prof. SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, F.R.S.

This is a popular issue of Prof. Thompson's exceedingly interesting work published recently at 5s. It forms the First Volume of the Cheap Edition in Monthly Volumes, price 2s. 6d. each, of the celebrated CENTURY SCIENCE SERIES, Edited by Sir HENRY ROSCOE, D.C.L., F.R.S.

"The account of Faraday's researches is admirably rendered."—*Nature*.

"Prof. Thompson gives us a most fascinating sketch, and his book will help to deepen the interest in a character almost unique in the annals of Science."
Knowledge.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, London;
and all Booksellers.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1500. Established 1869.

2 February, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper]

The Literary Week.

WHO is to write the biography of Queen Victoria with the intimate knowledge possessed by Sir Theodore Martin when he performed that service to the memory of the Prince Consort? There are already between forty and fifty books in existence which purport to describe the life of her Majesty. But some more authoritative work will be called for. In his eighty-fifth year Sir Theodore Martin can hardly be expected to assume the task. There may possibly be substance in the rumour that the present Duke of Argyll will be the biographer. As the late Queen's son-in-law he has knowledge, and will exercise discretion.

MANY other biographies of the Queen, by authors who have gathered their material from sources open to all the world, are being prepared. We understand that at least twenty such works may be expected. But the most important will be a cheap edition of the sumptuous *Life of Queen Victoria* by Mr. Richard R. Holmes, which was issued by Messrs. Goupil in 1897. The whole of the text, except the last chapter, was read and approved by the Queen. The new edition will be issued by Messrs. Longmans this month.

As an author Queen Victoria enjoyed a privilege accorded to none of her subjects. The copyright in the books of the reigning monarch is perpetual. It is not often that English sovereigns have been able to take advantage of this unique privilege.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the publication of a *Life of the late Bishop of London*. It will be written by Mrs. Creighton, who will be much obliged if any persons who have letters from the Bishop will kindly lend them to her. If they are forwarded to Mrs. Creighton at Fulham Palace, she will return them in due course. Bishop Creighton had many occasional correspondents who wrote to him seeking advice or information on many subjects, and it is hoped that letters may be forthcoming from this source as well as from the Bishop's regular correspondents. A volume of *Essays and Addresses on literary subjects*, a volume on Church affairs, and a volume of *Sermons* will probably also be issued.

LAST October the editor of the *American Book World* offered a prize of ten dollars for the best sonnet on America. One Mr. C. H. Woodward has the ten dollars. But we fear the editor has not acquired a sonnet. The laws of the sonnet are as severe as those of Bridge, and Mr. Woodward has broken most of them. As we cannot quote the whole, we will admit there are fourteen lines, and there, at least, the author is right. Thus he begins:

America! Not wielder of a power to wrong,
But ruler of a strength to right;
Thy force almighty, calm, uplifting, yet unseen;
Thy ways are sentinelled by Peace;
Thy progress heralded by Truth.

So we jolt, looking for the sweet consolation of alternating

rhymes, and finding none. Mr. Woodward may at least be congratulated on the leniency—or was it the somnolence?—of his judge.

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. have just issued—in the well-known green cloth covers—a new edition of Stevenson's *Letters*. Several minor errors and misprints have been corrected, and three new letters have been added—to Mr. Austin Dobson, to Mr. Kipling, and to Mr. Meredith. In the letter to Mr. Dobson there is a charming passage wherein Stevenson imagines the kind of poetical country administered by the author of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*:—

I seem to see a half-suburban land; a land of holly-hocks and country houses; a land where at night, in thorny and sequestered bypaths, you will meet masqueraders going to a ball in their sedans, and the rector steering homeward by the light of his lantern; a land of the windmill, and the west wind, and the flowering hawthorn with a little scented letter in the hollow of its trunk, and the kites flying over all in the season of kites, and the far away blue spires of a cathedral city.

The letter to Mr. Meredith is more personal, and finds Stevenson sad and introspective. The date is 1893, the year before his death:

For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed. but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head.

Life and Beauty is the gay title of a little magazine which has tripped along to its ninth number. In this number it prints the answers of various eminent people who have been asked what they eat and drink to keep them alive and beautiful. Confucius, as will be learned by reference to a review on another page, "was never without ginger when he ate." But then Confucius, for all his care, is dead. Mr. Benjamin Swift, on the other hand, is alive. He never eats onions. Mr. Robert Hichens still lives, but is despondent. "Almost everything has disagreed with me at one time or another," he complains. "I find almost everything that I am really fond of disastrous to my health. I have tried vegetarianism in a monastery in Africa and found it most dangerous to internal comfort. How Mr. Shaw can be so witty on boiled cabbage and lentils I can't imagine." Mr. Hichens despairs of being free from indigestion until he ceases from eating and drinking. Miss Violet Hunt thinks that a diet of porridge darkens the eyes. So that porridge cannot be considered particularly useful to the writer. Mr. Arthur Morrison eats and drinks everything but tea. Miss Lena Ashwell prefers burgundy.

THE poets are paying their tribute to Queen Victoria in ample measure. Little of the verse which has flooded the papers is likely to survive the week. But Mr. Thomas Hardy's lines, published in the *Times*, have a dignity that should preserve them :

V.R.—1819-1901.

A REVERIE.

Moments the mightiest pass uncalendared ;
And when the Absolute
In Time agone outgave the deedful word,
Whereby all life is stirred :
" Let one be born and throned whose mould shall constitute
The norm of every royal-rated attribute,"
No mortal knew or heard.
But in due days the purposed Life outshone,
Serene, sagacious, free ;
Its fourscore cycles beamed with deeds well done,
And the world's heart was won. . . .
Yet may the deed of hers most bright in eyes to be
Lie hid from ours—as in the All-One's thought lay she—
Till ripening years have run.

YOUNGER poets twitter in the February number of the *Thrush*. We are assured in advance that several poems relating to the national sorrow will appear, " many of them by busy journalists." It is not clear why a journalist who is busy should write better verses than a man of leisure. But the author of *Ad Astra*, which was so splendidly advertised, should be able to combine his own business with the pleasure of his readers. The author of " Father O'Flynn," too, makes a reappearance with an elegy from Ireland, called " Erin's Adieu." Sixty of the late Queen's direct descendants are to receive a special edition of the *Thrush*.

POPE LEO has a happy knack of versification. Moreover, he is happy in his translator, Mr. Francis Thompson, who, in the current number of the *Tablet*, publishes his rendering of the Pope's Ode to the Nineteenth Century. That the Pope should look with unstinted approval on a generation which curbed the temporal power of the Papacy and bowed down to the doctrine of evolution is hardly to be expected.

. . . dirum in arcem Vaticanam
Mille dolis initum duellum

is Pope Leo's allusion to the founding of United Italy. The following stanza sums up with admirable neatness the attitude of the Catholic Church towards Darwin and those who follow him :

Nostrae supernam gentis originem
Fastidit excors : dissociabilem,
Umbras inanes mente captans,
Stirpem hominum pecudumque miscet.

Which Mr. Thompson renders thus :

The heavenly origin of our human race,
Senseless, they scorn against ; and would abase
—Their minds with empty shadows pleased—
The strain of man to beast.

There is a pathos in the final stanza of the Pontiff's ode, a pathos which the translator preserves in a rendering astonishingly literal, yet not bald :

Cursum peregi, lustraque his novem,
Te dante, vixi. Tu cumulum adiace ;
Fac, quæso, ne incassum precantis
Vota tui recidant Leonis.

My course is run, I twice nine lustres have
(So Thou hast willed it) seen. Grant now the grave :
Suff'r Thy Leo's prayers obtain
That he pray not in vain.

EVERYONE who has written verses at all, it has been said, has made at least one translation from Heine. For

Heine looks easy ; whereas, indeed, he is very difficult. He has a simplicity which generally loses its flavour when decanted into English, and appears childish. From Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne we have received a rendering of three well-known poems of Heine which strike the right note :

I.

The lovely wishes blossom,
And wither then and die,
And blossom again, and wither—
And so, till life's gone by.
I know it, and it troubles
For me all love and rest !
My heart is so wise and witty,
And bleeding to death in my breast.

II.

When, in passing by, you touch me
With the waving of your gown,
All my heart in joy uprises,
Tracks you madly up and down.
Then, you turn and look upon me
With your lovely eyes so wide ;
And my heart is, oh ! so frightened
That it dares not leave my side !

III.

I love a flower, I know, but know not which it is,
And that is pain to me ;
I peer into each flower, because it may be this—
This heart for me.

The flowers breathe out their sweets into the evening sleep ;
The nightingale is singing strong ;
I seek the heart I want, the heart like mine so deep,
So deep and strong.

The nightingale sings on, and I am learning fast
His lovely song so wild :
It means, we're both so lost, we're both so lost at last,
So lost and wild.

DR. JOSEPH WRIGHT, who for ten years has been deputy-professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, has been elected to succeed the late Prof. Max Müller. Though only six-and-forty, Dr. Wright has already a perfectly staggering record of work. Before he was brought to Oxford by Prof. Max Müller, he had spent half-a-dozen years at Heidelberg and Leipzig, obtained the degree of Ph.D., and published his translation of the first volume of Brugmann's *Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik der indogermanischen Sprachen*. Since then he has issued various primers of High German and Gothic. But it is in the study of English dialects that Dr. Wright is going to base his fame. He began with a Grammar of his native dialect of Windhill. Then, in 1895, he set about his great work, *The English Dialect Dictionary*, which he is issuing at his own expense. The two volumes which have already appeared contain nearly forty thousand words, illustrated by nearly a hundred thousand quotations. With Dr. Wright's amazing industry it is expected that the whole of the six volumes will be ready within five years.

In the course of his study of current speech, Dr. Wright has adopted the simple device of bringing the phonograph to the aid of philology. He is collecting phonographic specimens of English dialects in order to preserve a faithful record of the language as variously spoken at the end of the nineteenth century. So the historical novelist of the twenty-first century will have to be careful.

THE protest of Sir James Fergusson in the *Spectator*, and before that in the *Scotsman*, against the alleged libel upon his great-great-grandfather, Lord Kilkerran, in Mr. Neil Munro's "Doom Castle," now running in *Blackwood*, is answered with humour and point in last week's issue of the Scottish Church journal, *St. Andrew*, which contains week by week an unsigned literary article, headed "Books and Bookmen." Lord Kilkerran concurred in the judicial murder of "James of the Glens," at Inverary, in 1752, of which incident R. L. Stevenson remarked that Argyll, who presided over a jury of his own clansmen, had murdered the accused as surely as if he had stalked him with a fowling-piece. Mr. Munro's offence, in the eyes of Kilkerran's pious descendant, lies, however, in his attribution to that justiciar of the generous taste for port wine and sculduddery, common to most Lords of Session in the eighteenth century; and secondly, in the use of a license in depicting real people which Sir Walter Scott never permitted himself. It is on this latter point that the writer in *St. Andrew*, who "hopes Mr. Munro is contrite," and who admits an intimate knowledge of him, disposes most effectually of Sir James Fergusson's protest:

Sir James Fergusson apparently labours under the delusion that Sir Walter Scott "gave cleverly fancied names to his typical characters." As one closely associated with the Clan Macgregor, I may be permitted to remind him that when Rob Roy had been little more than eighty years in his grave, the author of the *Waverley* Novels hurt the feelings of our family very much by depicting our eminent ancestor as a person of low and dishonest habits. The reputation which Sir Walter Scott gave to Mr. Macgregor (who was extensively engaged in the cattle trade) was utterly out of accordance with the deceased gentleman's character as it was understood by his immediate relatives and friends, who were surely the best qualified to judge what manner of man he was.

The Fiery Cross—"Crisis Tara"—which issues from Cockburn-street, Edinburgh, is the latest "Legitimist" journal. The platform from which the *Fiery Cross* is to be exhibited includes such planks as the Restoration of Princess Ludwig of Bavaria, the lineal representative of the Stuarts, as Queen Mary III. of Scotland and IV. of England, France, and Ireland; of the Scottish Parliament; of the Royal and National Mint; of the Privy Council and Court of Admiralty; of the Scottish Coinage and the Stone of Destiny, "audaciously stolen from Scone Palace by Edward I. in 1297." These projects are supported by articles which lack neither vigour nor diplomatic blindness to inconvenient facts; and the *Fiery Cross* will be published "at such intervals as may seem desirable." This is a cryptic promise, leaving us in doubt whether the desires of the public or of the editor are to rule his decision.

In his preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* Mr. Shaw tells us that dramatic criticism broke down his health, and that then, being too weak to work, he wrote plays. Unfortunately, he does not write plays with a simple heart, and on impulse. What Mr. Shaw does is to tesselate his ideas into the form of a play, and then he takes to himself seven devils of theory and writes a preface. The preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* is a trying, Shawesque document of more point than weight, and of more crackle than heat. Mr. Shaw saw play after play which set out to gratify rich and poor, old and young, clever and dull people, by providing one petty type of theatrical luxury, and he asks whether this was not mad catering. Mr. Shaw says it was, and proceeds:

To interest people of divers ages, classes, and temperaments by some generally momentous subject of thought, as the politicians and preachers do, would seem to be the most obvious course in the world. And yet the theatres avoided that as a ruinous eccentricity. Their wisacres persisted in assuming that all men have the same tastes, fancies, and qualities of passion; that no two have the

same interests: and that most playgoers have no interests at all. This being precisely contrary to the obvious facts, it followed that the majority of the plays produced were failures, recognisable as such before the end of the first act by the very wisacres aforementioned, who, quite incapable of understanding the lesson, would thereupon set to work to obtain and produce a play applying their theory still more strictly, with proportionately more disastrous results. The sums of money I saw thus transferred from the pockets of theatrical speculators and syndicates to those of wig-makers, costumiers, scene painters, carpenters, doorkeepers, actors, theatre landlords, and all the other people for whose exclusive benefit most London theatres seem to exist, would have kept a theatre devoted exclusively to the highest drama all the year round.

But the fact is, that no matter what plane of drama you work in, you will have success and failure. Grant that these plays were pitched on a low, a contemptible level, still they hit and missed the public taste, and made money or sank it accordingly. It would be just the same with higher plays. Some would enrich the wigmaker and the landlord and starve the author, others would enrich both. The elevation of the stage, we may be sure, is not being delayed by mere commercial stupidity on the part of managers.

We much prefer Mr. Shaw's personal statements to his fancy arguments. "I am ashamed neither of my work nor the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good, curing me of nervousness, laziness, and snobbishness. I write prefaces as Dryden did, and treatises as Wagner, because I can; and I would give half-a-dozen of Shakespeare's plays for one of the prefaces he ought to have written. I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterwards. The cart and trumpet for me." The downrightness of such passages is pleasant, and—disguises their unimportance.

THERE is one passage from the preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* which we think will bear detachment, and is an important clue to Mr. Shaw's real convictions and hopes concerning Drama. It is all the more interesting because it connects itself with Mr. Shaw's supposed heretical views about Shakespeare:

It does not follow that the right to criticise Shakespeare involves the power of writing better plays. And in fact—do not be surprised at my modesty—I do not profess to write better plays. The writing of practicable stage plays does not present an infinite scope to human talent; and the dramatists who magnify its difficulties are humbugs. The summit of their art has been attained again and again. No man will ever write a better tragedy than "Lear," a better comedy than "Le Festin de Pierre" or "Peer Gynt," a better opera than "Don Giovanni," a better music drama than "The Nibelung's Ring," or, for the matter of that, better fashionable plays and melodramas than are now being turned out by writers whom nobody dreams of mocking with the word immortal. It is the philosophy, the outlook on life, that changes, not the craft of the playwright. A generation that is thoroughly moralised and patriotised, that conceives virtuous indignation as spiritually nutritious, that murders the murderer and robs the thief, that grovels before all sorts of ideals, social, military, ecclesiastical, royal and divine, may be, from my point of view, steeped in error; but it need not want for as good plays as the hand of man can produce. Only, those plays will be neither written nor relished by men in whose philosophy guilt and innocence, and consequently revenge and idolatry, have no meaning. Such men must re-write all the old plays in terms of their own philosophy; and that is why, as Mr. Stuart-Glennie has pointed out, there can be no new drama without a new philosophy. To which I may add that there can be no Shakespeare or Goethe without one either, nor two Shakespeares in one philosophic epoch, since, as I have said, the first great

comer in that epoch reaps the whole harvest and reduces those who come after to the rank of mere gleaners, or, worse than that, fools who go laboriously through all the motions of the reaper and binder in an empty field. What is the use of writing plays or painting frescoes if you have nothing more to say or show than was said and shown by Shakespear, Michael Angelo, and Raphael? If these had not seen things differently, for better or worse, from the dramatic poets of the Townley mysteries, or from Giotto, they could not have produced their works: no, not though their skill of pen and hand had been double what it was. After them there was no need (and need alone nerves men to face the persecution in the teeth of which new art is brought to birth) to redo the already done, until in due time, when their philosophy wore itself out, a new race of nineteenth century poets and critics, from Byron to William Morris, began, first to speak coldly of Shakespear and Raphael, and then to rediscover, in the mediæval art which these Renaissance masters had superseded, certain forgotten elements which were germinating again for the new harvest.

THE *Sphere's* memorial to Queen Victoria takes the form of an illustrated diary of her reign, with portraits of most of the men who have rendered it illustrious. It is a good scheme, splendidly executed. One of the most interesting things in the number is the reproduction of the Queen's first letter, written in 1825: "My dear Louis god bless you." It is signed "Vitoria." There is also a fine reproduction of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's unfinished portrait of the Queen. With its ample page, its excellent printing, and its well-considered enterprise, the *Sphere* keeps the place it took at its inception in the front rank of our illustrated journalism.

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose death took place very suddenly on Tuesday, was not only a remarkable and very unconventional preacher—he was all his life a prolific writer, and when one considers his frail physique and the demands of his church at Marylebone, his literary production seems enormous. For some time he was a regular contributor to the *Echo*, and there is scarcely a newspaper or magazine in London in which he has not signed his name. He found time, too, to edit *Cassell's Magazine* for a season. He wrote best upon his favourite hobby, which was music. Great musicians, old violins, and church bells gave him material for many volumes. Those who have attended his curious and sometimes startling services at St. James's, Marylebone, will remember that he occasionally illustrated his discourse by a solo upon the violin. His theory of the connexion between music and conduct was worked out in what was, perhaps, his most popular book, *Music and Morals*. Mr. Haweis sustained a crushing blow two years ago in the death of his wife, who was herself a well-known writer on domestic art.

Bibliographical.

It is not so very long since Robert Louis Stevenson died, and yet quite a literature has grown up around his life and work. Putting aside the two series of letters edited by Mr. Colvin, one finds that Stevenson has been the subject of no fewer than seven volumes during the last half-dozen years. Thus, in 1895, we had Prof. Walter Raleigh's little monograph; a *Study of Stevenson*, by Miss (or Mrs.) Alice Brown; and a book on his *Home and Early Haunts*, by Miss (or Mrs.) Margaret Armour. After this there was silence for three years, and then, in 1898, came *The Home Country of R. L. Stevenson*, by J. Geddie, *The Edinburgh Days of R. L. S.*, by Miss (or Mrs.) Blantyre Simpson, and a monograph in the "Famous Scots" series, by Miss (or Mrs.) Margaret Moyes Black. In 1899 we had yet another monograph, by Mr. Cope Cornford, in the "Modern English Writers" series; and now we are promised *R. L. S., a Life Study in Criticism*,

by Mr. H. Bellyse Baildon, who, it is understood, will write on the basis of a personal acquaintance with R. L. S. during his early manhood. Mr. Baildon, by the way, should not be unknown to the reading public, for he has already presented to it a book of prose called *The Merry Month*, &c., and a book of verse called *The Rescue*, &c., both of them published in 1893.

Four notable additions are about to be made to the big library of sixpenny fiction which the publishing fraternity are busily engaged in building up. The books to which I refer are Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas*, Ouida's *Puck*, Mr. Short-house's *John Inglesant*, and Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*. I name them in the order of their original appearance. *Uncle Silas* dates back to 1864; it was re-issued in 1886 and 1887, and again in 1899 in two-shilling form. Its popularity of late years may owe something to the fact that it has been dramatised twice at least; of one of the versions Mr. Lawrence Irving was co-author. *Puck*, which came out anonymously, belongs to 1870; I am not aware that it has had any very great vogue since it was first launched upon the world. *John Inglesant*, as most people know, was printed privately in 1880, and issued to the public in the following year. *The New Arabian Nights*, of course, is the youngest of the four, as it did not come out in book shape till 1882; it was then in two volumes, and two years after it was obtainable in two cheaper editions. That four books so very different in subject and style should be coming out this season at the nimble sixpence is a tribute to the catholic tastes of the present-day novel-reader.

With reference to Mr. W. A. Dutt's promised book on *Highways and Byways of East Anglia*, we may be quite sure, I think, that it will be a much more elaborate and picturesque work than the opusculum which he published (at a shilling), with almost the same title, in 1899. Two other opusculum, similarly priced, stand to Mr. Dutt's credit—*George Borrow in East Anglia*, issued in 1896, and *By Sea Marge, Marsh, and Mere*, brought out in 1898. *The Highways, Byways, and Waterways of East Anglia: a Collection of Prose Pastorals*, was, I may note, the full title of the 1899 brochure.

It is said that we are to have a new edition of the late Henry Morley's little anthology of English verse, called *The King and the Commons*. This came out originally more than thirty years ago, as part and parcel (I think) of the "Bayard" series of booklets edited by Hain Friswell. The publishers of that series might do worse than reissue all the volumes that figured in it, for all were interesting, while the series as a whole no doubt suggested many that have supplanted it in public knowledge and favour.

Two books on musical subjects announced by Mr. John Murray are by American writers—Mr. W. J. Henderson and Mr. H. T. Finck. Mr. Henderson is already known in this country by his *Story of Music*, published by Messrs. Longman in 1889, while Mr. Finck is remembered by his *Chopin, and other Musical Essays*, issued by Mr. Unwin in the same year. Mr. Finck is also the author, I believe, of an elaborate work on *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*—an alluring topic.

I once testified in this column to the quaint feeling which possessed me some years ago, when I read in a number of *Macmillan's Magazine* a new poem signed "William Wordsworth." In the February issue of the same miscellany there is, I see, a short story signed "Henry Fielding." When are we to have a new sonnet by "John Keats"?

I observe that we are to have a novel from the pen of Mr. A. R. Ropes (the "Adrian Ross" of popular "musical comedy"). This will testify at any rate to the versatility of the writer, who has already published under his own name a volume of *Poems* (1884) and *A Sketch of the History of Europe* (1889), besides doing some useful work for the Pitt Press.

Reviews.

Chinese Literature.

A History of Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles.
"Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" Series.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

It is not the fault of Prof. Herbert Giles that his history of Chinese literature, the first attempt of the kind that has been made, is somewhat bewildering in the rapidity of its movement. When a writer, even a professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, sets out to tell, in four hundred and thirty-nine pages, the history of a literature that extends over some thousands of years, the wonder is, not that it should seem scrappy and bewildering, but that he should be able to tell it at all. Such a task would break the spirit of many men. Not so Dr. Giles's spirit. He wears his prodigious learning lightly, wending his way, on tiptoe as it were, through this labyrinth of authors, culling here and there, like a gardener picking flowers. His style is bright and easy, and not entirely academic. He can write such a sentence as: "This is how Mencius snuffed out the two heterodox philosophers." Dr. Giles is also a poet. The pages are sprinkled with his translations of Chinese versifiers. He has done for a nation what FitzGerald did for an individual. We leave to Chinese students the appraisal of the debt these Celestial poets owe to their translator.

We do not gain from his book any clear perception of the personality of these Chinese writers. Name follows name—such tongue-tripping names, hundreds of names, and they remain mere names, and little else; but gradually we become conscious of the thread that through the centuries binds sage to sage, writer to writer. They wander into by-paths, but "their common lode-star is Confucianism—elucidation of the Confucian Canon." And with the name of Confucius the western stands on dry ground. Not only was Confucius a great moral teacher, whose teaching as to the right way of living in this world, being founded on his own individual insight, and not on what another had told him, has withstood the shocks and changes of two thousand five hundred years, but he was also the founder of Chinese literature. He collected and edited documents covering a period from the twenty-fourth to the eighth century B.C. His labours resulted in the Book of History, the Book of Odes, the Book of Changes, the Book of Rites, and Spring and Autumn Annals. But no Chinaman thinks of entering upon a study of these Five Classics until he has mastered and committed to memory a shorter and simpler course known as The Four Books. The first of these is the famous Analects, from which we derive our knowledge of Confucius, born 551 years before Christ, who formulated the Golden Rule: "What you would not others should do unto you, do you not unto them."

The Tao, or Way of Confucius, was a practical system of morality for everyday use. When a disciple asked him to explain charity of heart, he answered, "Love one another." When, however, he was asked concerning the principle that good should be returned for evil, he replied: "What then will you return for good? No: return good for good; for evil justice." Wise words! Confucius never pretended to any supernatural power, but he did assert, and with modesty, that he knew the right way to live in this world—the way that leads to happiness and peace. *The Chung Yung*, the treatise written by his grandson, opens with the pregnant sentence: "What Heaven has confirmed is the Nature; an accordance with the nature is what is called the Path; the regulation of this path is what is called the Teaching." Confucius, Dr. Giles says,

undoubtedly believed in a Power, unseen and eternal, whom he vaguely addressed as Heaven: "He who has

offended against Heaven has none to whom he can pray." "I do not murmur against Heaven," and so on. His greatest commentator, however, Chu Hsi, has explained that by "Heaven" is meant "Abstract Right," and that interpretation is accepted by Confucianists at the present day. At the same time, Confucius strongly objected to discuss the supernatural, and suggested that our duties are towards the living rather than towards the dead.

The Analects give minute details of his everyday life and habits. As we read our hearts warm to the Sage across two thousand four hundred years:

Confucius, in his village, looked simple and sincere, and as if he were not able to speak. When he was in the prince's ancestral temple or in the court he spoke minutely on every point, but cautiously. . . .

He required his sleeping dress to be half as long again as his body.

He did not eat rice which had been injured by heat or damp and turned sour, nor fish or flesh which was gone. He did not eat what was discoloured, or what was of a bad flavour, nor anything which was not in season. He did not eat meat which was not cut properly, nor what was served without its proper sauce.

He was never without ginger when he ate. He did not eat much.

When eating, he did not converse. When in bed, he did not speak.

If his mat was not straight, he did not sit on it.

Ssü-ma-Ch'ien, known as the Father of History, writing four hundred years after the death of Confucius, said:

While reading the works of Confucius, I have always fancied I could see the man as he was in life; and when I went to Shantung I actually beheld his carriage, his robes, and the material parts of his ceremonial usages. There were his descendants practising the old rites in their ancestral home, and I lingered on, unable to tear myself away. Many are the princes and prophets that the world has seen in its time, glorious in life, forgotten in death. But Confucius, though only a humble member of the cotton-clothed masses, remains among us after many generations. He is the model for such as would be wise. By all, from the Son of Heaven down to the meanest student, the supremacy of his principles is fully and freely admitted. He may indeed be pronounced the divinest of men.

If we linger over the first book of Dr. Giles's history, that devoted to the Feudal Period (B.C. 600-200), over which the large, wise, personality of Confucius broods, it is because we find it hard to leave that period charged with worldly wisdom, metaphysical speculation, mysticism, and thoughts so ancient, yet intimate companions of many living to-day. Is there such a great difference between this, from Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*—"It is the very energy of thought that keeps thee from thy God"; and this from Chuang Tzū's *Autumn Floods*, written in the fourth century B.C.:

By no thoughts, by no cogitations, Tao may be known.

By resting in nothing, by according in nothing, Tao may be approached. By following nothing, by pursuing nothing, Tao may be attained.

Great as was Confucius there was another Chinese seer living in his period who has also achieved earthly immortality. That was Lao Tzū, from whom the literature of Taoism dates, "growing and flourishing alongside of, though in direct antagonism to, that which is founded upon the criteria and doctrines of Confucius." Dr. Giles does not commit himself to an explanation of the meaning of Tao. Neither did Lao Tzū himself. "Those who know do not tell; those who tell do not know" was his answer to the question. Lao Tzū taught; but the road that leads to the Way, as those who desire it know, starts from within. Much of Lao Tzū's teaching is familiar to the world, but from other lips:

Follow diligently the Way in your own heart, but make no display of it to the world.

To the good I would be good. To the not good I would also be good, in order to make them good.

Recompense injury with kindness.

Put yourself behind and you shall be put in front.

Lao Tzū had his St. Paul in Chuang Tzū, an advanced mystic who anticipated thoughts that were to find expression centuries later.

Fools think they are awake now, and flatter themselves they know if they are really princes or peasants. Confucius and you are both dreams; and I who say you are dreams—I am but a dream myself.

Again:

Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzū, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly, I awaked, and there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man.

Well may Dr. Giles speak of Chuang Tzū's chapter on "The Identity of Contraries" as "marvellous," judging from the extracts given: "From the standpoint of Tao all things are One. . . . By ignoring the distinctions of contraries we are embraced in the obliterating unity of God." Lao Tzū urged his fellow Chinamen to guard their vitality by entering into harmony with their environment. Chuang Tzū added a motive: "to pass into the realm of the Infinite and make one's final rest therein." More than a thousand years later, Ssū-K'ung, a Court official and poet, popular at court, having fallen into irremediable disgrace by dropping part of his insignia at an audience, retired to the hills, wrote a philosophical poem, and then starved himself to death through grief at the murder of the youthful Emperor. We quote one of the verses of this poem, which is "admirably adapted to exhibit the form under which pure Taoism commends itself to the mind of a cultivated scholar":

ENERGY—ABSOLUTE.

Expenditure of force leads to outward decay,
Spiritual existence means inward fulness.
Let us revert to Nothing and enter the Absolute,
Hoarding up strength for Energy.
Freighted with eternal principles,
Athwart the mighty void,
Where cloud-masses darken,
And the wind blows ceaseless around,
Beyond the range of conceptions,
Let us gain the Centre,
And there hold fast without violence,
Fed from an inexhaustible supply.

We have left ourselves small space to speak of the two thousand years of Chinese literature with which Dr. Giles deals in the remainder of his admirable history. The generations of this venerable people pass before us composing their treatises, singing their love-songs, elucidating their classics, detached and sufficient unto themselves, ignorant and contemptuous of anything the foreign devils might be doing or thinking. They went their strange way, accepting things as they were, probably quite undisturbed when, in B.C. 13, the reigning Emperor issued a decree that all existing literature was to be destroyed, with the exception of works relating to agriculture, medicine, and divination. The penalty of not surrendering their books was branding and four years' work on the Great Wall; but, fortunately, many scholars secretly defied the edict.

Poetry has always flourished in China, especially during the T'ung Dynasty, which has the honour of a collection of 48,900 poems, arranged in 900 books, and filling thirty good-sized volumes.

China's greatest poet is Li Po (A.D. 705-762). At the age of ten he wrote a "stop short" to a firefly:

Rain cannot quench thy lantern's light,
Wind makes it shine more brightly bright;
Oh why not fly to heaven afar,
And twinkle near the moon—a star?

Li Po died by drowning, through trying to embrace the reflection of the moon when drunk. His control of the "stop-short," we are told, is considered to be perfect. Here is another:

The birds have all flown to their roost in the tree,
The last cloud has just floated lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we,
As we sit there together,—the mountains and I.

The Chinese consider suggestion to be the essence of poetry. Here, again, Li Po is regarded as the Laureate. This is often quoted as a model in its own particular line:

A tortoise I see
on a lotus-flower resting:
A bird 'mid the reeds
and the rushes is nesting;
A light skiff propelled
by some boatman's fair daughter,
Whose song dies away
o'er the fast-flowing water.

Again we must, perforce, skip a few centuries, for the Chinese novel beckons, if it does not allure. They range their fiction under four heads, dealing with (1) usurpation and plotting, (2) love and intrigue, (3) superstition, (4) brigandage. The highest point of development reached by the Chinese novel is to be found in the work called *The Dream of the Red Chamber*. As might be expected in a country where so many things are done on the Alice-in-Wonderland principle, the name of the author is unknown. It is published in twenty-four volumes octavo, and 400 characters meander through its pages. Novels and stories, we may add, are not classed in China as literature. Neither are the popular collections of wit and humour. Mr. Dan Leno might have invented this:

A man asked a friend to stay and have tea. Unfortunately there was no tea in the house, so a servant was sent to borrow some. Before the latter had returned the water was already boiling, and it became necessary to pour in more cold water. This happened several times, and at length the boiler was overflowing, but no tea had come. Then the man's wife said to her husband, "As we don't seem likely to get any tea, you had better offer your friend a bath!"

And this might have come from a civilian on the military staff of a weekly paper:

A general was hard pressed in battle and on the point of giving way, when suddenly a spirit soldier came to his rescue and enabled him to win a great victory. Prostrating himself on the ground, he asked the spirit's name. "I am the God of the Target," replied the spirit. "And how have I merited your godship's kind assistance?" inquired the general. "I am grateful to you," answered the spirit, "because in your days of practice you never once hit me."

Dr. Giles's volume is a *tour de force* in scholarship. He stands well away from the weight of his enormous subject, and by his brisk and clear exposition has earned the gratitude of the general reader. One humble student, at least, would be grateful if he would expand the first fifty-six pages of this volume into a book.

Wagner.

Life of Richard Wagner. Being an Authorised English Version, by W. Ashton Ellis, of C. F. Glasenapp's *Das Leben Richard Wagners*. (Kegan Paul. 16s.)

MR. ASHTON ELLIS, who has already given us translations of all Wagner's prose works, is now completing his task of love by giving us the first adequate biography of the great musician which has appeared in English. It is a revised version of Glasenapp's work, the monumental German *Life of Wagner*. As he explains, he has freely

altered the form of the German sentences, where he judged it necessary in order to accommodate them to English style, re-writing rather than translating them. Nevertheless, as he claims, it is essentially a translation, if in parts a revised one. The book, as judged by this first volume, is excellent. It is elaborately full, yet well-proportioned, systematic.

To name Wagner is to think of stormful power and energy, in music and in life. The man, above all other musicians, above Handel, above that largely kindred spirit, Berlioz, was a fighter. It is on his countenance, as we know it when his life had inscribed its story there; in the resolute chin, the stern mouth, the aggressive nose, the eye which seems ever fixed on an object; a dominant, militant face, with nothing of the visionary softness which certain novelists love to dream of in their ideal musician. Ill would such a nature have fronted Wagner's task in life—as if you should start to hew rocks with a silver hatchet. Yet the man had visions, as we know; a visionary, like his own questers of the Sangreal, with a coat of steel, without which he would scarce have gone far; for beasts of prey were to be fought with, mainly of the hyena kind, which (as we know) hunts in troops, a laughing animal—not in reverent manner. From the simian French, and the slow German porcine kind, too, he had much trouble—an honest animal, the latter, but not over-manageable in the traces of Art. Of his contest with all these, his life is largely a record, till he found his Grail in *Parsifal*—and died. Withal, as was most necessary in such a destiny, he was a hearty laugh—not in the grim Carlylean fashion, but with good Teutonic mirth, and a prankishness that could wholesomely cast off dignity on occasion. Your weeping philosopher, one thinks, cannot go far, or madness must lie in his path.

A child of battle, the cannon smoke of Lutzen and Bautzen drifted towards his birth chamber on that 22nd of May, 1813, when Napoleon—the snows of Russia scarce melted from his grey *redingote*—led his conscripts on Dresden. Within the house where the cradled Richard lay resounded the cannon of the nations, for three days straitening their flaming girdle round the French forces, till the Saxons, abandoning their king, turned their muskets against his Gallic allies, and all was over. Under the window of that room where he was cradled fled down the Brühl the hatless emperor, vanquished at last in pitched battle. To his unheeding infant ear came the sounds of the allied entry into Leipzig. Soon after Friedrich Wagner the actuary, carried off by hospital fever, left his child an orphan. Fit birth for a fighter; and his childhood was no less fit in its surroundings for the ultimate music dramatist. His mother was re-married to the actor and painter Geyer, the family removing to Dresden, where Geyer was a leading member of the Court Theatre company. The actor was accustomed to enact puppet plays and light pieces written by himself at his own home. Richard's brother Albert, his sisters Rosalie and Clara, took to the stage by natural impulse. Rosalie, in particular, was a celebrated *prima donna*, and Albert became an excellent operatic singer. Geyer, moreover, contracted a friendship with the composer Weber, which had an important effect on his stepson's life. For even after Geyer's death, which occurred before little Richard began his schooldays, Weber still visited the widow when he came to Dresden. "Der Freischütz" was then in the first glow of its popularity, and Wagner's worship of it and its composer was idolatrous. He drew his little sister to him as Weber entered the house: "My! that's the greatest man alive! How great he is you haven't the *weeniest* notion." He never lost that worship of the man who had first made the Germanic spirit vocal in opera, the pioneer of his own more vast and revolutionary work.

Wagner the child, with all his early delicacy, was clear father of the man. The ready sensibility of his nature showed itself abundantly. His little sister Cécilie heard

him laugh and cry, shout and talk in his sleep; and at all times tears were as ready to him as laughter. He feared ghosts devoutly. Yet he was no solitary moper, but full of merry mischief. Cécilie would be wakened in the night by the voice of Richard from beneath her couch: "Cile, Cile, there is a big bogey under your bed!" She was his habitual companion at home, and the two children were in endless pranks and activities. He was a fearless climber then, as he was later in ambition; and had a special genius for standing on his head, an accomplishment which he practised in mature years—on the sofa—to the solemn horror of that prig of philosophers, Nietzsche. He loved animals, then as always, with a preference for dogs; and, then as always, could not endure the infliction of pain on beasts. He kissed the horses that had taken him a journey. At the Dresden Kreuzschule he was soon the leader of a following among his schoolfellows, by reason of his wit and spirits, while the stupid hated him. A born leader! No less did his headstrong overbearing of opposition reveal itself, to the making of enemies: what he willed must be, no matter who resisted. It was the same Wagner who carried the standard of his music through a hooting Europe. Here he began to write plays on the Greek model, soon to be abandoned for a grand Shakespearean tragedy. Already, by the approach of his thirteenth year, he had studied English to translate Shakespeare. At Leipzig, whither the family removed, he neglected his studies for a while; and the discovery of his tragedy brought dismay to the family bosom. But worse was in store, for he took to music. The hearing of Beethoven's symphonies at the Gewandhaus concerts made him a musician, as the reading of Spenser made Cowley and Keats poets. He must compose. Thereto he mastered Logier's *Method* in a week, and did compose, after a fashion. Lessons followed, but his first master was a pedant, and he neglected these studies too. Meanwhile, he read the wonder-tales of Hoffmann, and became a fiery mystic, as he remained through life. In Hoffmann, too, he must have found suggestions of his own future philosophy of music. He read, also, Tieck's *Tannhäuser*—the legend which was to suggest (though in another form and from an older source) his great opera. Auber's *Masaniello* moved him to an enthusiasm which was lifelong, and the July revolution made him a revolutionary. And at last he had an overture performed (unsuccessfully enough) at the Court Theatre, which is said to have shown remarkable signs of his future daring. At Leipzig University a period of wild student life was followed by a return to music, and under the wise lessons of Weinlig he learned all he yet needed. It was still Beethoven, Beethoven, even when he composed his Symphony in C, afterwards performed at Prague and Leipzig. With a visit to Vienna and Prague, which inspired his first operatic attempt, begins the long struggle of his life. At one city after another he tried to earn a living. As chorus master at Wurzburg, where he had the advice of his brother Albert the singer, he composed "Die Feen," only to meet dogged recalcitrance when he endeavoured to secure its performance on his return to Leipzig. It was shunted for Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet," when Mme. Schröder-Devrient scored so splendid a success in a wretched piece as set Wagner thinking. He began to see what opera needed to be attractive. German and mystic, he nevertheless grew dissatisfied with "Germanism" and mysticism as they showed themselves in the native opera of that day. In Vienna he had already been enraptured by the joyous sensuousness of the South—for all his life there was a strong sensuous element in him. The result was an article in his friend Laube's paper, so remarkable that we quote from it. At twenty-two he had already grasped the principles (in large measure) which underlay his later work:

We have a field which belongs to us by right—and that is instrumental music; but a German opera we have not.

... We are too intellectual and much too learned to create warm human figures. In this respect the Italians have an immense advantage over us; vocal beauty with them is a second nature, and their creations are just as sensuously warm as poor, for the rest, in individual import.

And the future master of tumultuous music goes on to assail the "eternal orchestral bustle." Then he proceeds:

Not that I wish French or Italian music to oust our own; ... but we ought to recognise the *true* in both, and keep ourselves from all self-satisfied hypocrisy. ... Why has no German opera come to the front for so long? Because none knows how to gain the ear of the people—that is to say, because none has seized true, warm life as it is. For is it not plainly to misconstrue the present age to go on writing oratorios when no one believes any longer in either their contents or their form? What with Bach or Handel seems worshipful to us, in virtue of its truth, must necessarily sound ridiculous with Fr. Schneider of our day; for, to repeat it, no one *believes* him, since it cannot be his conviction. ... He will be master who writes neither Italian nor French nor even German.

Here was a manifesto! Nevertheless, for a while, in his successive posts as Kapellmeister at Magdeburg and Riga, he admired and followed the light French music he conducted. On that model he composed the "Novice of Palermo," which failed in two performances at Magdeburg. The second night it was not performed at all. One of the performers became jealous of the second tenor's proceedings with his wife. When the second tenor appeared behind the scenes, he received him with a blow in the face, and soon sent him bleeding to his dressing-room. The wife rushed on her angry husband, and was greeted in the same fashion. Then the whole company took sides, and in a general scrimmage the opera became impossible.

Before starting for Riga, Wagner had married the pretty actress, Minna Planer. But Riga offered small pickings for a struggling young married musician; and tired of semi-beggary, he at last determined to carry the war into Paris. With the score of "Rienzi" in his pocket, he started by sea, *via* London, and at Boulogne fell in with Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer gave him fine promises and several introductions, which were to do him small service; and thus armed he reached Paris.

He went to scale in conquest the heights of music; he remained for two and a half years of bitter disappointment, daily need, and musical drudgery on a level with the dreariest journalism. For compensation he had the intellectual *élite* of his day: heard Habeneck conduct the symphonies of Beethoven as he had never heard them before; dined with Heine; mixed with musicians such as his affinity, Berlioz, to whom he did justice, but who jealously railed on him; Liszt—afterwards to be his best friend—and many another great name. Amid such company he grew in musical stature; and the true outcome of Paris was "Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman." After long delays, "Rienzi" was accepted and produced at Dresden. He hastened home for its performance; it was a success—he was saved! True, the "Dutchman" failed; but they made him Kapellmeister at Dresden, and his troubles (he thought) were over. Here the present volume ends. We know they were not over; we know the revolutionary outbreak, the exile, the years of feverish despair and feverish work, the struggle, almost single-handed, against the scorn of Europe; till Ludwig of Bavaria appeared, and the great triumph, the vast reaction, began slowly to evolve itself. These things are for further volumes, but in outline they are all men's property. Full of paroxysmal merriment and depression, pouring forth music, controversy, criticism, satire, scorn, he worked out his life to the last. And he remains one of the indubitable Titans.

Legends of the Primitive Church.

Studia Sinaitica Nos. IX. and X.: Select Narratives of Holy Women. Edited by Agnes Smith Lewis. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE Syriac version of the Gospels discovered by Mrs. Lewis in 1892 at the Convent of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai, and already published by her, was a palimpsest, and had been half effaced to make room for another Syriac document written over it. Of this last, Mrs. Lewis gives us here the Syriac text with an English translation, and it proves to be the acts of different Oriental saints written in the manner that Charles Kingsley successfully imitated, rather than burlesqued, in the last chapter of *Hypatia*. Taking them altogether, and with every allowance for the Eastern imagination, they form what is probably a life-like picture of the scenes attending the introduction of Christianity into the East.

The stories here given naturally divide themselves into those which may be believed and those which may not. Those in the first category appear to be the earlier in date, or, at all events, to be referable to a time when Christianity had not yet established itself in Egypt and Syria. They are all modelled on the story of Thecla, the noble Roman maiden who left her parents and her betrothed to dress herself in man's clothes and follow St. Paul, with whom she sate in prison "listening to his teaching and kissing his fetters." Mrs. Lewis gives us only a summary of this story, but the reader who cares to look for it can find the whole tale in the "Acts of Paul and Thecla," which are translated at length in Clark's Ante-Nicene Library. The same summary treatment has been accorded to the story of Pelagia the harlot, from which Kingsley appears to have borrowed much in the novel already mentioned. A fair specimen of this class, perhaps, is the legend of the blessed Euphrosyne, the only child of rich parents and of great beauty, who by the advice of a pious hermit enters a monastery without the consent of her family, and, to prevent them discovering her, disguises herself as a palace eunuch. Here she hides for twenty years, while her parents seek her sorrowing, and even comforts her own father, who comes to the monastery as a penitent, without revealing herself to him. At length, on her death-bed, she does so, apparently because she wishes that he and no one else may prepare her corpse for burial, and "then her father Paphnutius gave all his wealth and his possessions to the churches and to the monasteries, to the poor, the orphans and the widows. But he gave the greater part of his riches to the monastery in which his daughter Euphrosyne lay." The same story is told with such slight alterations of time and place of the blessed Eugenia (of Egypt) and the blessed Mary (of Bithynia), that one may suppose such conversions were of very frequent occurrence; and that the life-long deceit on the part of the convert, and the agony of mind to the convert's parents that they entailed, were considered by the Christian missionaries as not to be weighed against the spiritual and temporal benefits that the Church derived from them. Yet they go far to explain why good and enlightened governors like Marcus Aurelius, Diocletian, and Julian looked upon Christianity as a danger to the State, and why at a time when they were hardly pressed by the Barbarians they did violence to their own feelings by attempting to crush it by open and violent persecution. "There are found gods who prohibit men from begetting children, and if men are hindered from begetting children," says a memorial to the throne here quoted, "how will there be a renewal to Rome? And how will the army of the Romans be increased and grow, by means of which conflicts are carried on, and by which the victorious right hand of your Divinity subdues in battle the hosts of the foreign enemies which oppose us?" Such arguments appear to Mrs. Lewis herself to have a certain cogency.

A lurid light is thrown on the persecutions thus provoked by the incredible stories making up the remainder of the book. Thus, in the story of Saint Drusis of Antioch, the heroine is a daughter of Trajan unknown to history, and betrothed to his successor Hadrian, but she is so moved by the sight of the holy women coming by night to steal from the gallows the corpses of Christian martyrs that at a public execution she baptizes herself in a convenient well, and is burnt along with the other believers. So, in the story of the blessed Euphemia, the martyr is tortured in vain, for by miracle after miracle "the saws were turned about, and were scattered; also the pans of fire that were fixed amongst them were quenched, and no hurt came to her from any of these things, because the angels of God kept close to her for her assistance." Although it is rather difficult to see why pains that they did not feel, and which were, in fact, non-existent, should be counted to the victims of persecution for righteousness, we have no doubt such stories had considerable effect in inducing other confessors to offer themselves for martyrdom. That they should have done so even with the hope that such miracles would be repeated is, of course, astonishing enough; but it should not be forgotten that the Christians were one and all of them buoyed up by the constantly-repeated assertion of their teachers that the Second Advent was at hand, and that to confess Christ before men was their one chance of escaping from an eternity of far worse tortures. The curses that they are here represented as heaping upon their tormentors show that in some particulars their lower natures had remained untouched by their conversion, and contrast disagreeably with the really disinterested effort made by some of their judges to induce them to take the shortest way out of their torments by making a merely formal submission to the State faith.

Literary America.

A Literary History of America. By Barrett Wendell. (Unwin.)

THERE is very little literary history in America. To that conclusion must you come after reading Prof. Wendell's book. All the literature worth the name in this volume might be covered by the first fifty years of the last century—for living writers Prof. Wendell omits from his survey. The real literature begins with Brockden Brown, and the actual "history" ends with Walt Whitman. The earlier literature may be gauged by the fact that its greatest name is Franklin. Prof. Wendell's book is useful, painstaking, and adequate, if it cannot be called any wise brilliant. He knows his subject, as might be expected from a professor of English literature at Harvard, and he keeps much on the "permanent way" of traditional criticism. When he departs from it his remarks are not always notable for originality or insight. His criticism of Poe is a favourable example. He notes the tendency of American literature as a whole to that delicate cultivation of form in which Poe excels, to a general refinement and artistic conscience not much recognised among those who take Walt Whitman as the representative poet of America. It is quite true that American is a delicate and decadent literature (in the better sense of that adjective), having more points of contact with French than English temper of work. This, which he ascribes to national self-consciousness, might rather be assigned to the more high-tuned sensitiveness of American nerves, the quicker mobility of American character. At the same time he talks about Poe's "assumption of an unreal mood." Poe did not assume, and the mood was very real—to Poe; as Prof. Wendell afterwards recognises when he speaks of Poe's "paradoxical sincerity." Nor is "melodramatic" a true word for Poe's best work, unless you disjoin from that word the

implication of insincerity, and take it to signify merely strong juxtaposition of light and shade. Even so, it ill-suits the subtle rightness of tone in Poe's tales.

About Bryant, on the other hand, Prof. Wendell keeps strictly to the rails, and will not hear of that venerable American's "delicacy" being "mistaken for commonplace." We are still hardened in that mistake. Lowell was a keener critic, whom Prof. Wendell quotes:

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
Like a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignited,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation,
(There's no doubt he stands in supreme *iceolation*)
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on;
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

It is a comfort to hear this witty truth about the Father of American Poetry—a cross between Thomson and Wordsworth, without a spark of the power in either. It should long since have put him out of the anthologies.

On such a man as Fenimore Cooper Prof. Wendell is adequate, for, unsubtle himself, Cooper requires no subtlety in his critic. But when we take a test case like Emerson, the author is but fairly satisfactory. He has sympathy, but not penetrative sympathy; perception of faults, but not penetrative perception. He finds a contradiction in the fact that Emerson was at once Transcendentalist and shrewd Yankee. It is only a contradiction on the supposition that there is in idealism an element of moonshine, that its professor must be a little lacking in sanity. And, despite his considerable sympathy with idealism, Prof. Wendell obviously has this feeling at the back of his mind. Like most men, he supposes that common sense must pay for uncommon sense. It does in the smaller men, but not in the greatest. The book, however, in spite of shortcomings, is good and worth reading. It fills a place, though but for its time. The permanent history of American literature has yet to come.

Charm.

My First Voyage, My First Lie. Related by Alphonse Daudet to Robert H. Sherard. (Digby, Long.)

THIS book, spoken familiarly by Daudet in French, and written by Mr. Sherard in English, is much better than anyone had the right to expect; and Daudet's visit to "silent London" in 1895 was not in vain, since the idea of the volume was excogitated then at the novelist's London hotel. Yet there is nothing in it: analyse it, and you arrive at precisely naught, save charm. People of scientific temperament often demand a definition of "charm." *My First Voyage* is a definition of the word in a hundred and seventy-five pages. The book is a mental "reconstitution" of an episode of Daudet's Southern childhood—a childhood of Tartarin! At the age of ten or so he was dispatched, with a companion of equal maturity, by steamer from Beaucaire to Lyons, on the rapid Rhone. The boys were going to school. The recital is a history, with gaps due to defective memory, of the voyage. Alphonse invented the lies—those lies which were to supply the halo of glory demanded by the Southern temperament, and which continually resulted in the most absurd quandaries—and Léonce loyally supported the colossal structure of deceit. First they were naval cadets on a holiday, and naval cadets they remained till a spleeny Englishman exposed them at the end of the journey; but meanwhile they deviated

into practised horsemen—Centauris, in fact, lovers of Turkish *houris*, swimmers of the Bosphorus, ravishers of married women, and so on.

What in the world made me say that? Who or what prompted me? Was it thou, great apoplectic sun, who wast clearing from thy face the pink mists of morning? Was it thou, great Mistral, who didst intoxicate me with all the perfumes of field and water, which thou bearest along, and dost scatter abroad from thy spreading pinions?

Was it the Tarasconnais and Tartarine atmosphere in which the soul of Tartarin was brooding? Who shall say?

Some of the descriptions of Rhone life are entirely delightful. Here is one:

There are no better fellows in the world than the bargees of the Rhone, with their eyes clear and sparkling like the white wine of Condrieu, a place on the banks of the Rhone, the native place of most of them. During my voyage on the *Bonnardelle* I used to amuse myself by watching them at their work, on the barges which, like our steamer, were going up the river. I could see them seated, bare-legged, on the leader of a string of mules, guiding through invisible fords the sturdy animals who towed huge barges laden with barrels of wine and blocks of quarried stone. Now and again the man at the tiller would command in a loud voice, according as the boats were to go to the right or to the left: "*Empéri! . . . Riauxme!*"—(Empire, Royaume)—which to the mariners of the Rhone signifies, Port or Starboard. These terms are derived from the ancient appellations with which in the Middle Ages they distinguished the shores of the Kingdom of Arles and of the Empire of Germany. Oh, magic sound of these provençal syllables, which for six hundred years have rung out ever the same on the winds of the Rhone. *Empéri! Riauxme! Empire! Kingdom!*

Even to-day, when I hear them—for these terms are still used by the mariners of the Rhone—the same emotions take me.

As may be seen, Mr. Sherard has done his share of the book with discretion and neatness. It is a pity that the proofs were not read with more care.

Other New Books.

THE ATHENIAN DRAMA. EDITED BY G. C. W. WARR.

Most of those whose classical education should have fitted them for taking an appreciative and comprehensive view of Greek literature would have to admit, if urged, that their knowledge of the Athenian drama is bounded by a delectus and a few plays which they are unable to co-ordinate or to explain in relation to the ethical and intellectual conceptions of the age out of which they grew. In fact their training has stopped short at the very point where the human interest enters in. Now the educationists who maintain that the ancient culture is the very finest instrument of mental discipline yet discovered may be entirely right; but it is much more important for us to know where this culture is acquired, and how it comes about that this invaluable instrument is so mishandled at the public schools and universities that all interest in the drama is sapped long before the special training is concluded. Only a few even of those who take a high place in classical honours ever enter the promised land, while an overwhelming majority of the mere "pass" men, being unequal to the exertion of reading the classics in the original, have just sufficient knowledge of them to disdain the "cribs" no longer necessary for pulling them through their examination. The simple truth is that the latter are worse off than the ordinary English reader whose complete ignorance of the language often proves a mild incentive to his finding out in translation something of the drama for himself. Unfortunately the inherent difficulties of the subject are so great, and the whole spirit of the art so unfamiliar, that he rarely penetrates beyond the threshold.

Those who can read between the lines of the preface to the present volume will not only learn the answers to some of the questions suggested by the above statements, but also will be tempted, Prof. Warr leading, to take the first cold plunge into Attic waters.

The three plays here translated are the "*Agamemnon*," "*Choephoroe*," and the "*Eumenides*," preceded by a short essay on "*The Rise of Athenian Drama*," and followed by a Commentary, which elucidates the difficulties of the text. The interest in the subject is further stimulated by illustrations from bronzes, votive tablets, sculptures, and vases. The present volume, we are glad to learn, is to be succeeded by others dealing with Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. It will be thus possible for the English reader, when the series is complete, to obtain as full and accurate a knowledge of the Athenian Drama as of the Elizabethan. The quotation from Hamlet, by the bye, should be: "*A most instant tetter bark'd about*." (Allen. Vol. I. 7s. 6d.)

THE HUMAN EAR: ITS IDENTIFICATION AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

BY MIRIAM ANNE ELLIS.

Of human features the ear has received the least attention. The mouth can smile, the nose can sneer, the eye can wink; the ear remains, but for a rare change of colour, always the same. It is less expressive of emotion than that of a dog or a horse, as it is also less sensitive. Hence the poets have been content to liken it to a shell, and so to have done with it, and artists have been content merely to indicate it. A notable exception is the *Hermes* of Praxiteles, of which the following description gives a general notion of what a pretty ear should look like:

The proportion is true, the length being twice the width. The *helix* is gently curved and tapered, whilst the inclination to mark each of the Five Divisions by a little nick inside and a slight "elbow" form outside, is very noticeable because very rare. The lobe is well curved and pendent and of medium size. The orifice is large, slightly square at the bottom and then slanting up to fit the slope of the ear.

And among painters Raphael "used to draw ears that must have belonged to the face he was painting." This aural conformity is marked first by the size: it is not generally known that the normal length of the ear exactly equals that of the nose from its junction with the forehead to the point where it merges in the upper lip. But beyond that we gather that there is no quality of phrenology but finds itself writ small upon that crinkly page. In the proportion between the five parts into which the *helix* or outer rim is divided, the proportions of the *tragus* and *anti-tragus*, the shape and size of the lobe are they to be discerned. For purposes of identification the author claims for the ear that between fifteen and sixteen no feature is so constant, no feature so distinctive; she assures us that the most obstinately similar of twins may with absolute assurance be distinguished. She has invented a system of ear-printing which, from the specimens reproduced in the volume, we judge to be perfectly efficient. Among the notable persons earmarked in these pages we note that Sir John Stainer is furnished like Mozart, but with left and right reversed (for ears, it should be noted, are never a pair), and that Dr. Richard Garnett's eldest daughter, Mrs. Guy Hall, "favours" on the right her father's right and on the left her mother's left, with a murmur of her mother's right. The monograph comprises valuable generalisations from very wide observations. Conscience forces us to add that the writer is afflicted with a tendency to facetiousness, and that her "literal" translations are a well-spring of amazement. (Black.)

AMOR AMORIS.

BY W. D. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

Mr. Moncrieff's muse is minor and largely derivative. The sonnets with which it opens are on the Shakespearean model, and carefully reminiscent in manner. But it is ill

to rouse such august associations when they are belied by such dailiness of idea as forms Mr. Moncrieff's thematic material. He is better in some of his lighter and slighter lyrics, where weight of metal is not demanded. "A Song of Spring" is a favourable example. Tennyson has done the thing, of course, after Shakespeare, and done it well; Mr. Alfred Austin has followed Shakespeare and Tennyson prettily; Mr. Moncrieff follows Shakespeare and Tennyson and Mr. Alfred Austin—and 'twill serve:

When willow-wands begin to spring,
And tits and finches peck the spray,
When chattering starlings dress their wing,
And blue grows brighter on the jay,
Then Madge and Molly have a care,
And mind the latch that heads the stair.

When lilacs bud and hedges shoot,
And osier twigs are burnished gold,
When Tom begins to play his flute,
And Colin whistles from the fold,
Then Madge and Molly keep a watch,
And hold your hands against the latch.

When leaves hang brown upon the beech,
And daisies t'll the Winter's gone,
It matters naught what parsons preach,
The world will still go wagging on;
Then Madge and Molly have a care,
And bolt the latch that heads the stair.

In another lyric we may note the line, "And her eyes were as bright as a pebble that's wet," which is pretty, though not, we fancy, quite original. In fact, we remember the comparison of a woman's eyes to wet agate, which is better. But, on the whole, Mr. Moncrieff's lyrics have little beyond a pleasant lilt to keep the reader's attention. (Ingram.)

RUMANIA IN 1900.

By G. BENDER.

Mr. G. Bender, the author of this very exhaustive work on Rumania, is the Rumanian Consul-General in Stuttgart, and his book bears all over it the stamp of the Consular Report. It is accurate and painstaking and, if the truth must be told, a trifle dry. It is in no frivolous mood that Mr. Bender tackles his subject, for his aim is to demonstrate to the statesmen and public of Western Europe the astonishing material and moral progress made by the twin Danubian principalities since they ceased to form an outlying province of the Sultan's dominions some two decades ago. The kingdom of Rumania, which was constituted in the year 1881, has now become the most flourishing of the smaller states of Eastern Europe, and its social, economic, and even military position can no longer be neglected by the Great Powers who are concerned with the future settlement of the Balkan nationalities. The English edition is by Prof. A. H. Keane. The importance of Rumania consists in the fact that, with Hungary, it forms the great barrier to the spread of Pan-Slav propaganda beyond the Danube, as the two States form a broad linguistic zone which stretches between the northern and southern Slav lands from the Black Sea nearly to Vienna. When the great explosion in the Balkans does take place, the State which commands the navigable mouth of the Danube will be in a position largely to control the course of events in the interests of order, freedom, and the higher aspirations of humanity. As no comprehensive work on the country has appeared in English since Mr. James Samuelson's *Rumania Past and Present*, which was published in 1882, Mr. Bender's book will be welcomed by all students of Eastern politics.

Fiction.

Armageddon as She is Wrote.

The Coming Waterloo. By Captain Cairnes. (Constable. 6s.)

The Invaders. By Louis Tracy. (Pearson. 6s.)

Driscoll, King of Scouts. By A. G. Hales. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

EVERY war produces its own fiction, and these three books are a portion of what we have got for our hundred millions spent in South Africa. It may be said—and we prefer to come to the point at once—that they are as melancholy and nearly as tedious as the war itself. The art of the war-novel has not apparently advanced since Balzac's incomparable Napoleonic recital in *Le Médecin de Campagne*, and the best specimens of such fiction during the last hundred years are still that same recital and Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. These present practisers have not even contrived to sit at the feet of Stephen Crane. Captain Cairnes may know a great deal about war—one hears that his criticisms in the *Westminster Gazette* have made him a reputation—but he knows very little about fiction. Mr. Louis Tracy may, and does, know something of the cruder technique and trickeries of sensational romance; but either he or Tolstoi knows nothing of war. As for Mr. Hales, he is a man with a mission and a flow of Austral metaphors. The first two novels are of the prophetic sort. Dozens of similar works have been written during the past decade, and these two are, probably, neither above nor beneath the average. They most of them spring from an inability inherent in a certain type of mind—the inability when one is on a precipice to refrain from looking over the edge and saying: "How dreadful to fall! We should be smashed into so many fragments!" (Or: "We should escape scathless, by the grace of God!" as the case might be.)

Captain Cairnes invades France, while Mr. Tracy invades England. The latter procedure is, of course, more exciting. Captain Cairnes begins with a magniloquent introduction, in which occur most of the loved Fleet-street phrases:

Growing spirit of unrest among the nations of the old world.

The burden of the maintenance of these vast armies and enormous navies under which all nations groaned alike.

Armed truce.

The great nations locked in a life-and-death struggle for existence.

And so on.

Before he gets to the end of his introduction, Captain Cairnes has England and France in full combat, and Germany and Russia have joined the game. England's navy soon "swept the seas" (*cf.* Campbell's "Sweep through the deep"), but the brooming did not suffice; it was indecisive. Therefore France must be invaded, or, rather, "an expeditionary force" must be "thrown" into France, while Germany entered also *via* Belgium. At this point the detailed narrative begins. The campaign of the new Waterloo is a brief one, initiated by a little naval "scrap" near Boulogne, and ended within about twenty miles of that haunt of destitute English. The expeditionary force is landed with ridiculous ease (though not so secretly as Mr. Tracy introduces a hundred thousand armed Germans into England). The fighting is seen through the eyes of Lieutenant Walter Desmond, a remarkable young officer who is soon attached to the general staff. On page 339 he is wounded. "With a great roaring in his ears he sank into unconsciousness." (Asterisks.) The campaign seems to be more tactical than strategic, but, despite the aid of a large scale map, it is somewhat difficult to follow. Ultimately we "whip the French all along the line," and the causes of our success are kites, suspended searchlights, plague in the Russian army, a new sort of electric launch,

wireless telegraphy, and good shooting. This last above all. The book is an apotheosis of the British rifle. On the last page occurs this sentence in italics: "*The highly-trained few will annihilate the half-trained multitude in the fighting of the future.*" Such is Captain Cairnes's message. It would have been better enforced if he had been acquainted with a few of the simpler rules of fiction, as that the characters must not talk at the reader, but among themselves. Captain Cairnes has some invention, but no imaginative power; he cannot realise a scene, and his puppets behave, as other puppets in other romances, not as in life. No amount of military knowledge will atone for that, for after all, as someone said, it is a case of "the man behind the gun."

Mr. Tracy's *The Invaders* is a piled-up dish of glorious horrors, concluding with a marriage announcement in the *Times*. The Germans don't invade England; they stealthily enter it, and before Lord Salisbury can say "Beaconsfield" they have occupied several big towns—Liverpool in particular. It is unique. But be assured, Lord Salisbury is there. The United States cable to ask if we want help, and Lord Salisbury replies, grimly, "No, not yet." Then to work. Captain the Hon. Robert Dalrymple Hamilton, of the Guards, and young Tom Pratt (urchin, afterwards V.C.)! It is useless for the German army, helped by France, to fight against these. Slowly but surely the end approaches. France is self-betrayed, "as usual," and General Mercier makes a conspicuous spectacle of himself. At length England is in a position to dictate terms of peace. The terms provide, *inter alia*, for the imprisonment with hard labour of all the units of the opposing armies (except high officers, who are treated as first-class misdemeanants), and for the abolition of all navies except those of England and the United States.

Such is war.

To what extent Mr. A. G. Hales is justified in labelling his characters with the names of real people, we do not know. *Driscoll* is a South African satire at the expense of the "society" officer—but a satire which is robbed of all effectiveness by its infantile ferocity and clumsiness. Mr. Hales sets up a dandified Colonel with an eye-glass, and calls him Colonel Glasseye! He has invented a style of writing which embodies the more exasperating characteristics of Melbourne and of New York journalism:

Driscoll's great rough voice, which only had music on its outside edges, topped every other sound, and went thundering through the ravines, knocking up against the kopjes until it split into a myriad echoes, which chased each other like a squad of cavalry out into the open country.

Mr. Hales is an able man in some directions, and he has the quality known as "horse-sense." It is a pity that his valuable disciplinary intentions have been rendered futile by the excesses of a too flamboyant individuality. Regarded as mere fiction, *Driscoll* does not demand criticism; it ranks with the score or so of mediocre novels which we receive every week.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

EBEN HOLDEN.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

This story comes to us with the record of a huge American circulation. Over there nearly half a million copies have been sold. The author tells, in a preface, that the book has grown out of such enforced leisure as one may find in a busy life. "Chapters begun in the publicity of a Pullman car have been finished in the cheerless solitude of a hotel chamber. Some have had their beginning in a sleepless night and their end in a

day of bronchitis." Uncle Eb. takes his place easily with the best of his type, and it is a type of which one does not readily tire. "Of all the people that ever went West, that expedition was the most remarkable." Of this expedition Uncle Eb. was the chief. The book has many interests of love and adventure, but the one figure shines through all—honest, sentimental, sound. "Tell ye one thing, Dave Brower," he whispered to himself as he drew off his boots, "when some folks calls ye a fool's a purty good sign ye ain't." (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THE BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

BY THOMAS COBB.

A book of ingenious complications and bright dialogue. In the first chapter we have: "Myrtle Darbishire's child is about a month old and her husband is suing for a divorce." This from the mouth of a gentleman who is the lover of the Bishop's daughter. It is spoken in the Bishop's presence, and, on hearing it, the Bishop makes the following very proper remark: "This is an extremely unpleasant occurrence, Norman—extremely unpleasant." The unfortunate Norman, who is naturally perfectly innocent, is made co-respondent. But the story is human and pure comedy; even the guilty man is let off easily, and the Bishop is induced to change many of his opinions. His two daughters were better judges of character than he. (Richards. 6s.)

THE PRETTINESS OF FOOLS.

BY EDGAR HEWITT.

"This is the story of two men and a woman, and they all intended to be good to each other. Both men thought the woman beautiful; but a third got wrathfully excited concerning her chin alone." Thus Mr. Hewitt begins his book, and thus, more or less, he continues it. If one admits the prettiness of his ladies, one must also admit their foolishness. There is a good deal of this sort of thing: "The coils of her dark hair were against his heart; her eyes were lifted, and sparkled with victory in the luxurious gloom." (Greening. 6s.)

THE AFTERTASTE.

BY COMPTON READE.

"Never again . . . tell me there is no God. There is a God, and He has given mine enemy into my hand. Four hundred miles have I tramped in terror of that one man. That stronghold, his money, lies at my mercy." Thus soliloquises a tramp who has discovered the bleeding body of a hunting gentleman "in a plain black coat," whose pockets he has rifled, finding in them money, a Bank of England cheque-book, and a "slip of stamped paper" with a signature. The rest of the book is in the same key, though now and then less strident and more human. (Greening. 6s.)

MAYA: A STORY OF ZUCATAN. BY W. DUDLEY FOULKE.

In *Maya* a good deal of learning is combined with a good deal of entertainment. It is the story of two shipwrecked Spaniards, who, in the year 1512, were cast on the shores of Zucatan. One of them was beloved by an Indian Princess, to his own great peril and that of her country. He was, by the lady, imposed upon her people as a divinity. "He is the God whose coming was foretold in the books of Chilan-Balam." Hence much adventure and sentiment. (Putnams.)

MARKED WITH
A CIPHER.

BY WINEFRIDE
TRAFFORD-TAUNTON.

Moves in the best social circles. "'What is he, Urith?' 'A savant, a philosopher, a genius, an enthusiast . . . he is—an artist—he is—Mirabel Fleet.'" . . . "So Isolde pestered Urith to become a professional player, to allow Mirabel Fleet to bring her out." . . . "Things are very crooked," murmured Aunt Ellinor. . . . "Let us hope, in the resolution of the great chord of creation, these things form the notes of the omniphonic harmony of heaven." Quite modern, and looks readable. (Downey. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43 Chancery-lane

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6

Quarterly 5/0

Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

A New American Humorist.*

It is necessary to begin with definitions. Genius, as Major Pond uses the word, has not quite the meaning which we usually give it. To him it means the quality of merit possessed by persons who have successfully taken the platform or done "lyceum" work under Major Pond's management. Eccentricities are merely the personal habits of these lecturers—not necessarily odd or unconventional at all. The qualification, successful, has had to be inserted on account of poor Matthew Arnold; for this unhappy gentleman, whose intellectual gifts we are in this country disposed to look upon with some favour, comes very badly out of the Major's record. The unpardonable offence was his—he did not make himself heard, nor had he a happy lyceum manner; therein differing entirely from Sir Edwin of the same name, to whom the Major gives pages of his best praise. To sum up, then, a genius is a successful and audible client of Major Pond; and eccentricities are a genius's characteristics.

And now to the book. Major Pond had a beginning similar to that of his countryman Benjamin Franklin: he was apprenticed to a printer. He reached the lyceum platform through the aid of Brigham Young's nineteenth wife, who required an agent on her lecture tour in 1875. Major Pond left the *Salt Lake Tribune* in order to fill this post, and he has been an impressario ever since. In 1899 he renewed his connexion with Mormonism by placing Mr. Marion Crawford with the Brigham Young Normal College at Provo—"to place with" being a phrase in the lyceum vernacular. When the Major, whose military title at that period is not recorded—"Major Pond," said Max O'Rell, "is the only man I met in America who was not a colonel")—when the Major left his first employer in 1856 he received a piece of advice, to the observance of which he owes his present success. Our young readers will find it in the book.

Major Pond's string of scalps is certainly an imposing one, and we can but run rapidly through his history of them. Highest on his list are Mark Twain, Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Chauncey Depew, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Ian Maclaren. In turn each of these seems to be the Major's true ideal of perfection in speaker and friend; for the Major has that gift of enthusiasm which crowns the present moment at the expense of all others. How he has heard the chimes at midnight! But his pages on these great ones do not exactly convince. Had we nothing to go by but the Major's account, Mark Twain, for example, would seem but an easily-depressed, commonplace talker who lay in bed till evening and then lectured to large houses. His lectures are not reported; and though the Major holds up his hands ecstatically at the memory of his after-lecture jokes with the pressmen, he repeats none of them, save a too elaborate comparison of Bill Nye and Whitcomb Riley to the Siamese twins. He gives us instead from his diary descriptions of railway journeys,

* *Eccentricities of Genius.* By Major Pond. (Chatto & Windus. 12s.)

hotels, and the humorist's ill-humours: we want more. When we come to Mr. Chauncey Depew it is the same. The Major regards him as "the peerless all-round orator of the present time," and states that General Grant remarked of one of Mr. Depew's after-dinner utterances: "That was the greatest speech that ever fell from human lips"; but we do not have the golden words. And hence we lay down the book and muse on this wonderful gift of admiration, this touching want of critical faculty and proportion, that so many Americans possess and prize.

But the Major waits. His experience of English authors and public men has been extensive. He breakfasted twice with Mr. Gladstone, and was so entertaining with his stories that Mr. Gladstone asked him to come again and talk even harder, and promised that there should be a stenographer behind a screen to take them down. The Major went, talked better than ever, and said good-bye. We give the pathetic conclusion in his own words: "The reporter was concealed behind a screen very near. I have looked for the stories in print, but I never found them."

Sir Edwin Arnold and the Major are old friends. "To him," says the Major, "perhaps, as political writer and Asiatic scholar and poet, is far more due the beginning of present British Imperialism as a political condition than to either Chamberlain as statesman, or Kipling as singer of the Greater Englander." We are more disposed to believe the Major when he describes the old *Telegraph* leaders as "peculiarly rich and refulgent." Major Pond introduced Sir Edwin to Walt Whitman. "For an hour and a half the talk ran fast and without intermission. Walt had much to tell, and so had Sir Edwin; it was a shower of literary epigrams." (So, also, we may add, was, according to the Major, one of Mr. Zangwill's lectures.) "Americans," said Sir Edwin, "are a great people of remarkable intellect." "Arnold," said the American bard (the Major's name for Walt) "we're a lively, hustling people; and we're too practical to appreciate the full sentiment of our verse. Yes, we have not the high poetical spirit of the Japanese in this country."

Mr. Zangwill gave the Major a little trouble—so much so that his title to the epithet genius is not by any means yet absolute. For one thing, "he couldn't understand why he should come over to America and draw great crowds and I get a third of the profits." He looked the Major "right square in the eye when he talked, and whatever he said was so because he said so, although I knew better at the time." Also he showed the Major a trunk full of press-cuttings. "There must have been \$500 worth." Mr. Hall Caine, also, does not quite win the superlatives we expect. Perhaps Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie has them. None the less, his "is one of the most remarkable of personalities." America did not, however, altogether please this genius. In the Major's words:

The overwhelming success of the play of "The Christian" had in some way led Mr. Caine to believe that there would be the same sort of rush of people to hear the author of "The Christian." While there were good-paying audiences—of the most select people, of course—there were not galleries and big crowds such as Mr. Caine had been accustomed to see at performances of the play. The disappointment affected him very much. I had all I could do to keep him cheered up.

In Chicago, however, he had a great success. He went to a meeting of Manxmen, where he "towered above everybody else." The Major rather spoils this by adding: "His was the only speech, as no one else there could talk."

Neither Mr. Caine nor Mr. Zangwill quite won a way into the Major's kindly heart—for kindly we are sure it is. On the contrary, Anthony Hope did—"an English gentleman in every sense that the words imply," to whom were tendered many of "the most delightful banquets that I have known any foreigner to get." We hope that Mr. Hawkins got them. The Major's diary yields the following tribute: "Jan. 15, 1898: Saw my dear friend, Anthony Hope

Hawkins, on board the *Umbria*, bound for England. Sorry to part with him; never had a better time in any man's company for three months. He is an honour to his profession, his country, and his race. This evening I join F. Marion Crawford for a three months' tour to the Pacific coast." Mr. Crawford won the Major's heart, too, but not so completely: his habits are too precise. His method of arranging writing materials, his particular ways at hotels and on trains, his fastidiousness ("his silver monogram is on every article of his toilet and writing equipment and his travelling bags"), fascinate the Major; but Mr. Crawford did not much want to be placed with institutes, and this diffidence is against him. None the less Mr. Crawford is "always the perfect gentleman," and when he went back to Italy, the Major grieved. "I was lonesome without him, and busied myself at odd times with writing him letters, which he never answered." A reply, however, did, come at last, and all was well.

But of all recent clients, Ian Maclaren, or the Rev. John Watson, has captured most of the Major's sympathies. He has the longest chapter and some of the warmest epithets, and the Major plays the veritable Boswell to him. Thus, Mrs. Watson had been not very well and was not expected to join her husband on one of his journeys. But a message suddenly came from her saying that she was better and would meet him the next morning in Chicago:

"Astonishing," said the doctor, his face fairly beaming. "Can I send a telegram right away?" he asked.

"I'll take it," said I, for I wanted to do something.

He wrote a telegram after the English manner—as few words as possible—and this is the way it read:

"Mrs. Watson, West Hotel, Minneapolis. 'Much lifted. WATSON.'"

I made a copy of it, which I handed in at the office, retaining the original. I have never parted with a word of his or Mr. Beecher's manuscript.

Let Major Pond's faithful diary speak Ian Maclaren's final praise: "He is a noble man. My heart is too full for utterance. Our tour has been a great success. In ten weeks we have cleared 35,795 dols."

This passage illustrates to perfection the Major's curious blend of friendliness and commercial sagacity. We take leave of him with regret, for this book is a pleasant string of kindnesses and simple self-revelations, and the author comes out of it triumphantly as a very worthy man and a first-rate (if not too conscious) humorist.

"To Lallie—who is Dead."

God made you very fair;
I cannot dream He meant you to be lost;
At what tremendous cost
Could Earth supply such wealth of golden hair?
That pangsied arch above,
Nor all the shining vast of Morning skies,
Could make two wistful eyes
Like those through which I read your loan of love.
Not all the rose's heart
Nor heart of ev'ry Summer-breathing rose
That ever buds and blows
Could match those lips your laughter kissed apart.
And so I have no fear;
Your Beauty lives; I have no fear for you;
Your soul grows lovely too
In His pure light who holds all beauty dear.
God loves you, and no less;
Death leaves you as He made you—very fair;
Your beauty and His care
Shall wake your very soul to loveliness.

Things Seen.

The End of the Lecture.

THE lecturer was a buoyant personality with an enthusiasm for his subject, which was botany. His bright, keen brain had grappled triumphantly with the science which had dominated his life. And he was a materialist. Science was his final appeal. His goal of intellectual training was the scientific mind. But once, for one moment, some dormant faculty, some tentacle of his soul that had long been still, as if asleep, moved, flashed for a moment into articulate life, betrayed him, confused him, and for the first time in his career of lecturer, silenced him. It happened in this way. He was lecturing on elementary botany to an audience of board school children. The vast hall was dark, save for the stream of light that flowed from the lantern on to the white screen that rose behind him on the platform. Again and again I wondered what kind of thoughts filled the small, dim brains of those gutter children, as picture after picture flashed upon the screen, revealing to them, for the first time, the minute and boundless life of the plant kingdom, its mystery, its wonder, its progressive individual life, never resting, never in doubt, secretly steered, and moving always onward. What the dim brain of those gutter children thought I do not know, but they were very still, and the children who were nearest to me were clutching one another's hands. And as picture after picture shone upon the screen, the lecturer's clear, even voice accompanied them, explaining so patiently, so sympathetically, without hesitation, without a break, till he began to describe the cell, and the protoplasm with which it is filled, and the vital energy that gives life to the protoplasm. Because he was addressing an audience of children he lingered over this part of his lecture, and it was because he had not realised the quick intuition of the childish brain, untrammelled and unspoiled, that he lost the thread of his exposition and ended in confusion. Thus he told them that scientific men knew all about protoplasm, that it had been analysed, that Prof. Huxley had called it "the physical basis of life"; "but," he added, "we do not know what gives to protoplasm its vital energy, its power of living and growing. From it all things proceed. We know no more. The door is shut to us. Behind the door from where the impulse comes all is mystery—unfathomable mystery." Then a child's voice rang out clearly: "Please, sir, does God live behind the door?"

The Mandarin.

It was in Canton, before the War. I emerged from an eight-foot-wide street into what, for Canton, was an open space, before a large and highly-decorated building with a broad red door, the residence of a high official. A small crowd had gathered there, and almost simultaneously with my arrival came a handsome chair upon the scene, preceded and followed by a small escort of brigand-like Chinese cavalry. The little column halted, and at the same moment the red door opened like the door of a cuckoo-clock. A portly man in fine raiment issued from it and hurried down the granite steps to the side of the chair, within which sat, well-screened, a personage in sombre silk—"a great Mandarin," so my guide whispered. The man from within the door made a low obeisance, and received from the other a document in the scarlet official cover, which he pressed to his forehead as if it had been a cure for headaches. There were further salutations, and then, at a sign or a word from the Personage, the chair was suddenly raised by the bearers and whirled round in the midst of the crowd. The Mandarin caught sight of me—the only European—and as our eyes met he bowed very slightly with a courtly smile. I raised my hat; the

bearers moved off at the double; the red door was closed. The whole thing passed like an incident of a play upon the stage. What struck me like a blow, and seemed entirely unnoticed by the other bystanders, was this: in swinging round the chair the bearers knocked down two small children—helpless creatures in that squalid crowd. It was impossible to see clearly, but it is my belief that they were trodden under foot like insects. Whether the horses trampled them or not I cannot say—horses are kinder than Chinese men; it may be that when the throng finally melted away, two ragged little bodies lay upon the stones. But whether that were so or not, the violence, the cruelty, the callousness of the scene made a haunting memory. Half an hour later I crossed the guarded bridge between the city and the island upon which the Europeans live. Crossing that bridge is like awakening from a nightmare: one passes from the tenth century to the nineteenth, from Gomorrah to Kensington; to the region of the clergyman, the policeman, the bicycling girl.

An American on Scott.

ALMOST every new writer of a life of Scott merely boils down, hashes up, or in other way manipulates Lockhart; and criticism is only a matter of deciding how well or ill the cookery is done. It may be taken on trust that a Californian Professor of English Literature is quite competent as far as this goes. The present point of interest lies in the view which Mr. William Henry Hudson, the Professor in question, takes of our greatest novelist. In his book, *Sir Walter Scott* (Sands), Mr. Hudson arrives at a verdict that, on the whole, is adverse, though he pronounces judgment so soothingly, with so many compliments to this and that and the other, that one has to think a moment before appreciating the full force of the condemnation "O great and gallant Scott"—Mr. Hudson says "Amen" devoutly to all this. That personally he was, indeed, a very noble gentleman, courageous, valiant, and so on, is cordially agreed; but does not this disclose an ideal of life now left behind us, and he quotes from the letter to Morritt: "To have lived respected and regarded by some of the best men in our age is enough for an individual like me; the rest must be as God wills, and when He wills." "A fair enough ideal," remarks his critic, "but it certainly does not go very far." Then he proceeds to dwell on Scott's "habitually leaning towards social ways and to established customs of life," his "stereotyped and worldly" ethical theory, and says he has to be "classed among those who take their ease in Zion." His advice to his son is informed with no higher wisdom than that of Polonius. The man and his books are one, and it is easy to gather from this the line that Prof. Hudson takes in his literary criticism. Why does your modern person read novels? He would answer, he does answer in effect, if not in set words—out of religion, love of poetry, soulfulness. Thus, at any rate, I interpret what he has to say about "the problems of the world," "the burden of the mystery," "the darkness of life and destiny," "the whence and why and whither"; these are the themes of prophet and poet, and Mr. Hudson is thus setting up the doctrine that the novelist is no mere *conteur* set to wile away the idle hours, no mere minstrel charming back some of the glories of the fray with his after-dinner song, but really and truly the poet, the interpreter of the longings and desires and fears and hopes of his age. It would be easy to toss this aside disdainfully, as I have no doubt Mr. Andrew Lang, for instance, would so toss it, and by appealing to Scott simply as pageant, bringing all that immense company of his weeping or laughing across the stage, assert that he gave all that was required of him. But to some extent Mr. Hudson, in my opinion, is in the right. The human mind

at all ages has in moods demanded this sort of nourishment. It got it out of Homer, flashing indescribably vivid views of man standing against eternity as the narrator rushed on; it got it out of Shakespeare, where it seems forced out by the fire and stress of action or of grief or even of gaiety, for you have it in "As You Like It" as well as "Hamlet" and "Macbeth"; it found it epic and lyric poetry in Dante and Wordsworth and Tennyson; most of all it got it in the spiritual hymns and songs of the Church. But to a vast number these voices are dumb. A man lives in his own age, and for good or ill "the burden of the mystery" has passed out of all these points of contemporary life. The modern poet pipes so softly few can hear him; the modern dramatist avoids the "immeasurable depths" as he would avoid an abyss; and the Church has fallen behind the age. It is trying to withstand an assault of pom-poms and Krupp guns with the culverin and broadsword of three centuries ago. Thus the reader, or the best readers, for in these matters the herd need not count, really does turn for his "medicine of the soul" to the novel—indeed, he has nothing else to turn to, for whatever there is of spiritual thought in these times finds expression there; and so far as that is concerned it is impossible to withstand the finding of Mr. Hudson. Between Scott and the highest, between him, that is to say, and Homer and Dante and Shakespeare, there is a great gulf fixed.

But, then, no novelist has attained anyway near that high standard, and life would be intolerable were we for ever in intense fervour asking questions, that it is good at times to ask, though we know them unanswerable. Something is to be said even for the little minor poet blowing on his oaten reed; something for the dramatist who, avoiding the crucial, aims only at charming his audience out of themselves; something for the divine who, unable to mount on the very top of the wave, still preaches the wholesome, never-ending lessons of goodness and purity and truth. And if we take Scott on this somewhat lower plane, it is to be amazed at the wide loving sympathy that could enter into and reproduce so many, so widely different types of humanity. Take the creation of any other imaginative writer and how dwarfed it looks beside those long galleries of Scott. To wander through is to walk among your fellow-men, who also are, in a sense, and for the most part, eighteenth century, bound down to usage and custom, informed with the wisdom of Polonius, only at very long intervals indicating by a word, a glance, a gesture that they in any way feel "the burden of the mystery." But Mr. Hudson has joined himself to an intellectual parish and is afflicted with an *ism*, is enraged at the cloak-and-rapier school, and fails of the catholicity that says of art as of life it takes some of all sorts to make a world. His strictures on *Ivanhoe*, logically carried out, would obliterate not only Dumas and all the historical school, but the whole realm of fairy tale and romance of which he is a part. I cannot do that. It does not seem possible to follow Mr. Hudson when he narrows Scott down to this small compass: "To have delighted boyhood, to have given it a pure and manly taste for pure and manly things. . . . And if in later years, though we remember the old charm with a kind of subdued pleasure, we find it impossible to renew it." One can only write on a matter like this from personal experience, and that gives the statement a point-blank denial. Scott did delight my boyhood, sent it galloping through the pages in full glee after the story, but it is in mature years only that I have learned to appreciate fully the genial humour, the kindly wisdom, the well-drawn characters. My own experience is that the years have robbed Dickens of any shred of interest, have palled Thackeray, have made George Eliot unreadable, but that still to open Scott, at any place, and almost in any mood, is to unseal a fountain of pleasure, and this notwithstanding a growing and poignant sense of his limitations.

Impossible Poetry.

EDWARD FITZGERALD's *Half Hours with the Worst Authors* still remains under lock-and-key—(Will not Mr. Aldis Wright print at least a list of its contents?)—and the *Tin Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics* which is meditated by a critic of eminence, progresses no farther than its title and a few ancient examples: owing to the churlish refusal of living poets to permit their best indiscretions to be printed in it. But there is still another kind of author than the worst or the tin variety: there is the author of what we have called "Impossible Poetry"; and if anyone bitten by the anthology madness cares to devote a collection to this brand, we offer him as a nucleus Gay's ballad of "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Ey'd Susan," the whole and sole charm of which—and it is charming—lies in its impossibility.

Beyond the ballad's first line—

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
and its last—

Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand,

Gay's pleasing ditty is to-day unknown. But it is splendid in its impossible way; for not a single thing could have happened as the poet records it: William was not like that, Susan was not like that, the British Fleet was not like that. They are all impossible, and we know it. This knowledge of ours is the difference between the impossibility of "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Ey'd Susan" and the impossibility of any supernatural invention of a poet, such as "The Tempest." "The Tempest" is impossible, one may say. Yes, but we do not know it. It may have happened thus, because Prospero and Caliban, Miranda and Ariel, are credible, persuasive, proven. They are real beings in a fantastic setting; whereas Sweet William is a fantastic being in a real setting. Everything is unreal about him: his language, his sweetness, his attitudes. Such a man never climbed rigging. The ballad is a triumph of the impossible.

Let us look at this delightful, preposterous absurdity—the foundation-stone (used consciously or unconsciously) of a large part of the fabric of Mr. Gilbert's humour. Here is the opening stanza:

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Susan came aboard:
"Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

Human nature does not change: think of the attitude those jovial sailors would take up to-day! And the very ignorance of Susan is part of the impossibility. She has boarded the ship by chance, and, behold! her William is there.

This is what happened:

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly thr.' his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

"Glowing hands" is a realistic touch. Incidentally it shows how times alter; for who, writing to-day, could, in this connexion, possibly use the word "glowing." Stevenson, Pater, and Mr. Kipling have made it impossible. Even in major verse there is now some effort to fit substantive to adjective; while minor verse lives by it.

"Quick as lightning" was not simile enough for Gay; he went on to find another:

So the sweet lark high-pois'd in air,
Shuts closer his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

This—ye jovial students of Mr. Conrad and Mr. Bullen, even of Mr. Clark Russell, idealist as he can be—this is what sweet William said:

"O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.
Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.
If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.
Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

What was happening on board ship the while we can but conjecture. Where was discipline? Had anyone taken William's place aloft? Did the other sailors leave the twain whispering room? Had Sue a roving eye for Sweet Tom or Sweet Dick? Where was the boatswain? Where he was we cannot say, but he returned very suddenly:

The boatswain gave the dreadful word.
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

More happens in that stanza than in most. One crowded stanza of nautical life, it might be called; and the ballad is over.

But isn't it a delight? The very spirit of comic opera pervades it: possibly by Gay's intention, possibly not. He may have sat down deliberately to burlesque, but we are inclined to doubt it: we should see him winking oftener. We believe this to be quite serious. But, anyway, Gay becomes thereby the true begetter of "Pinafore," for without this ballad could there have been a "Pinafore" at all? One almost thinks not. Certainly, without it Douglas Jerrold would never have chosen such names as Sweet William and Black Ey'd Susan for his famous drama. But Jerrold took no more than these names and the relationship their owners bore to each other. In Jerrold, William is a man. He does not hang his head: he knocks down his foe; he does not say, "Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale": he swears.

Correspondence.

Rhymed Elegiacs.

SIR,—Mr. Lang, I observe, states in the *ACADEMY* that he wrote "rhymed elegiacs" before I was born. I can well believe it; but, as I have never written any rhymed elegiacs myself, why drag me in?—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM WATSON.

The First Life of Cromwell.

SIR,—At a time when Mr. Morley's *Cromwell* is fresh in the public mind it would be interesting to know who wrote the first *Life of Cromwell*. He died on September 3, 1658, and the earliest account of his life and death with

which I am acquainted is contained in a small volume entitled "The Perfect Politician; or, a Full View of the Life and Actions (Military and Civil) of O. Cromwel. Whereunto is added a compleat Catalogue of all the Honours conferred by him on several Persons. London: Printed by J. Cottrel for William Roybould and Henry Fletcher. 1660." The Preface, which is addressed "To the People of England," is signed "I. S."

A remarkable point in the book is the singular skill with which the balance is held even between the Royalists and the Cromwellians. Though Cromwell is the hero of the work, the character of Charles is sketched with a tenderness very surprising in a volume devoted to the doughty deeds of his conqueror. It is just possible that this is due to the fact that the book was composed when the Commonwealth under Richard Cromwell was tottering to its fall. Charles II. landed on May 29, 1660; and it would be interesting to know in what month of 1660 *The Perfect Politician* appeared. If you or any of your readers can give me information on this point, and can say whether this is the first complete life of Cromwell, I shall be grateful.—I am, &c., PERCY L. BABINGTON.

Turf Club, Cairo, Egypt: January 11, 1901.

Shakespeare's Knowledge.

SIR,—Ben Jonson's reference to Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" is well known. One of your literary contemporaries has revived the subject by asking "Where does the writer of the plays show that he knew Italian or Greek?"

Here are two facts which I think conclusive. In the first place, in "A Winter's Tale" the statue of Hermione is called "a piece . . . now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano." Now, Romano, in the days of Shakespeare, was known as a painter, not as a sculptor. True enough, in the first edition of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, published in 1550, and never translated from the original Italian, we are informed that Romano did work in sculpture. In the second edition, published in 1568, and translated into English, this information is not given. Romano is mentioned as a painter only. Unless Shakespeare had read Vasari in the original Italian, how did he come to know that Romano was also a sculptor?

As for Shakespeare's acquaintance with Greek. In 1 Henry VI. i. 6 appear the lines:

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.

Commenting on this passage, Schmidt in his "Lexicon" said, "Perhaps confounded with the garden of King Alcinous in the Odyssey." While Mr. Richard Grant White concluded that "No mention of any such garden in the classic writings of Greece and Rome is known to scholars." This shows that Shakespearean commentators are not infallible. Although the reference has always been a puzzle to scholars, it is not long since that the discovery was made that the reference was to a passage in the *Phaedrus* of Plato, where, in Jowett's translation, we read: "Would a husbandman," said Socrates, "who is a man of sense, take the seeds, which he values and which he wishes to be fruitful, and in sober earnest plant them during the heat of summer in some Garden of Adonis, that he may rejoice when he sees them in eight days appearing in beauty? Would he not do that, if at all, to please the spectators at a festival? But the seeds about which he is in earnest he sows in fitting soil, and practises husbandry, and is satisfied if in eight months they come to perfection." Now I can find that there was no English translation of *Phaedrus* till 1701, so that Shakespeare must have read the work in the original Greek, or obtained it from a contemporary.

Can any of your readers suggest where otherwise the information both as regards Romano and Adonis' gardens could have been obtained?—I am, &c., G. STRONACH.

The Great Authors of the Century.

SIR,—In case you do not see the *Dial*—an American weekly paper published at Chicago—I am sending you a letter from a Mr. Jackson Boyd which appears in it. Now, can you or your readers help me? I have to deliver a lecture—quite a small thing—on the writers of the last century, and I want to know if Mr. Boyd's list is one that may be depended on. He is an American, and, of course, that makes a difference. Would you not substitute Hegel for Schopenhauer as the greatest philosopher? And who is Lester F. Ward? This is the letter:

One of the greatest authors of all time is Jeremy Bentham. He is the father of Utilitarianism, and to him more than to anyone else do we owe a rational system of jurisprudence. Bentham has furnished more ideas to legal writers than any other man of the century.

Arthur Schopenhauer is the greatest metaphysician that ever lived. His "World as Will and Representation" is the best solution of the World Riddle ever offered. He is the father of Wagner in music. He originated a system of philosophy—Pessimism. He was one of the greatest scholars of the century; the only man who ever made metaphysics popular.

Auguste Comte was one of the greatest men that ever lived. He originated the science of Sociology; and it is to his impetus that we owe the great social evolution now going on. His conception of Humanity is the grandest ever originated; his conception of the destiny of man the truest. He knew more about Religion than any man in the nineteenth century. He is one of the least appreciated men of his age. He did for Sociology what Darwin did for Biology.

Charles Darwin's was the most argumentative mind of the century. He discovered the most useful law ever known to science, and he proved it to an opposing public. The race will remember him as one of her great men for all time. He revolutionised the science of Biology—all science. It is to him that the true theory of things is possible in the twentieth century.

What Darwin did for Biology, Herbert Spencer did for Psychology. Besides, he has systematised all science in his Synthetic Philosophy. He is the greatest Individualist of the race, and the last great one.

Karl Marx is one of the master-minds of man. He is the father of Socialism,—the making of the race into one class, with equal rights, equal opportunities, the realisation of that better life hoped for by all, and sought after by so few. His conception of the iniquities of modern society will be used as an indictment by reformers from now on till the millennium. Of all men, he is the common man's best friend. He was one of the greatest scholars that ever lived.

Lester F. Ward is the most practical philosopher the century has produced. His Dynamic Sociology completed the science Comte began. His psychic factor in civilisation shows wherein Darwin's great law does not hold good in society. But Ward came so late that his real influence will be in the twentieth century.

The great trouble with light literature in the last century is that it is almost without exception time-serving, not serving all time. George Eliot is the only writer of light literature who has any claim to real greatness. She has attempted to apply the great concepts of Bentham, and Comte, and Spencer, to every-day life. She has been called, not inappropriately, a female Shakespeare. She will be better appreciated in the new century.

Guy de Maupassant is the most artistic story-teller the world has ever produced; Count Leo Tolstoy the most artistic novelist. Both are masters. Maupassant cared nothing for philosophy or morality. His one object was to tell his story. Tolstoy is so intent on giving his art its highest moral motive that he overlooks the intellectual, the chief merit of George Eliot. It will take the twentieth century to appreciate Tolstoy's high art.

These are the pre-eminent authors of the nineteenth century.

—I am, &c.,

ANGELA HOME.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 71 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of lines on some domestic incident or object, such as "The Sofa," "The Postman's Knock," "A Noise in the Night," &c., &c., in the style of "The Library" by George Crabbe. We award the prize to Miss Edith Rickert, 3, Great James-st, Bedford-row., for the following:

A CUP OF TEA.

First, draw the crimson curtains 'gainst the gloom,
And light the candles in the dusky room;
Then with the nimble bellows let us blow
The dying embers to a ruddy glow.
Soon, while the shining kettle hums and sings,
The white-capped Phyllis tray and tea-cloth brings,
Apostle-spoons, and cups of rare Belleek,
Whose flow'ry ridges tender care bespeak.
Let brown-cheek'd toast upon the fender lie,
In crispy heaps, to tempt the hungry eye.
At last, the liquid crystal pours its song,
In steamy music, straight the spout along;
Now let us drench the spicy-sweet Bohemian
That yields us fragrant, amber cups of tea.

But lo! th' impatient tribes, by Need oppress'd,
Draw near the hearth for gossip, tea, and rest.
The Nymph, whose pleasure 'tis to please, is prone,
To engage her interest in a buttered cone.
The studious Swain, with pale and fervent brow,
Forgets Herodotus and Euclid now.
The Matron gracious influence sheds around,
Until the heart and tongue are soon unbound.
Sweet discourse o'er the circle flies apace,
Of Fashion, Politics, and Means of Grace,
Of Books and Men and Manners—common ground
To stir the heart, the intellect to sound.
If we Academicus dared to invite,
Weary of treatises and poems trite,
A cup of tea behind our broodered screen
Would banish quite the sullen brood of Spleen!

Other replies are as follows:

A COOKERY BOOK.

See on her shelf, revered and priceless tome,
The *Guide to Cookery for Every Home*;
Those broken sides, that tattered leaves enclose,
Proclaim its merits and demand repose.
Past are the days when on the dresser laid
It gave its lore to every passing maid;
There Martha came its counsel to entreat
And left a grease-spot where she found a sweet,
Here violets marked the lines my lady conned
When wifely pride the kitchen apron donned
To roll the pie-crust, or, mistaken zeal,
With *mousse* and *omelette* dress the evening meal.
But graver themes these dog-eared leaves portray,
The household ethics of an earlier day;
Their ancient rules the secret still enshrine
Of how an Englishman should lunch and dine.
To distant lands his errant tastes may roam,
From Orient empires fetch the curry home;
Yet still, unswerving in his true belief,
He finds his aliment in British beef.
Then, faded page! though writ in sober prose
The kitchen epic of our race disclose,
The life of man from childish pap unroll
Till senile gruel shall complete the whole.

[E. U., London.]

THE DINNER-BELL.

Sweet is the bridal-bell whose music rolls
Bliss thro' the hearts of matrimonial souls;
And sweet the coronation bell which peals
The patriotic joy a nation feels.
But that to which our human bosoms swell
Above all others, is the dinner-bell.
What joy when all the sad suspense is o'er,
And each glad diner passes thro' the door;
How gaily each descends the solemn stair,
Upon his arm a not reluctant fair,
And takes his seat before the board alight
With well-cooked dishes, love, and appetite;
Feasting his eyes on beauty (when he can),
And with good cheer supports the inner man,
Nor yet neglects th' Elysian gift divine
Of goblets brimming o'er with costly wine.
And then—but vain! more peace than pen can tell
Follows thy dulcet tinkle, dinner-bell.

[F. P. S., Manchester.]

THE FAMILY CAT.

First let us see the nature of the pet
Who loves her home and takes what she can get?
In her the tigress we are very sure
(See fur and claws!) exists in miniature—
Those round green eyes—those pupils that contract
Before the light of day confirm that fact—
Those claws are sheathed in softest down indeed,
But anger Pussey and your hands will bleed!
Those stealthy movements, and that purring sound:
Are sure precursors of that sudden bound,
When mice or luckless birds will fall a prey
To Pussey, who is a *gourmande* in her way!
As for the rest, a scapegoat oft is she!
When milk is missed or toothsome fish may be,
The Cat is there, and on her shoulders fall
All the shortcomings of the Servants' Hall—
Still, treat her well, nor grudge of cod a slice,
She follows both your fortunes and your mice;
For when you change your quarters, 'tis her plan
To find herself a corner in the Van;
And when at your new mansion you arrive,
There you'll find Pussey very much alive!
Nor, when you close your house, forget to leave
Provision for her, or, mayhap, you'll grieve,
While you yourselves are flourishing and fat,
To find a scarecrow where you left a Cat!

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

A CHIMNEY ON FIRE.

Behold the parlour with its evening air,
The father dozing in his easy chair,
Mother and damsels at their work or games,
While friendly firelight casts around its flames;
The curtains drawn before the window wide,
All peace within, though Boreas rage outside.
When lo, a roaring in the chimney—hark!
Now see the soot come down in shower and spark.
Disturb'd, the father wakes from out his sleep,
"I told you so; you should have had the sweep."
"Oh no, my love, he came on New Year's Day,
The date I know, for dear Jack went away
To sea that self-same afternoon." Meanwhile
The blazing soot upon the grate doth pile.
The cook and maids run in with glances dire,
"O sir, Oh ma'am, the chimney is afire!"
"Well, what of that, ere ever you were born
Worse fires I've tackled; Lucy, get you gone
And fetch two pails of water—make haste now,
A shovel, Mary; I'll soon show you how
The task is done." His coat then off he flings
(While neighbours worry him with knocks and rings),
Rakes out the fire, the danger soon is o'er,
Neighbours disperse, and all is peace once more.

[H. F., Exmouth.]

Replies also received from: E. T. W., Leytonstone; H. H., Teddington; B. D., Chelsea; E. L. W., Haselmere; H. W., Yorkshire; E. W. K. E., London; E. A. M., Shoreham; C. S. O., Hove; G. M. P., Birmingham; G. S., Brentwood; C. A., London; A. S., Edinburgh; W. S. B., London; F. W., Wandsworth; H. M. G., Stroud Green; H. A. M., London; R. M., Brighton; J. G., York; K. J., Leeds; C. H. H., Brighton; J. G. H., London; S. R., Ayrshire; H. W. D., London; E. W. H., Didsbury; F. S. H., Bath; J. N., London; P. K., London; E. L., Lancashire; P. C. F., Cambridge; H. S., Edinburgh; I. S., Brighton; A. D. B., Liverpool.

Competition No. 72 (New Series).

A party of friends recently beguiled an evening by choosing in turn the historical personage, of any clime or period, man or woman, whom, if they had the power, they would recall from the grave for the pleasure or interest of a quarter of an hour's conversation.

A prize of One Guinea will be given for the most interesting reasons for any particular choice. Replies should take this form:

(Name.) *Because*

Replies must not exceed 150 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, February 6. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

YOUNG WRITERS of PROSE or VERSE should send stamped envelope for full Prospectus of "Literary Tuition per Post," as conducted by E. L. T. HARRIS-BUCKFORD, F.S.S. (London), Ex-President of, and Critic to, the International Literary Association; Critic to the Junior Literary Association, &c., &c. MSS. criticised, corrected, and commented on weekly, accompanied by "Practical Papers." Prizes and Payment have been won by Mr. Bickford's Pupils. Address: Thornley House, Redruth. (Please mention THE ACADEMY.)

THE DOWNS SCHOOL, SEAFOORD, SUSSEX.

Head Mistress—Miss LUCY ROBINSON, M.A.
(Late Second Mistress St. Felix School, Southwold).
References: The Principal of Bedford College, London, The Master of Peterhouse, &c.

CATALOGUES.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,
14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and 7, Broad Street,
Oxford.

CATALOGUES post free on application.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

CATALOGUE No. 3 IN PREPARATION.

CATALOGUE No. 1, 1s., and CATALOGUE
No. 2, 2s. 6d.,

May be had on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.

A Large Collection of Fifteenth and Sixteenth
Century Books on view.

BAEDEKER'S & BADDELEY'S TOURISTS' GUIDE BOOKS.

A new fully detailed CATALOGUE sent post free on application
DULAU & CO., 27, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

WHAT D'YE LACK?

Ask Miss MILLARD, of Teddington, Middlesex, for any Book ever issued since the advent of printing (however rare or plentiful) up to the very last work published; also for any curio or object of interest under the canopy of heaven, for she prides herself on being enabled, nine times out of ten, to supply these wants. She has the largest assemblage of Miscellaneous Bijouterie in the world, and is always a ready, willing, and liberal buyer for prompt cash.

JUST BEYOND THE LIMITATION.

The Hon. C. H. DAVIS, M.D., Ph.D., President of the Board of Education, Connecticut, U.S.A., writes: "Through my book-seller you have before supplied my wants," adding, "I have perfect confidence that if I desired the tablets upon which Moses wrote the Commandments you could procure them for me."

Miss MILLARD and her Staff have a perfect relish for difficulties.

Address Teddington, Middlesex.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each off-red for Ackermann's Cambridge, 2 vols., 1811; Ferguson's Serpent Worship, 1873; Carmen Seculare: An Ode (Macmillan), 1877; Shelley's St. Irvyne, 1811; Prior's Poems, 1707; Lamb's John Woodvil, 1892; Keat's Poems, 1817.—BAKER'S, Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss MESSER, 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

GRAHAM'S TYPE-WRITING OFFICE,
25, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL.—All kind of difficult MSS. receive careful attention from EXPERIENCED workers. Specimen page and references sent if desired. Over five years' experience.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman, experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Research, or in seeing Work through the Press. Translations undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 151, Strand, London, W.C.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

TO

"THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

DIGBY, LONG & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

LUCAS CLEEVE'S NEW NOVEL.
AS THE TWIG IS BENT. By the Author of "Lazarus," "The Woman Who Wouldn't," &c. Pictorial cloth, 6s. [Just out.]

SARAH TYTLER'S NEW NOVEL.
RIVAL CLAIMANTS. By the Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," &c. Cloth, 6s.

NEW NOVEL BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
A WHEEL OF FIRE. By the Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline" and "The Queen Wasp," &c. Cloth gilt, 6s.

NEW BOOK BY DAUDET AND SHERARD.
MY FIRST VOYAGE. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. [Just out.]

THE CHAMPINGTON MYSTERY. By LE VOLEUR, Author of "In the Czar's Dominions." Cloth, 6s. Second Edition. Athenæum.—"A highly exciting and graphic tale...."

SHYLOCK OF THE RIVER. By FERGUS HUME, Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Red-Headed Man," &c. Cloth, 6s. Literary World.—"Is quite the most brilliant detective story Mr. Hume has given us since he made such a remarkable 'hit' in 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab.'"

SECOND LOVE. By T. W. Speight, Author of "The Chains of Circumstance," &c. Cloth, 6s. Court Circular.—"A good novel with plenty of brisk dialogue in it."

NEW NOVEL BY G. BERESFORD FITZGERALD.
THE MINOR CANON. By the Author of "An Odd Career," "Beyond these Dreams," &c. Pictorial cloth, 6s. Glasgow Herald.—"The story is well written. The portrait of the Canon himself is drawn with considerable strength and skill."

GERTRUDE WARDEN'S NEW NOVEL.
A SYNDICATE OF SINNERS. By the Author of "Sentimental Sex," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. [Just out.]

DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18, Bouverie Street, E.C.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's Works.

FIRST PRINCIPLES. Finally Revised. 11th Thousand 10s.
PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY. 3 vols. Revised and Enlarged. 6th Thousand 36s.
PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY. 2 vols. 5th Thousand 36s.
PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. Vol. I. 4th Thou. 21s. Ditto. Vol. II. 3rd Thou. 18s. Ditto. Vol. III. 2nd Thou. 16s.
PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS. 2 vols. 2nd Thou. 27s. 6d.
JUSTICE (Separately) 8s.
THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY. 21st Thou. 10s. 6d.
EDUCATION. Library Edition. 7th Thousand 6s. Ditto. Cheap Edition. 11st Thousand 2s. 6d.
ESSAYS. 3 vols. 5th Thousand.....Each Vol. 10s.
SOCIAL STATISTICS and MAN & STATE. 10s.
THE MAN & THE STATE. (Separately.) 14th Thousand 1s.
VARIOUS FRAGMENTS. Enlarged Edition 6s.
REASONS FOR DISSENTING FROM COMTE. 6d.
A REJOINDER TO PROF. WEISMANN 1s.
WEISMANNISM ONCE MORE 1s.

London: WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.

The Clergy List FOR 1901.

The most Complete and Accurate Record published in connection with the Clergy. The List of Benefices contains

BOTH GROSS and NET VALUES.
the Clergy engaged therein, Patron, Population, nearest Post Town and Railway Station. The Alphabetical List gives a Complete Record of

PAST and PRESENT APPOINTMENTS.
The College, University, and, where necessary, the Private Address of every Clergyman in ENGLAND, IRELAND, and SCOTLAND.
Upwards of 1,800 pages. Price 12s. 6d.

KELLY'S DIRECTORIES (LIMITED),
182-184, High Holborn, W.C.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In crown 4to, handsomely bound, and profusely
Illustrated, price 12s. 6d. net.

BERMONDSEY:

Its Historic Memories and Associations.

WITH A CHAPTER ON BERMONDSEY
IN MODERN TIMES.

By E. T. CLARKE.

In demy 8vo, bound in cloth and Illustrated, price 5s. net.
Large Paper copies, 21s.

THE OAK HAMLET. Being a

Short History of the Local and Personal Associations of the Village of Ockham, Surrey. By H. ST. JOHN H. BASHALL, Solicitor, First Chairman of the Parish Council, Parish Churchwarden, and Member of the Surrey Archaeological Society. With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.

In large crown 8vo, suitably bound in cloth, price 10s. 6d.

DOMESDAY and FEUDAL

STATISTICS. With a Chapter on Agricultural Statistics.
By A. H. INMAN.

New Illustrated Work on the Nineteenth Century.

In demy 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

THE ROMANCE of a HUNDRED

YEARS. Remarkable Chapters in the Social and Public Life of the Nineteenth Century. By ALFRED KING-STON, F.R.Hist.S. Author of "East Anglia and the Great Civil War," "Fragments of Two Centuries," &c.

In demy 8vo, bound in buckram, price 7s. 6d. net.

RAILWAY RUNS in THREE

CONTINENTS. A Short Record of Actual Performances on some European, Canadian, Australian, and American Railways. By J. T. BURTON ALEXANDER.

"Railway travellers in England and the Continent, the Americas, and Australia, will find much to interest them in Mr. Burton Alexander's notes of 'speed and distance'."

Daily News.
"Will be studied by many with keen interest." Morning Post.

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In demy 8vo, cloth, copiously illustrated. Price 7s. 6d.

COUTTS & CO., BANKERS.

EDINBURGH and LONDON. Being the Memoirs of a Family distinguished for its public services in England and Scotland. By RALPH RICHARDSON, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. Scot., Author of "Life and Pictures of George Morland," &c.

"Mr. Richardson's book is of considerable interest."

Spectator.

"A book in which there is not a dull page."—Literature.

"An admirable history. It is one of the most interesting books of the year. Surely no more romantic story was ever written."—Sketch.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

RUDOLPH SCHOLLE. A

Tragedy in Blank Verse. By E. G.

In small crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

ALL CHANGE. Jottings at the

Junction of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. By WILFRED WOOLLAM, M.A., LL.M., Camb.

"A number of good and suggestive thoughts in poetry and prose dealing with various aspects of life in a sensible and practical spirit."—The Baptist Magazine.

"We can only describe these jottings as gems of thought. Some of them are conveyed in poetry, but for the most part they are expressed in cultured prose, and every one of them contains food for reflection, while the thought ranges over every conceivable subject."—The Derby Standard.

NEW VOLUMES OF VERSE.

In foolscap 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

FIRESIDE POEMS. By the

Rev. ST. PATTON, M.A. (Oxon.).

In foolscap 4to, bound in cloth, price 5s.

EYES IN SOLITUDE. By Rev.

W. MOORE, Author of "Nocturnes, and other Poems," "Lost Chords," &c.

In crown 8vo, paper cover, price 6d.

THE DEAD VICTORS: a Poem

of the South African War, 1900.

ELLIOT STOCK 62 Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.

**MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S POPULAR Novel,
"ELEANOR."**

**OVER 100,000 COPIES SOLD IN
ENGLAND AND AMERICA.**

**NOTICE.—A FIFTH IMPRESSION of
ELEANOR,
by MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, is now
ready. With Illustrations by ALBERT
STERNER. Crown 8vo, 6s.**

LATEST PRESS OPINIONS:—

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES: "Le roman contient quelques-unes des scènes les plus émouvantes qu'ait jamais écrites l'auteur de *Robert Elsmere* et de *Bessie Costrell*. . . . Peu de romanciers anglais d'à présent savent, aussi bien que l'auteur d'*Eleanor*, dessiner de gracieuses figures de jeunes filles; et personne, peut-être, ne sait aussi bien qu'elle peindre un paysage, donner en quelques lignes l'impression vivante d'un coin de nature. . . . Personne, parmi les romanciers anglais contemporains, n'a plus que Mme. Humphry Ward le sentiment de la nature, ou tout au moins le talent de nous faire sentir la nature."

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—"A real love story, steeped in Italian sunshine, and rich in glimpses of Italian life and character. . . . Mrs. Ward has never given us a book that finds its way to one's heart so completely and gives such unmixed pleasure as this."

NEW IRELAND REVIEW—"The story, told with infinite pathos, is profoundly interesting, and the studies in character are done with that insight and profound subtlety for which Mrs. Ward is famous."

BRITISH WEEKLY—"Considered purely as a love story, this is certainly the best book that Mrs. Ward has written."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

NOW READY.

**QUEEN VICTORIA
SCENES FROM HER LIFE AND REIGN.**

By G. A. HENTY.

Fully Illustrated. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

London: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, Old Bailey.

In crown 8vo volumes, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

THE VICTORIAN ERA SERIES.

The series is designed to form a record of the great movements and developments during the reign of Queen Victoria, in politics, economics, religion, industry, literature, science, and art, and of the life work of its typical and influential men.

Tennyson. A Critical Study. By STEPHEN GWYNN, B.A.

John Bright. By C. A. VINCE, M.A.

Charles Dickens. By GEORGE GISSING.

Charles Kingsley. By the Very Rev. C. W. STUBBS, D.D., Dean of Ely.

The Earl of Beaconsfield. By HAROLD E. GORST.

Victorian Novelists. By JAMES OLIPHANT, M.A.

The Science of Life. By J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A. (Edin.).

Recent Advances in Astronomy. By A. H. FISON, D.Sc. (Lond.).

English National Education. By H. HOLMAN, M.A.

The Anglican Revival. By the Rev Canon OVERTON, D.D.

British Foreign Missions By the Rev. WARLAW THOMPSON and the Rev. A. N. JOHNSON, M.A.

The Rise of Democracy. By J. HOLLAND ROSE, M.A.

The Free-Trade Movement. By G. ARMITAGE-SMITH, M.A.

London in the Reign of Queen Victoria. By G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A.

Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare. By E. W. BRABROOK, C.B.

The Growth and Administration of the British Colonies. By the Rev. W. P. GRESWELL, M.A.

London: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, Old Bailey.

**MACMILLAN & CO.'S
LIST.**

A NEW AND ABRIDGED EDITION.

**THE LIFE OF
EDWARD WHITE BENSON**

(Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury).

By His Son, A. C. BENSON

Extra crown 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

NEW VOLUME READY ON TUESDAY.

MACMILLAN'S

LIBRARY OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER,

AND

THE LIVES OF DONNE, WOTTON, HOOKER,
HERBERT, AND SANDERSON.

By IZAAK WALTON.

Demy 8vo, cloth elegant, 3s. 6d. net.

NEW VOLUME of the UNIFORM EDITION of
RUDYARD KIPLING'S PROSE WRITINGS

THE NAULAHKA.

By RUDYARD KIPLING and WOLOOTT
BALESTIER.

Extra crown 8vo, bound in red cloth, with gilt top,
price 6s.

Highways and Byways Series.—New Vol.

EAST ANGLIA.

By WILLIAM A. DUTT.

With Illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL.

Extra crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 6s.

THE LATEST NOVELS.

Price 6s. each.

RHODA BROUGHTON.

FOES IN LAW.

W. WALDORF ASTOR.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER, and
other stories.

FRANCES M. PEARD.

NUMBER ONE and NUMBER TWO.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

THE PRIDE OF JENNICO.

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. [Read on Tuesday.]

A NEW ISSUE OF THE

WORKS OF MARION CRAWFORD.

A New and Uniform Edition, in Fortnightly Volumes
Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. per Volume.

Latest Volume—ZOROASTER.

THE NOVELS OF

MRS. HENRY WOOD.

The New and Cheaper Editions, each Story in One
Volume, crown 8vo, red cloth, price 2s. 6d., or in green
cloth, price 2s., may be obtained at all Booksellers',
where a Complete List of the 37 Stories may be seen.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s.—Contents for FEBRUARY.

THE SINNER and the PROBLEM. By ERIC PARKER.
Chapters XI.—XIV.

FRENCH and ENGLISH. By GEORGE H. ELY.

RHODESIA and NORTHWARDS. By S. C. NORMIS.

THE MISSIONARY in CHINA and ELSEWHERE. By
H. C. MACDONALL.

WHEN THE BIG FISH FEED.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

THE POLICE-OFFICER'S TALE. By H. FIELDING.

VITAL STATISTICS. By BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

THE CARDINAL'S AGENT. By GERALD BRENAK.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.—Price 1s. 4d.—Annual Subscription, post
free, 16s.

The FEBRUARY NUMBER contains—
THE HELPING HAND in EAST LONDON. By SIR WALTER
BESANT. Drawings by JOSEPH PENNELL and L. RAVEN-
HILL.

THE PEOPLE at the TOP of the WORLD. A Tour through
Siberia in Search of André. By JONAS STADLING. First
Paper.

AN ENGLISH PASSION PLAY. By REBECCA HARDING
DAVIS.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London.

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1501. Established 1869.

9 February, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper]

The Literary Week.

It is curious that our poets are so willing to utter themselves on public occasions, and so little able to do it with distinction. It has become natural to expect that they will fail; and there is certainly no need to apply criticism to their heartfelt utterances on the nation's recent loss. Enough to say that no poem on the subject has left a deep impression. The most interesting efforts, besides Mr. Hardy's, have been those of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Henley. The question, however, comes home more and more: Why do we not obtain better poetry? Is the answer this, that we get the poetry we deserve?

MR. HENLEY's ode appeared in the *Morning Post* last Saturday. It is rhetorical rather than poetical, and is curiously though vaguely echoic. Its most striking lines are these:

Tears for her—tears! Tears and the mighty rites
Of an everlasting and immense farewell,
England, green heart of the world, and you,
Dear demi-Englands, far-away isles of home,
Where the old speech is native, and the old flag
Floats, and the old irresistible call,
The o'er-word of so many ages of years,
Makes men in love
With toil for the race, and pain, and peril, and death!
Tears, and the dread, tremendous dirge
Of her brooding battleships, and hosts
Processional, with trailing arm; the plaint—
Measured, enormous, terrible—of her guns:
The appalling throb of bells; the blare
Of mourning trumpets; the discomfiting pomp
Of silent crowds, black streets, and banners—royal
Obsequious!

THE *Empire Review* is the latest considerable undertaking in Imperial literature. Edited by Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke, and issued by Messrs. Macmillan, it promises to live up to its motto from—not Mr. Kipling—but Byron:

Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home.

The editor has received encouragement in high places, and his first number is as wide and practical in its interests as could be wished. The Duke of Devonshire leads off with an article on "The British Empire." The price of the review, which is very neatly produced, is a shilling net.

LAST week we remarked that there might possibly be substance in the rumour which indicated the Duke of Argyll as Queen Victoria's biographer. Of course, no official announcement has been made, but it is certain that the Duke will write a life of the Queen. The commission, we understand, is from Messrs. Harmsworth, who will issue the book in sixpenny fortnightly parts. It will be called *V.R.I., Her Life and Empire*.

MR. HALL CAINE's new novel, *The Eternal City*, progresses, with the help of several huge pictures, through the pages of the *Lady's Magazine*. Part II., called "The

Republic of Man," has been reached, and is accompanied by a summary of the first instalment, from which we extract the following trifle:

There is one thorn in the side of the all-powerful Minister. A great Parliamentarian has arisen on the Extreme Left. His name is David Rossi, he is a journalist and he is Member for Rome. Holding that Christ is law-giver for the nation as well as for the individual, he has adopted the Lord's Prayer as a political charter, and his particular dream is the establishment of a "Republic of Man," which is not intended to take the place of existing forms of government, but to be an international organisation like that which was started by the Irish Liberator, a State within the States, designed to enlighten the people, to watch parliaments, to canvas elections, and otherwise to govern according to the precepts of the Lord's Prayer the powers that govern the world.

CHRISTOPHER SMART'S *A Song to David* has just been added by Mr. Elkin Mathews to his Shilling "Garland" series. This poem was described by Rossetti as "the only great accomplished of the eighteenth century." Browning, says Mr. Streatfield in his Introduction,

was the great apostle of Smart in our day. He himself was never tired of declaiming the "Song to David"; and in that one of his "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day" which is consecrated to Smart, he images his author's one outburst of genuine poetry in the similitude of a chapel of radiant beauty enshrined in a commonplace house.

"Smart's life," adds Mr. Streatfield,

was a tale of debt, disease, and debauchery, and his poems—all save one—were the spiritless effusions of a literary hack; yet he had his one moment of inspiration, when at the hour of his deepest affliction, in the cell of a madhouse, he wrote his "Song to David," that wonderful burst of devotional rapture which has no parallel between the days of Crashaw and of Blake. Then for a moment he cast aside the scales with which custom and education had blinded his eyes, and let the poet within him look forth.

Johnson liked the man, and treated him with unvarying kindness, but he could not stomach his poetry. When asked whether he thought Derrick or Smart the better poet, he replied, "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea." This, be it noted, was before the day of the "Song to David."

The *Song to David* was written during Smart's last sojourn at Bedlam.

MR. ZANGWILL's excursions into verse are few, but they are often successful. There is dignity in the hymn, "translated from the Hebrew," which he contributes to the current *Jewish Quarterly Review*. We quote the last two of its five stanzas:

He is the living God to save,
My rock while sorrow's toils endure,
My banner and my stronghold sure,
The cup of life when'er I crave.

I place my soul within his palm,
Before I sleep as when I wake,
And though my body I forsake,
Rest in the Lord in fearless calm.

THE familiar question of To Cut or Not to Cut? is debated once more by the *Publishers' Circular*. Our own reply, uttered more in anger than in sorrow, is Cut! The virtue of uncutness is a mere superstition in all but those special cases where ceremony seems ennobling to a noble volume. But to issue a six-shilling novel in an uncut state is merely to shirk the completion of the book, and to invite wrath and evil speaking from the reader. Minor poetry, too, should always be cut. It often amuses us to find a young poet, essayist, or novelist timidly and almost tearfully appealing for a hearing in his preface and leaving his wares shut up, and impregnable to all but the strongest paper-knife and the sweetest patience. In the critic's point of view we side with Mr. W. L. Courtney, whose opinion is thus given: "There are, I believe, some persons who like to cut the pages of books while they read them. I confess I am not of that number, and to me it is a great advantage to find either a magazine, or novel, or book easily accessible." Mr. Shaylor, of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, says:

I am decidedly of opinion that all fiction, juveniles, popular literature generally, and all magazines should be issued with cut edges. Publications of this kind are very often bought to read when going on a journey; nothing can make you feel more inclined to throw the book you have bought out of the window than to find it uncut; to use your finger or railway-ticket or borrow a hairpin is not always convenient.

We doubt, after all, whether uncut pages can be ultimately defended even in "the book beautiful." An uncut book is an unfinished book. We are aware that pretty things can be said about cutting books, and that the strokes of the paper-knife are considered by some as equivalent to a book-lover's caresses of a new love—but how often does the love prove worthy of such attentions?

THE editor of the *Windsor Magazine* unquestionably knows his business, and therefore an illustrated interview with Mr. Guy Boothby must be to the taste of his readers. But one is rather sorry for readers whose liking for an author's stories leads them into curiosity about his house, his gardens, his dogs, his billiard room, his favourite pony, and his rifle practice with clay pigeons. "After the fowls we visited the pigs . . .", &c. Here is the essence of the interview:

"Can you favour me with your views on the subject of art for art's sake, as applied to the successful novelist?"

It seemed to sound all right as I said it, but Mr. Boothby looked puzzled, as he mentally repeated the sentence to himself.

"I'm afraid," he said after a pause, "I haven't exactly got the hang of it, somehow. No doubt you're quite right, and all that sort of thing; but you come down to the kennels with me, and I'll show you a dog or two worth looking at."

We like Mr. Boothby's attitude; only it is just what we should have expected, and therefore hardly interesting.

WHAT the *Windsor* does for Mr. Boothby *Ainslie's Magazine* does, in much better style, for Mr. Richard Harding Davis. The opening is distinctly smart:

The people of two continents read what he writes. Why?

I put the last question to Richard Harding Davis while walking through a dingy side street in New York before Christmas, and the answer came in the form of a question.

"See that bar-tender?" pointing across the way where a low-browed man, with close-cropped hair and protruding jaw, was perched on a step-ladder festooning the doorway of a saloon with evergreens and holly.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, what does that suggest to you?"

Inasmuch as I had seen similar beings engaged in a like task all over the city, the incident to me appeared commonplace, and a million other persons would have agreed with me.

But what Mr. Davis saw in it was that this man, who, a few hours before had probably been in a drunken patron's face and sent him home bruised and bleeding to his miserable family, should now be engaged in so cheerful and glad some a work. Such was the first thought that occurred to him. The motives of the bar-tender interested him. Had he been assigned as a reporter to write a story about that incident he would not have told the height of the ladder or the colour of the house. We know now what he would have told.

"That's your secret, then?" I asked. "You see things."

"Well, I try to," he replied. "I never walk one city block that I do not see twenty things to interest me. I tire my friends sometimes by pointing them out. Their minds run in different channels. But this ability to see things is my greatest joy in life, incidentally my living. I cultivated it when I began reporting, and to this day, if I see a man turn in a car to look out the window, I unconsciously turn with him. He may have observed something that escaped me—something that contains an element of human interest, and I hold no effort wasted that may add to this general cargo of life's impressions."

THAT is the way to interview an author. The interviewer, Mr. Allen Sangree, got other good stuff out of Mr. Davis, whose three rules of writing are these:

I use similes that the man at home can understand; secondly, I tell the thing as it impressed me when I first saw it; thirdly, I always tell the thing that most interests me.

The third rule was formed by Mr. Davis while watching a prize-fight:

It was the first one he had ever attended, and, while deeply fascinated with the tiger-like movements of the pugilists, the painful kiss of the five-ounce glove, and the spray of red blood, what interested him more was the conduct of the mayor. This city official sat near the ring, and everybody watched him; took their cue from him. The man's collar had lost its moorings behind, and, in consequence, all dignity. With each successive round it behaved more erratically, now moving up, now down, his honour clutching madly at times to hold it in place, so that the collar fairly reflected the fight. Instead of describing the various upper cuts and straight jabs, therefore, Davis merely described the struggle 'twixt the mayor and his collar.

STEVENSON, of course, comes into Davis's literary life as into the life of almost every young Anglo-Saxon writer of imagination. In this way. Stevenson's short story, "A Lodging for the Night," inspired Davis and his fellow reporters on the *Philadelphia Press* to write a letter of admiration to Stevenson at Samoa. Here is the reply, published by *Ainslie's* for the first time:

DEAR SIR,—Why, thank you very much for your frank, agreeable, and natural letter. It is certainly very pleasant that all you young fellows should enjoy my work, and get some good out of it; and it was very kind in you to write and tell me so. The tale of the suicide is excellently droll; and your letter, you may be sure, will be preserved. If you are to escape unhurt out of your present business you must be very careful, and you must find in your heart much constancy. The swiftly-done work of the journalist, and the cheap finish and ready-made methods to which it leads, you must try to counteract in private by writing with the most considerate slowness and on the most ambitious models. And when I say "writing"—O, believe me, it is re-writing that I have chiefly in mind. If you will do this, I hope to hear of you some day.

Please excuse this sermon from

Your obliged,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

STEVENSON yet again. In the February *Temple Bar* there is an amusing account of him as he appeared, twenty years ago, to the guests in the Belvedere Hotel at Davos, when he was merely "a Mr. Stevenson" to the haphazard

and non-literary crowd. The writer, Mr. Horace Vallings, was struck by his un-British suavity and his very British pluck. He was visibly an artist to the marrow; he derided much of Dickens, especially Esther Summerson; and if he played billiards it was with delight in mere knockabout operations. He was at his best after dinner in argument with a certain Professor. Once the Professor discussed Englishwomen, and the rallies became brisk.

"I don't care a rap for them," he ejaculated. "They are a poor, tame-spirited lot, not worth conquering. Your milk-and-water Englishwoman falls in love with you before you've had time to say ten words to her," and so on and so forth. "Now German women," he continued, after thus demolishing those of his own country, "are very different—"

"What!" cried Stevenson, with a theatrical outfling of both hands. "Do you talk of German women? I tell you, this neck is wet with the tears of German women!"

"Well, all I can say is," the Professor grunted sulkily, "I haven't found them like that myself."

"Haven't you?" shouted Stevenson, whose opponent was far from being a beauty-man. "Then, by Jupiter Ammon, it only shows how heavily handicapped you are in the race!" And, with that, he fell back into a corner, and clasping his lean body in both arms literally hugged himself.

Stevenson read Tennyson's "Lucknow" to an audience in the hotel drawing-room. "Too theatrical," "rather stagey," were the comments.

SOME months ago we gave our readers early information of the scope and aims of the *New Liberal Review*. The first number, under the editorship of Mr. Cecil B. Harmsworth and Mr. Hildebrand A. Harmsworth, fulfils the high expectations we then formed of the new venture. The review is a capital shilling's worth of opinion and criticism. Naturally its definite political bias is conspicuously represented by political articles, though even here we have a pleasant attempt on the part of Mr. E. T. Cook to claim Ruskin as a New Liberal. The literary interest centres in Prof. Dowden's article on "The Poetry of Mr. Kipling," and Mr. Max Beerbohm's light paper, "A Club in Ruins." There is also "A Defence of Professional Football," and an appreciation (illustrated) of Mr. F. C. Gould's caricature work.

PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN's estimate of Mr. Kipling's poetry is at once high and moderate. Mr. Kipling's verses, he points out, have at least carried power: "they have served to evoke or guide the feelings of nations, and to determine action in great affairs." And of all explanations of this fact the one which Prof. Dowden rejects with least hesitation is that which makes of Mr. Kipling a successful music-hall singer. "He has . . . touched the solemn organ-stops; and it is precisely to such a poem as 'Recessional,' with its old prophetic strain, its warning against vain idols and folly and carnal pride, that the deepest response of our race is made." The truth is, we think, that Mr. Kipling's voice is the nation's, not his own; and it is when it is most the nation's that it is impressive. With him any running on in superfluous numbers is fatal—a mere twanging in the wind and a facile habit of rhythm. But when he is full-charged with the nation's own passion (which presupposes that the nation has a passion), then he prevails. Always Mr. Kipling succeeds best as poet-anticipator, poet-interpreter.

WHAT of Mr. Kipling's Imperialism? Has he overshot the mark? Is he in danger of becoming the mere fugleman of reckless expansion? Prof. Dowden thinks not. Mr. Kipling's feeling of Empire is solemnised by the weight of real things, and by a knowledge of the cost of Empire:

The price of admiralty is blood, and "Lord God, we ha' paid in full." But the whisper, and the vision that called

the dreamers, whose dreams were prophecy, to go forth and leave their bones on the sand-driit, on the veldt-side, in the fern-scrub, still summon our gentlemen adventurers, and the dead cry to us:

Follow after, follow after! We have watered the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit.

It is no lust of territory or empty pride of power that can help us to sustain the white man's burden; we bear it because this also is in the day's work appointed for us by the Master of all good workmen:

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—

Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.

Make ye sure to each his own

That he reap where he hath sown;

By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

Such is the religious feeling for Empire. If the banjo is strummed, it seems as if a Puritan of the old Inside breed were the minstrel. Cromwell, after the victory of Dunbar, addressed the Speaker in words which go to the same manly tune.

Do you want to read a "nice" French novelist? Mr. Edmund Gosse recommends, in the *Contemporary Review*, the novels of M. René Bazin, whose work has lately come to the front, not exactly as a force in literature, but as a wholesome and pleasing ingredient. Mr. Gosse "places" him with great care, taking the trouble to survey the changes in French fiction since Balzac. Hence his article is something more than an introduction to Bazin. Mr. Gosse thinks it possible that

the French novelists of these last five years have been trying to be a great deal too clever, that they have starved the large reading public with the extravagant intellectuality of their stories. Whether that be so or not, it is at least pleasant to have one man writing, in excellent French, refined, cheerful, and sentimental novels of the most ultra-modest kind, books that every girl may read, that every guardian of youth may safely leave about in any room of the house. I do not say—I am a thousand miles from thinking—that this is everything; but I protest—even in face of the indignant Bar of Bruges—that this is much.

M. BAZIN has been writing for fifteen years, and his best known stories are *Ma Tante Giron*, *Une Tache d'Encre*, *La Sarcelle Bleue*, *Madame Corentine*, and *La Terre qui Meurt*. In conclusion Mr. Gosse says:

In a very old-fashioned book, that nobody reads now, Alfred de Musset's *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, there is a phrase which curiously prefigures the ordinary French novelists of to-day. "Voyez," says the hero of that work, "voyez comme ils parlent de tout: toujours les termes les plus crus, les plus grossiers, les plus abjects; ceux-là seulement leur paraissent vrais; toute le reste n'est que parade, convention et préjugés. Qu'ils racontent une anecdote, qu'ils rendent compte de ce qu'ils ont éprouvé,—toujours le mot sale et physique, toujours la lettre, toujours la mort." What an exact prediction; and it is to the honour of M. Bazin that all the faults of judgment and proportion which are here so vigorously stigmatised are avoided by his pure and comfortable talent.

MARK TWAIN, by all accounts, is pursuing his new rôle of social ameliorator. Irony is one of his weapons, and he has just used it with effect at a dinner given him by the St. Nicholas Society in New York. With a solemn face he praised the municipal government of New York in the following terms: ". . . Gentlemen, you have the very best municipal government in the whole world,—and the most fragrant,—and you got it by your unfaltering devotion to civic duty. By your conscientious exercise of the burdens of citizenship you have made the city what it is, and God will bless you for it, and when you die and go to Heaven the angels will shout: 'Here they come! Here they come! The model citizens of the world! Show

them into the archangels' box and turn the limelight on them." Then, says the report, he sat down, and the sons of St. Nicholas began their thinking.

OUR "Things Seen" column is bombarded daily with contributions, and it is a matter of regret to us that so very few of these can be accepted. Too many of our contributors forget that it is not enough to observe and report an incident. Literary form and grace must be given to the work. Here is a "Thing Seen" that we have received this week. It has good points, but it is too much like a newspaper paragraph:

It was the morning after the Great Queen's funeral. Outside the shuttered newspaper shop a Salvation Army band was stationed. I stepped in, and my glance met the penetrating gaze of the Captain. Will he rebuke me?—and, breathing defiance, I laid down my penny. Coming out, his voice rose clear in the morning air: "Lads, let us pray!" Moved by an irresistible impulse, I stood still. "O Lord Jesus Christ, wherever a paper is sold in this road on Thine own day, bless Thou the selling of it. Amen. Now, chaps, march!" They wended their way briskly up the hill, and I, with a Sunday paper tucked into my muff, went slowly on to church.

Bibliographical.

THE late Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson did not produce, after all, so very many separate works—only some dozen novels, and about seventeen miscellaneous works, original or edited. The novels may be dismissed very briefly. The first, *Crews Rise*, came out in 1854; the last, *Cutting for Partners*, in 1890. I fear not one of them is destined to survive the author. Mr. Jeaffreson's most notable performances were in the direction of anecdotal biography—*The Life of Robert Stephenson* (1864), *A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century* (1878), *The Real Lord Byron* (1883), *The Real Shelley* (1885), *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson* (1887, revised and augmented 1897), *The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson* (1889), and *Victoria, Queen and Empress* (1893). Next to these in popularity came the *Books "about" Doctors* (1860), *Lawyers* (1866), the *Clergy* (1870), and *The Table* (1874), and, likewise, *Brides and Bridals* (1872). The *Annals of Oxford* appeared in 1870; the *Middlesex Records and Leicester Manuscripts* in 1887 and 1878 respectively. Readable and not uninteresting was his *Novels and Novelists from Elizabeth to Victoria* (1858); and the same description might be applied to his *Recollections* (1893), of which the publishers might usefully produce a new edition—though I would suggest that the work should be carefully condensed and issued in a single volume. Some of the chapters are really valuable, and the details about the writer's family and youth could easily be "cut."

In entitling his new play "War," Mr. Heinemann was, no doubt, perfectly well aware that he was following in the footsteps of an earlier dramatist. It is almost exactly thirty years since T. W. Robertson's "War" was produced at the St. James's Theatre, London. It was the author's last work, and was unlucky from the first—unlucky in the title's apparent allusion to the Franco-Prussian struggle, in the fact that Robertson had been too ill to "stage-manage" it, and in the further fact that it had not the advantage of the Bancroftian prestige. Mr. Lionel Brough and Miss Fanny Brough were both in it, but the cast, as a whole, was poor. Produced on January 16, 1871, the play was performed for the last time on February 3—the day on which its author drew his last breath. Practically, the piece does not now exist, so that, after all, Mr. Heinemann has the field to himself.

The late Mr. Haweis can hardly be said to have pro-

duced literature, but he was certainly at one time a very popular writer, whose books could be trusted to sell well. His *Music and Morals* reached a seventeenth edition in 1896, and we all remember the vogue of *Arrows in the Air*, *Current Coin*, *Poets in the Pulpit*, *Speech in Season*, *Thoughts for the Times*, and so forth. In the 'eighties came his *Christ and Christianity* (in five volumes, I think), his *Doctrines and Practice*, his *Winged Words*, his *American Humourists*, and *My Musical Life*, the last two of which are likely to live some time by reason of their subjects. The very last attained its fourth edition in 1896. To the 'nineties belong *The Broad Church* and *The Dead Pulpit*, *Ideals for Girls*, *Old Violins*, a biography of Sir Morell Mackenzie, and two volumes of *Travel and Talk*, embodying the writer's impressions of distant lands.

Messrs. Downey's illustrated edition of some of Gaboriau's stories will, of course, be welcome, but we must not forget that the French writer has already been made familiar to English readers of late years by translations of his works issued both by Routledge and by Vizetelly between 1883 and 1889. Of *File 113*, *Marie de Brinvilliers* (*Amours d'une Empoisonneuse*), *The Mystery of Orcival*, and *The Widow Lerouge*, the first-named firm issued cheap editions in 1894-97. It is not always easy, unhappily, to trace the original tales in the titles given to the English versions of them. Thus *La Vie Infernale* figures as *The Count's Secret*; another story is called indifferently *Caught in the Net* and *The Slaves of Paris*, while a third has been named *In Deadly Peril*, *In Peril of His Life*, and *Within an Inch of His Life*.

The Edinburgh Bibliographical Society has, I understand, a rule rigidly limiting the issue of printed papers to its seventy members; but this is to be broken for once in favour of a Presidential Address, on "Some Aspects of Bibliography," by Prof. Ferguson of Glasgow University. A strong desire having been expressed that bookmen outside the Society should have an opportunity of obtaining the address, a limited small-paper edition has been printed, and will be published this month by Mr. George P. Johnston, Edinburgh. Since its delivery the address has been revised, and an illustrative list of bibliographies has been appended.

The announcement of a new book of verse by Mrs. Hamilton King will recall old memories to many. Mrs. King is in her sixty-first year, and her literary productiveness has extended over a pretty long period. Her latest publication, I believe, was in 1895—a volume of poems called *The Prophecy of Westminster*. Her *Ballads of the North*, and *Other Poems*, belongs to 1889; her *Book of Dreams* to 1883. She is still best known—where known at all, in these days of multitudinous singers—by her *Disciples*, the outcome of her enthusiasm for Italy and Mazzini.

The volume of *Elizabethan Critical Essays* which the Oxford University Press is to give us will include, no doubt, such works as Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*, Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy*, and so forth. It is only fair to remember that the two treatises named, and others of a like nature, were long ago reprinted in a cheap and handy form by Mr. Arber, whose series of such texts was reissued by Messrs. Constable five or six years ago.

It is good news that we are soon to have the third volume of Mr. Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate*. The first volume (1649-1651) came out in 1894, the second (1651-1654) in 1897. The third volume is to carry on the narrative to 1666. It will be remembered that Mr. Gardiner's history of *The Great Civil War* covers the ground between 1642 and 1649.

I observe that though Mr. Wratishaw, in his new study of Mr. Swinburne's writings, gives a list of the poet's successive publications, he supplies no bibliographical details. There is, therefore, still room for a new edition, brought down to date, of the Swinburne *Bibliography* which appeared in 1887. Who will undertake this?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Why Do They Do It?

Phaethon. By Henry Abbey. (New York: Styles & Kiersted.)

The Sacrifice: Redemption's Story. By A. Messenger. (Mowbray.)

Under Arms. By Charles Doughty. (Constable.)

Ode to Lord Roberts. By Philip S. Clay. (Russell.)

As the Wind Stirs. By B. G. Hoare. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Dirge of the Year 1900. By Robert Bell. (Glasgow: Holmes.)

A Jingle of Rhymes. By Charles Morse. (Nottingham: Pallas Press.)

Irene. By W. Keppel Honywill. (*South-Eastern Herald*.)

Excursions. By William Griffith. (Co. Kansas: Hudson-Kimberley Company.)

The Wisdom of Nathan Gray. By Denis Davies. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

THESE ten volumes belong to the category of books that ought not to have been written. There is not one of them in which the most genial critic, if he were honest and fairly intelligent, could find anything to commend, of which the author, so far as his service to humanity goes, would not have been better occupied—we do not say in digging a garden or watching upon the veldt, but in guarding the lines of communication, balancing a ledger, or putting up sugar in blue paper. Yet here they are, ten in number, and destined, we suppose, to occupy a foot-run of space upon the shelves of the British Museum in perpetuity. They represent precisely one week's crop of such things upon our table. And they offer an interesting subject of investigation to the student of Anglo-Saxon culture. Why were they written?

This is not the old question of minor poetry. Minor poets are as God made them, and they have their uses in the world. They say a thing here, a thing there, which the great masters have missed, and so earn their scanty wages of bread and honey. The *differentia* between major and minor is rather one of scope and staying power than of essential poetic quality. The ACADEMY in its day has had occasion to speak kindly of much good minor poetry, and to deal gently, and let us hope faithfully, with much that was not quite so good. At the worst, the minor poets boil down some day into excellent anthologies. But these authors are not minor poets. They are not poets at all. Criticism has really nothing whatever to say to them. They do not require appreciation, for there is nothing to appreciate. They do not even require condemnation, for they are self-condemned from the egg. Their only interest is for the psychologist, curious of the psychical and social conditions under which poetry comes to be written, and those under which what is not poetry comes, by the writer or others, to be taken as poetry. It will, perhaps, be kind, both to the writers and to our readers, not to fill these columns with very many samples of what they are capable of. Indeed, the irretrievably tenth-rate and imitative, both in sentiment and phrase, hardly bears quotation even in a spirit of levity. A few of the more astounding misconceptions of what is meant by literature must suffice. What, for instance, are we to think of a man who, at the end of the nineteenth century, sits down to write the whole history of the New Testa-

ment in sixteen cantos and three thousand three hundred and ninety-nine lines of wooden blank verse?

THE PROLOGUE.

The vehicle of verse, all must allow,
Has been most nobly used by noble men,
In epic poems of immortal worth,
To set forth Pagan lore or things Divine,
Some feat of warfare ne'er to be forgot,
A valiant deed by land or sea, some theme,
Romantic, tragic, light, or beautiful.
And verse in diverse forms has ever been
In use for songs of praise and prayer to God,
But not, methinks, to teach in simple words
The truths Divine of our most holy faith,
Or to recount the life and death of Him
Who is the Champion of our fallen race.
And yet these truths concern all human kind
In a degree too great to be expressed.
I ween that verse might oft the teacher be
Of that which Christians should both know and do.
The truths thus versified might stimulate
Some docile, youthful, or awakened minds
To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest
That which in stately prose they failed to learn.
In mediæval times, such verse was writ
To fire our youth with patriotic zeal,
To hand down facts that make our history,
And to impress great lessons on the mind.
To write a nation's ballads was esteemed
A greater work than to draw up her laws.
Though in this age of print its use is less,
Perhaps these verses may some help afford
To those who read them for the truth therein,
And for this end alone they have been penned,
A sermon, if you will, as short or long
As you have time or inclination for.

From the Sunday-school to the barrack-room. For a sure touch upon the bathetic, the three patriotic poets upon our list run even A Messenger (is it a name or a description?) hard. Mr. Charles Doughty, indeed, whose ideal of style consists in the inversion of every grammatical form that can by any possibility be inverted, seldom stops short of incoherence. As thus:

Pleasant, pitched in the field, in hostile soil,
The common canvas is which shelters soldiers,
Wherein, in aught brief daily pause of arms,
We rest, we eat, sing, discourse of this war,
Furbish our weapons, and who mend their cloth.

Or thus:

We bare our heads at an unlettered grave,
Which mark few gathered stones in land far off,
Whereunder some slain soldier glorious sleeps.
Returned his comrades, they the pit, they digged
In haste, have deckt, lo! round as maiden neat.

Mr. Robert Bell makes the year 1900 say:

I have beheld the primitive Chinese,
Pig-headed and pig-tailed monstrosity;
Cruel and cunning to the last degree,
Reap the fruit of his animosity.

Likewise:

I have heard men, without the blush of shame,
Uphold the Boer, cast obloquy on Joe;
Blaspheming justice in their country's name,
And why? that they might to St. Stephen's go.

Mr. Philip S. Clay is more ambitious, but he certainly does not escape the pitfalls that lie in wait for such as go about to write odes:

With Marlborough's wisdom, Wellington's resolve,
Distinguished Roberts did design,
Arrange, and from distraction dire evolve
The true campaign and its clear course define;
By contemplation deep, experience true,
The ancient art of war by rote he knew.

Hold! hold yon shells in check, ye gunners grim!
 Halt! halt your bold assault, ye infantry!
 Ye whirlwind horse, in the blue distance dim,
 Curb back your pawing steeds! Behold! 'tis he!
 The dark-browed tiger of dread Pocheftroom
 Comes slowly, tamely forth to meet his doom.

Probably no one reason is sufficient to explain how such things, and countless others of a similar calibre, come to be written. Doubtless, as books get cheaper and more people learn to read, the local status of a poet becomes an object of desire. Though the books reach us not by single spies, but in whole battalions, the authors are isolated. Every youth who has printed a volume wears his separate halo of romance in the eyes of the companions of his literary institute. A copious lack of critical sense comes to the rescue. The halting rhythms and borrowed sentiments are fondly deemed indistinguishable from Tennyson. Whether the truth ever dawns upon the victim of his own self-esteem, we do not know. Perhaps he has a suspicion of it, when his publisher's bill reveals the fact that precisely five copies, besides those distributed to friends and the unfortunate reviewers, have been disposed of. Perhaps the irreverence of the next generation hints it to him. But it is more probable that he goes down to his grave with a faith in posterity and a conviction that all really great writers—a Keats, a Browning—have had to wait for their recognition. Nevertheless, vanity and the ill effects of undigested reading, although they explain a good deal, are not a sufficient account of the whole matter. Strange as it may appear, some at least of these extraordinary poems seem to us to be genuinely meant. Objectively valueless, they spring from the subjective fount of all poetry, the spontaneous overflow of feelings too intense to find their appropriate expression in prose or silence. They partake of the artless nature of folk-song. But, of course, folk-song was never intended for the permanence of print.

It must be added that the incompetence of some reviewers has much to answer for in this accumulation of *biblia a-biblia*. If a man is persistently told, by people who ought to know better, that he is a poet, how is he ever to realise that he is not? And apparently there is no rubbish so rubbishy that it will not find laudation somewhere. Take, for instance, the author of *Phaethon*. The *Toronto Week* says that his "lips have been touched with the sacred fire." The *Memphis Sunday Times* considers him "an original thinker," and the *Buffalo Commercial* "a poet of fine attainments." The *Chataquan* dwells on his "melody and subtle perfection of phrase." Even our own London contemporaries join in the chorus. The *Literary World* finds his work "an intellectual treat," and the *Spectator* declares that it shows "an exceptional power of melodious composition." Mr. Abbey's earlier poems, to which these remarks immediately refer, are not before us. But open *Phaethon*, and you find him capable of writing thus:

For as a ship unballasted is toss'd,
 Unsteadily careening o'er the surge,
 So did the chariot leap, or swerve and sway,
 And, like an empty one, was flung about.
 Aroused thereat, the steeds rushed fiercely on;
 But not in order as they did before.
 They turned aside and left the beaten track,
 And Phaeton himself is sore alarm'd;
 For, now the way is lost, and were it found,
 He could not manage the gigantic steeds.
 He does not know their names; oh, that he did!
 For names, if kindly spoken, pacify.

We do not see how the critical banner is to be upheld when recognised authorities go out of their way to encourage Mr. Abbey.

In G Flat.

The New English Dictionary: Green to Gyzarn. Edited by Henry Bradley. (Clarendon Press. 5s.)

THIS Green to Gyzarn part of the *New English Dictionary* is full of interesting word-biographies. Into its wide flat pages Mr. Henry Bradley has shepherded no fewer than 4,238 words, against the 296 recognised by Dr. Johnson within the same alphabetical limits. These figures are eloquent witness to the giant reach and power of modern editing. If in these century-century years we are producing scant literary fruit and no haunting fragrances, we are at least making wood on a splendid scale. The "Series," the Introduction, the Bibliography, the Index, the Definitive Edition, the Dictionary, the Encyclopedia—these are our prize growths and our indubitable gift to those who will follow us. The *New English Dictionary* is the greatest, and necessarily the slowest, product of this ministering scholarship. It is vast enough in its scope and minute enough in its detail to amaze ourselves equally with posterity. As the drab-covered parts follow each other from Oxford the wonder grows that so much lore can be collected, marshalled, and made articulate. The part which lies before us, judged by Dr. Johnson's standard of achievement, ought to be the work of a scholar's life-time. But to Mr. Henry Bradley, its editor, it has been one of many such tasks achieved or contemplated.

Looking into these brilliantly constructed pages one quickly observes the several kinds of entertainment offered. There is the interest of etymology; there is the interest of sense-development; there is the interest of special cases—freaks of word-making. Take the last first. There are people, doubtless, who have still to learn the origin of Mrs. Grundy. Mr. Bradley had here no difficult task. It is beyond a doubt that this popular and useful phrase has stuck in English ears since it came across the footlights in 1798, when Tom Morton's play, "Speed the Plough," held the boards of a London theatre. Quoth Dame Ashfield: "If shame should come to the poor child [her daughter]—I say, Tummas, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?" To which Farmer Ashfield replies: "Dom Mrs. Grundy; what wou'd my poor wold heart zay?" And again: "Be quiet, woolye? Aleways ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears. What will Mrs. Grundy zay? What will Mrs. Grundy think?" The phrase—say, rather, the woman—was organised for long life, and nearly sixty years later Frederick Locker Lampson could write:

And many are afraid of God
 And more of Mrs. Grundy.

Grundyism, Grundified, Grundyish, Grundyist, and Grundyite are the verbal dependents of "Mrs. Grundy." Lady Burton, in her life of her husband, has this happy turn: "The usual small worries and Grundified conventions that form the cab shafts of domestic life in civilisation."

Another word, born not of ancient lineage but of apt occasion is Grog. Mr. Bradley does not dispute its derivation from Admiral Vernon's nickname, Old Grog or Grogram, bestowed on him by his sailors in consequence of his habit of wearing a cloak made of grogram, a fabric of silk mixed with mohair or other strong material. The name was transferred to the mixture of rum and water which the admiral ordered to be served out, before his victory at Portobello, in place of the neat rum to which sailors were then accustomed. Vernon's order, dated August, 1740, is still extant. One of the first questions ever addressed to *Notes and Queries* was "The origin of the word Grog?" and in the issue of January 12, 1850, a correspondent quoted a ballad made by Dr. Trotter "on board the *Berwick*, a few days before Admiral Parker's

engagement with the Dutch fleet on the 5th of August, 1781." This little ballad seems to be worth putting once more on record:

'Tis sung on proud Olympus' hill,
The Muses bear record,
Ere half the gods had drank their fill
The sacred nectar sour'd.

At Neptune's toast the bumper stood,
Britannia crown'd the cup;
A thousand Nereids from the flood
Attend to serve it up.

"This nauseous juice," the monarch cries,
"Thou darling child of fame,
Tho' it each earthly clime denies,
Shall never bathe thy name.

Ye azure tribes that rule the sea,
And rise at my command,
Bid VERNON mix a draught for me
To toast his native land."

Swift o'er the waves the Nereids flew,
Where VERNON's flag appear'd;
Around the shores they sung *True Blue*,
And Britain's hero cheer'd.

A mighty bowl on deck he drew,
And filled it to the brink;
Such drank the *Burford's* gallant crew,
And such the gods shall drink.

The sacred robe which Vernon wore
Was drenched within the same;
And hence his virtues guard our shore
And GROG derives its name.

After this it is rather melancholy to consider the meanings of "groggy." Another connection with a person, real or imaginary, is that which Prof. Skeat has suggested as accounting for the word Gun. He thinks that the Middle English *gunne* may represent a hypocoristic form of a Scandinavian female compounded with *Gunn-*. Mr. Bradley approves the suggestion, of which he says: "This conjecture receives strong confirmation from the fact (communicated to us by Mr. W. H. Stevenson) that an account of munitions at Windsor Castle in 1330-1 (Exchequer Accts. Q. R. Bundle 18, no. 34, Pub. Rec. Office) mentions 'una magna balista de cornu quæ vocatur Domina Gunilda.' There are other instances of the practice of bestowing female personal names on engines of war; but there was no distinguished lady named Gunilda (= Old Norse *Gunnhild-r*; spelt *Gunnild* in Havelok) in the fourteenth century, and it seems highly probable that this use of the name may have come down from Scandinavian times, when its exceedingly appropriate etymology would be understood (both *gunn-r* and *hild-r* mean 'war'). If *Gunnhild-r*, as is likely, was a name frequently given to *ballistæ* and the like, it would naturally, on the introduction of gunpowder, be given also to cannon. Indeed, there is some appearance of evidence that an explosive engine was actually called by this name many years before the earliest recorded instance of the use of gunpowder in warfare." This is the very romance of language; and, as is rarely the case where romance creeps in, the theory has the support of scholars, including Mr. Bradley. The developed uses of the word are curious. We are not told how a person of distinction came to be called a "great gun," but instances are given of the usage from 1815 downwards. A thief, in thieves' language, is a gun. In his *Tales of Mean Streets*, Mr. Morrison has: "Circumstances had always been against Scuddy Lond, the gun." A flagon of ale was called a gun, and the word is used in that sense by Evelyn. A son of a gun was therefore a jovial fellow, and it may be that "great gun," as applied to a clever man, is connected with this use. All these senses seem to have been wrested from the original gun, a weapon.

Sense development without any special piquancy may be studied with advantage in the word *ground*. Its progress from material to immaterial applications is gradual and interesting. Slowly it came to signify that on which a system or condition of things is founded. In this sense the word is now rare. Walton has "These and the May-fly are the ground of all fly-Angling"; and, in 1870, Prof. Jevons wrote (*Elements of Logic*, xxvi. 219): "Upon a similar ground rests all the vast body of certain knowledge." In a sense later *ground* and *grounds* mean the fundamental principle or elements of a study. The "grounds of science," the "grounds of learning," the "grounds of the law of England," are expressions no longer heard, though the verb "to ground" (a pupil) in a science or in the laws of England survives. The word now signifies the smaller foundation or reason of an opinion or statement "often with additional implication: a *valid* reason."

The act of swallowing without inquiry or discrimination seems to be at the bottom of the figurative use of Gudgeon as a credulous gullible person. That Gull, in the same sense, has a similar origin is not so clear, but this may be reasonably suspected, whether we connect the word with Gull, obsolete for throat, or with Gull, an unfledged, voracious bird.

A glance under Gush reveals the fact that only as early as 1864 was the word commonly used in the sense of to act or speak effusively, and it was then considered as slang. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1864, had: "Donald did not belong to what, in the slang of translated Cockneys, is called the Gushing School"; and a year later Miss Braddon wrote: "A gushing damsel of thirty-five."

Gust, meaning savour, flavour, or relish, seems to be undeservedly neglected nowadays, as the following examples may help to indicate:

A woman who gets the command of money for the first time upon her marriage has such a gust in spending it that she throws it away with great profusion.—*Dr. Johnson*.

I had no gust to antiquities.—*Defoe*.

The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus.—*Charles Lamb*.

The discussion is not yet obsolete, and it may still offer all the gust of novelty.—*l'Israeli*.

To conclude. Do you write *grey* or *gray*? If you are wise you write both, giving to each its special application. Exactly what that application should be is not so easily expressed; but who does not feel that some things are *grey*, and others *gray*? Mr. Bradley tells us of an inquiry into the question of usage made by Dr. Murray in 1893. The replies showed that "in Great Britain the form *grey* is the more frequent in use, notwithstanding the authority of Johnson and later English lexicographers, who have all given the preference to *gray*. In answer to questions as to their practice, the printers of the *Times* stated that they always used the form *gray*; Messrs. Spottiswoode and Messrs. Clowes always used *grey*; other eminent printing firms had no fixed rule. Many correspondents said that they used the two forms with a difference of meaning or application, the distinction most generally recognised being that *grey* denotes a more delicate or a lighter tint than *gray*. Others considered the difference to be that *gray* is a 'warmer' colour, or that it has a mixture of red or brown. There seems to be nearly absolute unanimity as to the spelling of 'The Scots Greys,' a pair of greys." Yet *grey* has more of sentiment, *gray* more of colour.

Translation.

Anthology of French Poetry (Tenth to Nineteenth Centuries).
By Henry Carrington. (Frowde. 2s. 6d.)

DEAN CARRINGTON is already known by a volume of translations from Victor Hugo, from which some pieces are reprinted in the present volume. As he has thus had the opportunity of revising these translations, we will quote one of them as a specimen of his skill in rendering French verse into English. Perhaps no poem of Victor Hugo has tempted so many translators as the two stanzas, "A une Femme," in *Les Feuilles d'Automne*. It has that apparent simplicity which seems so easy, and is really so difficult, to render. We will give it first in the original:

Enfant ! si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire,
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon peuple à genoux,
Et ma couronne d'or, et mes bains de porphyre,
Et mes flottes, à qui la mer ne peut suffire,
Pour un regard de vous !

Si j'étais Dieu, la terre et l'air avec les ondes,
Les anges, les démons courbés devant ma loi,
Et le profond chaos aux entrailles fécondes,
L'éternité, l'espace, et les cieux et les mondes,
Pour un baiser de toi !

Here is Dean Carrington's translation :

Maiden, were I a king, the monarchy
And subject millions I would all resign—
Power, pomp, and state, and purple luxury,
Armies unmatched, and fleets that sway the sea—
For one kind look of thine.

And were I Jove, I would Olympus' height
Forego, with its eternity of bliss,
My reign o'er gods and men, my thunder's might
Through earth and heaven, maiden, wouldst thou requite
My passion with a kiss.

It seems to us that these few lines contain almost every fault of which a translation is capable. It misses, to begin with, the whole significance of the "vous" of the first stanza, and the "toi" of the second, as well as the antithesis of "regard" and "baiser." Now the poem was undoubtedly written for the sake of those two lines, their balance and contrast. To lose the effect of those two lines is to lose the whole effect of the poem. But this is not all. Every significant detail has lost the main part of its meaning. How characteristic of Hugo's rhetoric is the line:

Et mes flottes, à qui la mer ne peut suffire.

How miserable in sound, how meaningless in sense, is Dean Carrington's line:

Armies unmatched, and fleets that sway the sea !

Who would recognize Hugo's "peuple à genoux" in "subject millions," or his "bains de porphyre" in "purple luxury"? How confusing is the introduction of Jove and Olympus, and how utterly the whole second stanza goes to pieces, as the translator changes every precise word into a vague word, and every definite statement into a generalised statement! Keeping, as he may think, fairly close to the original, he has produced something which is not only not a poem of even third-rate quality in English, but gives no suggestion, as even a bad rendering may sometimes give, of the author's intention. We have beside us a volume called *A Century of French Verse*, by William John Robertson, published in 1895, and it may be instructive to compare with Dean Carrington's translations the translation of the same poem contained in this volume. The first stanza is not very satisfactory, but the second stanza has at least something of the large sweep of Hugo's verse, and its hurrying rapture. Here it is:

If I were God, the earth and the luminous deeps that
span it,
Angels and demons bowed beneath my word divine,
Chaos profound, with flanks of flaming gold and granite,
Eternity, and space, and sky and sun and planet,
All for one kiss of thine !

Something of Hugo's simplicity is gone; "flanks of gleaming gold and granite" is much more a matter of sound and much less a matter of imaginative significance than "aux entrailles fécondes"; but how different is the effect from Dean of Carrington's timid and frigid lines! Happening by chance to come across Mr. Robertson's volume, we have had the curiosity to compare many of his translations with those of Dean Carrington. They are often so good, always so sympathetic to every shade of meaning and every subtlety of metre, that we cannot help going out of our way to recommend to English readers a book which seems to us to give a better notion of modern French verse than anything with which we are acquainted. The introduction and the notices of the writers are not less capable than the translations. But to return to Dean Carrington: here is a vast labour, done, his daughter tells us, "for his own pleasure"; and, therefore, not altogether wasted, so far as he himself is concerned. But how pathetically useless are translations in verse when they are of this jog-trot kind, done to order, even if only to the order of a personal inclination! Love of translating and capacity for translation are two very different things, which seem rarely to go together. Here is a translator, who has been diligent, has done his best, has, perhaps, more or less satisfied himself; and what is the result of all his painstaking ingenuity? A book which adds no new poem to English, and does but disguise the beauty of many poems in French.

A Serious Century.

Puritan and Anglican: Studies in Literature. By Edward Dowden. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.)

PURITANISM is dualistic in its philosophy: the works of the flesh are evil altogether, man's best righteousness but filthy rags, the beauty and the joy of life and the wisdom of the world a snare. Thus "its cardinal error lay in a narrow conception of God as the God of righteousness alone, and not as also the God of joy and beauty and intellectual light." Its antithesis is the catholic conception, according to which the two spheres of sense and spirit seem to melt into each other, as Dr. Martineau phrased it, "under the mediation of a kind of divine chemistry." This readiness to recognise the identity of "the good" with "that which is" makes of Catholicism a focus of art, while Puritanism unmixed is sterile.

In the England that emerged from the turmoil of the Reformation settlement, and more particularly in its ecclesiastical aspect, these notes are found in combination. No less heartily than their Continental models did the English reformers rebuke what they deemed the fetish-worship that had invaded the mediæval sanctuary; but their iconoclasm stopped short of the last excesses, and the generation that succeeded them entered into a religious heritage from which the sensuous element had not altogether been ousted. Above all, if the relics, the images, the pictures, had been thrown out or cast down they had held always to the Book. It was in the inspired pages of the Old and New Testaments that the sternest spirits still found their model and their method. Thus you have the Puritan Milton presenting a material heaven, angels who fling rocks and fire off heavy batteries of artillery, angels who dine and digest, a Messiah who, seated in His chariot, bears upon His side a bow and quiver. And Baxter, after guiding his reader among the white-robed saints and rehearsing the delights of heaven, concludes: "I would not have thee, as the Papists, draw them in pictures nor use mysterious significant ceremonies to represent them. This, as it is a course forbidden by God, so it would seduce and draw down thy heart; but

get the liveliest picture of them in thy mind that possibly thou canst."

We have here indicated the line of thought pursued by Prof. Dowden in his first essay. Thereafter he proceeds to spread himself among writers of the seventeenth century, whom by personal predilection he delights to honour, and who in a greater or less measure exemplify the influence of the Puritan spirit. Here you have Sir Thomas Browne, "the mystic on whom the man of science had been grafted"; here is that apostle of sweetness and light who, in the days of Milton, the Berserker controversialist, could predict a time when "three words uttered with charity and meekness should receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit," and whose mind of wide embrace could not proceed to the justification of the wedding ring, the sign of the cross, the surplice, till he had magnificently laid down his conception of a universe subject to Law—Hooker.

Among Anglo-Catholic poets, Herbert and Vaughan, his spiritual son, are contrasted thus: Herbert

is the interpreter of an ideal of beauty in order, an ideal of the spiritual life which accepts and is assisted by rule and habit; the regularity, indeed, is far from being formal or mechanical; the flowers which grow in the garden are living flowers; but Herbert thinks that they flourish best and show most comely when they are bedded in definite patterns and are watered through nicely directed channels. He is the poet of the Anglican communion. . . . Vaughan is the poet of what cannot be methodised—the incalculable beams and irradiation of the soul, the incalculable wind that blows where it listeth; his garden is watered by the sudden shower and the invisible dew.

By contrast with Vaughan, the mystic of light, Crashaw, with his "pious orgies," is the mystic of flame. The two essays on Milton conclude with this synthetical paragraph:

Critics have lamented that Milton did not embody his political experience in epic or in drama; "the epic of liberty, virtue and religion which he had it in him to write remained unwritten." If seemed at first sight as if his prose writing, devoted to the cause of freedom, and his poems were separated by a gulf that is wide and deep. But is this really the case? Or were not the prose pamphlets an attempt to give an application in detail to the one great principle which inspires masque and epic and drama? When Milton was a poet he could soar with no middle flight; he could occupy himself with none of the secondary truths which regulate conduct, private or public. One primary truth filled all his mind—acceptance of the divine rule, submission to the divine mandate; heroic patience in accepting the will of God, heroic energy in making the will of God prevail; entire obedience, and, through obedience, freedom.

Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Bunyan ("the Holbein of spiritual England") and Butler (whose wit was "a missile hard and keen as the stones of a sling; we may name him captain of the slingers who fought under the banner of reason and common sense") bring us to the concluding essay; and, with that, to the age when in politics, the crown had given recognisances for good behaviour, and in religion, for the ease of travellers toward the New Jerusalem, the trimmer proposed "the cutting of the broad way and the narrow both into one"—the day of the philosophy of Locke and of a movement of which the best that may be said is that it was one "of concentration, of retirement within limits, intellectual and emotional."

The essays are the work of a mind moving at ease among familiar things, guided by a sane and measured judgment.

A Layman's Bishop.

Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. By Alexander V. G. Allen. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 30s. net.)

THE late Bishop of Massachusetts was no stranger in this country. Though he spent but a few months in England his personality set its mark upon a host of minds at Oxford, at Cambridge, and at Westminster. That majestic figure, that massive face, those luminous eyes, once seen, might hardly be forgotten; that swift Pactolus of rhythmic words, bearing in solution so rich a treasure of golden thought out of the soil of the world's literature, echoes still in English ears. To the estimation in which he was held among his own countrymen, the proportions in which it has been thought well to set his life on record in this volume bear testimony; for them, perhaps, 1,600 packed pages, in which even the undergraduate's essays are critically examined, will not be too much.

Clearly among his contemporaries in the ministry he towered; and not only among the clergy of that strenuously respectable anomaly, the American Episcopalian Church, but among American preachers at large, between whom and himself he suffered no dogmatic differences to interpose a barrier. Indeed, it would have been strange if he had: from few can he have been set further apart by his personal opinions than his Episcopalian brethren; and, in fact, his foes were they of his own household. Foes one writes misled by verbal associations, for he had none. Opposition he met with plentifully at the hands of the timid, the lopsided; but the personal charm that came of his transparent honesty of intention, his unflinching optimism, the patience of his large heart, his mirthfulness, the purity and simplicity of his life, and the wealth of learning that he had diligently stored, disarmed in his presence the most froward.

The shackles of confessions and symbols he bore very lightly. In his childhood—a serious period by comparison with his later years—he had been brought up by his mother a member of the Episcopalian Church; his father, originally a Unitarian, conformed later to the religion of his wife; but neither to parents nor to son was that communion in any exclusive sense the true church. He was frankly gay at the expense of those who would have exalted it on the score of "any fiction of an apostolic succession." Under their hands it was fast becoming "a small fantastic sect, aping foreign ways and getting more and more out of sympathy with the country." He would steal away from the prosy debates of his episcopal brethren to write to his niece, among other trifles: "The bishops are not very wise, but they think they are, and they very much enjoy being bishops." Not quite in the same sense did he tell a little girl that it was "great fun being a minister;" it was sheer joy in the spiritual garden that he tended and watered, in the ties that bound him to so many souls. In a sense this plain American gentleman fulfilled the ideal of a Catholic bishop more nearly than many a *soi-disant* successor of the apostles. Women, of course, were among his friends and correspondents, but his diocese, as formerly his parish, was wife to him, and his little children those whom he begot again in the Lord.

His interest in literature, as has already been implied, was universal. In poetry his leaning was towards the great simplicities: Homer is "the world's great vernacular." Of the verses of a young poet, sent to him by a friend for his criticism, he writes:

Some of them are exquisite and delightful. Of course they are fantastic and unhealthy. Everybody is that nowadays; and they are affected, and haunted always by recollections of somebody else's poetry, and wilfully and unnecessarily obscure, and awfully afraid of being common-place. Some time somebody will just dare to sing the first great simple things as all the great poets have sung them, and then how the world will listen!

Yet after an interview with Browning he wrote of his talk: "It wasn't Sordello and it wasn't as fine as Paracelsus, but . . . I went home and slept after hearing him as one does after a fresh starlight walk with a good cool breeze on his face."

This layman's bishop died in 1893 at the age of fifty-seven. Among other memorials a window is dedicated to him in St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is inscribed with two elegiac couplets by the late Archbishop of Canterbury; and these have been tolerably rendered by Mr. Christopher Benson as follows:

Fervent with speech, most strong with sacred art,
To light, to lift the struggling human heart;
To feed the flock: Thy people's choice was given—
Required on earth, but ah! preferred to Heaven.

Other New Books.

THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW.

EDITED BY MRS. GEORGE
CORNWALLIS-WEST.

Magnificently clad, as usual, the *Anglo-Saxon Review* appears for the seventh time, and, as usual, Mr. Cyril Davenport writes a note on its clothes. Among the most interesting of the articles in an excellent number is Mr. Egerton Castle's inquiry into "The Spirit of Romance." It takes the form of a dialogue with a Lady, in which the Lady does little but pout prettily. Is love an indispensable ingredient of Romance? No. Stevenson, prince of romancers, dispensed with it almost entirely. Romance deals with any poignant passion in a large way. "In your Romance the characters reveal and explain themselves under the stress of events—action, therefore, and incidents, are its main factors; whereas in your Novel the mere dialectic of conversation (so to speak) is sufficient to shape the course of the drama." Mr. Egerton Castle works out this distinction pleasantly and convincingly from the "Troubadours" to the "Prisoner of Zenda." The "Poetry of the Campaign" makes Mr. Arthur Waugh rather sad, and he looks back with regret to the Crimean spirit which produced "Maud." Mr. Kipling gave the key, and the rest caught the tune. "No sooner was war declared than there arose an urgent necessity for providing for the wives and children of the soldiers summoned to the front, and an appeal had to be made to the public which should be poignant and far-reaching. Amid these circumstances Mr. Kipling generously threw himself into the breach. . . . He filled his lines with the nudging spirit of vulgarity, which, he knew, would open the purse-strings of the man in the villa." The worst of it was that when the "Absent-Minded Beggar" had begged successfully the rest caught the music-hall spirit, and even Mr. Henley wrote—

And yet an old mad burgher-man
Can put us on the run.

"A violence alike to the urbanity of contest and the dignity of power." Few will quarrel with this verdict. This number of the *Anglo-Saxon* has a remarkable variety of interest. As a record of the shifting literature of the day, striking the balance between the serious and the frivolous, it is unique. (Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. 21s.)

ABYSSINIA.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

We seem always on the verge of complications with Abyssinia, and yet, somehow, always sheer clear of them at last. The reason for this is explained more or less in Mr. Herbert Vivian's new book on Abyssinia, which is the narrative of a recent journey to Adis Ababa and back, with a run over to Aden, and a visit to Jibouti, the French Colony. Mr. Vivian has not produced a great work, or one which can aspire ever to be a textbook, but he has written a very pleasant and easily read

account of his travels, which gives a very fair idea of the country and the people, and the characteristics of both. Mr. Vivian had an interview with Menelik, and it is interesting to learn that the Negus Negusti has always desired our friendship and support, as he knows that he can trust us. "Other people," said Menelik, "often tell me things which I find out afterwards are not true, or they promise things and do not perform them. But when an Englishman says anything to me I know that I can believe him; when he promises anything it is as good as done." This is a highly satisfactory testimonial, and incidentally shows Menelik to be a man of intelligence. Mr. Vivian does not return the compliment, for his opinion of the Abyssinians is of the poorest. Neither does he think much of the French, whom he regards from an absolutely Nelsonic point of view. There are some informing sidelights on British Somaliland, which seems well worth looking after, and, on the whole, no pleasanter book of travel has been published for some time. Mr. Vivian writes in an easy conversational style, and, as he never forgets himself, the reader comes to take quite an interest in him and his struggles with mule drivers and insects. (Pearson. 15s.)

ST. NICHOLAS I.

BY JULES ROY.

The power of the Popes, spiritual, temporal, and of the kind that lies on the wide indeterminate borderland that divides one domain from the other, has been acquired by degrees. The main outline of the historical process is matter of general knowledge. What is in dispute is the legitimacy of such development as history records. To the papist (a word which in this place we may properly use) the process is a gradual realisation of a divine purpose, the unfolding of the flower of the Petrine Privilege: "Tibi dabo claves regni ccelorum"; and the fulfilment of the injunction: "Strengthen thy brethren." To the Protestant historian—to the author, for instance, of "The Holy Roman Empire"—the exaltation of the ecclesiastical estate is a natural consequence of a centripetal tendency characteristic of the times, favoured by personal ambition, and justified to an uncritical age by a plausible array of isolated and strictly irrelevant texts.

Whichever be the view of any reader of this brief biography of the series "Les Saints" (well translated by Miss Margaret Maitland), he will find in the contests of Nicholas with Photius, the intruded patriarch of Constantinople, in his correspondence with the emperor Michael, and his dealings with recalcitrant primates and princes enough to illustrate his opinions and confirm his preconceptions. What more can anyone demand? The Pope's policy did much to prepare the way for the final realisation of the ecclesiastical monarchy of Gregory VII.:

He saw [writes M. Roy], and made others see, the triple primacy that resides, not only in the Roman Church, but in the Papacy; a primacy of priesthood, of doctrinal authority, of royalty. His generous defence of persecuted innocence in Theutberga, his calm solution of all the Bulgarian questions, his unravelling of the wily Hincmar's arguments, his authoritative reminders to kings and bishops of the duties of their state, are all in the same tone. He speaks as one whose inmost conviction is that he is God's chief representative on earth, as one who believes in himself as holding the office of supreme priest, doctor, ruler.

The monograph is to be expanded at a later time, and the condensation of its form justifies the author's purpose. (Duckworth. 3s.)

CHINA'S ONLY HOPE.

BY CHANG CHIH-TUNG.

Amid the jarring notes of foreign diplomacy and the specious protests of untruthful Chinamen it is consoling to come across so sane and straightforward a pronouncement as that contained in *China's Only Hope*. Its author is Viceroy of the province of Liang Hu. His work has the

endorsement of the present Emperor, and the encouragement of a circulation of one million copies in China; and the reader's best thanks are due to its translator, the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, an American missionary with long experience of China and a scholarly grasp of Chinese literature. He has attempted a paraphrase rather than a literal translation, and the result is eminently readable. The mere quotation of one of Chang Chih-Tung's *dicta* is enough to show the quality of his speculations. "Old custom is a bugaboo, a password to lying and deceit," he says with a frankness surely remarkable in a Chinese official. With a wealth of illustration from the classics of his country, with a literary style which scholars pronounce to be exquisite in the original, and with no inconsiderable knowledge of the history of countries other than his own, he urges that salvation can only come to his country if Confucianism is revived as a vital principle of life, and to it is added an acceptance of Western science and methods. The proposal is elaborated with considerable subtlety and strength. No one who wishes to grasp the elements of the Far Eastern puzzle should miss this book. (Oliphant.)

AT PRETORIA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

Mr. Julian Ralph, the well-known American war correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, is also outspoken; but the purpose of his book is wider. While nearly every newspaper correspondent who has been at the front considers it his duty to present a volume of impressions to the public, Mr. Ralph has seen fit to issue two. His *At Pretoria* contains much material that has not appeared in the daily papers, and in consequence of this, as well as on its own merits of composition and arrangement, is of more lasting value than many of the war books that have issued red-hot from the press. The book is at one and the same time a brisk narrative of the march that ended in the capture of Pretoria, and a collection of clever criticisms on men and matters, made prominent by the war. In this connexion the ensuing sample is of interest as illustrating the theme on which the book is founded—viz., that thorough reform of the army is essential to secure the prosperity and safety of Great Britain:

The Colonial has very strong merits which the Regulars lack, just as the Regulars have great and necessary qualities needed by the Colonials. . . . The Colonials won deserved admiration for their individual independence and initiative, their skill in taking cover, and the adaptability by which they were quickly able to meet the Boer with something very like his own tactics. . . . They preferred to fight at ease, and if they were allowed to do so and could thus kill more Boers (or kill Boers more quickly) in their shirt-sleeves, they more than once fought without their coats. This means something to those who saw the Regulars, under a blazing tropical sun, rigged up like dray-horses, with more straps and hooks, bundles, bottles, and bags than one would think were sufficient to disable any human being except an European soldier. Poor Tommy!

(Pearson. 6s.)

Mr. Henry Frowde sends us a set of new Prayer Books, of which we can only say that they are beautifully produced, and that the prayers for "the King's Majesty" and for "the Royal Family" seem to bring home the change of reign more completely than anything else. In addition Mr. Frowde sends us *The Memorial Service*, being "Special forms of service in commemoration of Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria of Blessed and Glorious Memory, to be used in all Churches and Chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, either on the day of the funeral or on the most convenient day within the Octave." Neatly and variously issued in black leatherette, *The Memorial Service* forms a touching memento of the nation's loss.

Fiction.

Committed to his Charge. By R. and K. M. Lizars.
(Greening. 6s.)

THE gradual conquest of an old-fashioned parish by a new incumbent is a theme that promises human interest; and given, as in the present case, a Canadian setting, it adds the charm of novelty to the glamour of "the cloth." When one of Mr. Huntley's congregation had a difficulty in "finding a verse, Mrs. Lindsay advised her to turn to the Hypocrisy." Another member, "the thrifty Kippan," "considered silver coffin-plates much too good stuff to bury," and therefore adorned his best room with those that were inscribed with the names of his three deceased wives.

These two illustrations will serve to show the general aspect of the book. It exploits oddity, and here and there exploits it with an eye too eager for our smiles to be careful of our convictions. The best of the odd gallery is *Dulcissima*, the old maid with a passion for motherhood. Amid these folk, who focus much charity and slander in their Guild, stands the cultivated modernity of the athletic rector and his wealthy and beautiful wife. He preaches to them as much by putting on his wife's goloshes as by doctrinal sermons. He survives a disastrous attempt at a harvest thanksgiving; and when a domestic calamity reduces him to a wreck, his wish with his flock is law. It is then, however, that the rector becomes apathetic and contentedly submissive to the old order, while the congregation grows pushful and soaring.

One hardly knows why the collaborators decided on the series of painful shocks which conclude a performance that is largely controlled by the comic spirit. It may be that it is real life which is inartistic; it often is. But one feels that the book would have been better if it had avoided abysses.

Julie: a Study of a Girl. By a Man.
(Scott. 6s.)

THE author of this novel, whose well-known personality is revealed on many pages of it, would possibly despise any purely literary criticism of his book. He would probably say: "*Julie* is written from my heart—a heart sore and bleeding with a sense of all the wrongs done by man to his fellow-men; it is a vehement social protest—and you come to me prating about literary art!" Nevertheless, we are obliged to come to him prating about literary art. Even though the East End falls dead of starvation in its streets while the West End is drinking wine at a guinea a bottle, we should find it necessary to prate of literary art in "*Merrie England*." "*A Man's*" story is that of a poor girl of the Flowery Dean (by the "*Ditch*") who is found by a professor of music listening to a German band off the Strand. A glance at the child's face is sufficient to convince Mr. Guinea-gold that she has genius. He rescues her from the Flowery Dean, educates her, and transforms her into a great violinist. It is inevitable, of course, that misfortune should happen to this child of misfortune, and so, in an encounter with her drunken father, her wrist is permanently injured. No matter! It appears that she has a voice, and in five pages the "wonderful young singer" has "London at her feet. Nor was that strange." We think it was strange, and stranger still that she should then take diphtheria, and so permanently injure her throat! Julie is driven down again into the depths, but at last she happily marries "a young officer." Need we say that the crowning fault of this spasmodically clever book is its incurable sentimentality? It is as sentimental as a ballad, and nearly as false to life, though some of the author's descriptions of gin-sodden and other sorts of poverty are very exact on the surface. The strike meeting at which Julie brings tears to rude eyes is done very well, and Mr. Charles

Chigwin, the labour leader, has much vitality. The writing of the book lacks both tact and distinction.

It is strange, that chilling silence of the hurrying crowd, each ego self-centred and indifferent, if not hostile, to all the rest: numbers without cohesion, neighbourhood without sympathy, society bereft of social feeling by the anarchic operation of the base lusts and unprofitable haste of a crazy civilisation.

This is mere petulance. Does "A Man" expect the wayfarers of Fleet-street to stop and chat with each other of a night? On the first page of the book there is an infantile play on words which is three centuries out of date. On the second page a piano is called an "instrument of torture." Now a person who makes a platform of the novel ought at any rate to have begun by discovering that a piano can *not* any longer be called an instrument of torture. The catalogue of literary peccadilloes might be continued indefinitely.

"A Man" is a witty and talented man, animated by a very sincere philanthropy; it is impossible not to sympathise with him. He even has some literary gift, but we have not been able to persuade ourselves from this book that he has a gift for fiction.

Deacon Bradbury. By Edwin Asa Dix.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

A COMMONPLACE plot, carefully worked out, and redeemed by a clever character-study. The story hinges upon the young man—only too well known in fiction—who, for no conceivable reason, allows himself to be wrongly suspected of theft. He cannot even plead the excuse that he does it to shield another. He has, in fact, no excuse to offer at all, except that of his quite abnormal pride. Of course, the case is cleared up in the end, but not before the young man's father—poor old Deacon Bradbury—has become hopelessly alienated from the Church of his baptism, by reason of his son's supposed fall. The Deacon himself is a distinct success, and by far the best thing in the book is his pathetic awakening to the consciousness of a lost faith, first in his son and then in the God he had striven to serve so faithfully. A Providence who can allow calamities to befall the good upset all Deacon Bradbury's ideas of justice. He had seen the same system at work among his friends; but, as he justly remarks, "It makes a mighty big difference whose ox is gored."

We confess to a shrinking from the Vermont dialect as given us by Mr. Dix, and we wish he would not belabour his pages with so many Americanisms. But he has humour; and, as we said before, the book is interesting by reason of Deacon Bradbury.

"Number One and Number Two." By F. M. Peard.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

"NUMBER ONE" deserves very little notice: he is, in the language of the day, a bounder. "Number Two" commands our interest and respect; both numbers refer to the lovers of Miss Bride Kennedy, a young woman who, utterly bored by English country life, and in particular by a parson brother-in-law, elects to escape to Egypt with a companion. Here, of course, she meets the inevitable "Number Two"; also, of course, "Number One" turns up, and complications ensue. The heroine's complex character is well presented, and the story runs smoothly; moreover, we meet a delightful American artist and his wife, a baronet, and a cousin; and, in company with some or all of these, we are taken up the Nile (just after Omdurman), and, later, to Greece and to Gibraltar.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE LOST LAND.

BY JULIA M. CROTTIE.

"Being the Autobiography of Miss Annita Lombard, 1780-1797." A sad, delicately-told tale of a Cromwellian-Irish town by the author of *Neighbours: Annals of a Dull Town*, which we found anything but dull. The present work sketches the ruin of an Irish family, beginning with the entrance of the stepfather into the home, and ending with the outlawry of the head of the house. In a preface the author remarks on the note of sadness prevailing through the work: "In these grey pages there is little gaiety, and whatever humour there is is seen through 'the mist and the rain.'" (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE TRAGEDY OF A PEDIGREE.

BY HUGO AMES.

The cover shows a sheeted skeleton walking on its hands down a genealogical chart. It is an acrobatic feat that compels admiration. The author, we are informed in a publisher's note, is the brother of the tallest man in the British army. A hint of the plot of the story is given on page 7: "To Elizabeth Welwyn the attenuation of the family tree, reduced as it was to one slender stem, was replete with unusual significance." A few lines before we are told that "a malevolent fate had, all too literally, upset the family cart, and blotted out for ever the two at one fell blow." (Greening. 6s.)

THE BELIEVING BISHOP.

BY HAVERGALL BATES.

The name of the author is new to us, and the method of this essay in fiction is certainly novel. It is a satire, and like most satires will either amuse or offend. The object of the satire is the opulence of bishops, and their attitude towards one of their number who, determining that he cannot remain in a position of such worldly magnificence while the poor of the slums live as they do, resigns his See, and, in the end, dies. The book opens at Oxford. "The young Warden of Muriel College sat in the college garden —." (George Allen. 6s.)

NAOMI'S EXODUS.

BY LILY H. MONTAGU.

Tells the story of a young girl brought up in a Ghetto of West London, and her religious awakenings. Incidentally the author describes vicissitudes in the lives of London working-girls. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

QUALITY CORNER.

BY C. L. ANTROBUS.

A domestic novel, passing in the country, and bearing as sub-title "A Study of Remorse." "The market-place might be called the heart of Ringway, and just where the high road turned out of it stood Quality Corner." The present volume, like Mrs. Antrobus's *Wildersmoor*, has strong work in it, and the character-drawing is good. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

A PATH OF THORNS.

BY ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

A woman's autobiography. "I lost my mother when I was very young, yet I can well recall her sweet and pensive face. Her eyes beamed tenderly beneath her low, fair brow; and, whenever a sun-ray fell upon her wavy hair, she seemed to be crowned with gold." For motto Mr. Vizetelly has taken these lines from Congreve's "The Mourning Bride":

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned."

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage) 17/6

„ Quarterly 5/0

„ Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

George Bernard Shaw.

An Enquiry.

UPON the conclusion of the first performance of "Arms and the Man" at the Avenue Theatre, Mr. Shaw was called before the curtain by an audience of enraptured *dilettanti*. At the very moment of the author's appearance a lone man in the gallery gave utterance to a loud and inimical "Boo!" Mr. Shaw nonchalantly raised his head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,

remarked, "I rather agree with you, my friend." It was an admirable instance of his impassive coolness under fire, his instantaneity of retort, and his aptitude for saying what he does not mean. To these qualities Mr. Shaw owes much, if not most, of his popular reputation. He has finer qualities, the love of justice and the hatred of shams, but a popular reputation is not to be built on such characteristics; and had it not been for his extraordinary debating skill, Mr. Shaw, despite many excellences, would have remained to this day unappreciated, instead of being, as he terms it, a "legend." Mr. Shaw is a born debater, whether in speech or in writing. The dialectical *séances* in which he took part at Battersea used to provide one of the prettiest entertainments in London. Far too ambitious to leave nature alone, he has assiduously perfected a natural gift until it has become a formidable and not entirely unrighteous force in the country's intellectual life. The man who measures swords with Mr. Shaw is foredoomed to defeat. His cause may be good, but he will be beaten, and probably rendered ridiculous. One may say of Mr. Shaw, as Macaulay said of Burke: "In a few scorching words he withered up the arguments of the unfortunate beings who dared to oppose him." Only Mr. Shaw's words do not scorch, for he is neither an orator nor an enthusiast; they are cold as steel and they cut. The uncontrolled use of great power is always a severe trial of moral strength, and perhaps Mr. Shaw has himself somewhat succumbed to that victorious sword of his; perhaps he is now more its slave than its master. He has developed into a sort of intellectual bravo, a notorious duellist like Paul de Cassagnac, who goes about seeking insults. "What! You contradict me? I beg you to step this way." And the victim is led off to execution. There is, in fact, only one effective way of conversing with Mr. Shaw, and that is to assert baldly, to iterate, to reiterate, and absolutely to decline any semblance of argumentative combat.

We have said that he is not an enthusiast. The enthusiast is emotional, like the artist, and neither in Mr. Shaw's speeches nor in his works have we ever observed the slightest trace of emotion. His is a case of intellect almost pure. Every man has some sentiment, but Mr. Shaw has as little as a man may have. He is the indefatigable champion of social justice, not because he has a passion for social justice, but because he has an intellectual perception of it, because his aquiline eyesight

instantly sees through all delusions, deceptions, and hypocrisies. His "unquestioning faith in the power and validity of the intellect" (the phrase is Tolstoi's) is the most pathetic thing about him. Like Tolstoi's Prince Andrei, "the impossibility of expressing everything" seems never to have occurred to him, nor the doubt "whether all that he thought and all that he believed were not vanity." He has the arrogance which usually accompanies abnormal intellect. He scorns the entire human race, if not for one quality, then for another. His fellow-men will persist in feeling instead of thinking. Such fatuity is nauseous to him; it has, indeed, permanently soured him, so that he spends seven days a week in proving that he is surrounded by fools. And he is. His function—a function brilliantly and usefully fulfilled—is to depreciate human nature, to check its self-satisfactions, prick its bubbles, and drive it out of its paradises; and in this department of activity he is capable single-handed of the work of an entire epoch. One Shaw suffices. That is his *métier*. He thinks he has other trades. He calls himself a critic of the arts, and in particular, just now, of literature. "Produce me your best critic," he says in his apology for *The Devil's Disciple*, "and I will criticise his head off." Not in the least. Mr. Shaw might decapitate him with that sword, but he would not criticise his head off. The first attribute of the critic is sympathy, and Mr. Shaw has never shown sympathy with any of the arts. He has, we admit, explained with delightful and amazing skill the ideological side of certain art works which have an ideological side, such as Wagner's *Nibelung's Ring* and some of Ibsen's plays, but he finds nothing to say about those emotional qualities by virtue of which alone an art work can live. The august dithyrambic joy of a Berlioz in Beethoven or a Swinburne in the Elizabethans, the more sedate and intimate pleasure of a St. Beuve in George Crabbe or a Matthew Arnold in Heine: these are true criticism, but they do not argue, they state; they are the expression not of ideas but of emotions. Speaking of the immortal climax of Antony and Cleopatra, Mr. Shaw can only say: "Shakspeare finally strains all his huge command of rhetoric and stage pathos to give a theatrical sublimity to the wretched end of the business." He has the piercing vision of the young lady who on first beholding the west front of Westminster Abbey remarked that the clock had stopped. He always searches for the ignoble, never for the noble, and his gift of discovering it is preternatural. The major part of his judgments are worse than false; they are half true.

At the present time Mr. Shaw chooses to come before the world as a playwright. It is his innocuous hobby to be everything. He has been political reformer, novelist, art critic, musical critic, dramatic critic, vestryman—and still follows sundry of these vocations; but at the moment the stage looms largest in his view, and the *dilettanti* are excessively diverted by his *Three Plays for Puritans* (Grant Richards), being the third volume of his collected plays. In his rôle of Admirable Crichton Mr. Shaw succeeds as well at one thing as at another; and we have small doubt that he is as good a playwright as he has been a vestryman, or nearly so. His habit is to write elaborate prefaces, defences, and expositions for his plays. In his justification of *The Devil's Disciple*, the first piece in *Three Plays*, he states that he is a charlatan and a mountebank; but, of course, being after all human, he does not expect the reader to believe that. He also states that he is a "dramatist of genuine vocation." He proceeds to explain why he, a dramatist of genuine vocation, finds it necessary to be his own commentator. "The reason most dramatists do not publish their plays with prefaces is that they cannot write them. . . . I write prefaces as Dryden did, and treatises as Wagner did, because I can." Never was a more tragic blindness than this. The lamentable fact is that Mr. Shaw writes prefaces because he must; because he has so disdainfully neglected technique

and the very rudiments of dramatic expression that he cannot say what he wants in the play itself, and is therefore obliged to botch it up with additions in the only medium which he really understands. To cover his own clumsiness he pretends that the reader or the hearer is a person of feeble or undeveloped mind who needs a guide through the marvellous subtleties of the Shaw genius. As the Clarendon Press issues a *Shakespeare for Schools*, so he feigns to issue a *Shaw for Asylums*. He talks at large of the philosophy and the tendencies of his plays when he should be employed in taking lessons from a competent dramatist—a dramatist who has learnt his business, not patronised it. In not one of Mr. Shaw's plays will the technique bear an instant's examination. A glance, for example, at "The Devil's Disciple" shows that after beginning the play in the usual manner in the first act, he begins it again in the second; the first act is wasted. The principal situation in the second act and the principal situation in the third are the tawdriest of venerable devices, disclosing absolute poverty of invention. Half the characters are useless to the action; and the whole affair, in essence, is an amorphous mass of melodrama and sheer sentimentality of the most British kind.

One might still be hopeful for Mr. Shaw's future as a dramatist, despite his present incompetence, if there was any hint in his plays of creative power. But there is no such hint. Neither a character nor a scene is realised: just as the author was never moved in writing them, so the reader is never moved in reading them. From end to end they are concoctions, in which everything is subordinated to the statement of an idea and the dazzling exchange of repartee. "The drama," he says, "can never be anything more than the play of ideas"! That depends on what you mean by an idea. The De Goncourts once remarked that ideas were the curse of modern art, and they were right. Art, including dramatic art, it cannot be too often repeated, is a business of emotion, and the intensity and grandeur of its emotion are the measure of its greatness. Ideas! Mr. Shaw has often railed at Shakespeare because his ideas are so ordinary, his philosophy so obvious. Mr. Shaw is fertile of original ideas, he is a master of dialectics; his wit is unflagging, and he can shoot out damaging retorts like a Maxim gun. It would be strange, therefore, if he could not write amusing and edifying dialogue. He can. His dialogue is a continual feast; it reminds one of the old transpontine days at Battersea. But to cut it up into lengths and call it a play is simple effrontery. The dialogue is the mere exterior of a play, the part one does last, when the hard creative work is accomplished. Mr. Shaw's stage-pieces may be genius; careful critics have said so; but they are decidedly not drama. They might more correctly be called the Joseph's coat of a non-existent Joseph; fine raiment resembling a man until you poke it where the ribs ought to be.

The relation of this brilliant and wayward intellect to the general stolid public is a curious one. The public regard him as a sort of tse-tse fly, that will not leave them alone. Buzz! Buzz! That man Shaw again, stinging us, piercing our masks, oversetting our ideals, and making us highly uncomfortable! In many quarters he is looked on as an Enemy of the British Race, who ought to be exiled to St. Helena in keeping of some literary knight. But the public, great simple souls, do not know what is good for them.

Things Seen.

The Pianist.

I KNEW nothing of the new Pianist except that she was a Greek, and that she was very young. There she sat, a note of white in the large yellow drawing-room, alone on a couch without a back—erect, self-contained, shy. Her face was small and thin, and in her eyes lurked something of the suspicion of a woodland creature. She went to the piano almost sullenly, and for a moment sat motionless, her hands hanging idly, her face expressionless as a sleep-walker's. Then she began to play, and as she played she and the piano became one. She picked the notes from the keys with the dainty precision that a woman picks blossoms from a tree. And the notes did not escape from her fingers, but passed in tremors up her arms, meeting and swaying in her body, like the movements that sweep over a field of corn under a temperate breeze. And her face? Well, I once read of a fancy in the writings of Bede—"the fancy that there is a certain 'meadow as it were,' in which the souls of holy men suffer nothing, but wait the time when they should be fit to bear the vision of God." And that look lasted till she ceased playing. We who had listened came back to earth and she went back to her couch without a back, and sat like one who had been through great tribulation, and had used up all desire. I talked to her, but she was enlisted in negation. Her body was a husk. It was as if she had just returned from a terrible journey. And as she sat there supine, nerveless, spent—suddenly I thought of Odysseus, and how (so we are told) after he was dead, he and other souls were bidden to choose the kind of life that should be theirs irrevocably. To Odysseus the last lot fell. And he chose a tame life, a lot that had been thrown contemptuously aside by the others, saying that he would have done the same had he drawn the first lot. I told her that.

The Diner.

I WAS eating with a Lucknow veteran in a place where a bountiful plate of hot meat and vegetables is to be had for sixpence. I thought I was hungry, but so dull an edge has the hunger of those who too often fare sumptuously, that I could scarcely touch the unappetising heap. Even the keen hunger of my companion failed to do justice to the enormous helping, and he left his platter not quite clean. It was the slack of the day, and we sat for nearly an hour. Our talk was of Sepoys and Boers, of the gallant young officer who, but for the snapping of a mutineer's cap, would never have marched either to Kandahar or Pretoria, of the tragic problem of daily bread for the unskilled grey-headed illiterate, of the peace of heaven in the Hospital at Chelsea. Over the low partition of our box a pair of gaunt eyes had been watching us steadily—the eyes of a man, I thought, who had got through his own meal and, having caught the drift of our words, had fallen under the spell of my old soldier. But the old soldier, though no scholar, was a better reader of men. "Here, mate!" he cried in a rough whisper, as we rose to go, and with a nod of invitation he pushed forward our unemptied plates. The gaunt eyes gleamed, there was a shuffle of eager feet, shaking hands piled the cold mass together, and in another moment a starving man was swallowing food fiercely and indiscriminately like a ravenous dog.

"Does that often happen?" I asked, as we stepped into the air. "Every day," was the answer; "there's many a poor devil jist goes in there for what's to be picked up, and, so long as they keep pretty quiet, the boss ain't the one to make any fuss."

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

FRENCH Literature has recently sustained three losses which the class here defined as "bien pensant" regard as great, and in one instance as irreparable. It may be permitted those who judge brainwork by its intellectual or artistic value, and not according to the political-religious views of the writers, to qualify these three writers—the Duke of Broglie, Henri de Bornier, and Mme. Caro—as three respectable mediocrities. The aristocratic party mourn the Duke de Broglie as the greatest statesman and historian of the age. Now I doubt if there is a single one of his admirers who have read through even three of his books. I myself tried two, and put them aside depressed by their dullness and lifelessness. If anybody else but a duke had written them, supposing their author fortunate enough to have obtained a publisher willing to give them to the light at the author's own expense, assuredly nobody would ever have heard of them. They reveal great industry, of the compilers' sort, a second-rate, futile erudition, without a hint of personality, temperament, talent, or art. The flatness of the style is such that the noble duke even succeeds in eliminating all its natural charm from the delightful tongue it was his privilege to write. As well as an eminent historian I have heard the duke lauded as an orator. Here experience bids me salute him as a still more hopeless mediocrity. True, he was then an old man, but his enunciation could never have been good, and it would be difficult to find an orator with a worse manner. He was as poor and dull a speaker as a writer, with a thin utterance and an insignificant presence; but he had the prestige of a great name and a considerable fortune, and, as well, presided in the Academy over the Reactionary Party. He is supposed to have sacrificed his political career to his principles in the famous *Seize Mai* business; but it is hardly likely in these complex modern hours such an old-fashioned type of French *seigneur* would have made any figure. His only place was at the head of a group of academical fossils, who persistently decline to see the sun in the noonday sky, and who speak with bated breath of the Duke of Orleans, that model of a gentleman and prince, as "The King."

The second departed Academician, Henri de Bornier—only a viscount he, and as such a lesser personage—I have always heard spoken of as a "raseur"—something more than a bore. He wrote a famous piece, "La Fille de Roland," which nobody to-day seems to have read or seen acted, but which, when our generation was in its youth, sentimental lads and maidens used to recite from with fervour. Since the author's death, I have asked at least four cultivated French people (two of them eminent writers) what it is all about. Nobody seems to know, and nobody seems to care. Yet at his funeral this week such men as de Vogüé, Claretie, Hervieu wept profusely, and seemed to entertain the notion that a part of the glory of France had departed with Henri de Bornier. So misleading and mendacious are funeral orations. Him, too, have I heard speak, and a dismal hour I spent. He undertook to deliver a lecture on French epic poetry. The subject is vast, and embraces a diversity of names. Well, M. de Bornier only pronounced one name, and that was his own; only discussed and quoted from two epics, and those were his own—"La Fille de Roland" and "France d'Abord." I left the lecture-hall with the distinct impression that France had produced but a single epic poet, and I was disposed to think from the sample given that it was one too many. This, however, is what the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Leygues, says: "When the professor read us the famous strophes, it was like a lightning ray tearing through our night. Our souls seemed suddenly enlarged and freed of the weight of discouragement and wretchedness that bore them down."

The old hereditary enthusiasms were awakened in us. Once more we were led to hope and to believe." And M. Claretie cries: "His plays were those which bring to flower in the heart all great thoughts. The Comédie Française owes him many superior works, and above all a masterpiece that will never perish." A great deal of the extraordinary success of "La Fille de Roland" may be explained by the opportune moment of its appearance. France was morally and physically ill, depressed by defeat, for which her vain and nervous temperament is ill-adapted, and a young man had the courage and patriotic instinct to come forward with a tonic in the shape of sonorous lines about her imperishable glories. Paris shook off the nightmares of fever and lethargy, and trumpeted the hopeful verses to the remotest provinces.

The third loss to Letters is Mme. Caro, the widow of the eminent Academician immortalised in "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." This lady made an anonymous *début* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with "Le Pêché de Madeleine," a book that instantly commanded an extraordinary vogue. I have been told that its authorship was the sole discussion of *salons*, and that it was attributed to nearly every living writer of note. It created something like the actual sensation of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*. I remember it vaguely as a pretty story, of free and limpid style, but with nothing in it to explain its immense success. Since then I have read two other books by Mme. Caro, *Pas à Pas* and *Romance of a Young Girl*, both of a prodigious mediocrity, the blameless productions of a "lady-like" writer, without humour or depth, or any striking quality of mind or pen, who is incapable of writing a line that the virgin soul of fifteen might not read without harm, if altogether without profit, and unable to write a dramatic or enduring scene, while her psychology and interpretation of character and life are absolutely puerile.

An interesting if unpleasing study of Parisian passion in very small letters is M. Maxime Formont's "Courtisane." The style has finish and a certain evasive charm, if the whole lacks strength and conviction. M. Formont paints us a modern Mme. Marneffe without any of the haunting power of Balzac, and her victim, a weak aristocrat, a widower with a charming daughter, is a figure of singularly dull degradation. The daughter expiates her father's sin by renunciation of her own happiness, and the father, to obtain the approval of his ancestors, goes off to Africa to die.

H. L.

Table Talk.

[In the many periodicals which were started by Leigh Hunt, to shed, during their too brief lives, good humour upon the town, a more or less regular column of Table Talk was always provided—whether in the *Examiner*, or the *Indicator*, the *Companion*, or the *London Journal*. For the most part, he filled the column himself, having as ready a pen as any man in journalism; but he called on his friends too. From time to time we propose to offer similar instalments of Table Talk to the readers of the ACADEMY.]

A YEAR or so ago "S. S.," a correspondent of the ACADEMY, picked from Sir Algernon West's *Recollections* the following lines, which were printed in the "Contributor's Playground" under the title "Charles Lamb's Time Sheet":

From ten to eleven
Eat breakfast for seven.
From eleven to noon
Think I've come too soon.
From noon to one
Think what's to be done.
From one to two
Find nothing to do.
From two to three
Think it will be
A very great bore
To stay till four.

I remember that when I read them I had doubts as to their authenticity, one reason being the oddness of never having seen them before, and another the circumstance, which is proved by scores of Lamb's letters, that he was hard worked at the India House. We do not associate with him the pleasant aspersions of sloth that are cast upon gentlemen in Civil appointments in Whitehall and Fetter-lane. Last week I solved the mystery, for I found another and more credible version of the lines attributed to Thomas Love Peacock, in the memoir of him prefixed to the 1875 edition of his works, by Edith Nicolls. Peacock's "Time Sheet" ran thus:

From ten to eleven, ate a breakfast for seven;
From eleven to noon, to begin 'twas too soon;
From twelve to one, asked "What's to be done?"
From one to two, found nothing to do;
From two to three began to foresee
That from three to four would be a d—d bore.

Peacock, of course, was also at the India House; but in a post of less drudgery and more importance than Lamb.

WHAT has become of "The Children of the Hour"? Four or five years ago this breakfast companion was announced. It was to be supplied to subscribers by post, in a red envelope, and was to offer them morning by morning an essay, or a leading article, or a poem, or nothing at all. I forget the subscription—a guinea a year or a guinea a number. Jokes were made upon it, I remember. The yearly volume was to be called "The Minute Book," and the contributors were to be nourished on Best Seconds. But "The Children of the Hour" never reached print. I was reminded of it by the advertisement in a morning paper of 1825 of a new and alluring literary companion for the breakfast-table, called *The Déjeune*, which did actually appear and had a few numbers' run. I think that of all bad titles for newspapers that is the worst: *The Déjeune*. It smacks of Walt Whitman's excursions into French.

On the magazine page of one of the papers that have magazine pages, a little article on the change that is about to come over the Royal symbol V. R., was headed thus the other day:

V. R.

FROM HONG KONG TO HULL,
FROM SCILLY TO SINGAPORE,
FROM BELGRAVIA TO BULUWAYO,
THE FAMILIAR INITIALS MUST DISAPPEAR.

The writer may not perhaps know it, but he has provided in this picturesque title the formula of a Kipling poem. If he had been asked to do it—for an ACADEMY competition, say—he could hardly have accomplished the feat more neatly.

WHEN the point has to be made that men of genius do not always know what they can do best, it is customary for the expounder to cite the cases of Thackeray and Victor Hugo, both of whom are said to have fancied their draughtsmanship above their literary powers. And the hearer then, as a rule, laughs the superior laugh of one who would not be deluded in the same way. I have always subscribed confidently to the Thackeray part of the illustration, because I know what a feeble (albeit genial and intelligent) pencil he wielded; but not having seen any of Hugo's pictures, I had to take his folly on trust. But never again shall I do so, after the two articles on his drawings, in *Harper's Magazine*. Why, the man was a giant! The originals may, of course, be inferior to the reproductions; but the reproductions are colossal. Those vast mysterious castles in enchanted countries; those dark towers, as dire as that to which Child Roland fared; those wild minatory storm-skies; those distant dreamland Cities—why a man who could

have made pictures like that need never have written a word and his fame would have been secure. John Martin (the Mad Martin of Belshazzar's Feast), Gustave Doré, Turner, and Blake seem to have gone to Hugo's evolution as an artist. As I have said, the originals may be poor things; but the reproductions are Titanic, and I doubt if even the wonders of the process block can graft high imagination upon a draughtsman who had none at all.

V. V. V.

Correspondence.

Lowell on Bryant.

SIR,—I think that you have taken Lowell's criticism on Bryant for more than he really intended it, and, as I happen to know, with a meaning he would have recalled. Lowell could not resist the temptation to say a witty thing, though he often regretted it when it hurt. I happened to be on intimate terms with Bryant before I knew Lowell, and I knew that the passage in the "Fable for the Critics" hurt the old man, and that the sting remained always. After becoming well acquainted with Lowell, I said to him one day that Bryant still felt sore at the criticism, and Lowell admitted that it was exaggerated, unjust, and took pains in his next lecture to call attention to certain qualities of Bryant's poetry. When Lowell next came to New York, I gave him a dinner, to which, with his old friend, I invited Bryant, whom he had never met, and I put them together at the table, and left them to each other during the entire dinner. We separated very late, and the two poets enjoyed the dinner immensely, and each other. Bryant was not of a cold nature, but, on the contrary, a very passionate one, which he had learned to control perfectly, and I always had an impression from certain expressions in his poems that he had, in the past, suffered greatly from uncontrolled passion, and had found the necessity of great restraint. But in politics, to which the greatest energies of his life and feeling were given, and in which his paper, the *Evening Post*, was our highest example of political dignity and purity, he was a very warm friend or enemy, hot as good manners permitted. I think that if you will read his poem, entitled "A Rain Dream," you will see that he had his tender side, that which his few intimate friends knew well. I think that the apparent coldness in his verse was really due to his having learned to avoid passionate expression as treacherous, and liable to lead to repentance. His only safety was in the most supreme self-control.—I am, &c.,

W. J. STILLMAN.

Rhymed Elegiacs and Adonis's Gardens.

SIR,—May I make two notes in one? I regret extremely that Mr. William Watson thinks I "dragged him in," as to rhymed elegiacs. I thought that your reviewer of Sir Lewis Morris's recent work named Mr. Watson as an earlier writer of rhymed elegiacs than Sir Lewis; and I wrote without collating the complete works of Mr. Watson. It is an error which I must always deplore. Perhaps your reviewer spoke of unrhymed elegiacs? Secondly, Mr. Stronach is interested in the Gardens of Adonis,

That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.

They appear to be unknown in Greek. In the new edition of Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, Vol. II., p. 120, and Note 1, is a large collection of authorities. Mr. Stronach may inspect them; I have not done so; but, as far as Mr. Frazer's analysis goes, they did not bloom one day and on the next bear fruit, as Shakespeare seems to have heard said. Mr. Richard Grant White was certainly not infallible—in Greek.—I am, &c.,

A. LANG.

Mr. Richard Marsh's Stories.

SIR,—Will you allow me to state that my story, *The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler*, which I have just seen that Messrs. Pearson are announcing as an "important new six-shilling novel," was issued by them in 1894 at 6d., as No. 4 of "Pearson's Library"? As the work is not my copyright, I have no control over it.

I have been frequently the victim of this kind of thing. During the last year or two work of mine which appeared in print twelve years ago has been brought out as new. The impression has consequently grown up that I flood the market with books turned out by machinery. As a matter of fact, since I finished *The Beetle* in the spring of 1896, I have not written, on an average, one novel a year. An author can have no reasonable objection to the production of fresh editions of his books, but he has every right to protest against his old work being issued by owners of copyright as if it were new.

It is unfair to the public, to reviewers, and to the writer himself.—I am, &c.,

RICHARD MARSH.

Shakespeare and the Market.

SIR,—In your issue of December 9, your correspondent thinks a new edition of Steevens's "Twenty Quartos of Shakespeare's Plays" is needed.

I concur with him as to what he says about a reprint of the First Folio being not demanded at this time when Booth's, Stanton's, and Halliwell Phillips's (which he alludes to as "The Chatto & Windus reprint") are readily at hand.

But I am afraid there is quite as little demand for Steevens's "Twenty Quartos."

Here is "The Bankside Shakespeare," printed by the Shakespeare Society of New York, edited by Dr. Appleton Morgan, in which each of these twenty quartos is paralleled with the First Folio text—the eccentricities of the broken types; italics, capitals, and black letter all jumbled together; logotypes, &c., all scrupulously preserved. And here are the Griggs-Prætorius Quartos, issued by Quaritch, both of which can be easily procured, there being no great demand for either. Why, then, an edition of Steevens's "Twenty Quartos"?

Perhaps the "Bankside" may in time be withdrawn from the market; for, as there were but five hundred impressions made and the types distributed, they may all get into private hands. Not so with the Griggs-Prætorius, which can already—at least, here in New York—be purchased at a figure considerably less than their published prices. The fact is, that however much enthusiasts may feel like putting money into Shakespearean reprints, the demand does not justify any commercial venture of the sort. And the same can be said of Shakespeareana generally!

The only way to publish Shakespeare books with any prospect of adequate return is to mark them at almost prohibitive prices. Those who want them will take them at any price; those who want them not will not take them at any price.

Now that the great Jahr Book of the German Shakespeare Gesellschaft has ceased publication, and all the other Shakespeare serials have preceeded it to limbo, I notice that the Shakespeare Society of New York has announced the resumption of *Shakespeareana*, discontinued eight years ago as a quarterly. I have always understood that the old *Shakespeareana* died for want of support. Doubtless the resumption has been financially provided for; otherwise, to add to the deluge of magazines seems hardly worth while. I am personally delighted to see the resumption, of course, but am afraid that Shakespeare, except to his very few remaining disciples, and on the stage, is most undeservedly and lamentably dead commercially, pitiful as the fact may be!—I am, &c.,

CHARLES HENRY BRECK.

148, East 12th Street, New York: January 12, 1901.

"Hannibal."

SIR,—I find "Bookworm" tripping slightly in two places. The volume published by Miss Arabella Shore in 1898 was not *Hannibal*, and other Poems; it contained her sister Louisa's play of "Hannibal"—simply that, and nothing more. Nor, I think, can the page and a half of preface to the book be described as an "introduction" in the accepted sense of the word.

The editor of the "Globe" *Dryden* was, of course, not W. D. Cristie, but W. D. Christie. This, no doubt, is a printer's error, but it occurs curiously in a paragraph correcting a previous slip.

The unhappy young man in the "Thing Seen" entitled "Brown Boots" would have found consolation had he visited last year's Royal Academy. There he would have seen a portrait of His Majesty King Edward VII. arrayed like himself in frock-coat and brown boots. "The King can do no wrong."—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

"The Perfect Politician."

SIR,—In reference to Mr. Babington's remarks as to *The Perfect Politician*, and the claim which he puts forward for it as being the first published biography of Cromwell, it may be of interest to point out that in the year previous to that of the publication of the Life in question there appeared: *The Portraiture of his Royal Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector, &c., in his Life and Death, with a Short View of his Government; Notæ Historico-Politice in Vitam Olivarii Cromwellii*. Both of these works were published in London.—I am, &c.,

F. W. ELIAS.

Simplification of Spelling.

SIR,—There is only one point on which most spelling reformers will differ from Mr. Harrison—namely, as to the substitution of *s* for *z* in words like *baptize*, *civilize*, &c. And this for the reason that, *z* having one distinctive sound, its use to represent that sound should be encouraged as much as possible. Etymologically, one form has as much sanction as the other, and, since consistency is the main thing to aim at, and it is out of the question to use different forms according as these verbs are derived from Latin or Greek, the phonetic argument in favour of *z* is unanswerable. The only difficulty is the exception perhaps necessary in the case of words like *surprise*, *exercise*; but as we already write *prize*, *assize* (although the latter, at least, entirely defies etymology), it would be no great innovation to write *surprize*, &c., also. Similarly the spellings *artisan*, *partizan*, *cozy*, *tease*, *teazle*, &c., should be preferred, and we may even hope for the eventual use of *z* in distinctive words such as *uze*, *rize*, *houze*.—I am, &c.,

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

Underpinned.

SIR,—In your review of Miss Bates's *Spanish Highways and Byways* your critic, speaking of the "indiferente," says that he was "held in high honour for the scholarship that had underpinned his faith." As an engineer, a voracious reader, and an occasional scribbler, may I suggest that the critic intended the opposite to what he wrote. To underpin technically denotes to strengthen weak or undermined foundations either by replacing the weak parts or filling in the cavity with substantial work. The "indiferente" was, as the reviewer says, an unbeliever. His scholarship had, therefore, undermined his faith and not underpinned it. Critics frequently misuse technical terms, and are, I fear, very loath to admit their errors.—I am, &c., L. L.

[Your correspondent is right. Oddly enough, on the day after seeing his letter I had occasion to remark to a builder that a house-wall had subsided. "Yes," he said, "but we have underpinned it."—YOUR REVIEWER.]

"Impossible Poetry."

SIR,—In the line, "The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands," a commentator in your issue for February 2, p. 110, seems to detect inappropriateness of expression. But why should not the epithet "glowing" be applied to hands heated by the friction of rapid passage over a cord?—I am, &c.,

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

The Love-Letter Story.

SIR,—In this class of literature I think that a short story by François Coppée, called "Lettres d'Amour," perhaps bears the palm. The plot is, shortly, as follows: A young poet-egoist gains the love of a poor schoolmistress; they can only meet on Sundays: during the interval she sends him daily letters, which at the time he scarcely reads. Soon he tires of her, and breaks from her brutally. She dies almost alone in a hospital of consumption. His poems are not a success. Some years after he comes across the love-letters among his papers, reads them and sees their beauty. He copies them in his own handwriting and publishes them as his own. They are an immense success, and make him famous. He marries a rich wife, whose head had been turned by the letters. Is he repentant? Far from it, for he finds no difficulty in convincing himself "qu'inspirer un livre ou l'écrire, cela revient au même."—I am, &c.,

H.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 72 (New Series).

In setting the Competition last week we said:

"A party of friends recently beguiled an evening by choosing in turn the historical personage, of any clime or period, man or woman, whom, if they had the power, they would recall from the grave for the pleasure or interest of a quarter of an hour's conversation."

A prize of One Guinea was offered for the most interesting reasons for any particular choice.

We have awarded the prize to Mr. Herbert Jamieson, The Lothians, Hadley Wood, for—

JOAN OF ARC.—Because her outer beauty was but the image and expression of an inner beauty of mind and soul; because to the recognised feminine virtue of purity there was added in her the unrecognised feminine quality of courage, yet without the loss of a single womanly trait; because the passion of patriotism—not the cold abstraction or the imperialistic sham most of us idly worship—burned like fire in her veins; because, though she saw visions and dreamed dreams, she was that rarest of human beings, a practical mystic, incarnating religious faith into active personal duty, surrendering the quiet culture of spirituality to don armour, lead battalions, and bring about the deliverance of her country.

Other replies are as follows:—

PONTIUS PILATE.—Because he would be able to supply an unbiased account of the trial and death of the Founder of Christianity; and would, in all probability, be in a position to settle many disputes arising from the imperfect character of all existing chronicles. Favourably disposed towards Christ, he yet carried out what he considered to be his duty as an impartial administrator of justice, and this points towards a well-balanced mind and the habitude of unprejudiced consideration. His testimony would be of more value to humanity at large than that of any historical character with whom we are acquainted.

[F. P. S., Manchester.]

CHARLES DICKENS.—Because often since you left us so suddenly (thirty-one years ago, come next June), I, with others, have felt intense curiosity to know the solution of the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Richard Proctor, most genial of astronomers, in his monograph, *Watched by the Dead*, gave us the probable trend of that half-told tale. But his piecing together of hints was only what Dr. John Brown calls "Eustochia" or "Happy Guessing." In ten minutes' talk you could clear up for me the destiny of the morose Jasper, and the fate of the winsome Rosa. But why summon you, or any other personage of the past, from your well-earned repose to chatter about such a trifling coil? Rather would I say to you—as the Scotch lady said to her moribund husband, when he suggested that if possible he would pay her a post-mortem visit—"Nay, Charles, keep your own side."

[R. T. McC., Whitby.]

NAPOLEON I.—Because I should like to ask him why he did not crown heroism in the field with chivalry to his Empress Josephine?

How much he gained by breaking his vows and blighting her life? Are his honour and glory perpetuated in the line of descent? What has France gained? Would he now desire to stand alone like Joan of Arc, or be represented by Napoleon le Petit or Bonaparte Blenkins?

[R. C., Wexford]

HEINRICH HEINE.—Because: (1.) His conversation would probably be the most interesting that any individual could produce. (2.) Heine was made up of so many striking and extraordinary personalities; we can get so little conception of the man in his manifold aspects from the records left of him, that it would be more satisfaction to have a quarter-of-an-hour's talk with him and see (or try to see) a little way into the heart of that great mystery, than with any other human being I know of. (3.) He exercised an extraordinary spell and fascination over other "humans." I should be anxious to try to trace the source of this power.

[A. L., London.]

OLIVER CROMWELL.—Because I should like to set my mind at rest as to the sincerity of his convictions; to inquire into the peculiar state of mind of a man who can reconcile bloodshed with the peaceful and gentle doctrines of Christ, and also to get an authentic account of the detestable behaviour of his troops in Ireland. To my mind it is the height of wickedness and hypocrisy to read the Bible with bloody fingers, and to enforce the literal acceptance of figurative truths at the point of a fanatical sword. The mind of such a man as Cromwell must of necessity have been eccentric, to say the least; and I am convinced that if it were possible for him to hold a conversation with an enlightened man of to-day, he would henceforth occupy a wholly different position in English history than has hitherto been accorded him.

[H. A. M., London.]

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.—Because I should be most likely to find a literary historical personage congenial, and because Shelley's "English Peacock . . . turn'd into a Flamingo" is, in my opinion, the writer who best answers to the requirement desiderated in the following wise dictum of Charles Lamb (see Hazlitt's essay "Of persons one would wish to have seen"): "But what we want to see anyone *bodily* for is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals, more than we can learn from their writings, and yet are curious to know." Browne and Donne, who immediately leap to the mind in this connexion, were mentioned by Lamb. Of such as Shakespeare and Milton we have been overburdened with information and criticism. There is no sense of mystery or novelty.

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—To ascertain his views and opinions with regard to the South African War, Yankee Imperialism, the German Emperor's "mailed fist," the Russians in Manchuria, the death of Queen Victoria, and the decadence of British trade.

[H. B., Gartoosh]

DR. JOHNSON.—Because the greatness of other historical personages is mainly to be seen in their deeds or in their writings; but the greatness of Johnson was manifested in his talking. He has left books—which no one reads—written in a language intermediate between dog-Latin and pigeon-English. But, in conversation, his descriptive epithet or ejaculatory abuse were most intelligible Saxon. If Moses should appear before us, he would only talk a barbarous Hebrew; and if Socrates, his importunate questionings would verily be Greek to us. But Johnson could entertain or affront, with equal felicity, the sober judge and the garrulous biographer. No more charming spirit from the dead could come and talk to us for a quarter of an hour at afternoon tea—if only the teapot were big enough! And after a quarter of an hour, no doubt we should have had just enough of him.

[R. A. S. J., Oxford.]

Replies also received from: F. S. H., Bath; W. S. B., London; C., Surrey; E. L. C. R., Surrey; A. D. B., Liverpool; F. G. C., Hull; P. C. G., Cambridge; T. C., Buxted; F. B. S., Birmingham; A. S., Edinburgh; E. T., Bexhill; R. M., Brighton; A. M. C., Leicester; H. H., Teddington; B. R., Bermondsey; C. J., Hampstead; G. H., Didsbury; W. J. F., Birmingham; M. A. W., London; H., Didsbury; —, Egham; M. E. S., London; C. M. W., Yorks; M. G. C., Ealing; H. W. D., Tottenham.

Competition No. 73 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the most convincing advocacy of the claims of a really neglected English book. We do not mean standard works which may be presumed to be neglected, but books whose very titles are all but forgotten. Length should not exceed 150 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, February 13. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

CATALOGUES.

SOTHERAN'S PRICE CURRENT of LITERATURE.—Monthly List of fresh purchases in Secondhand Books.
No. 605, just published, for February, post free on application.

H. SOTHERAN & Co., Booksellers,
140, Strand, W.C.; and 37, Piccadilly, W.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
Importers of Foreign Books,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and 7,
Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS
promptly supplied on moderate terms.
CATALOGUES on application.
DULAU & Co., 37, Soho Square.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

THIRD LIST OF BOOKS.

Royal 8vo, pp. 279-439, and Plates XVII. to XXXVIII.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:—

MUSIC, EARLY PRINTED BOOKS, BOOKS with
WOODCUTS, AMERICANA, &c.

Price 2s. 6d. post free.

CATALOGUE No. I., 1s., and CATALOGUE
No. II., 2s. 6d., may also be had, post free, on
application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.

IMPORTANT BOOKS
At greatly reduced prices.
CATALOGUE, No. 323, February, 1901, is
Now Ready.

An exceptionally fine list,
Containing the latest acquisitions in
PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS.

WILLIAM GLAISHER,
265, High Holborn, London, W.C.

BARGAINS all round. Thirty-Guinea Side-
board, nice as new, £10. Dismantling
previous to retiring.—Lowe's Book Shop,
New Street, Birmingham.

BARGAINS in Books, Sermons in Stones.—
Charles Knight's Penny Encyclopædia,
sound, clean set, 27 large vols., 10s., cost £10—
Encyclopædia Britannica, set of old edition,
contains a mine of knowledge, 15s., cost £30—
Dickens's Novels, First Editions, 5s. each—
Set of Town Crier, £3—Wanted to Purchase
for cash, One or Two City or Suburban
Properties.—Lowe's Book Shop, next Grammar
School, New Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each offered for
Ackermann's Cambridge, 2 vols., 1815;
Ferguson's Serpent Worship, 1873; Carmen
Saculare: an Ode (Macmillan), 1887; Shel-
ley's St. Irvyne, 1811; Prior's Poems, 1707;
Lamb's John Woodvil, 1802; Keat's Poems,
1817.—BAKER'S Great Book Shop, Birming-
ham.

**BOOKS, RARE and OUT-OF-PRINT, SUP-
PLIED.**—State wants. CATALOGUES
free. Libraries and Small Parcels Purchased
for Cash. WANTED, Gardiner's HISTORY,
2 vols., 1863.—HOLLAND Co., Book Merchants,
Birmingham.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman,
experienced in Literary Work, and who
has access to the British Museum Reading
Room, is open to arrange with Author or
any person requiring assistance in Literary
Research, or in seeing Work through the
Press. Translations undertaken from French,
Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to
D. C. DALLAS, 161, Strand, London, W.C.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Incorporated by Royal Charter).

President—A. W. WARD, Esq., Litt D.

THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING
Will be held at ST. MARTIN'S TOWN
HALL, Charing Cross, on THURSDAY,
February 21st, at 5 o'clock p.m.,

A humble Address to the King's Most
Excellent Majesty on the sad occasion
of the lamented Death of Her late
Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria
(Patron of the Society), will be Moved
at the Meeting.

HUBERT HALL, Director and Hon. Sec.
115, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

PUBLISHER, with an Established and
Paying Business, and an extensive con-
nection amongst private purchasers of high-
class Publications, *éditions de luxe*, &c., desires
to meet with PARTNER with £1,000, or
would be prepared to accept position where
his connection and services could be utilized.
—Write "BIBLIO," Box 783, Willing's, 125,
Strand, London, W.C.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately
done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples
and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss
MESSER, 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

GRAHAM'S TYPE-WRITING OFFICE,
23, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall.—All
kinds of difficult MSS. receive careful atten-
tion from EXPERIENCED workers. Specimen
page and references sent if desired. Over
five years' experience.

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, price 2s. 6d. post free.

CONVICTED OF HEROISM. A Tale of
John Penry, Martyr, 1559-1593. By HERBERT
M. WHITE, B.A. Illustrated by Frank H.
Simpson.

"Excellent, unusual grasp of events, nobility of
ideal, vividness, and grace of style."
Rev. ARCHIBALD DUFF, D.D.

Twenty-first Thousand. Limp cloth, price 6d.,
post free.

OUR PRINCIPLES: a Congregationalist
Church Manual. By G. B. JOHNSON.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Limited,
21 and 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, W.C.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK!

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J.
PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING,
A. W. KINGLAKE, and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR.

LLANFAIRFACHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLETH, and ABERDOVEY.

CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINOG.

BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELL.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading hotels throughout
the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which
teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & Co. Ltd., The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of
all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA
per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books
at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS
per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUB-
SCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.
Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis
and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in
TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SUR-
PLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

80-84, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria

Street, E.C., LONDON;

And at Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS

2% on the minimum monthly balances,
when not drawn below £100. 2%

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

2½% on Deposits, repayable on
demand. 2½%

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post
free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.

Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

GEORGE ALLEN'S NEW BOOKS.

New Six-Shilling Novels.

SON of JUDITH: a Tale of the Welsh Mining Valleys.

By JOSEPH KEATING.

TIMES.—"It is the most successful attempt yet made to represent the peculiar cadence and accent of English as she spoke in the Welsh mining districts. Mr. Keating has a knack of making technical detail clear which is almost comparable to that of Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

THE SWAY of PHILIPPA. By J. B. Patton.

SPECTATOR.—"Is well written and of more than average interest."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"Mr. Patton can draw a character very firmly and clearly, and he is undoubtedly a close observer of human nature."

A TRAGEDY of ERRORS. By Geraldine Hodgson.

GLASGOW HERALD.—"Out of the common run, and recommended warmly."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—"A faithful and pathetic study."

A BOER of TO-DAY. By George Cossins.

The story is that of a young Boer educated in Britain, but devoted to his country, in whose service he falls.

ST. JAMES'S BUDGET.—"Enjoyable reading for those who have followed the war through its varying fortunes."

BRITISH WEEKLY.—"A splendid history."

THE BELIEVING BISHOP. By Havergall-Bates.

The *ACADEMY*.—"Is a satire, and like most satires will either amuse or offend."

[Just out.]

NORTHBOROUGH CROSS. By L. Cope Cornford.

[Nearly ready.]

HOME POEMS. By the Rev. W. Earle. With 12 Full-

Page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

BOOKMAN.—"Mr. Earle's treatment of classical subjects is full of fresh, luminous thought, scholarly force, and sensible application."

GLASGOW HERALD.—"Mr. Earle can fire the imagination and turn the mind to the higher and more heroic aspects of thought and action."

HELWAN and the EGYPTIAN DESERT. The Guide to

the famous Health Resort of Egypt, Helwan les-Bains (near Cairo). By W. PAGE MAY, M.D., B.Sc., M.R.C.P., Prof. A. H. SAYCE, LL.D., and Prof. A. SCHWEINFURTH. With 3 Maps and 32 Full-Page Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, round corners, 3s.

THE REDEMPTION of EGYPT. By W. Basil Worsfold,

M.A. With 4 Illustrations in Colour, 20 Full-Page and 70 Text Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs by the Author. Extra fcap. 4to, cloth, gilt top, 15s. net.

Among the contents are:—The Mosques, Pyramids, and Ancient Temples—Schools—Cotton and Sugar Industries—Prisons—Industrial Development of the Soudan.

VICTORIA: 1837-1901. Events of the Reign. By

FREDK. RYLAND. Including Books, Plays, Pictures, Music, and Scientific Inventions. New Edition. Crown 8vo, paper covers, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

[Just out.]

THE REIGN of WOMAN UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA.

A Special Memorial Number of THE ARGOSY.

Dealing with the ART, FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, and PHILANTHROPY of the Reign.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED, PRICE ONE SHILLING.

[February 20.]

The "GOOD MAN" of the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A Monograph on its Didactic Literature. By CHARLES WHITTUCK. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

[Next week.]

THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK, 1901. Fifth Year of

Issue. Edited by HERBERT MORRAH, with Articles by Messrs. ANTHONY HOPE, EDEN PHILLPOTTS, and other well-known Writers. Considerably Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 3s. 6d. net.

[End of February.]

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, Charing Cross Road, London.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.

NOW READY. In cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

STREET DUST.

By OUIDA.

THREE POPULAR NOVELS.

Price 6s. each.

MAY SILVER. By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A SOLDIER FOR A DAY. By EMILY SPENDER.

MORALS AND MILLIONS. By FLORENCE WARDEN.

F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS

MRS. L. T. MEADE'S New Novel,

THE BLUE DIAMOND,

Will be ready February 21st. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

MAX THORNTON. By Ernest Glanville, Author of "The Golden Rock." With 4 Illustrations by J. SHAW CROMPTON. R.I. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

QUALITY CORNER: a Study of Remorse

By C. L. ANTROBUS, Author of "Wilderemoor." Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"The present volume, like Mrs. Antrobus's 'Wilderemoor,' has strong work in it, and the character-drawing is good."

"A new novel from the author of 'Wilderemoor' constitutes a welcome oasis in the desert of fiction through which we have been passing during the last few weeks. The setting is excellent, the Lancashire rustics are delightful, and the whole story, in style, sentiment, and delicacy of touch, far above the average."—*Spectator*.

"Given the much too shocking occasion of the remorse, there is genuine feeling and essential humanity in the working out of this unhappy theme. The dialogue, also, is as clever as Mrs. Antrobus's dialogue has a way of being. The minor characters have each a distinct individuality, usually well-drawn and full of life. It is thoughtful and interesting."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The story will serve to show how well Mrs. Antrobus has got in touch with Lancashire humour and the quaint little touches of character in which the Northern rural districts are so prolific."—*Temple*.

"Quality Corner" is a book that may be read with real enjoyment, and that affords more than the passing pleasure of an interesting story... wholly original as it is. Of keen psychological interest... the book is no ordinary novel. It is a thoroughly good story, of the dramatic action, romantic situations, and stirring incidents. —*Sentinel*.

Interests from the beginning. —*Outlook*.

A MISSING HERO. By Mrs. Alexander.

SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Mrs. Alexander's many admirers will find much that is to their taste in her latest book."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Mrs. Alexander has not devised a more ingenious plot, nor can we recall one more cleverly worked out."—*World*.

A PATH of THORNS. By Ernest A.

VIZETELLY. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

ECCENTRICITIES of GENIUS: Memories

of Famous Men and Women of the Platform and the Stage.

By M. J. B. POND. With 91 Portraits. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s.

"One of the best anecdotal books of the past twelve months, will doubtless be the popular verdict. His pen-portraits abound with sympathetic touches."—*Daily Mail*.

"A book as amusing in character as it is original in design."—*Illustrated London News*.

"An entertaining volume."—*Scotsman*.

THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSINGHAM.

By HERBERT COMPTON. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"One of the really good novels of the year."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"It is very long since we read so delightful a story.... Healthy, vigorous, and charming romance."—*Daily Graphic*.

"A very pretty and engrossing story."—*Truth*.

GERMINAL; or, Master and Man. By

EMILE ZOLA. Edited, with an Introduction, by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"As a striking picture of an important phase of the great labour question, no one can doubt its claim to high rank."—*Daily Telegraph*.

IN the SOUTH SEAS: being an Account

of Experiences in the Marquesas, Palmyra, and Gilbert Islands in the course of Two Cruises. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.

"The volume abounds in graphic pen-pictures, such as Stevenson delighted to draw, and drew so well."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Full of characteristic and marvellously sympathetic pictures."—*Morning Leader*.

"AS a WATCH in the NIGHT": a

Drama of Waking and Dream. By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"We can without hesitation congratulate Mrs. Praed upon having achieved a notable success in her new novel."—*Literary World*.

THE LESSER EVIL. By Iza Duffus

HARDY. Author of "A Buried Sin." &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

THE MAN that CORRUPTED HADLEY-

BURG, and other Stories and Sketches. By MARK TWAIN. With a Frontispiece by LEONARD HITCHCOCK. THIRD EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

THE FOURTH GENERATION. By Walter

BESANT. Author of "Children of Gibbon." "The Orange Girl." &c. THIRD EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

THE "PRETTY POLLY": a Voyage of

Incident. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." &c. With 12 Illustrations by G. E. ROBERTSON. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

THE CLOISTER and the HEARTH. By

CHARLES READE. (A LARGE-TYPE, FINE-PAPER EDITION.) Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

NEW SIXPENNY BOOKS.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. By R. L. STEVENSON.

PUCK. By OUIDA.

CROWNS and CORONATIONS: a History

of Regalia. By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A., Author of "Finger-Ring Lore," &c. With 91 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: a Life

Study in Criticism. By H. BELLYSE BAILDON. With 2 Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s. [Feb. 21.]

EAST LONDON. By Walter Besant.

With an Etched Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER, and 55 Illustrations by PHIL. MAY, L. RAYES HILL, and JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 15s. [Shortly.]

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1502. Established 1869.

16 February, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

MR. A. C. BRADLEY has succeeded Prof. Courthope in the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. Mr. Bradley has been Professor of Modern Literature at University College, Liverpool, and at Glasgow University. Mr. Bradley now takes his place in a line of professors which includes the names of Dean Milman, John Keble, and Matthew Arnold. The chair was founded in 1703, and £170 a year is the not magnificent emolument.

MR. HENRY JAMES's devoted public will welcome a new, long novel from his pen, called *The Sacred Fount*. It will be published by Messrs. Methuen next week. The opening is characteristic:

It was an occasion, I felt—the prospect of a large party—to look out at the station for others, possible friends and even possible enemies, who might be going. Such premonitions, it was true, bred fears when they failed to breed hopes, though it was to be added that there were sometimes, in the case, rather happy ambiguities. One was glowered at, in the compartment, by people who on the morrow, after breakfast, were to prove charming; one was spoken to first by people whose sociability was subsequently to show as bleak; and one built with confidence on others who were never to reappear at all—who were only going to Birmingham.

APROPOS of a paragraph in V. V. V.'s "Table Talk," last week, we have received the following: "The 'Children of the Hour' are not exactly dead, as the readers of 'Table Talk' may have imagined. Still less were they still-born: 'V. V. V.' will remember that the prospectus was the preliminary number in which they reached print. It was sold at a shilling. Some numbers will certainly, if the editor be permitted to continue them, be sold at a guinea, some at a penny. But meantime, the 'Children' are waiting to be adopted: their parents are no more; they are poor orphans, of brilliant promise. Such as they are, they still go clad in purple and fine linen: white envelopes, embossed with their style and title in violet; their colours were never to have been red. The editor returns to town next month; it will always be a pleasure to him to hear of one who would take up the 'Children of the Hour' and be a second father to them."

M. JULES VERNE, friend of our boyhood, may well be called the grand old man of story-tellers. He has written seventy books. From his retreat at Amiens he has just sent this dignified letter in response to an inquiry as to his sentiments in regard to a seat in the French Academy:

I have just completed my seventy-third year, and it is not at that age that I am likely to be fired with the ambition to enter the Academy. Twenty-eight years ago Alexandre Dumas, the younger, and a few friends took up my candidature; but I understood that it was an imprudent adventure, and I returned, as you say, to my Amiens Monastery, not to leave it again. Since then fifty-nine Academicians have passed into that other world where, doubtless, they have not found a cupola of the Institute to

offer them eternal shelter. That is to say, that, though the Academy may give immortality, it does not render one immortal.—Very touched at the sympathy you display towards me, dear Sir, and thanking you with all my heart, I beg you to accept the handshake of the old storyteller, JULES VERNE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Why is it, one wonders, that Italian literature has been, and is, shamefully neglected by English writers? It cannot be because of its unimportance, for neither our own literature nor Italian art can be intellectually appreciated without some knowledge of it. If we except Dr. Garnett's very slight sketch, and Symonds's Italian Renaissance, Italian literary history is practically unknown to the English reader. A little Tasso, a little Ariosto, a few careful cuttings from the Comedy, used formerly to take their place along with the other *bric-à-brac* of a gentleman's education; now the fear is that Dante specialism will tend, not to make our knowledge of Dante excessive—an obvious impossibility—but to divert us from the true method of literary study—the comparative. Dr. Ollsner's translation from the German (Bohn) of Adolf Gaspary's *History of Italian Literature* (published in German in 1884, and later in Italian) will help the reader to place Dante accurately, as the first volume of the English translation brings the history down to 1321. Subsequent volumes are to be published from time to time, and who knows but that these volumes may be productive of others which will bring the study of Italian literature into intelligible relation with that of its art and history?"

SOMETIMES there is method in the madness of compositors. A London morning paper is made to say in a leading article:

Nor were the teachers whose services have been dispensed with, like the sages mentioned in Omar Khayyam's FitzGerald, "thrust like drunken prophets forth," and their mouths stopped with dust.

After all, Omar Khayyam is far better known by his "FitzGerald" than by his own writings.

WE find that in attributing a beautiful little poem called "A Prayer of Old Age," part of which we quoted, to Mr. Robert Bridges the English poet, we fell into error. The lines are by Mr. Robert Bridges, the assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, the periodical from which we quoted the lines.

GUESSES at the authorship of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* continue to amuse the town. We believe the author to be Mr. Laurence Housman. On p. 149 will be found an article ingeniously supporting this choice. Mr. Laurence Housman has written many works, including *The Writings of William Blake*, *The House of Joy*, *Green Arras*, *Gods and Their Makers*, *The Little Land*, *Rue*, *Weird Tales from Northern Seas*, &c. He is also an art critic. It will be remembered that many of the Letters deal with the young woman's appreciation of pictures.

MISS EDITH WHARTON has been accused of writing *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*. For answer she parodies the letters, and does it in right merry pin. Here are a few of her imitations :

OWNEST —, When I woke this morning my windows were covered with a thick, white frost, my bath-tub was an improvised skating-pond, and the mercury in the thermometer outside had forced a hole through the bulb at the base of the tube and disappeared. I was just dangling one timorous, creamy, magnolia white foot over the edge of the bed into the icy crackling void of circumambient cold when the door opened, and Juggins (that housemaid, Belovèd, is already pensioned against senility!) — Juggins brought me Your Letter—.

Mine exclusively! Yesterday, in your absence, I called on your mother. . . . One can see that your mother has not had many artistic advantages; the drawing-room curtains are *too awful*; and sooner or later that bed of red geraniums by the front door will *have to go*. I made no allusion to the curtains beyond saying that I could not live in a room with aniline colours; for your sake, Darling, I was patient and forbearing. . . . Dearest, my one desire is to judge her leniently; but I happened to mention Meredith in the course of our talk, and her comments were so painfully wide of the mark that I thought it kinder to change the subject.

Circumference of my Globe! This town is Pisa. . . . Surely you must have heard of the Leaning Tower of Pisa? Love, it is a melody in marble! O, how I pitied those of our party who were too ignorant and unimaginative to be thrilled by such a revelation! Don't laugh at me, Darling, and call me eccentric, original, romantic; but when Uncle asked me yesterday what I should like for a birthday present, I flung my arms about his neck and whispered, One of those little *Leaning Towers* in alabaster! Belovèd, I can never be thankful enough for having been born with an artistic nature. . . .

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD's health has been the subject of rather irresponsible rumour, and his admirers will welcome his own statement of the matter. Writing to Major Pond, the lecture agent, the author of *The Light of Asia* says:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—My long silence has been due to a long illness. Three years and a half ago a mysterious affection seized me, hindering my walking, causing me much pain at intervals, with other inconveniences. After two or three months the specialists called in declared it to be "ataxia," and since then I have fought the battle of life with a broken sword. Latterly the troublesome malady has fastened on my eyes. At present my right eye is useless, and my left has very imperfect vision. I cannot read or write myself, and my doctor, in hope of arresting the mischief and preserving or amending what sight remains, is injecting into me daily strychnia. I have not, however, given up work, and finished the year with some really triumphant literary labours.

Everyone will wish Sir Edwin better days.

WE understand that the condition of Mr. Robert Buchanan is such that his return to active literary life is entirely out of the question. We shall be glad to hear that the movement to assist Mr. Buchanan suggested by a contemporary is duly organised.

GENERAL BULLER's recommendation of the historical novel as a text-book for young soldiers, leads the *Daily Chronicle* into some interesting remarks on Mr. George Meredith's pronouncements on the army through General Lord Ormont. "Generals of cavalry are left to whistle for an independent command; there's a jealousy of our branch," says that hero. Moreover, "there's jealousy of the name of soldier in this country. I'd have advised a son of mine to train for a jockey rather than enter it." Of men who *must* be soldiers Lord Ormont says: "In peace

they are snubbed by the heads; in war they are abused by the country. They don't understand in England how to treat an army; how to make one either." Here are a few of Lord Ormont's more biting utterances: "A young man of military tastes should take service abroad. They're in earnest about it over there. Here they play at it; and an army's shipped to land without commissariat, ambulances, or medical stores. . . . Our men can spurt for a flick of the whip. They're expected to be constantly ready for doing prodigies—to repair the country's omissions. Our men are good beasts; they give the best in 'em, and drop. More's the scandal to a country that has grand material and overtakes it. A blazing disaster ends the chapter!" Much food for reflection in all this.

ARROPUS of the historical novel, a writer in the *Dial* attempts to define this literary product, but we are not sure that he illumines the subject. No doubt the historical novel needs to be defined. Mr. Howells calls Jane Austen's stories historical novels because they are faithful pictures of the past, and contends that the true historical novel is the novel of searching vision written amid present events. That is confusing; and we accept the *Dial* writer's definition of the historical novel as one which has to do with people who seem to have had a part in the greater events, the larger forces, that make history. But when he comes to apply his definition we find this writer belittling Scott and exalting Sienkiewicz. His contention is that *Ivanhoe* is peopled by moderns, living partially the mediæval life, and that the innate *motif* of the times is absent from the tale. "That chivalry which was only a fall of lace on the dirty clothing of society is transformed by the touch of the wizard's pen into the fabric itself." On the other hand Sienkiewicz's novels "carry out nearly to perfection the idea of a great historical novel." And we are told:

These stories oft times lack delicacy of touch and finish; they have incidents that seem needlessly brutal, and reach the limits of our indulgence; they treat of life and character so alien that, at first thought, they seem unreal. Yet we soon know that we are seeing life as men lived it, that the author is a *creator* of people who live and move and have being. We find characters drawn with an unerring hand; we come to understand that a master of masters is putting before us the rush and sweep of great events, the elemental passions, all the vital constituents of the life of the time of which he treats.

Taking this as it stands, and the verdict on Scott as it stands, what is it that we are judging? The accuracy of a reproduction, or the charm of a literary work? The above eulogy of Sienkiewicz would fit an historian. But what is an accuracy which appeals to the judgment compared with a part-accuracy which takes possession of the heart and intellect, and is immortal? Of course, Sienkiewicz may have Scott's magic and his own historical mastery, but of that we have yet to be convinced. What we object to is the notion that historic fidelity is the important ingredient of an historical novel. Enough there must be; but there must be much more than a dramatisation of history, more than the recapture of the past; these are but objective triumphs. There must be in the historical novel what we demand in all novels—truth to the permanent qualities of human nature, and an appeal to the reader as a living man, who reads what concerns him. There must be the charm of charm.

A CORRESPONDENT who approves our remarks last week on the barrenness of the poetic field diminishes our gratitude by proceeding to make a violent critical attack on Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." His judgment of that poem strikes us as a rather maladroit piece of criticism. Our correspondent says:

Although at the Jubilee there was an immense amount written, most of us think that Mr. Kipling's "Recessional"

towered above the rest. Yet, when that comes to be examined, it is scarcely worthy of such a great empire and great occasion. If it be true that the writer made several attempts, and then with a feeling of despair put it into the waste-paper basket, it is almost a pity that it was rescued. It is lacking in sympathetic heartiness. The aim was to pay a tribute to the great Queen, render thanks to the God whom she worshipped, and portray the Christian sentiment of our nation. But with the best intention we may ask, Does it do either? If at all, it is very feebly. There is no definite reference to the Queen, no thanks to Jehovah for guidance, and not a single phrase of Christian sentiment which befits a Christian dispensation.

It refers to the God of our fathers, but why should it not refer to the God of us in a special sense by bestowing such a Queen to reign over us? And when it refers to "Lord of our far-flung battle line," the words seem to have been chosen to form a rhyme with "Dominion over palm and pine," for in neither phrase is there a thought of true Victorian progress in morals, education, or Christian virtues, which are the leading traits in the great reign. Then I would ask, What joyous feeling such as was appropriate to the occasion can be excited by the words "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet," or the useless repetition of "Lest we forget"? Is not sense there sacrificed to sound? Such jingle is not worthy of a nation which has boasted a Shakespeare, Byron, and Tennyson. It is nothing more than a picture of Judaism, with the God of battles held before our gaze to inspire us with awe and fear; and it takes us back two or three thousand years, while it leaves the glorious present unsung. If we take it verse by verse, it is the same. We get the "tumult and shouting," captains and kings departing, but it is not jubilee sentiment. We have reference to being "drunk with sight of power," and "wild tongues that have not God in awe; but how power can make people drunk, or tongues have awe, is beyond explanation. Generally, drunkenness is caused by alcoholic stimulants; and the intellect and sentiments are the subjects of awe, not the tongue. Imagine the most joyful period in a nation's history concerning any monarch's reign being celebrated with such impoverished sentiment and words! Is it possible to think what Mr. Kipling may be referring to when he writes "Valiant dust that builds on dust"? How dust can be valiant is truly a puzzle; but to talk about it "building" is beyond the man in the street, even if that is the ideal to which poets should stoop.

In our opinion our correspondent wholly misunderstands the "Recessional." He says: "The aim was to pay a tribute to the great Queen, render thanks to the God whom she worshipped, and portray the Christian sentiment of our nation." Who told him this? The aim of the "Recessional" was not to pay tribute to the Queen. That had been done by the Jubilee; and Mr. Kipling's intention was to remind us that, having rendered to Caesar the things that were Caesar's, we should not forget to render to God the things that are God's. In a word, he wished to cool the flushed brows of the nation, and to give a solemn and effective direction to its reaction from hurrahing and boasting. This he did with force and simplicity. Our correspondent's minor criticisms hardly merit attention. That power can make people drunk, or that tongues can have awe, is certainly not "beyond explanation," though it may be beyond his own understanding.

AN Oxford-street bookseller has a grievance against his printer. In the bookseller's catalogue appears the following item:

142 CLOUGH (A. H.) *Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich, a Long Vacation Pastoral*, first edition.

We fear that the misprints are symptomatic of the neglect into which Clough's poetry has fallen.

MR. RICHARD BURTON has a good article in the *Forum* on "The Dark in Literature." Mr. Burton, of course,

distinguishes between the "dark" and the merely lugubrious. Judge Sewall's entry in his diary, "Spent the morning in the vault re-arranging the family coffins; it was a pleasant but awful treat," does not appeal to Mr. Burton, whose wish is to extol the effect of what is solemnly and severely tragic, or awful in the purest sense:

Few of those who are unfriendly to the dark literature will deny that the sad has some right there, or that pleasure may co-exist with sadness. . . . Job, superbly alone and afflicted on his ash-heap; Antigone, going smiling to her tomb; Chaucer's Griselda, patient and amazed at her ill treatment, and exclaiming, as the thought of her husband's earlier love for her overwhelmed her mind:

Oh, God, how kind and good was his visage
The day that maked was our marriage!

Lear appealing to the stormy heavens, since they were old like him; Dante listening to Francesca's piteous tale of love, strong though in hell; Gretchen in the Garden, conscious of her guilt, yet crying with that infinitely pathetic child-cry:

Yet, everything that led me here
Was oh, so good, was oh, so dear;

Beatrice Cenci, talking of her hair just before she goes out to the block; Mildred, in Browning's "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," with those wonderful girlish words of hers:

I—I was so young!
Beside, I loved him, Thorold—and I had
No mother; God forgot me: so I fell—

these, I say, are the scenes, that to the lover of literature rise up in memory like southern stars in the night heavens, stars whose sombre setting is the very condition of the splendour of their shining.

THE *Architectural Review* does not confine itself to the merely material aspects of architecture, but opens its columns to discussion of the poetic and spiritual effect of tabernacles made with hands. Miss Ethel Wheeler has written two articles on "The Place of Architecture in Allegory." To Spenser she awards the palm as the poet who of all others can describe architecture that is at once strong and delicate. Here is the porch of the House of Temperance:

Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought
Stone more of value, and more smooth and fine,
Than jet or marble far from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wandering vine,
Enchased with a wanton ivy-twine:
And over it a fair portecullis hong,
Which to the gates directly did incline,
With comely compass and compacture strong,
Neither unseemly short, not yet exceeding long.

"No poet since Spenser's time," says Miss Wheeler, "has been able to rear such ethereal fabrics with such appearance of solidity. Many great architectural visions have been dreamed in recent years, but they are dim with excess of light, blurred with remote suggestions. Spenser's buildings are definite and clear-drawn, yet glint with the magic unreality of Faëryland. How vague in comparison is the castle of his imitator, James Thomson! How unwieldy the palace in Dr. Johnson's Happy Valley!"

MORE interesting, perhaps, to modern minds, are Mr. A. E. Street's selections from Maupassant and Huysmans, both of whom are gifted with an intuitive appreciation of architecture. Maupassant's description of Mont St. Michel is worth knowing:

I walked towards it in the early morning across the sands, my eyes spellbound by this mighty casket, vast as a mountain, chased like a cameo, airy as muslin. The nearer I drew the more I felt lifted up with wonder, for perhaps there is nothing in the world more astonishing

and more perfect. And I wandered, startled as if I had come upon the dwelling-place of a god, along chambers carried on columns light or massive, along passages pierced to the daylight, raising my eyes in rapture to bell towers which seemed to spring to the heavens like rockets, to all the incredible confusion of turret and gargoyle, of delicate and fascinating enrichment, fireworks in stone, lacework in granite, masterpiece of architecture at once colossal and refined.

MR. BARNARD GEORGE HOARE objects to our article last week (called "Why Do They Do It?") on a number of books of verse. His letter is much too long to print, but we give an extract. Mr. Hoare says: "In the booklet which bears my name, and of which (although it does not represent my views of mature work), strange as it may appear, I am not ashamed, I refer to a dead mavis, killed by early frost presumably, as follows:

Perhaps the mellow tuneful note
Went murmuring in thy liquid throat
When stung the cruel frost;
In this cold world 'tis often found
Some gentle singer's voice is drowned
And noble song is lost.

This is at least *true*, and a sufficient answer to 'Why do they do it?' Would Mr. Hoare, then, have poetry exempt from criticism, and sheltered from the "frost" which at present helps to secure the survival of the fittest?

ANOTHER correspondent writes on behalf of the same poets: "You have doubtless done a public service, and I should be the last to utter a protest. But I do question the method you have adopted—viz., that of picking out the weak parts and holding them up to ridicule. You may be interested in Byron's view on this very question; it was written in a letter to Mr. Moore under date April 23rd, 1820, and refers to 'Don Juan':

P.S.—You say that *one half* is very good; you are wrong; for if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. Where is the poetry of which *one half* is good? is it the *Æneid*? is it *Milton's*? is it *Dryden's*? is it anyone's except *Pope's* and *Goldsmith's* of which *all* is good? and yet these two last are the poets your fond poets would explode. But if *one half* of the two new *Cantos* be good in your opinion, what the devil would you have more? No—no; no poetry is generally good—only by fits and starts—and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight *all stars* as rhyme all perfect.

Again we are puzzled. We examine a number of books of verse, and we conclude that they are ridiculous. Such books pour from the press, and we decide that it is well that we should publicly deplore the fact. How are we to prove our case if not in the manner we adopted? The quotation from Byron is hardly to the point. *We* did not admit that half the poems in question were good. On the contrary, we said: "There is not one of them in which the most genial critic, if he were honest and fairly intelligent, could find anything to commend. . . . Why were they written?"

Bibliographical.

THE announcement that the new production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre is founded on Charles Reade's story of *Peg Woffington* will, no doubt, induce many theatre-goers to purchase, for the first time, a copy of that engaging work, the most recent edition of which is that which Mr. Austin Dobson "introduced," and Mr. Hugh Thomson illustrated, for Mr. George Allen. That is, undoubtedly, a volume to acquire. But there are also available two other acceptable editions—one by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, the other by Messrs. Routledge—in which cases *Peg Woffington* and *Christie Johnstone* are bound up to-

gether. *Peg* was published separately in 1895 by Mr. R. E. King. It seems not to be generally known that *Peg* came after the play, by Reade and Tom Taylor, of which the famous actress is the heroine. It was, however, the success of "Masks and Faces" which led to Reade's production of *Peg Woffington*, in the dedication of which, to Tom Taylor, Reade acknowledges that the story owes something to his friend's share in the play.

Sir Henry Irving's choice of Mr. Charles Willeby to compose the illustrative music for the new blank-verse drama which our actor-knight has accepted, has come upon many with a sense of surprise. So few were aware that Mr. Willeby was a musician. To the general public, I venture to think, Mr. Willeby is practically known only as the author of a couple of books on musical subjects—a monograph on Chopin, published in 1892, and a volume entitled *Masters of English Music*, issued in the following year. Talking of musical biography, I see Sir Hubert Parry is to undertake a new *Life of Bach*, for which, no doubt, there is room, though it is only three years or so since Mr. Sebastian Taylor dealt with Bach's career and work in a useful manual. Another readable and serviceable biography of Bach is that which Mr. Reginald Lane Poole contributed in 1882 to the "Great Musicians" series.

It is said that the edition of Shakespeare which Mr. W. E. Henley will supervise for Mr. Grant Richards is to be without annotation. If so, the editing must needs be confined to the text. But some of that text is so hopelessly corrupt that students ought, one would think, to have Mr. Henley's reasons for preferring this or that reading. A reprint of the 1623 folio, with variorum readings at the foot of the page, would be welcomed, I believe, by many, though to "the general," of course, it could not be expected to appeal. The best annotated one-volume edition of Shakespeare with which I am acquainted is that called "The Howard," which was originally, and no doubt still is, published by Messrs. Nelson. In that case the annotation, though sometimes original, is mainly selected and condensed from the suggestions of former editors, from Rowe downwards.

It is suggested that a collection of Lord Beaconsfield's letters may precede the official biography for which we have all been looking so long, and about which there are so many different tales extant. One does not forget that the world already possesses the text of letters written by Lord Beaconsfield between 1830 and 1852. In 1885 came the *Home Letters*, penned in 1830 and 1831, and in the following year came the *Correspondence with his Sister* between 1832 and 1852. In 1887 both series were united in a single volume, published at the small price of two shillings, and including a few letters which had not previously appeared. This is the edition to be desired, for, though not very strongly bound, it is excellent typographically. Probably, as Lord Beaconsfield grew older and had "less freedom and greater responsibility," his correspondence declined in spontaneity, frankness, and sprightliness. Still, a selection from it must needs have great interest and value.

The announced new edition of the Works of George Eliot will no doubt find a large public awaiting it. It is to be issued at two shillings, half-a-crown, and three shillings per volume, according to the binding preferred. The immediately preceding uniform edition of the Works was published in 1895 at half-a-crown per volume, and is, I suppose, still extant. *Adam Bede* and *The Scenes of Clerical Life* are obtainable for the nimble sixpence; but apart from these, I believe, no book of George Eliot's can be bought for less than two-and-sixpence. *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* cost at present seven-and-sixpence each; while *Romola* costs five shillings. *Felix Holt* and *The Mill on the Floss* can be purchased for three-and-sixpence each. As the books go out of copyright, they will, of course, cheapen; but the public likes to have its "classics" uniform in size and price. THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Grist for Novelists.

Life and Letters of Zachary Macaulay. By Viscountess Knutsford. (Arnold. 16s.)

THIS book is dull or amusing according as you take it. To the roving eye it is rather dull; and the obvious interest of its references to Lord Macaulay does not amount to much. There are scores of pages about Sierra Leone and the Slave Trade. There is much evangelical "shop" and musty sectarianism. A narrow phraseology smoulders along these pages of diaries and letters, and the very signature, Z. Macaulay, repeated scores of times, is somewhat forbidding. Naturally these things oppressed us when we took up the book. It was only little by little that they began to coalesce and brighten into a very interesting picture. We ended by finding Lady Knutsford's work nearly as bright as a novel, and by wishing that it might take the eye of an historical novelist who wants a period, and is more desirous to restore an atmosphere than to inject incident.

The time is surely piquant. The father of Lord Macaulay was born in 1768, and died in 1838. His life began in the depths of the eighteenth century, and ended on the smiling acclivities of the nineteenth. He was born when men were reading *The Vicar of Wakefield* as a new book; he died when they had finished the *Waverley Novels*. Byron, Shelley, Lamb, Keats, and Coleridge, lived and died within Zachary Macaulay's span; and the youth who had pored over Miss Burney's *Evelina* in what he was pleased to consider his dissolute youth was free to reject the *Pickwick Papers* in his irreproachable age. Of the social changes witnessed by Macaulay we need name but one. In his twenties he had hardened himself to see the flesh of slaves torn by whips in Jamaica. In his sixties he looked back on the abolition of slavery as a work in which he had borne a leading part. Good Quakers who had refused to take sugar in their tea when Zachary Macaulay was a clerk in the West Indies took their three lumps when he was a prophet in Clapham. It was the age of the private philanthropist; and a concentrated moral earnestness was preparing the way for the diffused altruism of to-day. Benevolence was local, sectarian, and exclusive. In 1800 it was the Clapham Sect, and of this "sect" Macaulay was a shining light.

The cream of Lady Knutsford's work is just the picture given of the wealthy, well-fed, decidedly priggish, but very genuine philanthropy which found its home around Clapham Common. There Wilberforce and Henry Thornton, while still unmarried, had taken a villa between them, that they might evolve schemes for the betterment of the human lot, and that bells might knoll them sweetly to church on Sunday. The Common was no lung of bricky London, but a rurally beautiful spot, beyond which the open country spread in smiling richness. Drawn by the place, and by each other, the friends of Abolition came one by one, or family by family, to occupy large brick houses on the edge of the Common. Here the Thorntons, the Babingtons, the Macaulays, the Grants, and the Teignmouths moved among each other in inextricable hospitality. Their children played together, and grew up in the same atmosphere of temperance and piety. Moral truths frequently stated, principles which could be produced at any moment, and aims for which no sacrifice of time or money seemed too great, dominated these good people, and made them a force while it made them also, in a mild degree, a laughing-stock. We confess that we fall under the spell of this extraordinary circle, in which comfort and self-sacrifice, riches and the Kingdom of Heaven, were reconciled under the sanctions of an evangelical Anglicanism the most unswerving, the most jealous. Lady Knutsford speaks, not without unction, of the

"beautiful villas round Clapham Common," in which these people gathered for "the hallowed repose of Sunday." They were business men, bankers, barristers, legislators, but they brought their wits and wealth to the same crusades. By such people, and in such surroundings, millions of negroes in the West Indies and in West Africa were lifted from slavery to freedom. But then these Abolitionists of Clapham were no mere distant theorists. Their agents, of whom Zachary Macaulay was chief, were continually passing between England and Sierra Leone, or Jamaica, where they studied the traffic in human beings at first hand. Macaulay took a voyage from Sierra Leone to Barbadoes in a slave ship solely to see things for himself. Members of Parliament were hustled down to the docks and shown over slave ships, that they might understand what infamous cruelty the traffic involved. In Clapham enchained Africa was represented by thirty negro boys, brought over by the sect to be trained as missionaries. When one evening the new arrivals were led across the golden furze of the Common, their number grew mysteriously less in the brief walk; and at Henry Thornton's gate it was found that several future missionaries had disappeared from the procession. It turned out that the Claphamites, seated at dinner, had seen the sable line, and had sent out their footmen to catch some of the boys and bring them to table for their amusement; and the Africans, thinking, very simply, that Clapham was peopled by their friends, went willingly. Our novelist ought to make something of that scene.

In these admirable circles there grew up ways of thought and speech so typical as to be their own burlesque. In Macaulay's, Babington's, Thornton's, and Hannah More's letters we alight on turns of expression which are the very mintage of the Sect. Dickens would hardly have troubled to alter the following sentences in a letter of Macaulay's to Hannah More. It was after the detection of the Cato-street conspiracy:

At the Bible Society Meeting Lord Harrowby came into the hall unexpectedly. One feeling seemed to pervade the meeting on his being recognised. The thought which seemed to strike every mind was this, that, but for the special interference of Providence, he would have been a murdered corpse. *The image which presented itself irresistibly to my mind was that of Ings the butcher plunging the dagger into the Christian statesman's breast.*

Again, how self-critical the scene of joy and congratulation in Wilberforce's house after the passing of the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery. When the storms of congratulation had subsided, Wilberforce turned to Thornton in an ecstasy of relief, and said, laughing: "What shall we abolish next?" "The Lottery, I think," was the monumental answer. It is from the phraseology of these people's letters and talk that one sucks the quality of their lives. Accustomed to the sonorities of debate and aspiration, they are amusing when they descend to common life. In her old age Hannah More was not well served by her household at Barley Wood, near Bristol, and her servants' delinquencies became common knowledge before she herself had any suspicion of them. It was Zachary Macaulay who broke to her, by letter, the terrible tales that had reached Clapham. Observe his language, his tread:

The communication to which I allude is to this effect—that an impression has gone abroad that your servants at Barley Wood were acting in a way that was very discreditable in itself, and very injurious to your interests; that their habits were those of intemperance and profusion; that not only were practices carried on in your kitchen which were highly objectionable and indecorous, but that your servants were sometimes engaged in night revelries in the village, in which they induced even Louisa [a girl in whom Hannah More took special interest] to take a part; leaving you and your house to their fate; that their system was one of pillage; and that in particular Charles took advantage of your state of health to turn your farming concerns into a source of gain to him—

self. I give you the mere outline, omitting various circumstances which have been mentioned of what has been stated as matter of common rumour and belief.

To do this letter justice, it took instant effect. Although the venerable lady was unconscious of the rapine and dissipation going on under her feet, she promptly broke up the home in which she had expected to die in peace and stepping into the carriage that was to convey her from it for ever said: "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise, but not like Eve by angels."

Hannah More's letters show amusing variations of temper and piety. A lady who could hold her own in the Garricks' circle must have governed herself with some care when she came to Clapham, and inspired the sect with her idea of Cheap Repository Tracts. With Zachary Macaulay Hannah kept up a highly edifying correspondence. She writes piously from Barley Wood in 1828:

I had half a mind to send you a letter from our Princess Elizabeth, now Princess of Hesse-Homburg, but it is so flattering to me that I could not do it. It is gratifying, however, as to the piety of her own mind. I have also a very pious letter from Princess Sophia Matilda.

So much for the humanities. Our novelist must needs have local colour. This is supplied freely by Macaulay, whose letters are those of an observant man with his own sense of humour. We could scarcely wish for a more photographic scene of London life, and of the conditions of travel in 1811, than is supplied in a letter to his wife, dated from Cambridge. He had made a hurried journey thither to attend the installation of his friend and helper, the Duke of Gloucester, as Chancellor of the University. We quote only the first part of a letter that is all racy and fluent:

You shall hear my adventures, which were singular enough. I went off at four o'clock on Friday afternoon to the inn at Bishopsgate-street from which the coach set off, and after waiting some time it made its appearance, but full, quite full. My name, however, had been regularly booked and the money paid, and I insisted on having a place. The coachman, guard, and clerks all began an inquiry, which ended in the discovery that a lady had got into the coach and placed herself bodkin, who had no right to be there. She was requested to come out, but refused. Entreaty was used in vain. "Who is she?" was echoed on all sides. "She is," said the guard, "Mrs. Green, who keeps the oil-shop in Holborn, who is going down to Cambridge to sell her oils and pickles." Near an hour was employed in labouring to convince this lady that she ought to come out. It was all to no purpose, and the coach at last drove off, leaving me behind. I the more regretted this, because Prof. Christian and Reginald Heber were both passengers in the same coach, and I had promised myself much enjoyment. There would, however, have been a drawback. There would have been another woman still in the coach. Now you must know I have no particular objection to coming into contact with women, nor with children either. But this woman had in her arms a child who did not once cease squalling during the whole dialogue with the oilman's wife, and this may have affected her nervous system and made her more pertinacious in resistance.

In another letter we find Macaulay describing the first gaslights, "by which it is proposed to produce immense savings in the article of candles." Alike in what it contains and what it does not contain, this biography—on which Lady Knutsford has expended manifest care—is a document. It portrays a man, and it recalls an age and a region in that age. We are grateful for it. And, as we have said, it suggests a novel in which that old, earnest Clapham life, with its sweet surroundings and harmless priggeries and old-fashioned sanctities, might live as it does not live in *The Newcomes*.

Mr. Davidson's Drama.

Self's the Man: a Tragi-Comedy. By John Davidson.
(Richards. 5s. net.)

ON the acting capacities of Mr. John Davidson's play we do not venture to pronounce—in some respects we should rather think it would fall short—but he has certainly produced an able drama, which holds the reader's interest. At the same time, we question if it always holds that interest by the higher means. Mr. Davidson (it is an individual trait in him) is obviously steeped in the Elizabethan drama, less of Shakespeare than of Shakespeare's contemporaries; to the extent of copying their weaker mannerisms and such of their methods as are not in the best taste. In this play he reminds us particularly of Marston, between whom and Mr. Davidson there is more than a little resemblance—in a certain robustness which runs a peril of becoming robustiousness, in a grim humour which is at times ungainly and forced in both poets. There is a strong fantastic element, too, in *Self's the Man*, which likewise recalls to us Marston. Both are lacking in the lighter graces, and their sportiveness is unconvincing of mirth. Another defect which the author shares with rough John Marston is a tendency to rely on devices—on trick, in fact—rather than true evolution of plot. The device may be clever and effective, but it remains trick; and this arbitrary cutting of the dramatic knot is continual throughout the play. Trick secures the opening election of Urban as Lombard King; it is trick by which he tries to stave off his own death at the hands of his enemies; trick, again, later brings his rival, Lucian, and the conspirators to the palace at the "psychological moment" for his final overthrow. The sense of cleverness grows too pervasive; we come to look for the requisite *ruse* at the requisite turn of the cards. It is just in this respect that we hesitate as to its effectiveness on the stage, where too much *ruserie* is apt to fatigue an audience. But Mr. Davidson has the qualities of his defects: strength seldom fails him where he needs it, and beauty of the graver kind is his. Listen to Urban in the close of the first act.

I, who shall rule, adore
This envied land, in purple vintages
And golden harvests clad; adorned and veiled
With braided rivers; thickly studded o'er
With hearths that glow; with famous cities zoned
From sea to sea, from Alp to Apennine.
I am become this land, this Lombardy;
Its azure waters seem to me my blood;
Its snowy crest my crown; and in my heart
The Lombards have their home—the quick, the dead.

He is weak in character: none of the personages—the megalomaniac Urban; the dutiful Queen Osmunda; the mistress Saturnia; the half-hearted rival Lucian; or the crafty plotter Hildebrand—emerge on us from the realm of labelled stage-shadows. Thrasimund seems a violent impossibility, passing instantly from the most dotting senility to the astutest subtlety of direction. After his direct vigour of dialogue it is on situation that Mr. Davidson depends. His best achievement in this way is certainly the final act, for there the situation arises naturally out of the plot and its development. It is a very effective piece of sardonic irony—broad, and nowise thrown in the reader's face, but suffered to make itself quietly felt. Urban returns from exile, poor, old, and unrecognised, to find his queen and his rival both dead, and his daughter, Sybil, proclaimed Queen of the Lombards. She is in the act of unveiling a statue to him, for he has become a national hero during his absence and supposed death. The man whom the Lombards drove forth in ignominy stands beneath his own statue, and hears his own praises pronounced by his own daughter, while the fickle people

acclaim Urban the Great. The unguessed-at king stands forth and bitterly combats his own praises :

For his head, 'twas warped
With waste ambition : and he saw the world
Mis-shapen like a semblance in a pool
The wind perturbs. He that was struck by chance
A flaunting feather in the age's cap,
Essayed to be the sword of destiny,
And with the dust and straw was swept aside,
A bitten quill used once to write a name.

The angry crowd tear and trample their Urban the Great in the dust, whence he is rescued in a dying state by his former mistress, Saturnia (now a nun); while Sybil and the royal *cortège* pass on. He dies on Saturnia's shoulder, with the blasts of his daughter's triumph sounding in his ear. By a happy touch, Mr. Davidson makes the old king regain his wonted self-complacency in the last moments—the native man flaring up at the ending :

Where is that lying fellow on the porch ?

[*meaning himself*].

Urban was noble—do you hear?—and great.

Take this from me—learn to forgive yourself ;

Though you were Judas, learn to forgive yourself.

The note of grim humour is prominent throughout the play—for it is characteristic of Mr. Davidson. An interesting drama, if not all equal or successful, and quite worthy of the author's acknowledged powers.

The Poet as Historian.

Reflections on the Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain.

By J. A. Cramb. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS book has both an extrinsic and an intrinsic interest. It consists of lectures delivered at Queen's College in the course of 1900, and surely it is good to know what words a professor of modern history was addressing to his plastic young students while the Boer war was still going on. Dr. Dryasdust would have pursued the even tenor of his way regardless of it; but our professor is modern in more senses than one; he seems to have felt as much compelled to treat of passing events as if he were a popular preacher, a politician, or a journalist on the *Daily Mail*; and he is more disdainful of common everyday fact than any of them, but directs his pronouncements according to the teaching of those whom he esteems the prophets of his time. We by no means blame him for that, holding as we do that the highest wisdom, let it come from poet or seer, is either for everyday wear or worthless. Yet if politics are to be judged by poetry, it is essential that the latter should stand on firm earth, voices that sing in the ether only are out of place here. And that is where we somewhat mistrust Prof. Cramb; he appears to us too much of a bookman, and, therefore, somewhat given to exaggerate the importance of his favourites. Shelley's is the most recurring name with him, but we fail to see the connexion between this ineffectual angel and South Africa. He treats Carlyle, too (not quite accurately in matters of fact) as the great exponent of his age, while every day it becomes more apparent that Carlyle misunderstood his time; he was too self-concentrated, too greatly lacking in the broad, brotherly human sympathy that distinguishes the really great Chaucer and Shakespeare and Scott, for instance, to do anything else. As we have begun by finding fault, it may be just as well to complete the process before addressing ourselves to the more agreeable task of pointing out what is splendidly fine and beautiful in a book full of suggestiveness even where we differ from it. First of all, then, a protest must be entered against this hasty judgment of a war not yet completed. Nothing as yet can be rightly

chronicled except the facts. It is much too early to assume, as our author does, that here we have a conflict between Nationalism and Imperialism. But Mr. Cramb, whose work savours greatly of the class-room and the study, and who does not shine as an exponent of the characters and motives of men, ever seeks the pomp of opposing ideas where there may be no more than the clash of characters. It is the same with his writing, much of which is extremely beautiful, but often the note is pitched too high, and the rhetoric is false. An example may be quoted from the somewhat pretentious account of the youths who have died in South Africa. After a sentimental passage he goes on :

See through the mists of time, Valhalla, its towers and battlements, uplift themselves, and from their places the phantoms of the mighty heroes of all ages rise to greet the English youths who enter smiling, the blood yet trickling from their wounds! Behold Achilles turns, unbending from his deep disdain; Rustum, Timoleon, Hannibal, &c., &c.

This is mere fine writing and perfectly unreal. What is of importance is that at a time when all England was apparently sinking into sloth, luxury, and frivolity, the very flower of her youth were suddenly transported to the Veldt, there to be brought into contact with the hard realities of life—pain, suffering, want, death. And the whole nation was made sterner and stronger, more fitted for a great destiny by the experience; those who died for their country throwing back on their homes a new glory and dignity; those who returned leavening the whole nation with a manhood that had faced death and peril and suffering. Mr. Cramb has far too many of these purple patches, wherein—led astray by a vision that is spurious because not based on reality—he produces abundantly the semi-poetic that is not poetic at all, if the truth be told. That is one effect of keeping himself at concert pitch all the time—it makes his pages feverish. This in an historian does not beget confidence. And, after all, the plain truth of the matter is that England owes her greatness largely to traders, who, with no loftier motive than a desire to make themselves rich, built ship and factory and pushed their commerce to the ends of the earth.

Yet when all that is said, the students are fortunate who have such a professor to listen to. His is evidently one of those rich, beautiful, stimulating, brilliant minds, ever dwelling on high, unworldly thoughts, that impart what is of far more value than correct habits of reasoning—viz., the impulse to feel and know. Let a few extracts show better than description can the nature of his teaching. The first deals with the characteristics of our age :

This revolution in our conception of history, this boundless industry . . . is neither accident, nor transient caprice, nor antiquarian frenzy, but a phase of the guiding impulse, the supreme instinct of the age—the ardour to know all, to experience all, to be all, to suffer all—in a word, to know the truth of things, if haply there come with it immortal life, even if there come with it silence and utter death.

With this pregnant glance at the time there may be set this concerning the race :

Thus, then, as Beauty is impersonated in Hellas, Mystery in Egypt, so this attribute which we may name Reverie is impersonated in the Teutonic race.

Naturally, beside these comes the message which he bears to England—long and elaborate, the gist of it is this :

There is an Arab fable, of the white steed of Destiny with the thunder mane and the hoofs of lightning, that to every man, as to every people, comes *once*. Glory to that man, to that race, who dared to mount it; and that steed, is it not nearing England now? Hark! The ringing of its hoofs is borne to our ears on the blast.

One longer quotation we have reserved for the end, and it come near the end of the book wherein the author seems

to grow calm and solemn, his very style changing till it reminds one of Sir Thomas Browne, and the passage in the opinion of at least one reader is one that carries with it truth, wisdom and comfort:

In Time, misery is the soul's familiar, anguish is the gate of truth, and the highest moments of bliss are as the Socrates of Plato affirms negative. They are the moments of oblivion, when the manacles of Time fall off, whether from stress of agony or delight in mere weariness. Therefore with stammering lips man congratulates joy, but the response of grief to grief is quick and from the heart, sanctioned by the Unconscious; therefore in the portraiture of Heaven art fails, but in that of Hell succeeds. It is not in Time that the eternal can find rest, nor in space that the infinite can find repose; and as illusion follows lost illusion the soul of man does but the more completely realise the wonder ineffable of the only reality, the Eternal Now.

A lovely and pregnant passage, though it might tempt a scoffer to shout, Hurrah for misery.

"Like a Tea-Tray in the Sky."

By Land and Sky. By the Rev. John M. Bacon. (Isbister.)

IN a book lately reviewed in these columns a police-court missionary tells of a cracksmen whose account of the fascination of his business exalted it far above a combination of horse-racing and several other popular pursuits. Mr. Holmes, if he desired this criminal's cure, should have turned him over to Mr. Bacon. For from his hearty pages one comes back convinced that for sheer devilry the maddest of automobiles, the crankiest of colts, is not in it with the balloon. Not that the burglar's is the only temperament to which it might well appeal. It is conceivable that, in fact, that element may not dominate Mr. Bacon's character, though there can be little doubt that, if such had been his calling, he would have done it credit; for courage and presence of mind and the spirit of adventure must tell in every walk.

One great charm of the aeronaut's art is that, whereas from start to finish it is dangerous, the most perilous moment lies always before you—it is still something to look forward to. But besides this there is the magnificent sense of aloofness, of detachment, of emancipation, and withal the consciousness of a power of synopsis most like to that of the Eye of the Lord as it is triangularly depicted in ancient prayer-books. Passing beneath the car is London, and the Thames shows as a little slender stream, its waters pure as silver, and running between fairest banks. The stream is crossed by slender threads—the bridges named Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, and the rest. Woolwich, Blackwall, Deptford, Greenwich, at night, were a starry spectacle of excellent brilliancy; the roadway of Oxford-street was dark, "while either pavement, reflecting the illumination of the shop-fronts, shone like frosted silver."

It is with acoustics that Mr. Bacon is principally concerned. In the greater altitudes the silence was the strangest phenomenon: on earth our ears are never truly at rest. But

each time as we descended from higher levels the familiar sounds of earth would return in a definite and striking sequence. There were voices of many kinds, the shriller pipes always leading; the crow of cocks unseen, and, indeed, invisible from distance; the bark of a dog; next the cries of human beings; but the shouts of children always first. Again, the absence of all echoes from sounds below contrasted strangely with the full return of our own voice off the earth as we came down to shorter range.

Still more striking an example of this last surprise was the effect of the explosion, during "the bombardment of London," of a gun-cotton cartridge:

As far as I can learn it was the first time that modern high explosives had ever been experimented with in this

way. . . . We nerved ourselves for a stunning shock so soon as the cartridge, hanging only 120 feet below us, was exploded. . . . Our astonishment, then, may be conceived when, on revolving the dynamo, a mere modest report followed, not greatly louder than that of a pistol. . . . We remarked on the futility of our signal. But once again we were mistaken, for our exclamations were rebuked with a startling sternness. With a mighty burst the earth spoke back, returning the sound waves with a peal of thunder. True thunder it was, of the loudest description, and flung back from objects far afield, causing loud and long reverberation.

The voyage in which this experiment was made ended within measurable distance of disaster. The ship lay becalmed, its buoyancy almost spent, above the grounds of the Earl's Court Exhibition, wherein the big wheel showed like a toy. The evening was closing in; already the curves of the streets were embroidered with gas-jets; the descent of so many thousand feet of carburetted hydrogen among them spelt evaporation for the voyagers. Not an ounce of ballast remained. In this strait their eye fell upon the costly (borrowed) dynamo. But even a balloon has a conscience, of a sort; and seemingly this one repented of a prank that must be frustrated at such a sacrifice. At any rate, tardily, and with many a look back, it began to crawl away; and finally, following the course of the river, flopped down in open ground at Wimbledon.

But Mr. Bacon's most exciting expedition was in quest of those Leonids. Of them, naturally, he saw little; but, sailing above a pearly ocean of cloud that suggested a solid arctic sea, he had the moon to himself:

The moon was fast getting down in the west, and shone gloomily, through moisture-laden beds, the colour of deep copper. And presently a curious sight was afforded us. For she went down, disappearing with a strange, unearthly—I mean unmoonly—visage, and with one last forbidding look, as though warning us to mind what we were about. And then . . . presently, on turning about, we found the moon was up again, having risen once more entirely on our account; after which she quickly set as before, and with the same sort of look, as much as to say, "I told you so!"

And this was followed by a dawn of pale green. Yet they were not frightened—Mr. Bacon and his admirable daughter. With an escape-valve that could be opened only once for all—and that necessarily only within touch of earth—they found themselves speeding towards the sea at a desperate height. So they dropped several hundred telegram forms for the coastguards, reminded each other that on the sea were ships, rejoiced in the sun, and munched sandwiches. The balloon was softened. It landed them on the solid side of the sad sea waves, and, for the rest, was content playfully to smash Miss Bacon's forearm.

If we have said next to nothing of Mr. Bacon's acoustic experiments, it is not that they are uninteresting: they are interesting, and of great value; but it is as contributions to a branch of science that awaits many more such data before it can present established conclusions. The isolated results are delightful mainly for the sake of their apparent incompatibility with a good many favoured hypotheses, and, it may be added, with each other. His book, as it stands, is an exhilarating record of adventure on earth and in the air.

The Best Abused Man in Modern History.

Jean-Paul Marat: the People's Friend. By Ernest Belfort Bax. (Richards.)

MARAT has shared with most of the great figures of the French Revolution the dishonour of being "the best abused man in modern history"; and, while we do not agree with Mr. Belfort Bax's hysterical dictum, it is a fairly safe plan to ascertain what "most people think,"

and then assume the opposite to be true, it must be admitted that modern research has done much to modify the legend of "Marat the Monster." But there is a wide gulf fixed between a devil and a demi-god, and Mr. Bax's "noble-hearted man and a single-minded friend of the disinherited and the oppressed," his hero *sans peur et sans reproche*, is not Marat. You have only to glance at the portraits scattered through the volume to realise how far Mr. Bax's picture flatters the original; but if you prefer to believe that physiognomy deliberately lies, and that a brutal and sensual face was the outward and visible sign of a tender and noble heart, you have only to read Mr. Bax's defence of his hero's part in the September massacres. That Marat was in no small way responsible for that horror every serious student of history must be convinced. Indeed, Mr. Belfort Bax, ardent apologist though he be, is compelled to admit that Marat's Committee of Supervision appointed by the Commune to deal with conspirators and conspiracies did to "some extent direct and make itself responsible for" the movement that culminated in the shambles of September 2 and 3. To some extent! Well, it is beyond question that Marat distinctly instigated the massacre at the Abbaye. Here is the quotation from his *Ami du Peuple*, the clearest proof possible of his guilt:

What is the duty of the people? The last thing it has to do, and the safest and wisest, is to present itself in arms before the Abbaye, snatch out the traitors, especially the Swiss officers and their accomplices, and put them to the sword. What folly to wish to give them a trial! It is all done: you have taken them in arms against the country, you have massacred the soldiers, why would you spare their officers, incomparably more culpable? The folly is to have listened to the smooth-talkers, who counselled to make of them only prisoners of war. They are traitors whom it is necessary to sacrifice immediately, since they can never be considered in any other light.

The only justification of such a direct incitement to murder offered by Mr. Bax is an elaborate attack on what he calls "the endeavour of prejudiced historians to excite the sympathy of subsequent generations." His argument is worth quoting, for it is typical of his point of view, and to summarise it would be merely to court the charge of exaggeration, for it will, we are certain, come as a surprise to most readers that in these days a writer of Mr. Bax's position and reputation should seriously and deliberately make an apology—not, you will see, an explanation or excuse—for the unspeakable horror of the September massacres.

The number of persons killed in the massacre is usually estimated at 1,089, though other statements made it 969; putting it at the highest figure it can hardly in any case have reached 1,200. It was an application of Marat's principle of striking 500 guilty heads to save 5,000 innocent ones. But who were these, at most a thousand odd, "victims" of popular justice? On this point hinges nine-tenths of the horror which the September massacres have excited. They were the noble and the wealthy, and the hangers-on of the noble and the wealthy; most if not all of them had been, directly or indirectly, conspiring to re-estate the deposed King with the aid of an invading army; prepared avowedly not merely to destroy the newly-won liberty, but to take the lives of all who advocated popular freedom, and who deprecated a return to the old oppression and corruption. Such as these it was for whom it has been the endeavour of prejudiced historians to excite the sympathy of subsequent generations.

Much in the same strain, but more exaggerated and excited still, is Mr. Bax's extraordinary appeal to his readers to execrate the memory of Charlotte Corday:

Oh, exponents of a class of public opinion, satellites of privileged power and wealth, whose top of indignation and gassy horror is always turned on to the full whenever a representative of privileged class-interest is smitten down—you, who can slaver a slain monarch or statesman with undeserved adulation, who can fulminate against the

author of his death at the top of your voices, when will you find your cant no longer profitable? What has been your attitude towards the "People's Friend" and the dastardly wretch who murdered him—her sick and helpless victim?

Here you do not talk at large of "the sacredness of human life," as when a Carnot sinks beneath the dagger of a crazy fanatic, or a Canovas falls before the pistol of an illicit avenger of innocent blood. It is quite right that Marat, the eternal enemy of the crimes of place and power, the man whose only arm and only authority lay in his pen and the truths it expressed, should be murdered. It is a shocking thing, an event calculated to awaken in all respectable persons "a thrill of horror," when a real live statesman or public functionary, who, armed with all his authority, has perhaps used it to destroy a nation, or to oppress the helpless, meets with a similar doom.

Such passages call for no comment. They are the utterances of a special pleader defending a bad case, and making vigorous denunciation cloak the weakness of argument. They dispose of Mr. Belfort Bax's claim to be considered an unprejudiced historian, and place him among the class of writers he vehemently condemns. It is certainly curious that such writing should find a place in a book which is prefaced by the suggestion that extravagance of abuse is probably proof of an exceptionally noble and disinterested character. We can only infer that long study of the *Ami du Peuple* has warped Mr. Bax's judgment and moulded his style.

It must not, however, be imagined for a moment that Mr. Belfort Bax has written a book of little value. Of its interest the above quotations are proof. While we often dissent from Mr. Bax's theories and judgments, we always find them stimulating and refreshingly suggestive. The purely historical portion of the book is excellent. Based, as it is, upon the researches of the late M. Bougeart and M. Chevrement, it affords by far the fullest and best life we possess of the great journalist of the Revolution, of the extraordinary man against whom Lafayette marched an army of six thousand men—the man whose only arm was his pen, at a stroke from which a vast host rose from the earth and the peoples of the world trembled.

Other New Books.

A VAGABOND IN ASIA.

BY EDMUND CANDLER.

Hardly a rival, but certainly a warm admirer of Mr. Cunninghame Graham we take our author to be. He has the same personal note, the same eye for form, the same distrust of the nineteenth (or is it the twentieth?) century, with its "progress," "civilisation," and other euphemisms. Mr. Candler has practically crossed Asia; not on a bicycle, like Mr. Foster Fraser; or, by way of the house-tops, like Dr. Sven Hedin; or in a paper suit, like the American gentleman who made a wager that is duly chronicled. Mr. Candler has gone from Darjeeling to Saigon, and that mostly afoot; he has evidently crossed India—or how did he get to Baghdad?—and, coming out at Damascus, he gives us a good many pages of very lively narrative, some thumb-nails, and a few reflections, to say nothing of a decidedly gratifying expression of awe. He is sportsman, naturalist, botanist, vagabond, poet, and (mainly) *dilettante*. We like him; for, when he wanders, he sticks to the country, and does not read the *Pink 'Un* in the face of a dozen hoary civilisations.

His book opens with a walking tour, begun in Lower Burmah, and extending to Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China—enough for any volume. But this man seems hardly in search of "copy." He visits Angkor Wat, the finest ruin of a temple in the world, and agrees with Mouhot: "A la vue de ce temple, l'esprit se sent écrasé, l'imagination surpassée; on regarde, on admire, et saisi de respect on reste silencieux," &c. On reste silen-

cieux! That is it. Mr. Candler rests *silencieux* where others would choke up Paternoster-row. We admire his restraint. Later, he visits Bers Nimrud, the site of the ancient Tower of Babel, and rightly frowns on an American gentleman who does not *reste silencieux*. "Reckon I've had to scrape gravel to see this pra-arie," observes this pilgrim, and our author flees, followed by disjointed items of ingratiating small talk—e.g., "Philippines . . . dropped into our hat. . . . Admiral Dewey's orders were. . . . And destroyed it. That's Dewey." "So the drama of Babel was played again," observes Mr. Candler, to whose deft handling of his medium these excerpts do no justice. For he writes well, public-school-and-'Varsity well, with an apt classical allusion from time to time and a good deal of pleasantness for flavouring. Of exceptional interest is the glimpse into the Buddhist world afforded by the paper on "Milarapa," a saint whose life and writings are treated of at length, and afford our author an opportunity for some exceptionally clever and skilful translations. (Greening. 6s.)

GIORGIONE.

BY HERBERT COOK.

Mr. Williamson is editing the "Great Masters" series, of which the above volume is the latest example, with singular success and good fortune. Giorgione is, perhaps, the rarest of the great masters—rare in every sense of the epithet—and no one but a writer sensitive to the elusive, yet impressive, qualities of his brief activity could venture without capers over the dangerous ground that Mr. Cook has negotiated uninjured. This new volume escapes the dry-as-dust, and is yet full of those delightful theories that art-critics propose with such defiant temerity. For, be it understood, there are only three surviving paintings by the master that stand unattacked. The rest is surmise. Excellent grounds exist for much of this surmise; and Mr. Cook, with keen insight and as keen a sympathy, examines each case and decides it for us. He also adds to the number—six portraits and about as many subject pieces, to be exact—and willingly we break new ground with him; for if these new Giorgiones are not Giorgiones, they are clearly of his date and school. Coleridge declared that his acquaintance with Shakespeare's thought and verse was such that, should he be called upon to edit the plays, he could not only "detect the spurious, but supply the genuine word." He left Shakespeare to Mr. Bowdler, however. Mr. Cook undertakes a similar office, and supplies the genuine word with an invigorating display of scholarship, research, and adroitness. To these qualities add devotion—but who is so devoted as the art-critic!—and our account is run.

A few observations of our own we may add. A calm, stay-at-home, uneventful life produces a Giorgione; an important and diversified career, a Titian. May not the two conditions be held to account for the higher plane and scope of the greater Venetian—indeed, mark the difference between the creative artist of the first and second rank, and this generally? We are, of course, acquainted with the vastly differing lifetimes accorded to our examples. Mr. Cook writes an excellent English, and we particularly underlined his appreciative reference to Morelli's beautiful description of a portrait: "He (the sitter) seems about to confide to us the secret of his life." And, by the bye, may not the signature "V. V." stand for "Vecellio Veneziano"? Why not? The theory would upset various other theories (and those terribly complicated); we ourselves rather admire the noble simplicity of it. We also feel that Mr. Cook could easily prove that the Richmond now at the New Gallery—(No. 250) "The Sisters: Daughters of the late Dean Liddell"—is really a Holman Hunt. Concluding, we are very grateful to Mr. Cook for a pleasant two hours and a volume that fills a distinct want. (Bell. 5s. net.)

AUSTRALIA AT THE FRONT.

BY FRANK WILKINSON.

Mr. Wilkinson, who represented the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* during ten of the most stirring months of the war, is well worthy of a hearing. He has set himself the useful and interesting task of recording especially the doings of the various Australian contingents, keeping his eyes wide open the while for the other Colonial corps. He admits the difficulty of one writer worthily chronicling the exploits of bodies of men so widely separated as were the Australian contingents, and contents himself with the incidents of the march from Modder River to Pretoria. His style is colloquial without being commonplace, and less flamboyant than Mr. Hales's. The following sentences are typical of Mr. Wilkinson's tone:

Of Kitchener I know comparatively little, and should hesitate to talk about his work, even if I knew considerably more. To my mind, he is chiefly remarkable on account of his unlikeness to his published portraits. He is tall, slightly stooping, and quite fair as to complexion—not the jet-black moustached person one sees in shop-window photographs. He looks out at you from under prominent eyebrows with a now-then-none-of-your-nonsense sort of expression which is sometimes a trifle disconcerting. Altogether, he is the type of man you would go out of your way to avoid in a narrow passage if he had a grudge against you.

The book is illustrated from Mr. Wilkinson's own sketches and photographs. (John Long. 6s.)

BRET HARTE: A TREATISE
AND A TRIBUTE

BY T. EDGAR PEMBERTON.

After reading this book our impulse was to do anything, however emotional, to indicate the sympathy we feel for Mr. Bret Harte. That he, after all he has done for two generations of readers, should be thus wounded in the house of his friends . . .! Not intentionally: on the contrary, with the kindest, most affectionate, and admiring motives; but wounded none the less. And the joke of it is that, as we are told in Mr. Bret Harte's letter to the author, which stands for preface, the book was undertaken and sanctioned only because an unauthorised vivisection was threatened. We should like to see that other book.

Mr. Pemberton—as we have said, with the best intentions in the world—has no qualification for his task. He is not a good critic, and he is not a good writer. It is no kindness to Mr. Bret Harte to say that he draws—that is, "limns"—character with "minuteness and skill worthy of Fielding or Smollett, Thackeray or Dickens"; and it conveys less than nothing to say that he is a "believer in science." Were it not that the book recalls old thrills, it would be wholly fatuous. As it is, it makes a further authorised work necessary. We ought to add that it forms one of a series entitled "English Writers of To-Day." (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN EAST
ANGLIA.

BY W. A. DUTT.

This very charming series maintains its character well; indeed, Mr. Dutt, to whom Norfolk and Suffolk have been offered as a happy hunting ground, perhaps understands the theory as well as any of the contributors. To loiter with busy eyes and a good memory—that is the "Highway and Byway" ideal; and East Anglia is as rich a loitering land as there is in the country. Not only are there the historic and natural treasures, but such fascinating literary names as Sir Thomas Browne, Borrow, and Edward FitzGerald, and a wealth of ballad and folk-lore. Mr. Dutt, by the way, once again sets up Norfolk's claim to "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"—Islington being a hamlet in that county. He may be right, but it is hard to lose the illusion that our nearer Islington is the hallowed spot. As Mr. Whitten wrote in the notes to the ballad in his *London in Song*: "It is true that the distance between Islington and the City hardly accounts for the seven years'

separation of the lovers. But they may have been watched and thwarted." Also, it might be added, there may have been good reasons for the squire's son to keep his distance. Squires' sons and bailiffs have ever been at enmity. To return to Mr. Dutt, his book is extremely well done and makes capital desultory reading. Mr. Pennell, who illustrates the book, is very unequal, sometimes even suggesting the efforts of a careless tyro; but at his best he is superb. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Mr. Shuckburgh's brilliant translation of *The Letters of Cicero* (Bell & Sons) is in its fourth and last volume, and dip where you will, the whole life of Rome runs like a stream through the pages. There is all that mixture of great and small things that never deserts life for a day. "Try and get scent of what Antony's disposition is. Yet I am inclined to think that he is more occupied with his bouquets than with any mischievous designs. If you have any news of practical importance, write and tell me: if not, at any rate tell me whom the people cheered in the theatre, and the latest *bon mots* of the mimes. Love to Pilia and Attica."

Dr. Hugh Macmillan and Mr. A. Scott Rankin were born in the same village on the banks of the Highland Tay. They have united their literary and artistic powers to produce an illustrated topography of that river. *The Highland Tay from Tyndrum to Dunkeld* (Virtue) is a noble volume, and its dedication to the Marchioness of Breadalbane, "who owns the beautiful scenes through which the Highland Tay flows by a twofold tenure of material possession and ideal enjoyment" is felicitous. Dr. Macmillan is equally at home in the historical associations and natural features of the river and its lovely watershed. His long memory supplies many an interesting detail, as when he recalls the village cowherd of Aberfeldy whom the boys envied every time he blew his horn. This is the book of the Tay, final and adequate. Mr. Rankin's pictures are charming.

"An Ex-Lieutenant of General de Villebois-Mareuil" is the author of an interesting war book called *Ten Months in the Field with the Boers* (Heinemann). He is fair to our side, and easily grasps the difficulty of subduing adversaries who cannot be drawn into a battle:

Are they [the Boers] closely pressed by the enemy? Each man goes off as he chooses in a different direction, and the commando of 500 men which attacked a little convoy yesterday has melted away before the column of 2,000 sent in pursuit of it. . . . If one of these men should have been too closely engaged in the English lines, the first farm he comes to offers him an asylum. His rifle is thrust under a plank in the flooring, his horse turned out to graze, the white flag floats over the house, and His Majesty has no more inoffensive subject than my Burgher—for the next twenty-four hours.

The author gives an extraordinary account of the corruption and swindling that prevailed in Pretoria before the surrender of that city.

The Elements of Statistics, by Mr. Arthur L. Bowley, is a helpful text-book. Based on lectures given at the London School of Economics and Political Science in the five years following its foundation in 1895, it is apparently the first text-book dealing with the ordinary methods of statistics. Mr. Bowley draws illustrations from the Population Census, the Wages Census of 1886, the operations of the Labour Department, and other sources. The significance of Thackeray's *Book of Snobs* seems outdone by the statement—here made—that so many subordinates return themselves on the Census forms as employers instead of employed, that in certain occupations the returns have actually shown more masters than men! But statisticians are not thwarted by lies, they allow for them.

Fiction.

Son of Judith. By Joseph Keating.
(Allen. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH this "tale of the Welsh mining valleys" has barbaric faults, it has also the incommunicable breath of life, and for that we give thanks. The theme is melodramatic. Now melodrama, when it is handled with sufficient power and sincerity, seems to lose its baser characteristics, seems almost to cease to be melodrama; and Mr. Keating decidedly has both power and sincerity. Save at the end, where he annihilates the stricken sinners of his tale in a fatality which is somewhat too timely, he purifies from all staginess this story of an illegitimate son who swears before his mother to kill his father. The barbaric faults to which we have referred lie chiefly in Mr. Keating's conceptions of character. To "dig down to the roots of human nature" is very well, but the process can be conducted with too much zest and too little regard for less radical matters. Neither Howel Morris nor his mother is quite a convincing figure; their conversations are unreal, and some of their acts incredible. Such creatures belong to the early passionate simplicities of a Saga, not to the last century. Mr. Keating describes mining life admirably, and his account of a journey into a coal-pit is the most truthful that we have read, in fiction or out of it—and we know something of pits. The book reminds one at once of the late William Tirebuck's memorable novel, *Miss Grace of All Souls*. It is less detailed than that, less tender and refined, less wide in its knowledge of human nature, less moving in its catastrophe; but it undeniably has a primitive and authentic force which in certain ways puts it on a level with its forerunner, and it is better written. Mr. Keating has considerable talent. If in his next novel he will choose the lower path, the path of discretion, and imitate Æschylus not so much, and, say, Flaubert a little more, he may come nearer to an absolute success. The advice may appear shocking to the purist who abhors compromises; but it is correct advice for Mr. Keating, since his courageous tendency (singular enough in these days) towards stark situations needs some restraint.

The Bishop's Gambit. By Thomas Cobb.
(Richards. 6s.)

MR. COBB's books succeed each other with disturbing frequency—this is his eighth; but it may be said that they are all very short. Either Dumas *père* or Theophile Gautier would have written the lot in a couple of months; and, even in the present less fertile era, we see no reason why a man should not "throw off" a trifle like *The Bishop's Gambit* in a month or so, and still do it rather well. *The Bishop's Gambit*, one of Mr. Cobb's accustomed comedies of polite life, is well done. Indeed, in a technical sense, we deem it superior to any of its predecessors. The Bishop of Bonchester had two daughters: one of them was in love with a co-respondent (innocent) and the other with a draper's son (a genius), and, though the Bishop was a bumptious, bland, and ridiculous person, one cannot but sympathise with him. Mr. Cobb excels in those scenes wherein the Bishop, all the while writing himself down an ass, invariably gets the best of the argument:

"Of course."

"It does not appear to be a matter of course that my daughter should be acquainted with the son of one of our local shopkeepers," the Bishop exclaimed. "Where did you meet him?"

"At Lady Milward's—the first time," was the answer.

"In what capacity was he acting at Lady Milward's house?" demanded the Bishop.

"He was one of her guests," said Rickenda with a smile. "Mr. Burton is very clever and very popular. He

goes everywhere. People make an immense fuss with him."

"Nobody is likely to make a fuss with him in Bonchester," answered the Bishop.

"But, father," cried Rickenda, "I don't think you quite understand."

"Possibly not, my dear, possibly not."

"I beg your pardon," said Rickenda, "I only meant that people who really understand art—"

"Apparently I do not understand," answered the Bishop majestically. "It is true that I have visited all the principal galleries in Europe."

The Bishop's Gambit has none of the little constructional or stylistic *gaucheries* of Mr. Cobb's previous books. It shows rather the easy and polished assurance of the work of Mr. W. E. Norris, which, in fact, it somewhat resembles. We hope that Mr. Cobb will not permit himself to fall into a perfunctory habit, but we have a dim fear that he is in peril of that lapse.

The Romance of a Vocation. By Aleydis Inglesant.
(Burns & Oates.)

THE heart-breaking story of religious difficulty is not so prevalent as once it was. The younger generation does not, we fancy, grow haggard over the precocious Christians of Miss Wetherell. The muzzling order has not gone out to dogmas in fiction, but dogmas are less fretful—less convinced of their importance than of yore. The effect on even frankly religious books is evidently beneficial. Here, for instance, is the story of a girl who ultimately takes the veil. Her worldly, Protestant mother gives her notice to quit her roof. Her lover is too earthly to apprehend the charm of being merely hers fraternally, and he turns out to have a disgraceful past; but the reader is never saddened in the old, dreary way. The reason is that Camilla Valery has the temperament of the ideal nun. She is not tugged this way and that unceasingly. She is amazingly deficient in physical passion, but glows all over with an ethereal altruism. She remains a girl, however, and one is happy to find her on one occasion "desperately hungry."

We quote a passage which shows the author in a fanciful mood. It precedes the account of Camilla's reception into the Roman Catholic Church:

Her gaze was unblinkingly riveted upon the little altar and its throne. It had become to her nothing but one blaze of light interspersed with black dots that showed a tendency to run into one another. . . . She . . . could not have convicted herself, had she tried, of one coherent thought. The constant repetition of the response to the Litany was sounding in her ears like the splashing of little waves against the shingle on the beach . . . in the short rush of the *cra*, the plash of the *pro*, and the slight hiss of the *nobis*, spoken in unison.

So far, so good; but, when the rendering of the *Tantum ergo* by a "defective little harmonium" reminds Camilla of waves "pulsing tumultuously round some rocky point on the Guernsey coast," we cry: "Hold!"

Our author must learn to conceal his machinery and to develop his subsidiary characters in addition to describing them.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE MONSTER.

By STEPHEN CRANE.

Seven stories which were appearing serially in a magazine at the time of the author's death. They illustrate two sides of Mr. Crane's temperament—his interest in the

psychology of war, and his interest in child life. "The Monster" is the longest of the stories. (Harpers. 6s.)

ACCORDING TO PLATO.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Mr. Moore writes his novels reclining in an armchair. He has confessed to it. What more can we say of *According to Plato* than that it is bright, and gay after its kind? Those who liked *I Forbid the Bands* will like this. The strenuous folk who are eager for the work, say, of Zack and Miss Wharton, may look askance at this "new novel of society," so up-to-date. When Amber and Josephine leave Sir Creighton Severn's house in Kensington Palace Gardens, of course it is in a "dainty little motor-car victoria." But Mr. Moore has his readers; long may he keep them! They like his epigrammatic sayings, such as: "Platonic affection is the penalty which one pays in old age for Procrastination in one's youth. . . . It is the Egg-shell that is treasured by a man when someone else is eating the omelette." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

By JOHN MACKIE.

The picture on the cover cries "Melodrama!" The frontispiece shows the author in his uniform as a sergeant-major in Brabant's Horse. He is handsomer than most authors. The story has for sub-title the words "A Strange Experience," and it deals with a remarkable case of lost memory. The principal characters are taken to the Island of Java, and as the year is 1883, they are present at the appalling eruption of Krakatoa. "I can vouch," says the martial author, "for the correctness of the brief description of the catastrophe given in these pages." (Jarrold. 6s.)

A LITTLE GREY SHEEP.

By MRS. HUGH FRASER.

A story of the present day, pathetic in parts, and passing on the Upper Thames and in Devonshire, by the author of many stories and of a work on Japan. Mrs. Fraser's method is sometimes a little old-fashioned. She begins Chapter VI. thus: "Dear reader, I am asking you to travel along my road for a good distance yet: let me make a small personal apology for the contents of this chapter." There are schoolboys in the book who talk like this: "'Let's make a row,' said the angel Francey. 'Let's split up a dead crow and put it inside the harmonium.' 'He couldn't stink like that pie to-day,' said Claude. 'My nose is quite sore still.'" (Hutchinson. 6s.)

DUKE RODNEY'S SECRET.

By PERRINGTON PRIMM.

His real name was Marmaduke Rodney. His club friends called him familiarly Duke Rodney. His complexion was brick-red, and looked almost vermilion against his closely-cropped moustache. He was not a pleasant man, and his secret, we gather, had to do with estates. The end of this story of modern life is: "And for her, who shall say what the Future may bring? In the Present there is peace, while the 'Daddy' of long ago stands beside her, looking down upon her with eyes shining with the old infinite tenderness and love." (Jarrold. 6s.)

THE TAPU OF BANDERAH.

By LOUIS BECKE AND W. JEFFREY.

Fifteen tales of doings in distant lands and seas, written in collaboration. "The Tapu of Banderah" is the longest. "A small, white-painted schooner was bearing down upon the low, densely wooded island of Mayou, which lies between the coast of south-east New Guinea and the murderous Solomon Group—the grave of the white man in Melanesia." (Pearson. 6s.)

We have also received *The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler*, by Richard Marsh (Pearson, 6s.), a reissue of a story which was published in 1894.

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage) 17/6

„ Quarterly 5/0

„ Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

B. B. B.

WHAT more is to be said of Byron? Views about him—bewilderingly contradictory—strew Literature. We ourselves have written enough during the last three years to fill a number of the ACADEMY, and still we write. The man compels it. Touch Byron anywhere and you find him bumpiously alive. And yet how many nowadays read his verse? It is the multitudinous man himself that lives—his capability, his vanity, his virility, his splendid insolence, his bonfire imagination, and that innate something that struggled through the man's hide, and sent him to his death, with banners flying, at Missolonghi. The very designer of the cover of this volume has succumbed to his insistence. It is showered with B's and coronets, proclaiming the "splendid and puissant personality" of the man whom Goethe described as "the greatest talent of our century." Poets are not the popular idols of these days. The fighting men have taken their place; but sentimental hearts once beat furiously, and pulses once raced at the thought of the wicked lord, who rattled off the *Bride* in four days, and the *Corsair* in ten; who wrote *Lara* "while undressing after coming home from balls and masquerades," and who could scrawl "there is a most rattling thunder-storm pelting away at this present writing; so that I write neither by day, nor by candle, nor by torch-light, but by lightning-light." Can you not see him? And so writing, he did poetry great service. He drew all men unto it. Thousands declaimed stanzas from *Childe Harold* while they dressed, thousands bade the deep and dark blue ocean roll on at Margate.

Lady Blessington remarked of Byron: "His great defect is flippancy and a total want of self-possession." True, but that is just what gives life to his letters. What he felt at the moment that he said, especially in his letters to Mr. Murray, who stands like a cliff against which a foaming, impetuous sea snarls and beats:

I have sent you a warehouse of trash within the last month, and you have no sort of feeling about you: a pastry-cook would have had twice the gratitude, and thanked me at least for the quantity. . . . You sometimes take the liberty of omitting what I send for publication: if you do so in this instance I will never speak to you again as long as I breathe . . .

And so on.

This is Byron the man, the Byron that is perdurably interesting. On Byron the poet the dust is settling. But they thought differently a few generations ago—even Matthew Arnold. Hear him: "Wordsworth and Byron stand out by themselves. When the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has then just ended, the first names with her will be these." When prophecies come home to roost, it is sometimes well that the prophet is not there to receive them.

The present volume is No. 5 of the *Letters and Journals*, the penultimate volume in Mr. Murray's definitive edition. Byron is thirty-two, living at Ravenna in "splendid apart-

ments in the palace of his mistress's husband," soon to be in the thick of the Italian revolution, soon to follow the fortunes of the exiled Gambas. His surroundings, his habits, are all that the most exacting enthusiast for melodrama could desire. Shelley, who visited him, and on the night of his arrival sat talking with the exiled lord till two in the morning, has left on record a description of the establishment. It consisted, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon. One day, too, Shelley met on the grand staircase five peacocks, two guinea hens, and an Egyptian crane. Shelley adapted his mode of life to Byron's. He rose at two. After breakfast they sat talking till six. From six till eight they galloped through the pine woods which divide Ravenna from the sea. After dinner they talked till six in the morning. But for the most part Byron was alone pursuing what some years before, in a letter to Miss Millbanke, he had called the great object of life: "sensation—to feel that we exist, even though in pain." Vindictive, arrogant, selfish, he went his way rough-shod, often miserable, but always eager for sensation. He cannot understand Keats's "yielding sensitiveness." All he feels when thwarted, or ground under the critical heel, is "an immense rage for eight and forty hours." Then he must mount a horse to quiet himself. Yet he could take attacks with grim humour. Witness the famous bludgeoning letter by "John Bull," who calls Byron the prince of humbugs:

You thought it would be a fine interesting thing for a handsome young Lord to depict himself as a dark-souled, melancholy, morbid being, and you have done so, it must be admitted with exceeding cleverness. In spite of all your pranks (*Beppo*, &c., *Don Juan* included), every boarding-school in the Empire still contains many devout believers in the amazing misery of the black-haired, high-browed, blue-eyed, bare-throated Lord Byron. How melancholy you look in the prints! Stick to *Don Juan*: it is the only sincere thing you have ever written; and it will live many years after all your humbug Harolds have ceased to be, in your own words, "a schoolgirl's tale—the wonder of an hour."

Here is Byron's comment on "John Bull's" letter:

It is diabolically well written, and full of fun and ferocity. I must forgive the dog, whoever he is. I suspect three people: one is *Hobhouse*, the other Mr. Peacock (a very clever fellow), and lastly Israeli; there are parts very like Israeli, and he has a present grudge with Bowles and Southey, &c. There is something, too, of the author of the *Sketch-book* in the *Style*. Find him out.

Such an attack pleased him because it ministered to his vanity. Anything rather than to slip out of the focus of the world's eye, even though the gaze should be that of the basilisk. Contempt was his armour. "All the fools in London are the chief purchasers of your publication," he wrote to Mr. Murray. But he wanted all those "fools" to know what a wonder he was. Lest any detail should escape them, early in January, 1821, he begins a *Journal* once more. Although that *Journal* is well known, we are tempted to cull a few extracts:

Dined *versus* six o' the clock. Forgot that there was a plum-pudding (I have added, lately, *eating* to my "family of vices"), and had dined before I knew it. Drank half a bottle of some sort of spirits—probably spirits of wine; for what they call brandy, rum, &c., &c., here is nothing but spirits of wine, coloured accordingly.

Clock strikes—going out to make love. Somewhat perilous, but not disagreeable. Memorandum—a new screen put up to-day. It is rather antique, but will do with a little repair.

Ordered Fletcher (at four o'clock this afternoon) to copy out seven or eight apophthegms of Bacon, in which I have detected such blunders as a schoolboy might detect rather than commit. Such are the sages! What must they be,

when such as I can stumble on their mistakes or mis-statements? I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical.

What is the reason that I have been, all my lifetime, more or less *ennuyé*? and that, if anything, I am rather less so now than I was at twenty, as far as my recollection serves?

Dined. Tried on a new coat. Letter to Murray, with corrections of Bacon's *Apophthegms* and an epigram—the latter not for publication. At eight went to Teresa, Countess G.

Day fine—rained only in the morning. Looked over accounts. Read Campbell's *Poets*—marked errors of Tom (the author) for correction. Dined—went out—music—Tyrolean air, with variations. Sustained the cause of the original simple air against the variations of the Italian school.

Turned over Seneca's tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of *Sardanapalus*. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned—dined—wrote some more of my tragedy.

Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest—fired pistols. Returned home—dined—dipped into a volume of Mitford's *Greece*—wrote part of a scene of *Sardanapalus*.

Read—rode—fired pistols—returned—dined—wrote—visited—heard music—talked nonsense—and went home.

I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in one night, after going to bed, and been still thirsty—calculating, however, some lost from the bursting out and effervescence and overflowing of the soda-water, in drawing the corks, or striking off the necks of the bottles from mere thirsty impatience.

His intellect never rusted. What he read he wrestled with, and the books that ministered to his active brain during this period show the range of his intelligence. His feelings entered into his criticism. Of a fellow poet, Keats, he could write:

Of the praises of that little dirty blackguard Keates in the *Edinburgh*, I shall observe as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a pension: "What! has he got a pension? Then it is time that I should give up mine!" Nobody could be prouder of the praises of the *Edinburgh* than I was, or more alive to their censure, as I showed in *E[nglish] B[ar]ts and S[cotch] R[eviewers]*. At present all the men they have ever praised are degraded by that insane article. Why don't they review and praise "Solomon's Guide to Health"? it is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keates.

Of Dante, a dead poet, he could write with this wisdom and insight:

He [Schlegel] says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father's feelings in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and "La Pia!" Why, there is gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness—but who but Dante could have introduced any "gentleness" at all into *Hell*? Is there any in Milton's? No—and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory and majesty.

Goethe said of Byron, "the moment he reflects he is a child," and the sixty-odd pages of "Detached Thoughts," which are included in their entirety, for the first time, in this volume, amply support that criticism. He writes on anything that comes into his mind, from a Sheridan story

to remarks on the Immortality of the Soul, and a University Extension youth could have written any of them.

Here is No. 99 Thought:

I am always most religious upon a sun-shiny day; as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity, and the kindler of this dark lantern of our external existence.

In another passage he strikes a deeper note, but the Thought is still obvious:

Man is born *passionate* of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of Good in his Main-spring of Mind. But God help us all. It is at present a sad jar of atoms.

There we will leave him for the present—him and his furious rides, his pistol-shooting, his loves, his tooth-powder and tincture, his fifteen bottles of soda-water, and his chatter about "My first dash into poetry." Dash was the word. He dashed through life, he dashed out of it, and he still has the power to dash into our lives.

Things Seen.

Smiles.

As I walked through the City a crowd outside the Mansion House arrested me. It was a silent crowd, clad in sombre garments; a grave crowd, for Death had lately called one to her rest, and her passing had shaken the Empire. But no shock, however sudden and dynamic, can allay curiosity, and, in the days that followed, the streets were full of men and women whose chief desire was to see. And yet there was little to see on walls or in streets, for the Proclamation of the King's accession even had served its purpose, and been removed. But the avid curiosity of the people remained, and, walking among them, I came to the Mansion House. There my way was stopped by a congestion of black-coated citizens. Rumour had called them—the rumour of a new placard on the grey walls of the Mansion House, and the crowd swelled as I stood watching. There it was, a little, staring, piece of print fixed to the grey walls; and the assembled citizens, mindful that any exhibition of haste or excitement did not suit with those sorrowing days, formed themselves into a *queue*, walked slowly, one by one, to the placard, peered, and smiled—that was the strange part of it. Every man who looked smiled—not a joyous smile, but a smile that vanished before it had time to illumine the face, but still a smile. Never have I seen so many smiles in such orderly progression. I counted one hundred and fifty of them, and then, with curiosity, took my place at the end of the *queue*. By this time the waiting citizens reached nearly to Cannon-street. Their faces were touched with grave expectancy, as they slowly moved towards the placard; grave, for they did not know, as I knew, that those who had seen the placard—smiled. Slowly I advanced nearer and nearer to the grey walls till I was but three paces from the placard. My turn came! I perused and smiled. It was the weather report for the day. "Squally to fair" it said. And still the citizens, like sheep, continued to take their places at the end of the *queue*. And to each in due time came his turn, and his smile—hundreds and hundreds of smiles.

Hats.

THEY had waited very patiently from nine o'clock, or earlier, opposite Grosvenor Gate, and it seemed as if they might have a tolerable view of the mournful pageant. Judge therefore of their emotions when, at the approach of the procession, there started up from the serried mass a row of shop-girls to the incredible stature of a pantomime

giant, and effectually blocked out the view from several thousand chilly persons.

To furious remonstrances the intrepid damsels turned over their shoulders anæmic faces of resolute scorn. One of them even was brilliantly inspired to take out of the mouths of the malcontents their most plausible remonstrance. "Think nobody wants to see but you?" And while, stunned by the flagrant unfairness of the taunt, they remained speechless, "Wonder they didn't hire a winder?" she added, addressing her companion with a scornful giggle.

A timid suggestion that to remove their hats would be, on the part of the ladies on the railing, a graceful concession to popular opinion, was at first stiffly resented as a renewal of the previous discourtesy. In the event, however, one of milder temper than the rest (and with prettier hair) did uncover. A chorus of "Thank you, miss!" rewarded her complaisance, and encouraged others to follow her example. Soon only one hat was left. The crowd searched its imagination for injurious reasons for the wearer's obstinacy, and hazarded the most discouraging forecasts of her matrimonial prospects. At last one fellow of the basest sort "found a way." "Very well, miss," he sighed, like a brave man who has done his best and failed to avert a catastrophe; "you'll be in the cinematograph—and me a'talkin' t'yer!"

The Poet.

He was a middle-aged 'bus driver. The elements had warred upon his face, a red handkerchief was knotted about his neck, and he looked anything but a poet. As I clambered upon the vehicle, a newsboy came running down the Strand flaunting a placard on which was printed in big black letters—THE KING THANKS LONDON! The driver made a three-quarter turn to where I was sitting. "I 'ope that includes me!" he said, motioning with his whip towards the placard. "Certainly," I answered. A pause. Presently he spoke again over his shoulder. "Not many 'as been thanked by him personally, as it were, like I have." "How was that?" I asked. He did not reply immediately, and when he spoke his eyes had dropped to his horses. "When the Queen died——. Poor old lady, I see her many a time driving in and out of the Park. I saw her well at the Jubilee with those Ethiopians guarding her. My word! couldn't they ride. They were like eels on their horses." "But how did the King thank you?" I interposed. "I wrote a poem when she died and sent it to him at Osborne, and in three days I had a reply from Marlborough House, I did, thanking me for the poem." He rubbed the off horse with the top of his whip. "I shall get that letter framed," he said. "Some of our chaps wanted me to send my poem to the papers." "No!" he shook his head. "You see I didn't want to make myself—er—popular, as it were. And I'm sure a man like 'im wouldn't like it." "Did it take you long to write?" I asked. "No! I thought about it for three days going up and down the road, and then wrote it out at night. I didn't make it harrowing. People have quite enough sorrow at home, and they don't want a lot of Scripture chucked into their poetry. It wasn't more than ten lines. The last two of them was:

Not gone from memory, not gone from love,
But gone to our Father's home above.

"And what did you call your poem?" I asked.
"Oh, just 'The Queen of Queens.'"

Who?

"Who wrote *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*?" I had heard this question many times before the book itself came in my way, but I felt only a languid interest in its discussion. It was one of those literary problems over which much time need not be expended, for, if left alone, they solve themselves. Some struggling, hope-sick author had scored at last, or some new runner for fame had made a brilliant start—what more could be added, save congratulations on his luck? And yet was it not singular to what an extent the volume had captured the public? What was its secret? Was there anything in its style or thought to explain so sudden and widespread a popularity? It was with such feelings I took up the book for the first time, but had not proceeded far when I began to be interested on other grounds. Life, according to the theosophist, is a huge series of reincarnations. I am to-day because I was yesterday, and in the sounds of to-day I hear the echoes of yesterday. So with these Love-Letters. They were new to me and yet old, something I had never seen before, something with which I was already familiar. Scanning the pages musingly I read: "I wonder if there can enter into us a joy that has no shadow anywhere? The joy of having you has behind it the shadow of parting; is there no way of loving that would make parting no sorrow at all?"

Where had I met this shadow before? Was it not in a poem I had read a few months previously, and some stanzas of which still lingered in my memory?

A day ago, an hour, and how
I longed to find you near;
Now round me grow your arms, and now
My heart has died for fear!
And ghastlier thought takes shape behind,
Lest, if I love you more,
I some dark morning wake to find
You dead against my door!

Was the author of these love-letters a plagiarist then? It seemed probable; and, recollecting where the stanzas occurred, I took a volume of verse from my shelves, and began to compare it carefully with the dainty book before me. Once more I read: "You, actually, the last time you came, looking a day older than the day before. What was it? Had old age blown you a kiss, or given you a wrinkle in the art of dying? or had you turned over some new leaf, and found it withered on the other side?" To this my sympathetic volume responded, surely with something more than a literary coincidence:

For while you tell me of your grief,
Such sorrow finds me old:
Your breath has stirred a withered leaf,
And cast it to the mould.

Surely, again, the atmosphere of the following passages is the same: "If I hold my breath for a moment wickedly (for I can't do it breathing), and try to look at the world with you out of it, I seem to have fallen over a precipice; or, rather, the solid earth has slipped from under my feet, and I am off into vacuum."

That falling off the earth bears a suspicious resemblance to this sliding into the deep:

Fathom on fathom under foot
The folded seas were deep:
Where day drew forth its mandrake root,
There under us lay sleep.
Your dear arms faltered: your young eyes
Caught half the daylight down:
And "Quick," you sobbed, in broken sighs,
"Quick! help me, or I drown!"
Help you? The sea lay full below
Fathom on fathom deep,
It was but one straight road to go;
And in the sea lay sleep.

Again, what is to be made of these remarkable correspondences: "Is it not strange how often to test our happiness we harp on sorrow. I do: don't let it weary you. I know I have read somewhere that great love always entails pain"? Surely that is akin to this:

I, too, hear how the lover sings
Love like a flower unfurled;
I hear the viols, the flutes, and strings
Of this great moaning world.

I, too, could sing had I not this
To bind upon my brain,
That all these myriad notes of bliss
Make one great voice of pain:
That, though I lay all sorrow by
And make glad songs my own,
They will not lessen as they die
The universal moan.

See how spring touches the one soul in the two books:
"You have given me a spring day before the buds begin
—the weather I have been longing for." . . . "And so
back to my spring weather: all in a moment you gave me
a whole week of the weather I had longed after."

Out of the earth that holds you bound
All spring comes back to me:
The honeyed world awakes at sound
Of life the quickening bee.
Spring comes with silent rush of leaf
Across the earth and cries
"Lo, Love is risen!"

How similarly is separation dwelt upon—the struggle to part and yet to remain one: "I have not said—I never could say it—'Let the day perish wherein Love was born!' I forget nothing of you: you are clear to me—all but one thing: why we have become as we are now, one whole, parted and sent different ways. And yet so near!"

Now day by day my love is set
To make the severance grow;
By speech to hold you fast, and yet
Mutely to bid you go.
By all I will to all I would,
I to our parting press,
And seek by signs half understood
To make you love me less.
And while you stay and trust me still,
Fear leaps upon my heart,—
Lest, in the dark ways of His will,
God means us not to part!

Note, again, how the poetry and the prose strike the same chord in regard to death: "No healthy body, or body with power of enjoyment in it, wishes to die, I think: and no heart with any desire still living out of the past. We know nothing at all really: we only think we believe, and hope we know; and how thin that sort of conviction gets when in our extremity we come face to face with the one immovable fact of our own death waiting for us!"

The ramparts of the house of Death
Love cannot pierce or scale,
To tell with what a thirst for breath
The silent captives ail.
In that fixed prison-house of form,
All locked and barred about,
Perchance your living will is warm
And battles to be out.

In this manner did I proceed for hours, discovering parallels of thought and phrase in these two remarkable volumes—parallels even more striking than those already quoted, until the conviction was borne in upon me that if the author of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* was a plagiarist, he was a plagiarist from himself—that, indeed, the poetry and the prose derived from the same pen. This conviction was deepened by the fact that in the poem there is a tragedy of love strikingly similar in its vague, elusive,

wayward development to that of the Letters. There could be no doubt, it seemed to me, that Mr. Laurence Housman, the author of *Rue*, from which I have quoted in this article, was the man who had written *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, and that if the British public were not altogether unaccountable in its idiosyncrasies it would have granted him some taste in 1899 of the favour with which it has inundated him in 1901; for, though differing in method, the two volumes are one in spirit, and much of what is best in the Letters exists in germ in the poems.

J. D.

The Poetic Famine.

LAST week we remarked on the seeming inability of our poets to distinguish themselves on great occasions. It is not the lack of poetry that surprises, but the plentifulness of inferior poetry. What this state of things denotes we will not venture to suggest. The inquiry would have to go deep, and strange things might have to be said. Meanwhile it will hardly be disputed that poetry has almost ceased to bear a working part in literature. It is a mere snapper up of unconsidered trifles. The best verse now being written is the emptiest. Poems are caught out of the air with dexterity, and shaped with rapidity and skill; but they are read to-day, and to-morrow are cast into the oven. We may depend upon it that poetry is in a bad way when it fails so miserably as of late to reach the nation's heart in crises of that heart. Here, however, controversy raises its finger. Is the nation's heart in a sound and sensitive condition? Are we in earnest? Are we true? Or do we fritter ourselves on many things and grow careless? It seems strange that no haunting line, no glorious cadence, falls on the ear in these great days.

This week we receive the second number of the *Thrush*, filled with poems of the nation's sorrow. We do not, of course, take these poems so seriously as those on which we commented briefly last week, yet they serve as an extension of our text. They are only less accomplished than those; their essential spirit and shortcomings are the same. They are laboured, literary, unmajestic. They toil with words, and bring them to naught:

Her reign: how shall we reckon it!
By years, or by achievement?
Her loss: how shall we season it—
By tears of sad bereavement?

So queries Mr. Charles Whitworth Wynne, author of *Ad Astra*; and the poem ends:

To God she bow'd: and from His Hand she took
The grievous chastisement of later years.
Her faith in His GREAT PURPOSE never shook,
'Mid shattering hopes and fears.

And now, she waits the Angel of His Peace,
With happy eyes turn'd towards a happier morn,
For never Soul long'd more for its release
Than hers, so bravely borne!

We are reminded of the routine verse of a village epitaph-maker. Yet Mr. Wynne can blow you poetic soap-bubbles that float and burst prettily. What he cannot do is to mourn worthily the death of a Queen.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell seeks dignity in blank verse, and achieves this:

Once we remembered that thou wert for us
The mighty Personage whose reign hath seen
A grandeur greater even than the days
Of Shakespeare and of Raleigh; that to thee
We owed wise counsel, fruit of toilsome hours
Of patient thought, and converse with the men
Of genius who have graced our commonwealth
For three and sixty years; a queen whose realms,
Rich with the spoils of Science, had grown strong
With valiant Colonies which girt the world.

One can only say of this that it is of no account, and that with slight manipulation certain leading articles written on the death of the Queen might be cut up into better blank verse. Mr. Alfred Percival Graves essays to express the feelings of Ireland in "Erin's Adieu." Ireland was overjoyed by the Queen's visit,

Because thou hadst thy home of homes
Where Heaven endomes the Highland hills,
And ever mingling mirth with pain
The authentic strain of Gaeldom thrills;
But most because, their graves above
Who for thy love and Erin's fell,
Thy breast and hers in mournful pride
Beat side by side with sister swell.

The image of two hearts beating with "sister swell" is a little too much for us. In "Their Shrine" Mr. Keble Howard tries the effect of an italic refrain, decently spaced away from the verses it follows:

Lay her down lovingly:
Our Queen—so pure, so true, so strong:
Whose love of right, whose scorn of wrong
Ensweetened all the paths she trod:
God, grant her name be honoured long!

Lay her down lovingly 'neath her shrine.

Close the doors rev'rently:
For, waiting her with outstretched hands,
Her love, her well-beloved, stands—
Her love, whose name she ne'er forgot:
They meet again in sweeter lands!

Close the doors rev'rently on their shrine.

This is dandy-'prentice verse. What shall we say of "The Watchword," by the Editor, who, by the way, turns out to be Mr. Mullett Ellis? He fills two pages with a poem of which these are specimen stanzas:

Unto the grieving Peoples comes the word—
Watchword for hearts afflicted, minds distressed.
The Son of Her who was, His people heard—
"Duty! In duty shall our grief find rest."

Thus spake He. He, the heaviest-stricken one,
Swore "to devote His strength whilst life shall last
To do the arduous duty" now his own,
And emulate the Glory that is past.

So the great Admiral of All the Seas,
Hands on his signal watchword through the years,
E'en when the People sorrow on their knees;
E'en when the Crown is suffering in tears.

The budget closes with some banjo verses, "Kitchener of Khartoum," by Mr. Harold Begbie, who cherishes the singular idea that General Kitchener is left in loneliness in South Africa.

O the dashing work is over and the drums and flags retire,
And our city-ways are thronging with a populace afire,
And the heroes have been greeted and the laurel has been
twined,
But, they haven't all turned homeward—there's a man
who's left behind.

There are several men, we fancy, left behind; and thirty thousand more are about to join them. But, indeed, the poem reeks of that inaccuracy which has cankered and nullified our recent war songs. If our poets would only be patriots and face facts, they might inspire us. Mr. Begbie writes of stamping out "rebellion," but why not face the fact that the "rebellion" is subsidiary and technical, and that so long as De Wet leads his thousands up and down the veldt there is war—difficult war, and worthy to be called such? Why belittle England by belittling her task?

It may be said that the verses we have quoted are unworthy of notice. But they help to explain the poetic famine. Poetry is emotion, whatever else it be, and the emotion must be real; it must rise in the breast, whereas our poets seem to draw theirs from the newspapers that print their woolly elegies.

Correspondence.

Recent Linguistic Barbarisms.

SIR,—It is, surely, more than the proverbial "high time" that strong protest be made—and nowhere more fittingly can the protest appear than in the columns of the ACADEMY—against the introduction, or attempted introduction, into the English vocabulary of certain atrociously barbarous words and expressions.

Nearly two centuries ago Swift (in "A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue," as well as in the *Tatler*) denounced the introduction of the "monstrous productions," as he termed them, "which have overrun us for some years past"—to wit, *trips*, *mob*, *bamboozle*, *kidney* (in the sense of sort or kind), *spies*, *amusement*, &c., &c. But, with the exception of the frightful *kidney*, those importations may be deemed quite innocent by comparison with some of the latest additions to the vocabulary. Two instances will suffice, one of which may be stigmatised especially as a *grammatical* the other as an *aesthetic* solecism. If they have not come in with the South African War, at all events they have received large impetus therefrom. These two special monstrosities, to which I beg to call attention, are *negotiating* (in the sense of "achieving" or "attempting," as, e.g., *negotiating a passage of a river*) and *spoiling* (in the sense of "fretting"?) *for the fight*. *Quousque tandem?*

Shades of Swift and Voltaire! How, one may imagine, they would be consumed with the *indignatio seva*, were such violations of the laws of reason and of language to reach them in their retirement—placid but for echoes of unreason and bad taste from the upper world—in the Elysian fields! The worst of the mischief is, that these horrible barbarisms are being adopted and made current by those who might be expected to be superior to such vulgarisms. Only this morning I read, in one of your leading daily contemporaries, of a General in South Africa "negotiating a passage" (of a river). But that is mild by comparison with "spoiling for the fight," introduced in a leader in another journal of pretensions some months ago. *Horresco referens*.—I am, &c., H. W.

The Word "Gun," a Thief.

SIR,—In your interesting review of the latest parts of the *New English Dictionary* you say: "The developed uses of the word [gun] are curious. . . . A thief, in thieves' language, is a *gun*. . . . All these senses seem to have been wrested from the original *gun*, a weapon." Your reviewer has been misled by the *Dictionary*, which ought not to have classed *gun*, a thief, under *gun*, a weapon, as the former is of entirely different etymology. It is a Yiddish word, an abbreviation of the variously written *gonoph*, *gonoff*, *gonaff*, *gonnof*, *gunneff*, a thief, familiar to every reader of Dickens. The reduction of Yiddish slang words to their first syllables is not uncommon. Other examples of it are *case* (i.e., *caser*, a crown-piece), *kye* (i.e., *kibosh*, eighteenpence), *noff* (i.e., *noffigur*, an unsteady woman), &c.—I am, &c., JAS. PLATT, JUN.

SIR,—In his interesting notice of the latest part of Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary* your reviewer commits himself to a rather questionable statement. He includes the cant word *gun*, in the sense of thief, with the other slang words derived from *gun*, a weapon. Slang is not seldom hard to trace etymologically, but the source of *gun* is as clear as can be. It is simply a contraction of *gonof* (also spelt *gonoph* or *gnof*), a word of Hebrew origin meaning a thief, specifically a pickpocket.

With regard to *gushing*, I think an earlier reference to it than that in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1961 can be found

in *Artemus Ward: His Book*. In the chapter on the "Shakers" I read:

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "My Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!"

When, in a later chapter, Artemus meets representatives of the Bunkumville Female Moral Reforming and Women's Rights Association who wish free admission to his show, one of the ladies observes:

"O, please let my darter in—shee's a sweet gushin child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush!" Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observashun that I was a Beest.

The first English edition of *Artemus Ward*, which lies before me, was published early in 1865; but it appeared in America a year or two earlier—the exact date I cannot give offhand. That *gushing* was in colloquial use before 1864 also seems to me established by the pseudonym "Impulsia Gushington" adopted by the late Lady Dufferin for her book of Egyptian travel, *Lispings from Low Latitudes*, published in 1863.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

"Rhymed Elegiacs and Adonis's Gardens."

SIR,—Does Mr. A. Lang, in his letter in the *Academy* of February 9, under the above heading, mean to imply that Plato's *Phædrus* is not Greek? The reference is to be found in *Phædrus*, 276 B.—I am, &c., C. S. H.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 73 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the most interesting suggestion of a neglected book. The suggestions sent in are of considerable and rather equal interest. We award the prize to Mr. Henry Hanford, Eastlea, Teddington, for the following:

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN: A DRAMATIC POEM. BY CHARLES WELLS. REPUBLISHED ABOUT 1876.

Let every lover of dramatic blank verse try to pick up a copy of this noble poem.

From Mr. Swinburne's preface:

"Published first quarter of 19th century, unnoticed save for Rossetti's eloquent praise. Chas. Wells is elsewhere mentioned only in an early sonnet of Keats', but should be one of the memorable names of the second great period of our poetry.

He has triumphantly succeeded where Coleridge failed in imitating the style of Shakespeare. Thus, of the setting sun:

A god gigantic, habited in gold,
Stepping from off a mount into the sea.—P. 7.

Pure dramatic quality is shown abundantly, and nearly half the lines are worthy of quotation. The scene between Joseph and Phraxanor (Potiphar's wife) has been approached in Shakespeare's "Cleopatra" alone. Every scene in the life of Joseph is done into words with admirable and equal vigour."

Other replies are as follows:

DREAMTHORP. BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

These essays were written in the country, and it is in some secluded backwater of civilisation where the big bone that convulses the world is unheeded, and life's importunate utilities disregarded, that the literary man and the lover of nature should let Smith's rounded periods open up the folds of their floating, richly-brocaded robes, and envelop him in a fond embrace. No man understood the literary character better—its potencies, its limitations, its velleities, the undeserved scorn and injustice its patient merit takes, its indispensability to the world. The "practical man" of to-day will never read *Dreamthorp*, though twenty Cuthbert Haddens sought to repopularise it. It says nothing on the Eastern Question, and offers no statistics. Besides, Smith, airily indifferent to Gradgrind, remarks that "Fine phrases he values more than bank-notes." But let the unpractical, mercurial man realise he is made "heir in full,"

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

A SUMMER IN SKYE. BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

I first made acquaintance with the pages of Stevenson, weather-bound in a Skye bothy on the western shore of Sleat. His style greeted me like an old friend, and I said to myself: "Here is a disciple of Alexander Smith, though with the whimsical twist of an unknown dimension!" Now, Stevenson's fame waxes—but Smith's? who reads his book "A Summer in Skye," though it is at least as fine as "Travels with a Donkey"! The work has pathos, humour, and, above all, humanity. It gives pictures like those of a camera obscura, in which living figures move against a background of most ancient nature. Smith, like Stevenson, finds the elect world and straightway, you see what he saw and as he saw it—not only that, you feel as he felt, for the book would not be the real one it is did not the author seem yet alive in its pages, though his hand has dwindled to dust this thirty years. Why, then, is he consigned to the waste-basket of forgetfulness?

[F. B., Milton-next-Gravesend.]

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE: A SATIRICAL POEM, IN FOUR DIALOGUES WITH NOTES.

This once-popular work was, I believe, written by J. J. Matthias. The fourteenth edition, with the citations translated, and with a complete index, was issued in London; printed for T. Becket, 81, Pall Mall, 1808. It forms one volume octavo, pp. xxiv., 579, and index, pp. 68. This striking poem is written in smoothly flowing and carefully rhymed lines of ten syllables, and in many cases there is but one line of poetry on a page, the remainder being occupied by the very copious notes, which are of considerable interest on account of their scathing references to well-known literary men of the time, among others Pitt, Burke, Godwin, Bishop Horsley, Cowper, Dr. Johnson, "Monk" Lewis, Dr. Parr, Sheridan, Dr. Joseph Walton, and Wilberforce. Shakespeare and his editors, Robert Burns, Locke, Bacon, and various classical writers are also referred to in this noteworthy composition.

[A. S., Edinburgh.]

A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF MRS. CHARLOTTE CHARKE. WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

A writer who, in telling her own tragic story, can laugh, and make laugh, is worth knowing. She touches our sympathies from the side of humour and of pathos. When, moreover, she is a feminine *picaro* (though "mad-cap" rather than rogue), whose life has been a tangle of strange experiences, of wild escapades, of short-lived triumphs and unsuccessful ventures, of extravagance and "gaping for a crust," of whimsical masquerading, of toiling and pawning and begging for "her poor little wench," of penniless tramping, the chances are that she has something to say. When, finally, she has a spark of originality, a lively imagination, a turn for quaint and apt expression, the sum of these qualities ought surely to entitle her to a place on our bookshelves. Such a woman was Charlotte, daughter of Colley Cibber; hence her autobiography, by an unfortunate chance long neglected, is vital. *Resurgat!*

[E. R., London.]

VIEWS AND OPINIONS. BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

A great man once said that a book should teach us either to endure life or to enjoy it. *Views and Opinions*, by Matthew Browne, helps me to do both. Published thirty-five years ago, and now out of print, it still convinces by reason of its very humanness. The titles of the thoughtful, original essays it contains are singularly attractive: "The Table-Lands of Life," "One's Own Cocoon," "On Being Sentimental," "On Giving Way." This last might be expected to preach the duty of unselfishness, but the subject is much less trite. In it Browne sets forth "the humours and absurdities of vulgar acquiescence." Both idealist and humourist, he has a cheering faith in the lessons of the years, concluding quaintly: "The soul is greater than the almanac, and to grow backwards is no disqualification for entering even the kingdom of heaven."

[L. L., Ashby-de-la-Zouch.]

Other interesting replies received from: G. R. G. C., Aberdeen; G. H., Didsbury; F. M. R., Faversham; F. B. D., Torquay; E. W. H., Didsbury; F. P. S., Manchester; E. M. G., London; H. A. E., Oxford; F. B. L., Dulwich; M. J. S., Edinburgh; J. R., St. Ives; C. C. B., Exmouth; J. D. A., Ealing; F. A., Leeds; R. F. McC., Whitby.

Competition No. 74 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best original poem of three four-line stanzas.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, February 20. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

MARCH NUMBER. THE
PALL MALL MAGAZINE.
 Edited by GEORGE R. HALKETT.

The March number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is now ready, and contains:—

**AN INTERVIEW
 WITH EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER.**

This interview and character study will be found of great interest at the moment, and gives Mr. Kruger's views of the war and his hopes for the future.

Other important subjects are dealt with as follows:—
 "THE SECOND OF FEBRUARY, 1901." A Poem on the Funeral of the late Queen. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL.
 POPE LEO XII. An important Contribution to Papal History. By the Vicomte de Vogue, of L'Académie Française.

SIGNALING to MARS. Sir ROBERT BALL, F.R.S.
 MEN'S DRESS. Lieut.-Colonel NEWSHAM DAVIS.
 MR. PINERO and MR. ARCHER. A Real Conversation. Recorded by WILLIAM ARCHER.

TWO SONGS. By the writer of "AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS."

THE ENGLISH and FRENCH in ABYSSINIA. HERBERT VIVIAN.

CASTLE HOWARD. Lord RONALD S. GOWER.

VICTORIA THE WELL-BELOVED.

By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT E. MAXWELL, M.P.
 Other Articles, Stories, and Poems by A. T. QUILLER-COUCH, FREDERICK WIDMORF, EDEN PHILLIPPS, G. STANLEY ELLIS, HAROLD BEECHIE, ALFRED KINSMAN, &c.
 Many exquisite Illustrations and Caricatures, and 2 Full-Page Plates are included.

Price ONE SHILLING
 18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

A NEW NOVEL OF GENTLE LIFE.
NAOMI'S EXODUS. By Lily H. Montagu.
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BY RITA.
THE ENDING OF MY DAY. By the Author of "Vanity: the Confessions of a Court Modiste," &c. (Unwin's Copyright Novels Series). Cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE IRISH AS THEY ARE.
THE LOST LAND: a Tale of a Cromwellian
 Irish Town. By JULIA M. CROTTIE, Author of "Neighbours," &c. Cloth, 6s.

"A picturesque and moving story."—*Outlook*.
 A FASCINATING NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.
TREWERN: a Welsh Tale of the Thirties.
 By R. M. THOMAS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

MODERN ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. (Story of the Nations Series.) Illustrated, 3s.

THE MIND OF THE CENTURY. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

Contributors: LOUISE JOHNSON, WILLIAM ARCHER, ARTHUR WAGNER, HENRY W. NEVINSON, JOSEPH PENNELL, G. C. ASHTON-JONES, J. A. NICKLIN, MAJOR MARTIN-HUGO, REV. A. W. HUTT, TOS. W. P. ALEXANDER, A. HOBSON, FRANCIS SPURR, DR. W. A. TILMER, DR. H. J. CAMPBELL, EDWARD GORDON, and W. A. PRICE.

SECOND IMPRESSION.
PAGES from a JOURNAL: Essays, Notes, and Tales from a Journal of the last Thirty Years. By MARK RUTHERFORD, Author of "Clara Hoggood," &c. Cloth, 6s.

FALAISE: the Story of the Town of the Conqueror. By A. BOWMAN DODD. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

ENGLAND'S NEGLECT OF SCIENCE. By Professor PERRY, of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

CANADIAN CAMP LIFE. By FRANCES E. HERRING. With 8 Full-Page Illustrations. Cloth, 6s.
 London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

to

"THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.
BIRKBECK BANK,
 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS
 on the minimum monthly balances,
 when not drawn below £100. **2%.**

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS
 on Deposits, repayable on demand. **2½%.**

STOCKS AND SHARES.
 Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.
 The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.
 Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.
 Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

Order your Copy at once.

NEW LIBERAL REVIEW

No. 2 for MARCH.

READY FEBRUARY 27.

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

EDITED BY

CECIL B. HARMSWORTH AND HILDEBRAND A. HARMSWORTH.

SPECIAL CONTENTS.

A BOY'S REMINISCENCES of QUEEN VICTORIA.

LIBERAL PRINCIPLES in NEW ZEALAND ... The Right Hon. the EARL OF ABERDEEN, P.C., G.C.M.G.

THE MAKING of a MODERN UNIVERSITY ... W. MACNEIL DIXON, Litt.D.

LIBERAL or WHIG? ... The Hon. LIONEL HOLLAND

ON FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS ... E. V. LUCAS.

QUEEN VICTORIA ... The Right Hon. VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES.

GOLFING for PLEASURE ... HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE REFORMATION BISHOPS and their CATHOLIC PRIESTS ... FREDERIC GREENWOOD.

WOMEN as LAWYERS ... MARGARET S. HALL.

ABE of the SEA FENS ... SYDNEY GOWING.

THE POLITICAL ASPECTS of CHURCH UNION in SCOTLAND ... W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

INSET LIFE in WINTER ... The Rev. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.

BOOKS WORTH BUYING.

And an Important Symposium entitled:
 OUR COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY: HOW TO MAINTAIN IT. Contributed by KENNETH B. MURRAY (Secretary of the London Chamber of Commerce), J. KEIR HARRIE, M.P., Sir NEVILLE LUBBOCK, K.C.M.G., Colonel Sir HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G., M.P., ERNEST E. WILLIAMS (Author of "Made in Germany"), W. H. LEVER, THOS. F. BLACKWELL, A. L. JONES (Director of the Elder Dempster Line), and A. J. WILSON (of "The Investors' Review"), &c., &c.

NEXT WEEK.—In 1 vol., demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, price 10s. 6d. net.
FIRST ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.
 Being an Account of the British Antarctic Expedition,
 1898—1900.

By C. E. BORCHGREVINK, F.R.G.S., Commander of the Expedition.
WITH PORTRAITS, MAPS, AND 188 ILLUSTRATIONS.

London: GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED

JUST PUBLISHED.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, price 3s. 6d. net.

French Life in Town and Country.

By HANNAH LYNCH.

WITH 12 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

London: GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED

MUDIE'S LIBRARY
 (LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months,
 and 12 Months

CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS
 of the SEASON ARE NOW in
 CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE
 (Second Hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS

SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
 241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 49, Queen Victoria
 Street, E.C., LONDON;
 And at 10-12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

ARCHITECTURAL EYESORES; the Wallace Collection; Walter Crane—a Hungarian Appreciation; Old Brentford Town (with Illustrations).—See the "ART JOURNAL" for March, price 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 9d. Through any bookseller, or direct from the Publisher, H. VIRTUE & Co., Ltd., 26, Ivy Lane, London, E.C.

**An American Transport
 in the Crimean War.**

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War..... The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 193 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

NEW BOOKS FROM MR. MELROSE'S LIST.

At 5s.
THE MAGIC MIST,
And other Dartmoor Legends.
By EVA C. ROGERS.
Profusely Illustrated. Imp. 16mo, cloth boards.
"Of intense interest... The volume is beautifully got up, and will form a choice present."—*Perthshire Advertiser*.

At 1s. net.
FOURTH EDITION. 20th THOUSAND.
FIELD-MARSHAL

LORD ROBERTS, V.C., K.P., G.C.B.
A Biographical Sketch.
By HORACE G. GROSER.
Author of "The Kingdom of Manhood," &c.

The *Morning Post* says: "The author traces the military career of this famous General in an attractive manner, every care apparently having been taken to make it accurate."
The *Academy* says: "So clear a narrative of so fine a life can be welcomed as something better than a piece of book-making."

JOHN RUSKIN
A Biographical Sketch.
By R. ED. PENGELLY.

With a reproduction from a Water-Colour Portrait of Ruskin, by himself, and with Original and hitherto Unpublished Letters.

The *Sword and Trowel* says: "Modestly described as a sketch. But, though only a sketch, a very graphic one, giving us an admirable idea of the great master of art criticism and English prose, from the inside. Everywhere it breathes the warm sympathy that alone can interpret any man's life and ideals. The writer keeps a sane and sound judgment, he does not worship his hero; but, all the more he commands our respect as he attempts to depict him, and expound his teachings. We have much enjoyed every page of the sketch, even the orderly discipline with which it is planned. It deserves to run into many editions."

At 3s. 6d.
WESTWARD HO!
By CHARLES KINGSLEY.
Imp. 16mo, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top.
Illustrated by Ayton Symington.

At 3s. 6d.
**FROM THE SCOURGE
OF THE TONGUE**

By BESSIE MARCHANT (Mrs. J. A. COMFORT).
Imp. 16mo, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top.
"It is refreshing to come across so healthy a book, in which there is, moreover, a pure religious tone."—*Western Mercury*.

At 2s. 6d.
BARFIELD'S BLAZER,
And other School Stories.

By W. E. CULE.
"A splendid collection of school stories... The book deserves a place in every school library."—*South Devon Journal*.

At 2s.
THE SCHOOL'S HONOUR
And other Stories
By HAROLD AVERY.
New and Enlarged Edition.

At 2s. 6d.
BOOKS FOR THE HEART

Edited, and with an Introduction, by
ALEXANDER SMELLIE, M.A.
Fcap. 8vo, printed on antique wove paper, cloth boards, gilt top, price 2s. 6d. each volume.

NEW VOLUME.
**THE HEIDELBERG
CATECHISM.**

A NEW TRANSLATION.
"We rejoice in the possession of the little book... Most catechisms are for the head, but this is really 'a book for the heart.'"—*Expository Times*.

Uniform with "Books for the Heart."

QUIET HOURS
SECOND SERIES.
By JOHN PULSFORD, D.D.
Price 2s. 6d.

**THE SUPREMACY
OF MAN.**

By JOHN PULSFORD, D.D.,
Author of "Quiet Hours," &c. Price 2s. 6d.
"It is a wonderful little volume, written in numbered paragraphs, every paragraph being packed with thoughts and suggestions."—*Guardian*.

16, PILGRIM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HARPER & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

From the German of MARGARETHA VON POSCHINGER.
Edited, with an Introduction, by SIDNEY WHITMAN.
With Introduction, Portrait, and Index.
Demy 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, 16s.

"The volume is one of exceptional historical importance and value, while at the same time it conveys a very pleasing impression of the home life of 'Our Fritz.'"—*Scotsman*.
"A book that adds much to our knowledge of a memorable period, and to our admiration of a great and noble personality."—*Daily Telegraph*.
"A welcome account of one of the noblest monarchs who ever occupied a throne."—*St. James's Gazette*.

THE STORY OF NINETEENTH CENTURY SCIENCE.

By Dr. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.
Demy 8vo, 475 pp., with Index, cloth, illustrated, 9s.
A comprehensive and popular history of the progress of Science during the last century by an eminent American Scientist.

The Contents include: Science at the Beginning of the Century—The Century's Progress in Astronomy—Geology—Meteorology—Physics—Chemistry—Organic Evolution—Anatomy—Medicine—Psychology, &c., together with a *résumé* of unsolved problems.

FICTION.

JUST PUBLISHED. A BICYCLE OF CATHAY.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON,
Author of "Rudder Grange."
Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

THE MONSTER.

By STEPHEN CRANE,
Author of "The Red Badge of Courage" and
"The Open Boat."
Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5s.

These Stories illustrate the writer's two distinct styles—that of trenchant and vivid pictures of war and tragedy, and whimsical but none the less exact study of child life and character.

"Mr. Crane describes the working of the youthful mind with exceeding care, scrupulously free from exaggeration, and aiming at absolute fidelity."—*Daily Telegraph*.

SECOND EDITION. THE SLAVES OF SOCIETY. A Satire on Social Life and Usages.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Publishers beg to call special attention to this book, which, although published anonymously, is from the pen of a well-known and brilliant writer.

"It is so good, indeed, in form and style, that we are convinced the author is no new comer into the field of literature."—*Glasgow Herald*.
"Clever in its delineation of character, and sparkling in its dialogue, painting the fashionable people of the moment in vivid, graceful lines; and no one will read it without a keen and hearty enjoyment."—*Scotsman*.

SECOND EDITION. THE INNER SHRINE.

By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK (Mrs. ANDREW DEAN), Author of "The Grasshoppers."
Crown 8vo, 6s.

"One of the prettiest and brightest stories we have met with for a long time."—*Daily Chronicle*.
"Mrs. Sidgwick has done nothing better than the rout of the Clatworthy's and its tragic sequel."—*Spectator*.
"Excellent in tone and feeling throughout, and deserves to be widely read."—*Daily News*.

A NEW ROMANCE BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS XENIA." CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON,
Author of "The Princess Xenia," "Galloping Dick."
Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A well-told tale of the old smuggling days, with plenty of character and incident."—*Athens*.
"An admirable and exciting story."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.
"The story bristles with incident, the plot is well conceived, and there is not an uninteresting page from first to last."—*Glasgow Herald*.

HARPER & BROTHERS, 45, Albemarle Street, W.

All Interested In FOREIGN MISSIONS

Should read the Two Volumes,
just published, on

THE ECUMENICAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

Held in New York, from April 21
to May 2, 1900.

NOW READY.

2 vols., 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. net.

One of the best Missionary Books
of Reference yet Printed.

FOURTH EDITION JUST PUBLISHED.
Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

FROM ALDERSHOT TO PRETORIA;

A Story of Christian Work among
the Troops in South Africa.

By W. E. SELLERS.

With 15 Illustrations.

"Instructive and sympathetic."—*Standard*.
"It gives a vivid impression of the work amongst the soldiery on the stricken field, in camp, and in hospital."—*Field*.
"Full of interesting matter."—*Spectator*.
"Reliable and attractive."—*United Service Magazine*.
"Well chosen anecdotes of a kind that would be useful to speakers at religious meetings."—*Manchester Guardian*.

A COMPACT AND POPULAR STORY
OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

WITH OUR SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT.

By HENRY JOHNSON.

With 15 Illustrations.

Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

Dr. PARKER has recently said: "The tangled web of the Boer war has so far muddled our memory that we welcome cordially a satisfactory *résumé* of its origin and progress. This Mr. Johnson has given us with admirable lucidity. The book will afford interesting and instructive reading for many firesides, and he may be felicitated on having written an account of the war which will please all and offend none."

"Gives a good idea of the origin of the war, and its leading incidents."—*Times*.
"A convenient record of the great operations of the war, put together in a way that will make the general course of events readily apprehended by the reader."—*Spectator*.

PUBLISHED BY
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
INCORPORATED,
25, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1503. Established 1869.

23 February, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

Mrs. MAX MÜLLER has undertaken to write a life of her husband, Prof. Max Müller, and would be much indebted to any of Prof. Max Müller's correspondents if they would lend her any letters they may have in their possession. They should be sent to Mrs. Max Müller, at 7, Norham Gardens, Oxford, and they will be returned when done with. Messrs. Longmans will be the publishers of the Life.

THE autobiography of Max Müller is also, we understand, in preparation, and may be expected this year. He had a ready pen, a naïve way of enlarging upon his preferences, and a keen interest in the personalities of the illustrious people he met—as the volumes called *Auld Lang Syne* bear witness. The Autobiography will be prefaced by an introduction, from which the following is an extract:

People wished to know how a boy, born and educated in a small and almost unknown town in the centre of Germany, should have come to England, should have been chosen there to edit the old-st book of the world, *The Veda of Brahmas*, never published before, whether in India or in Europe, should have passed the best part of his life as a professor in the most famous and, as it was thought, the most exclusive University in England, and should actually have ended his days as a member of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. I confess myself it seems a very strange career, yet everything came about most naturally, not by my own effort, but owing again to those circumstances or to that environment of which we have heard so much of late.

THE third volume of Prof. Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-1660*, is issued this week by Messrs. Longmans. In the Preface Prof. Gardiner regrets that his work makes rather slower progress than he had hoped for, but points out that the period dealt with in this third volume, namely that which separated the Parliamentary elections of 1654 and 1656, was worthy of especial care. "The story of these two years reveals to us the real character of the Protectorate, as no other part of its history can do." It includes the Protector's relations with his first Parliament, the Royalist insurrection of 1655, the institution and action of the Major Generals, the settlement of Ireland, the expeditions of Penn and Blake, and the cultivation of new relations with the Continental powers. Concerning many matters Prof. Gardiner thinks there has been much misunderstanding of points of the highest importance.

It is a gratifying thought that scattered over this country are a number of men and women, not differing, possibly, in appearance from other people, but possessed inwardly with an unslumbering passion to keep the language pure. We applaud them, and print two letters we have received this morning. An Engineer's Wife writes:

Is not the frequent remark that "I have put a spoke in his wheel" another instance of misuse of terms? Should

it not be sprag? And does not the *Spectator's* reviewer mean sprag when he says that "Mr. Compton Reade has . . . put a spoke in the wheel of the humanitarians who denounce the cruelty of fox-hunting"?

May I record a protest against another vulgarity that too often defaces colloquial and newspaper English? I read, in a contemporary, concerning Lord Frederick Blackwood, that "the doctors have recommended him stopping either at Madeira or Tangier." It is against the use of "stop" as implying continuous instead of momentary action that I wish to protest. I stop at Trafalgar-square supposing that my business takes me no further, but if I were to pitch a tent (the police being absent!) in the shade of Nelson's Column, and there take up my abode, I should not stop, but stay there.—E. E. T.

THE *North American Review* contains an admirable article by Mr. W. D. Howells on Mark Twain. It is called "An Inquiry." This analysis of Mark Twain's method is excellent:

So far as I know Mr. Clemens is the first writer to use in extended writing the fashion we all use in thinking, and to set down the thing that comes into his mind without fear or favour of the thing that went before, or the thing that may be about to follow. I, for instance, in putting this paper together, am anxious to observe some sort of logical order, to discipline such impressions and notions as I have of the subject into a coherent body which shall march column-wise to a conclusion obvious if not inevitable from the start. But Mr. Clemens, if he were writing it, would not be anxious to do any such thing. He would take whatever offered itself to his hand out of that mystical chaos, that divine ragbag, which we call the mind, and leave the reader to look after relevancies and sequences for himself.

Good, too, are these remarks on Mark Twain's use of words:

One of the characteristics I observe in him is his single-minded use of words, which he employs as Grant did to express the plain, straight meaning their common acceptance has given them, with no regard to their structural significance or their philological implications. He writes English as if it were a primitive and not a derivative language, without Gothic or Latin or Greek behind it, or German and French beside it. The result is the English in which the most vital works of English literature are cast, rather than the English of Milton, and Thackeray, and Mr. Henry James. I do not say that the English of the authors last named is less than vital, but only that it is not the most vital. It is scholarly and conscious; it knows who its grandfather was; it has the refinement and subtlety of an old patriciate. You will not have with it the widest suggestion, the largest human feeling, or perhaps the loftiest reach of imagination, but you will have the keen joy that exquisite artistry in words can alone impart, and that you will not have in Mark Twain.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER's new edition of Ibsen's plays, to which we referred some weeks ago, is in active preparation, and the first three volumes, containing "The League of Youth," "Pillars of Society," and "A Doll's House," will be issued shortly by Mr. Walter Scott.

WE have received two more reproachful letters concerning our review of nine volumes of poetry under the title of "Why Do They Do It?" Mr. Arthur Whate complains that we lumped together books of varying degrees of merit, and contends that one, at least, Mr. Charles Morse's "A Jingle of Rhymes," "contains much that is of sterling quality." Another correspondent chides us for treating the work of a deceased poet with some severity in face of a preface by his mother, stating that she published the poems not as the finished work of a literary artist, but in order to place them in the hands of those who knew and loved her son. With regard to Mr. Whate's objection, we have only to say that variations in the merit of a number of books of the same kind cannot always be nicely distinguished. It was only by grouping the nine volumes that we could have found space to review any one of them, and we consider that the title under which the grouping was done was justified both by the group and by each of its components. With regard to the poems of the late Mr. Denis Davies, we can only reply that no book ought to be sent to a public journal unless criticism is freely challenged.

WE have been requested to publish the titles of those "neglected books" for which there was not space on our Competition page last week. We publish the following with pleasure:

The Works of Mrs. Hester Chapone.
Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete. By George Wither. 1622.
Tom Cringle's Log.
The Spiritual Quixote. By Rev. Richard Graves. 1722.
Mademoiselle Mathilde. By Henry Kingsley.
Pen Sketches by a Vanished Hand. By Mortimer Collins.
Friends in Council. By Sir Arthur Helps.
Thomas Beddoes' Poems.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The writer of the paragraph on Clough's *Bothie*, in your last week's issue, has overlooked the circumstance that the title of the first edition was *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*. In subsequent editions this was altered to the present title."

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have appointed Mr. W. A. Craigie to be a third editor of their *New English Dictionary*. New and larger quarters near the Bodleian Library are to be provided for Mr. Craigie and Mr. Bradley and their staff. The editors will then be able to work in one large room, to their mutual advantage.

It is time, we fancy, to take a census of Oxford papers and periodicals. Three reach us by one post. Number one, the *Quad*, a shilling magazine, is in its fourth issue, and skittish in parts. There is a firework dialogue between one Harry Jones, a Philistine, and one Percy ("whose surname is not Jones"), an artist. "As I am not a Philistine," says the author, "Jones is naturally going to have the worst of it." It is certain that he has the least of it, Percy monopolising the carpet and raising the echoes in fine style. Among the people he holds cheap is Tennyson:

Percy. "In Memoriam" is perpetually referred to as the final word on religion, on ethics, on morals, on personal immortality and most other serious problems; it is hailed as typical of the nineteenth century. It is. And can one say a worst thing for it? Characterised by the vapid hesitation of knock-kneed Agnosticism, and the strange helplessness of scientific ignorance, it is a pitiful illustration of the truth that, if the blind lead the blind they both fall into the ditch of Darwin.

Jones. But, hang it all, it is a beautiful work of art.

Percy. It is; but so is the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter; but I would give neither to the young person; yet, better Petronius than Tennyson, as moral miasma is less deadly than spiritual paralysis.

O youth, youth! We turn to Prof. York Powell's pretty rendering of a ballade from the French of Paul Fort. May we quote it?

The pretty maid she died, she died, in love-bed as she lay;
 They took her to the churchyard, all at the break of day;
 They laid her all alone there, all in her white array;
 They laid her all alone there, a-coffined in the clay;
 And they came back so merrily, all at the dawn of day;
 A-singing, all so merrily, "The dog must have his day!"
 The pretty maid is dead, is dead, in love-bed as she lay:
 And they went off afield to work, as they do every day.

NUMBER two, the '*Varsity*', is a weekly, published every Tuesday during Term, and controlled by undergraduates. The little sketch "Of Dons" has a rather pleasing foolishness. The *Pipe* expresses its own and the others' hopeful spirit in these prefatory lines:

Lo, we have packed our *Pipe* again,
 For better or for worse:
 The labours of our modest pen
 We thrust upon your purse.
 And we shall be contented men
 If you, in language terse,
 Thus criticise our efforts—when
 You after lunch converse,
 Or gather eight or nine or ten,
 Ere you to bed disperse—
 "The prose is not pedestrian,
 The poems are not 'verse.'"

MR. MEREDITH has expressed his dislike of "Atkins" as the sobriquet of the British soldier with characteristic pith and energy. We take leave to quote his views as contained in these two stanzas contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*:

ATKINS.

Yonder's the man with his life in his hand,
 Legs on the march for whatever the land,
 Or to the slaughter or to the maiming,
 Getting the dole of a dog for pay.
 Laurels he clasps in the words "Duty done,"
 England his heart under every sun—
 Exquisite humour! that gives him a naming
 Base to the ear as an ass's bray.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the "exquisite humour" displayed in the name Tommy Atkins belongs rather to the War Office than to the public. That institution used to issue little pocket manuals, in which each soldier's name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, &c., were entered, and the method of filling in the form was explained by the use of a hypothetical name, not the John Doe of the legal profession, but—Thomas Atkins. The books were first so called, and then the soldiers.

NOTHING that Stevenson regretted writing is likely to go unpublished. His most occasional, his most tentative efforts are solemnly printed and collected by admirers who, one suspects, think a great deal more of these comparatively inaccessible trifles than of *Treasure Island* and *Across the Plains*. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have recently issued, in an edition limited to 110 copies, such a morsel of Stevensoniana. Stevenson says in one of his letters: "A Ouida romance we have been secretly writing, in which Haggard was the hero, and each one of the authors had to draw a portrait of him or herself in a Ouida light. Leigh, Lady J., Fanny, R. L. S., Belle, and Graham were the authors." And, again: "Most amusingly, varied by a visit from Lady Jersey, I took her over mysteriously (under the pseudonym of my cousin, Miss Amelia Balfour) to visit Mataafa, our rebel, and we had great fun, and wrote a Ouida novel on our life here, in which every author had to describe himself in the Ouida glamour, and of which—for the Jerseys intend printing it—I must let you have a copy."

THE five chapters are written by Captain Leigh, Lady Jersey, Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, R. L. S. and Mrs. Strong. Stevenson's contribution is distinctly amusing if we may judge by the following piece of Ouidaesque self-portraiture:

He of the name which brought a light to the eye of the Canadian Book Agent, and a flush to the cheek of the Chicago pirate. He who had earned fame only to despise it, luxury only to discard it; who had fled from the splendours of a suburban residence to toss in the rude trading schooner among uncharted reefs; who had left the pastoral pleasures of the Athenæum to become a dweller in the Bush and the councillor of rebel sovereigns, crouching at night with them about the draughty lamp on the bare cabin floor; whose pen was of gold, and his bed a mat upon a chest, who loved but three things: women, adventure, art—and art the least of these three, and, as men whispered, adventure the most—was he, even he, at ease? I trow not. His slender fingers plucked at his long moustache: his dark eyes glittered in his narrow, sanguine face; in his mind—the mind of a poet—the oaths of stevedores and coal-porters hurtled.

Blackwood's Muser Without Method pleads for, or, rather, insists on, the retention of Greek and Latin at the Universities against those who would place modern languages side by side with them, and ultimately, he fears, oust the dead languages altogether. We are quite in sympathy with the Muser, who points out, with epigrammatic candour and truth, that "the highest quality of our universities should be their uselessness." He says:

This attack upon Greek is but a part of the democratisation of our universities, and as such should be repelled with energy. The universities, says the practical man, can only justify their existence on the ground of utility. The rich merchant who sends his son to Oxford or Cambridge complains, when the boy comes home, that he is useless in the counting-house; and instead of blaming himself for his own vain folly, he declares that the university has not given him his money's worth. With as much justice he might grumble that Sandhurst was not a proper avenue for the Church, or that barristers did not come forth from Cooper's Hill fully equipped. And the dissatisfied merchant forgets this other truth, that the universities do not seek to please their customers; on the contrary, they are the councils which should make the laws of education and exact obedience to those laws. The greedy parent combines with the anxious reformer to demand that our universities should instruct the young in French and bookkeeping. The universities can only make one reply to the greedy parent, Send your son elsewhere, and leave us to do our duty in peace.

AN interesting light is thrown on the rapidity with which novels are "devoured" in these days by a report from the Bradford Public Library printed in the *Library World*. At Bradford the time allowed for reading a novel is only seven days, but the loan may be renewed by the borrower on application. The following table shows the proportion of novels returned following the issue on a specific date:

Of 693 books issued on the 19th (Saturday),			
93	were returned on the	21st (Monday).	
62	"	22nd (Tuesday).	
52	"	23rd (Wednesday).	
51	"	24th (Thursday).	
57	"	25th (Friday).	
296	"	26th (Saturday).	

611 Total

Bradford does not enforce the seven-days' limit in the case of very solid books, for which ten or fourteen days are allowed. The most usual time limit in free libraries is fourteen days for all books.

MR. C. HUBERT LETTS has attempted to answer the question, "What are the Hundred Best Pictures?" in a

practical way. Having made his choice, he is issuing the reproductions, through his publishers (Messrs. Charles Letts & Co.), in a series of brown paper portfolios, each containing six examples. Opinions must, of course, differ as to which are the "hundred best," but as to excellence of the presentation of these photogravures there cannot be two opinions. They are produced from negatives taken direct from the originals, and are so mounted that they can be removed and placed in an album. The part under notice contains Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna"; Greuze's "La Lactière"; Walker's "Harvest of Refuge"; Reynolds's "Age of Innocence"; Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair"; and Moore's "Dreamers."

Harper's Weekly has a neat journalistic effect. Across two pages stretches the large-type question: "Is the Philippine Policy of the Administration Just?" "No," says Mark Twain on the left-hand page. "Yes," says Mr. John Kendrick Bangs on the right-hand page, and the portraits and arguments of the two men face each other in symmetry.

MARK is ironical in this wise:

Extending the Blessings of Civilisation to our Brother who Sits in Darkness has been a good trade and has paid well, on the whole. . . . But Christendom has been playing it badly of late years, and must certainly suffer by it, in my opinion. She has been so eager to get every stake that appeared on the green cloth, that the People who Sit in Darkness have noticed it. They have become suspicious of the Blessings of Civilisation. More—they have begun to examine them. This is not well.

THE literary gossip of the *Morning Post* got into conversation the other day with "the editor of one of the very few magazines which can be called distinguished," and did some good listening work. The editor complained that, though there is plenty of writing talent about, it nearly all runs to gloom. "He did not say, but he was on the verge of declaring, that anybody can write without effort a little masterpiece of the depressingly tragic kind. He was absolutely contemptuous with regard to these, and said they were as common as blackberries. But the person who was wanted and could not be found was the man who had brains, could write, and could sometimes be happy. Such an author might be assured that his work would be gladly accepted and paid for, and that he would in addition be looked on as a benefactor of the public."

MESSRS. METHUEN'S "Little Library" edition of *Pride and Prejudice*, with an introduction and notes by Mr. E. V. Lucas, is very dainty and satisfactory. To those who have read the novels Mr. Lucas will seem a sound critic; to those who have not read them he will seem a good leader. Here is a passage from his introduction in point:

Mr. Bennet never fails us. His name is a sure guarantee that something agreeably saturnine will follow. It is Mr. Bennet who contrives that Chapter xx. contains perhaps one of the most satisfactory moments in any book. It is when Elizabeth, having refused Mr. Collins, is summoned to the library to hear her father's views on the situation. The stranger to Miss Austen may approach this interview with apprehension. "Can she make Mr. Bennet's comments really worthy of the occasion?" is the half-expressed thought. But those proficient in the novels know that there is no cause for doubting her. "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth," says the caustic gentleman. "From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and—surely there came a long pause—"I will never see you again if you do."

MR. JAMES CLEGG, of Rochdale, is projecting an edition of the works of the well-known Rochdale dialect writer, the late Mr. Oliver Ormerod, who, in his young days, was much associated with John Bright. Ormerod's principal works are *O Felley fro Rachde's Visit to th' Greyt Eggshibishun e Lundun*, 1851; *Impressions of a Rachde Felley un his Woife's Visit to th' Eggshibishun*, 1862, and *The Yeomanry Papers*. The *Felley fro Rachde* had a huge sale in Lancashire, "sowd like winkin," as Ormerod had it. Mr. Clegg may be trusted to give Ormerod's books every advantage of type and dress, and the specimen illustrations in the prospectus are excellent. His wonder and delight at the Exhibition of 1851 are expressed in a passage of which this is a specimen:

Its no mak o use me troyin fur to insens yo hinto O
us aw seed, aw's nevur hawse, aw shud be o foo iv aw did.
Aw seed o maks o wat they coen shandealers un lamps,
un grand boxus un jewilury, un then aw kooome to o grayt
rook o carrigus, gradely honsum uns us ever o mon clapt
his een on; two on um ud wudden orses in. Eh! heaw
natteruble they loukt, un aw'm shure us ony boddi, uth
furst seet, mut ha thaut us they'rn wick. Ut last ov O,
wen aw wor gettin wele tyert, aw kooome O ut wonst hinto
o plaze ful o heyten stuf as they coed 'freshment reawm,
un th' furst thyng us aw seed wor sum veyle pyes; thynks
aw to mesel those ur the jokeys fur me, un aw keawert
me deawn omung o greyt rook o foke, un aw seed too o
chap us wor waytin on. Ol thank yo fur won o those
pyes, iv yo plez, un we that E brant me won in o minnit,
un aw pade im for it furst goo hoff, un sum noice it wor,
raythur o smo pese too fur sixpunze.

Personally we had rather go to the galleys than read Ormerod.

MR. A. L. HUMPHREYS has issued a penny reprint, in pamphlet form, of Lord Rosebery's fine speech at Glasgow on "Questions of Empire."

Bibliographical.

So Mr. Fergus Hume has written a blank-verse play on a classical subject, and Sir Henry Irving has accepted it. Mr. Hume is scarcely a writer whom one would suspect of desiring to produce a play on a classical subject, and in blank verse. He first became known to the English reading world in 1888 (was it not?), when his *Mystery of a Hansom Cab* had a very considerable vogue. After that, I think, came his *Madame Midas* (1888), with its sequel, *Miss Mephistopheles* (1890). *The Piccadilly Puzzle* is dated 1889, and *The Gentleman who Vanished*, 1890. From that point Mr. Hume's industry as a romancist has been prodigious. I find ascribed to him four stories in 1891, six in 1892, three in 1893, five in 1894, three in 1895, five in 1896, only one (!) in 1897, six in 1898, three in 1899, and seven in 1900—in all, forty-eight stories in twelve years, a yearly average of four. No doubt the tales vary in length; with very few am I personally acquainted. Meanwhile, it seems certain that if Mr. Hume ever has a bibliographer, that worthy will have some work to do.

When Mr. Hume's classical blank-verse play is produced—and such plays are apt to lie long in a manager's drawer—it will have, we may be sure, the effect of drawing attention anew to his labours as a producer of prose fiction. That is what has just happened to Mr. Charles Hannan, the author of the new play at the Court Theatre (an adaptation of Mr. Marion Crawford's *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance*). People are asking, "What has Mr. Hannan done before this?" and the reply has been that, in addition to writing a good many plays (some of them published in the Acting Editions of Mr. French and Mr. Lynn), Mr. Hannan has also put forth some novels and romances. The first of these was called *A Swallow's Wing*,

and came out in 1888. Nine years later it was reproduced under the title of *The Captive of Peking; or, A Swallow's Wing*. That was in 1897, when much interest was being taken in this country in Chinese men and things. Mr. Hannan had himself, when only nineteen, paid a visit to Peking and the Great Wall, unaccompanied save by a Chinese guide. Mr. Hannan's remaining books comprise *Chin-Chin-Wa* (a volume of short stories, issued in 1896), *The Wooing of Aris Grayle* (1897), *The Betrothal of James* (1898), and *Castle Oriol; or, the King's Secret* (1898).

Messrs. Gowans & Gray announce as forthcoming *The Complete Works of Charles Lamb* in nine volumes (uniform, I suppose, with those of their Keats). But can they guarantee that the edition will include, in addition to all the essays and all the verses, all the available Correspondence? That, could it be got together, would be a boon indeed. We have, of course, the two delightful volumes edited by Canon Ainger, and I do not know that anything much better is to be expected, seeing that the latest edition includes, I believe, the letters to the Lloyds which Mr. E. V. Lucas recently unearthed. Still, Messrs. Gowans & Gray's editor may conceivably have some new matter "up his sleeve," for which devoted Lambites may be grateful. Sincerely glad am I that Mr. Hutchinson will adopt for the Letters the chronological arrangement which makes Mr. Ainger's volumes so valuable. Groups of letters should be anathema to all students of biography.

Meanwhile, I understand that Mr. E. V. Lucas is himself hard at work upon that complete edition of Lamb's prose and verse which was announced originally a year or two ago. He is, indeed, so far advanced with the enterprise that his first volume may be looked for in the spring of next year. In his case, as in Mr. Hutchinson's, the edition will be in nine volumes, but in a more sumptuous and substantial format than that of Messrs. Gowans & Gray's "Complete Library." Messrs. Methuen will be Mr. Lucas's publishers; and as regards Lamb's Correspondence, Mr. Lucas will consult all the available originals, so as to give us a wholly accurate text.

A certain number of editors received last week a copy of a story called *The Ending of My Day*, by "Rita." An accompanying note stated that the day of publication was February 18, "till when it is requested that any criticism may be withheld." It is to be hoped that the book has not fallen into the hands of very youthful reviewers, who, on the strength of this "request," might be tempted to regard the novel as new to the world. As a matter of fact, *The Ending of My Day*, now issued at half-a-crown, was brought out in 1895 at two shillings. Now, if every new edition of a book contained, by law, bibliographical details of its career, what a lot of blunders might be obviated!

Though Miss Bessie Hatton, always so interesting on the stage, is little seen there now, she appears to be still active with her pen. Her inherited gift as a story-teller was first made public in a two-volume novel called *Enid Lyle*, which appeared in 1894. In the following year came a book of fairy tales, entitled *The Villages of Youth*. Now we are promised a story named *Her Master Passion*. It is a little surprising that the young lady has not before now entered the ranks of the playwrights. Miss Florence Marryat, by the way, wrote a novel called *The Master Passion*.

The compiler of the daily "Birthday" quotations in the *Daily Chronicle* should make a point of verifying the extracts. The other morning, Johnson's "Survey mankind from China to Peru" was assigned to Goldsmith, whose sense of humour would in itself have prevented his writing so egregious a couplet as that of which the above line forms a part.

Mr. Frank Stockton's next volume is to be entitled *A Bicycle of Cathay*. This is a very happy adaptation of one of Tennyson's most sounding phrases.

Reviews.

In the House of My Friends.

Encyclopædia Biblica. Vol. II., E to K. Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne and J. Sutherland Black. (Black. 20s. net.)

THE articles in this volume may with great propriety be divided into those which are inspired by the Higher Criticism, and those which are not. Falling under the last-named category are several learned and valuable articles, among which are conspicuous a careful and moderately written essay upon "Egypt" from the pen of Prof. W. Max Müller (Philadelphia); one, rather less satisfying, upon "Hittites," by Prof. Jastrow (Pennsylvania), wherein Jensen's theories are accepted, and perhaps rather too much prominence is attached to the Semitic or quasi-Semitic affinities of the race; and one on "Jerusalem," by Col. Conder, the late Robertson Smith, and Prof. G. A. Smith (Glasgow), combining in very readable and pleasant fashion the expert knowledge of the distinguished explorer with the historical information and critical insight of the learned commentators. Other articles, of less note but of much merit, in this division are: "The Family of Herod," by Mr. W. J. Woodhouse (St. Andrews), which possesses an almost topical interest at the present time; an excellent study on "Ecclesiasticus," by Prof. Toy (Harvard); and a well-condensed history of "Israel," by Prof. Guthe (Leipzig). We were in some doubt whether Prof. Charles's (Dublin) full and masterly article on "Eschatology" could properly be referred to under this head, but on reading it through again we are unable to discover any passages which could (in our view) justly offend the most conservative of critics. On the other hand, the short articles on "Essenes" and "Gnosis," by Prof. Jülicher (Marburg), seem to us distinguished neither by special information nor by grasp of subject. The maps and plans, to which a publisher's note draws our attention, may be mentioned in connexion with the articles already noticed as being clear, well executed, and, so far as we have been able to check them, accurate.

Turning now to those articles that we have before grouped together as dictated by the tenets of the Higher Criticism, we may say at the outset that we can take no exception to them on the ground of want of frankness. In our review of the first volume of the *Encyclopædia* (see ACADEMY for December 2, 1899) we drew attention to the assertions therein made as to the "unhistorical" nature of the Genesis creation-story, the profane and trivial origin of the Song of Solomon, the vileness of the character of David, and also to the doubts cast by Canon Cheyne's contributors upon the credibility of many of the facts recorded in the Book of Samuel, the Book of Chronicles, and even in the Gospels. Hence we did not expect to find the present volume tender towards those parts of the Bible that have hitherto borne the weight of the attacks of the opponents of inspiration. Nor were we disappointed. Ecclesiastes, says Prof. Davidson (Edinburgh), was probably written "in the latter part of the third century B.C.," when "the religious spirit of Israel is seen to be completely exhausted," and it is "able only to offer a few practical rules for ordinary life." The Book of Esther, says Prof. Nöldeke (Strasburg), was written "to encourage the observance of the feast of Purim among the Jews"; it is perfectly "unhistorical," and, under a thin disguise, shows two Babylonian deities (Marduk and Ishtar) conquering the Elamite god Hamman, and his consort Vashti. "The laws in Exodus xxxiv. 10-20" [God's name is jealous, &c.], says Prof. Moore (Andover, Mass.), "are the earliest attempt with which we are acquainted to embody . . . as Divine commands the essential observances of the religion of Yahwé. They were made at a Judean sanctuary . . . and represent the ancient usage of the region." Ezekiel, says Prof. Toy, "used the

vision as a mere literary form" in most cases, and "doubt must be cast upon the psychological reality of the vision of dry bones." Some portions of the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah, say Canon Cheyne and the late Prof. Koster (Leyden), "have great historical value; but the redactor's own contributions are largely inventions." So, the Book known as Habakkuk's could not possibly have been written by him; the "original historical Hosea" contained "no assurance of a final triumph of the Divine love, or of a penitent return of the nation"; while the "original story" of the legendary Job is to be found in the Babylonian tale of Eabani, the friend of the solar hero Gilgamesh, and the Book of Jonah is "an imaginative development of a thought suggested by Scripture." As for mere history, the author of the Book of Chronicles is accused by Robertson Smith and Canon Cheyne (art. "Elhanan") of deliberately altering the name of Goliath into that of an imaginary "Lahmi," his brother, in order to conceal the tradition that Elhanan and not David was the slayer of that giant; while of the conquest of Canaan it is said by Prof. Moore (art. "Book of Joshua") that "even the oldest account of the invasion cannot be accepted without question as embodying without question a sound historical tradition." Did any of the opponents of Christianity, from Voltaire to Ingersoll, ever go further?

This wholesale method of dealing with the Old Testament is, however, mild compared with the drastic way in which the Encyclopædists deal with the New, and particularly with those parts of it that narrate the life of the Founder. The article "Gospels," which is by far the longest in the volume, and may be taken as typical of the rest, is divided into two parts, of which the first, headed "Descriptive and Analytical," is assigned to Dr. E. A. Abbott. He thinks that Matthew's account of the Resurrection has been modified by later writers "so as to soften some of its improbabilities," and that "in course of time sceptics and enemies detected and exposed 'stumbling-blocks,' and subsequent Evangelists adopted traditions that sprang up to remove or diminish them." He further claims that the omission by the other Evangelists of the healing of Malchus' ear recorded by Luke is "almost fatal to its authenticity," and he explains it by a corruption of the text which transforms the replacing of the sword into a replacing of the ear. In like manner he thinks that many of the numerous miracles connected with the raising of the dead are to be explained as "very early exaggerations arising from misunderstood metaphor," "death" being sometimes used by patristic writers in the sense of mortal sin or death to God. The raising of the widow's son at Nain, however, he finds himself obliged to reject as "non-historical," and he asserts that the narrative of the raising of Lazarus was "mainly allegorical"; while he points out that the silence of the Synoptists on the point has "never been explained." But in all such points he is left behind by his colleague, Prof. Schmiedel (Zurich) to whom falls the remainder of the article under the rubric, "Historical and Synthetical." Prof. Schmiedel speaks with some contempt of those who "still think themselves entitled to accept as historically true everything written in the Gospels which cannot be shown by explicit testimony to be false," and describes their view as a "fallacy." He disclaims starting with "the postulate or axiom that miracles are impossible," but opines that "some doubts as to the accuracy of the narratives cannot fail to arise in the mind of even the stoutest believer in miracles," when he sees "how contradictory they are." Of these contradictions he gives a long list, and then claims that these facts "show only too clearly with what lack of concern for historical precision the Evangelists wrote." He thinks "the most credible statement in the Synoptics" as to the Resurrection is that "the first appearances were in Galilee," and that the statements that the risen Jesus was touched or that He ate are "seen to be incredible"; and he points out that St. Paul saw no difference between

any of the post-resurrection appearances to others and that to himself on the road to Damascus, the inference being that all alike were "visions." By this and similar roads he is led to consider whether there are any "credible elements to be found in the Gospels at all," and he comes to the conclusion that there are five passages which are authentic. These five are the: "Why callest thou Me good? none is good save God only," of Mark; the statement that blasphemy against the Son of Man can be forgiven, in Matthew; those in Mark that the relations of Jesus held Him to be beside Himself, and that "of that day and that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels of God, neither the Son, but the Father"; and, finally, the cry from the Cross of "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He defends himself against the charge that these passages have been sought out with partial intent as proofs of "the human as against the Divine character of Jesus," but asserts, notwithstanding, that they "prove not only that in the person of Jesus we have to do with a completely human being, and that the Divine is to be sought in Him only in the form in which it is capable of being found in a man; they also prove that He really did exist, and that the Gospels contain at least some absolutely trustworthy facts concerning Him."

Now it must be patent to everyone that the correctness or incorrectness of these very plainly-expressed views cannot be discussed in these columns. In some cases they are supported by arguments drawn from the comparison of certain texts. In others, the only authority that is adduced for them is the view of some (generally a German) critic. In yet others, they seem to be merely the personal opinions of the writer advancing them formed after a more or less long study of the Biblical writings. But the attempt to discuss any of these alleged proofs seriously would occupy an amount of space that is not at our disposal, and would be in form a review of the whole position taken up by the Higher Criticism. Yet it may be permitted to us to point out that if these views, or even any considerable part of them, ever come to be generally accepted, the doctrinal position of those reformed Churches which avowedly look to the Bible as at once their guide and their warrant will be practically at an end. Especially is this the case with the Church of England, who declares in her XXth Article that "although the Church be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ, yet, as it ought not to decree anything against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce anything to be believed for necessity of Salvation." But if her method of "keeping" Holy Writ ever comes to be that of suggesting, with the Encyclopædia, that there is none but a shred of historical truth to be found in the canon, it is difficult to see how she can ever again arrogate to herself the right of "enforcing anything to be believed for necessity of salvation." The argument that this is a mere question of interpretation will not avail here, because the same Article in another place forbids her so to expound "one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another." It is therefore with some astonishment that we notice that one of the editors of this Encyclopædia is not only Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, but also Canon of Rochester, and that at least one other Church dignitary of high position has contributed to its columns. Undignified as the simile may be, the position of the man who sits on the branch of a tree while he saws it off next the trunk seems to exactly correspond to theirs.

With regard to other Churches existing for the propagation of Trinitarian Christianity the results of accepting the Encyclopædia's position, though not so easily defined, would be quite as serious, and, as far as we can see, they are now put to the election between rejecting the conclusions of the Higher Criticism altogether and effecting the most radical changes possible in the creeds they profess. If, as seems most likely to be the case, they choose the first-named horn of the dilemma—

and this applies to the Church of England as well as to Nonconformist bodies—they will henceforth have to reckon with a flank attack, which, from the learning of the adversaries and the care with which they have prepared their ground, cannot but be very formidable. Looking at the whole situation, we are much mistaken if the publication of this volume does not prove to be the most serious blow yet struck at Protestant Christianity.

A Fine Old English Gentleman.

Lord Lilford, F.Z.S. By his Sister. (Smith, Elder. 10s.)

To outsiders Lord Lilford was known as the friend of wild creatures, a man who spoke with authority about them, and the author of a quiet, sensible, and beautifully illustrated book of birds. Only to comparatively few was it given to understand the pathetic circumstances under which so much kindly interest and activity was manifested: that he was a helpless cripple, who had to be lifted into and out of his bath-chair on a blanket, and wheeled hither and thither when he wished, as occurred daily, to go the round of his feathered pets and captives; and that he who had been a very Nimrod had his sport limited to a little fishing from a barge on his favourite Nene, that flows past Lilford Hall, the gray and time-mellowed residence of his family. His biography was, therefore, well worth writing, though his life was not distinguished by any great achievement. As the late Bishop of London reminds us in his Introduction, Lord Lilford was first of all an English gentleman, and it was one of his few weaknesses to believe that he ought to distinguish between his functions and those of an author. This is not an opinion held by many aristocrats; the majority would probably laugh at it, and quite rightly; but to state the fact is necessary to an understanding of the man. But for his reluctance to work for wages, it is probable that some more enduring monument would have been left behind. Not that we think under any circumstances he could have produced literature. A fine old English gentleman—to be that is something in itself, but it takes much more to be a great author, and Lord Lilford had no literary gift whatever; or, at any rate, not a trace is discernible either in his numerous letters or in the homely bits of verse wherewith he occasionally delighted his household. It is always the fact he is after, never the emotion it gives rise to, never the light of setting suns, the feeling and poetry of nature. We say this in no spirit of disparagement, but merely to get Lord Lilford into his right place, and to remove a painful impression that might be produced from what we cannot help regarding as an unfortunate sentence in the Introduction, drawing a line between "the functions of a gentleman and those of an author."

Lord Lilford knew that he himself was no more, scientifically or intellectually, than an observant amateur; morally he was a great deal more—a kindly and generous patron of those engaged in his favourite study, an encourager of art as far as the correct drawing of birds went, and an example of patience, courage, and hope under prolonged suffering. His taste for natural history seems to have been born with him, as at five we find him observing the brown owl go by. After school he spent many happy years visiting in various parts of the country, shooting and collecting. In the summer of 1856 he started on a yachting cruise in Southern Europe, visiting the Balearic Islands, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Tunis, and the Ionian Islands. There are no adventures to chronicle, the serene, equable young man taking his enjoyment quietly, just as might have been expected from the tranquil invalid of later years. The chief incidents are set forth in a correspondence with his life-long friend, Prof. Newton, the first letter being dated 1852, and the last 1859. He tells how he found a great number of spotted crake near Barcelona, that he was the discoverer

of chamois in the Acroceraunian Mountains, near Corfu, that he is seeking the eggs of the Lämmergeyer in Sardinia, and various items of similar import. Honestly, one does not find these letters very enthralling now, but they help to complete the picture of Lord Lilford, or Tom Powys, as he was then.

In 1859 he married the beautiful Miss Emma Brandling, of Low Gosforth, in Northumberland, with whom he led a happy life till her death in 1884—an event probably hastened by the loss of her eldest son. He succeeded to the title in 1861, and at the same time found himself in possession of a less desirable family inheritance in the shape of gout; and from henceforth he was not to enjoy a year of continuous good health. The only literary reminiscence of the book dates from this period. In the Isle of Wight, in 1860, Lord Lilford had smoked many pipes and engaged in much discussion with the late Poet Laureate, and in 1863 the two went together on a walking tour in the New Forest. It is rather pleasantly described:

I remember distinctly [he wrote to the present Lord Tennyson] that your father carried with him a little *Homer* and I a *Don Quixote*. I well remember, too, that he took a great interest in several of the rarer birds to which I called his attention—i.e., the buzzard, pied woodpecker, and black game. Besides the charm of his every-day conversation, he told me endless good stories; but what delighted me more than anything else was his ever ready sympathy with everyone and everything, not only *nihil humanum . . . alienum*, but every beast, bird, insect tree, and flower seemed to be full of interest for him as for me.

But Lord Lilford does not seem to have much cared for literary celebrities, or, at any rate, none beyond this figures in his biography. He had great aviaries built at Lilford Hall, and his correspondence was mostly with those who were conspicuous as ornithologists. He had taken up falconry as his amusement, and many letters are about his hawks. This period may be said to have lasted till 1885, when Lord Lilford—now, at the age of fifty-two, a confirmed invalid—married Clementina, eldest daughter of Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, who proved a tender nurse during the eleven years of pain allotted to him. His interests during this period could almost be guessed from a mere mention of his correspondents, among whom are Mr. G. E. Lodge and Mr. Thorburn, accomplished artists both of them in bird-drawing, Canon Tristram, with whom Lord Lilford had many common interests, Lord Walsingham, Dr. Drewitt, and Dr. Albert Günther, all of them very "birdie" men, and others of kindred tastes.

And so we pass on to the end, the story of the last few years being taken from his private diary, where we find him in true county gentleman style bemoaning—this was in 1893—the depression of agriculture, the coal strike, and the progress of socialism and anarchy—not a decade ago, and yet how like ancient history it reads! Almost in the midst of his rejoicing over the birth of a grandson, he was seized, in June 1896, with the illness of which he died. He counted his life no unhappy one, and the picture of it presented by his sister does not contradict his own version. It was not a life with much high emotion or stirring events in it, it was not a life of brilliant success or of pathetic failure, and, of course, these make the stuff of which interesting books are composed. We feel in some doubt about admitting this to that category. It is conscientiously but not very skilfully written—witness the fact that forty pages are taken up with quite unessential preliminaries before we come to the birth of Lord Lilford. Many letters are printed that we cannot imagine to have the slightest interest for the ordinary reader, whether he be ornithologically inclined or not. Otherwise the book is very well qualified to satisfy the curiosity of those who would like to know more about a good and kindly man, who was also a student of birds.

A New Play.

War: a Play in Three Acts. By William Heinemann. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

HERE is another result of the South African guerilla; for, although *War* is the second part of a trilogy of which the first, *Summer Moths*, was probably conceived long before the war began, we may be fairly sure that this second part owes its form to the accident of Mr. Kruger's regrettable obstinacy. *War* moves some Englishmen to howl for conscription; it has moved Mr. Heinemann to write a play. His drama passes on the south coast of England; it was necessary to the action that war should be brought to the very doors; and so the author has made the Dutch invade this inviolate isle out of sympathy with their Boer cousins. Captain George Vansittart (the sporting military ass of the piece) gets wounded by the Dutch, and Major Hitchcock (the base-born but intrinsically noble hero) clothes himself with glory by driving the Dutch into the sea and elsewhere. All this raises the question, How far may an author change history? We hold that he may change history to almost any extent, provided the history is old enough. If a dramatist chose to put Rameses XXXIX. upon the stage, he might safely ignore all cuneiform inscriptions, inventing his own facts, and no one would be a penny the worse. But when you are dealing with the history of last year the case is different. In Mr. Heinemann's first act the characters are reading the *Times'* account of the capture and abandonment of Spion Kop: factual realism, which imbues the reader with a sense of confidence, gives him, so to speak, a platform. Then, in the next breath, the successors of Van Tromp are on our beaches. Now the reader who knows about Spion Kop knows that the Dutch never dreamt of anything so perfectly fatuous as an invasion; and when he is asked to pretend to himself that they did, he simply can't. The illusion of reality is utterly lost, and the play fails of its effectiveness through an indiscretion of construction.

Although *War* has certain virtues of austerity and quietude, which are grateful enough to the reviewer, the author weakens further the illusion of reality (essential, of course, to a realistic play) by ignoring, one might say disdaining, naturalism of dialogue. After Major Hitchcock has asked the Hon. Lucy Vansittart for her hand and heart, the following scene occurs:

LADY FULLER: The young man had no opportunity of speaking to me on the subject. If he had done so, I should have found no difficulty in convincing him of the impossibility of such a step, and of the impropriety on his part of allowing the thought to cross his mind.

FRED: That isn't the idea he's gone away with, I can tell you. Uncle told him in so many words that if he killed enough Dutchmen, and didn't get himself killed, he would do all in his power to induce you to give him Lucy.

LADY FULLER [To LUCY]: Has he ever dared to speak to you so disrespectfully as to hint at what he would venture to call his affection for you?

LUCY: Major Hitchcock has convinced me that he is deeply attached to me, and he has honoured me by asking me to become his wife.

GEORGE: The brute!

LADY FULLER: I only hope you put him very unmistakably into his place.

LUCY: I did—I promised Major Hitchcock to be his wife.

FRED: Bravo, Lucy! Don't let them frighten you.

LUCY: And I have this very minute, since he left you, repeated my promise, and have sworn by all that is holy that no power on earth shall keep us apart.

It is quite conceivable that people might behave as these behave, but no one except members of "the" profession ever talked as these talked.

In the last act the Honourable Lucy goes forth alone to nurse the wounded, and comes home dead on a bier as

the curtain falls. What the thesis of the play is we have not discovered, nor how Lucy's death is to be differentiated from a mere accident unconnected with the dramatic union of the piece. Some of the scenes are well written, and the opening of the third act is genuinely moving, and the play as a whole shows that the author is steeped in the best modern dramatic literature.

Modern Astronomy.

Modern Astronomy: being Some Account of the Revolution of the Last Quarter of a Century. By Herbert Hall Turner. (Constable. 6s.)

It will be news to most people that the science of the stars has undergone during the last twenty-five years any such change as is implied in the word revolution; but in these pages the Oxford Professor makes it good. He writes with the clearness of a mathematician and the warmth of an apostle, desirous, above all things, in the interest of the science he loves, to enlist labourers for his vineyard and winepress. For whereas a quarter of a century since it seemed as though as much had already been discovered as it was humanly possible to learn, it is felt at the present moment that the regular army of investigators is wholly inadequate to the task of coping with the mass of materials awaiting examination and co-ordination.

This comes principally of the improvements in photography, and particularly the invention of the dry plate, which makes possible an exposure of indefinite duration, so that the faintest spark may have time to register its presence; mounted with cunning clockwork, the camera-telescope can bear upon it night after night for weeks—nay, months. At Harvard Observatory the whole sky is photographed once a month, and, with a smaller instrument, capable of recording every star above the sixth magnitude, every fine night. It is impossible minutely to examine the thousands of plates taken. The planet Eros, for instance, which at this time is paying us a visit, though it cannot be seen except through a powerful telescope, was discovered in 1898.

Professor Pickering [of Harvard, to whom the Royal Astronomical Society has lately awarded its gold medal for his work on variable stars during the last year] turned over his vast store of photographs . . . and after a little trouble . . . he found it on several plates taken in 1894, and on others taken in 1896. . . . On one of them, especially, the planet is shown by a conspicuous trail. . . . It must be remembered that the existence of a trail on a plate, though it means a planet, does not always mean a new planet. There are more than four hundred already known, and it is necessary first to make sure that it is none of these—in itself a laborious piece of work.

The interest of the astronomic world is at present mainly fixed upon this speck: it is to furnish the best correction of the Sun's distance that may be expected for the next thirty years.

The wit of man, which in historic times may be reckoned a constant quantity, has in this science generally, by reasoning *a priori*, anticipated visual demonstration. Copernicus divined the Moon to be a satellite of the Earth, and people would not believe it, for such a thing as a satellite was unknown. Then Galileo looked through his optic tube at Jupiter and saw his satellites and, by analogy, the hypothesis was verified. Similarly Laplace conjectured that the stars with their planets had coalesced from nebulae, passing through the stage represented by Saturn and his ring; the camera was turned upon the nebula in Andromeda, and sure enough the rifts, which Trouvelot had drawn straight, were seen in the picture to be "slightly but sensibly curved." Already two planets have been formed, and others are seen in process of coalescing. But the reasoning of the scientist that antici-

pates the demonstration of the instrument is itself sometimes outstript by the imagination of the poet. The following lines were mercilessly excised by Tennyson from his "Palace of Art," on the ground that the poem was "too full." At the centre of the four quadrangles of the palace is a tower, and

Hither, when all the deep, unsounded skies,
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced through the mystic dome.

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars,
That mystic field of drifted light
In mid Orion, and the married stars.

The significance of its weary canals as evidence of intelligent occupation of that much paragraphed planet, Mars, is discounted by a consideration of its position and the inadequacy of the means at our disposal for examining its surface.

To realise the value of our information, consider first how much farther away Mars is than the moon—about two hundred times at least, and generally much more. Now two hundred is about the magnifying power of a good telescope, that is to say, the magnifying power which can be used with advantage. It follows, then, that whatever a fair telescope enables us to see on Mars could be seen on the moon with the naked eye. . . . Hence let anyone look on the moon with the naked eye for traces of canals or other signs of life of any kind and he will begin to understand the caution that must be exercised in drawing conclusions, however attractive, as to the habitability of the planets. We want, in fact, an increase of our optical resources by a thousand times at least to get any satisfactory intelligence of this kind, whereas the advances of the last century would be represented by a factor not greater than ten. . . .

Prof. Turner manages happily to strike the mean between the pedantry of the specialist and the condescension of the popular lecturer.

A Genealogical Berserk.

Studies in Peerage and Family History. By J. H. Round. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

It would be difficult to over-estimate the services that are being rendered by Mr. Round to the cause of scientific accuracy in historical research, whether in respect of the light he has himself thrown upon many obscure points in English history, or in respect of the wholesome dread wherewith he has inspired the less scrupulous or the more careless of the workers in that department of learning. Indeed, it may be said that in the latter connexion the fear of Mr. Round is the beginning of wisdom. In this volume the author appears in his dual capacity of student and critic. Some of the articles, of which that on "Henry VIII. and the Peers" is perhaps the most valuable, are pacific but highly important contributions to historical knowledge, others are unsparing exposures of the methods of the "Peerage-makers" and of the officials of the College of Arms. The latter hapless functionaries are smitten hip and thigh, while still reeling from the effects of the castigation they recently received in the *Contemporary Review* at the hands of Mr. Hutton. The polemical chapters form the bulk of the work, and naturally it is here that, as usual, Mr. Round is, in more than one sense, most striking. In them he deals with such cases as the baseless claim of the modern Earls of Warwick to connexion with the house of the king-maker, the fabulous Norman origin of the titled families of Stourton, Annesley, Carrington, and Russell, and the fictitious pedigrees of Spencer and

Mountmorres. In touching upon one great and increasing peril of our times Mr. Round rises far above these merely vulgar and comparatively trifling abuses to utter an eloquent warning as to the results that must follow the persistent prostitution of dignities in the sale of titles that accompanies the political wire-pulling of the day. After reminding us that "in England a simple country gentleman can still look down in calm disdain, from the heights of immemorial noblesse, on the scramble for the newest of peerage dignities or for those baronetcies which are fast becoming the peculiar perquisite of the *nouveau riche*," he writes:

That the highest honours which the Crown has it in its power to bestow should at all times be granted with jealous care, if their value and their dignity are to be maintained, is a self-evident proposition; but the point that is apt to be overlooked, the now growing danger, is the risk that "the trail of finance" should sully the honour of the Peerage, should hasten the ever-increasing tendency to substitute a plutocratic for an aristocratic class. That this country has been saved from much that is, beyond dispute, deplorable in the public life of the United States is, it may be confidently and boldly asserted, due to the existence of a social standard other than that of mere wealth. This is a matter not of prejudice, but of observation and of fact. The social standard of this country may, like others, have its faults, but it has at least saved us thus far from making the accumulation of wealth, however acquired, the sole national ideal. . . . It is, and always has been, easy to sneer at the claims of birth; but, if English political and social life is not to be degraded to the level reached in the United States, if great abilities are still to be attracted to the service of the public and the State rather than to that of mammon, there is absolutely no means by which this can be effected other than that of maintaining barriers which wealth alone cannot overleap, of rewarding service by distinctions which money cannot buy, of upholding a social standard based on something else than the dollars a man has acquired by fair means or foul.

It is, however, the aggressive and larger portion of the book which to many persons will doubtless prove the most entertaining. This is one long revel of bloodthirst and slaughter. The field of controversy is heaped with the carcasses of expiring pedigree-mongers and butchered heralds; and here we leave our genealogical berserk, doubtless supremely happy, up to the neck in *crure et visceribus victimarum*.

Nineteenth Centuryana.

The Romance of a Hundred Years. By Alfred Kingston. (Stock. 4s. 6d.)

A book of this kind, well done, is always interesting. The chief factors of success are wide reading, tactful arrangement of the results of that reading, and a thread of amiable comment. Mr. Kingston has brought these to his task of displaying what we now regard as the more curious and romantic features of the nineteenth century. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace has named thirteen triumphs of science and invention as glories of that century; they are: railways, steam navigation, the telegraph, the telephone, friction matches, gas, the electric light, photography, the phonograph, the Röntgen rays, the spectrum analysis, anaesthetics, and antiseptics. A wonderful list. Many, if not all of these discoveries, are dealt with entertainingly by Mr. Kingston; whose book, however, takes a wider range and contains chapters on "The Romance of Invasion," "The Romance of Old Country Life," "The Romance of Education," &c. Virtually these 200 pages form an historical museum, in which the quaint and the curious are given the prominence which the general reader has a right to demand. Perhaps nothing in the book is better than Mr. Kingston's account of the terror and the fever of preparation into which the country was thrown by the fear of an invasion by Napoleon. We fancy that not

one reader in a thousand will escape a feeling of astonishment at the particulars of what was done to organise defensive forces in remote country villages. The most exact preparations were made for sending non-combatants and farm stock inland at the first alarm, men being told off to conduct waggons, to drive cattle and sheep, and to cut down trees for the obstruction of roads against the French troops. The number of waggons and horses and the precise amount of foodstuff in each district were scheduled and known to the Government. And of nights, round the tavern fire, the yokels sang songs which, compared to the music-hall songs of last year, were as wine unto water, if we may judge them by a chorus so stirring and direct as this:

Shall Frenchmen rule o'er us? King Edward said No!
And No said King Harry, and Queen Bess she said No!
And No said old England, and No she says still!
They will never rule o'er us, let them try if they will!

The miscellaneous character of Mr. Kingston's pages is seen in the fact that, under the heading "The Romance of Old Country Life," he permits himself to write about parish constables, the hair-powder tax, the speed of eighteenth-century coaches and goods waggons, and London sedan chairs, not to mention life-histories of a famous highwayman and an infamous body-snatcher. In his last chapter, "Then and Now," Mr. Kingston indulges in some easy and striking contrasts. The inhuman severity of the law was such that it overshot itself. Mercy crept in at every chink. This is well illustrated by the story of the Old Bailey judge, who, in passing sentence of death on a woman for some trivial offence, sought to stop her screams of terror by remarking, as he looked round the Court: "Will no one tell the poor woman that she will not be hanged?"

Mr. Kingston's style might be more finished. To begin a paragraph, "Here is how the romance of revolution began in the Fens," is casual and inelegant; and he often quotes words of such little originality that he might well appropriate or improve on them. But he is to be thanked for an entertaining book that is well worth a perusal and a niche.

Other New Books.

THE PAINTERS OF
FLORENCE.

BY JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY).

Trecento—Quattrocento—Cinquecento. There is magic still in the slow evolution, through three centuries of Florentine life, of the world's second great artistic period. The tale begins with the birth of Cimabue in 1240, and it ends with the death of Michelangelo in 1564. Florentine art has not been neglected during recent years. The impetus given by the studies of Ruskin and the new methods of Morelli has started a flood of literature—enlightened, if not always patient in its critical spirit—in almost every European country. But there is room—at any rate, from the point of view of the general reader—for just such a book as Mrs. Ady has written. Her series of biographical sketches (twenty-seven in number), while evidently based on a careful survey of recent research, is written in a pleasant and popular manner, and without the absorption in technique and dread of "literature" which the more high-flown critic is apt to display. It is a valuable supplement to the *Lives* of Vasari, whose atmosphere of the Italian studio and personal knowledge of those of whom he writes makes him the one essential guide to even the merest dabbler in the subject. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that Vasari had no pedantic regard for accuracy; and, although his reputation in this respect, like that of Herodotus, whom some have called the "father of lies," does not at this moment look quite so black as it once did, still there are points enough in which the industrious

archivist, and even the Morellian measurer of ears, have been able to correct him. Without any disrespect to one who must always rank with Plutarch and with Walton among the few biographers of genius, Mrs. Ady has incorporated these necessary corrections, and has also utilised the skill of the modern photographer in the provision of seventeen charming and typical illustrations. How many lovers of London know where to find the magnificent cartoon of Lionardo da Vinci, from which the beautiful head of her frontispiece is taken? (Murray. 5s. net.)

THE STORY OF ROME.

BY NORWOOD YOUNG.

To write at once briefly and adequately of Rome is an impossibility; for the story of Rome is the epitome of half a dozen civilisations, whose relics are huddled in strange promiscuity upon those seven hills that are not hills. The early and later Empire, the Christianity of the Catacombs, the triumphant Christianity of Gregory the Great, the struggle between Pope and Emperor, Guelph and Ghibelline, the artistic glories and moral chaos of the Renaissance: each by itself requires its volumes of exposition. As if this were not enough, the archaeologists are beginning to disinter the traces of an earlier Rome still, the pastoral city of the Latin League. Nor, as Mr. Young points out, has one any right to forget that Rome is, after all, not a mere museum for the curious of Europe, but has, since 1870 at least, its own ardent civic life, with its aspirations and disappointments. He is rather amusing on the Forum, known until recently as the Campo Vaccino, in which "were always to be found picturesque peasants with their cattle, and the attendant circle of artists in ecstasies." It is now a battle ground for warring interests:

The archaeologist has converted this beautiful spot into a huge pit, covered with pieces of stone and mounds of earth. He excuses himself by informing us that he has exposed the cradle of modern civilisation, and opened a new chapter in history. While artist and archaeologist are disputing, the municipality brushes them both aside. It brings from the Via Cavour a line of tram rails, and carries them right across both Campo Vaccino and Forum Romanum. The artist flies in horror to the Palatine, while the archaeologist bends his energies to the task of getting the whole area declared an archaeological preserve.

Mr. Young's own view of the situation is clear enough. The history of Rome has been

a unique record of revolutionary struggles for independence. And now that Rome at last is free, the echo of the long conflict is still heard in the growls of foreign artists, who would deny to the citizens the right to make their home a pleasant and healthy place in which to earn their livelihood.

It will be gathered that Mr. Young approaches his subject rather from the side of politics and history than from that of æsthetics. He gives us a careful study of the place of Rome in civilisation rather than the kind of inspired guide-book which has been the ideal of previous contributors to the "Mediaeval Towns" series. The personality of Rome, its air and bearing amongst the great cities, hardly emerge. But every man has a right to his own point of view, and Mr. Young has brought much pains and erudition to his difficult task. After all, the story of Rome might be told in as many ways as the story of Pompilia. (Dent. 4s. 6d.)

DOMESDAY AND FEUDAL STATISTICS.

BY A. H. INMAN.

There is something in the study of "Scutage," "Carucates," "Subinfeudation," "Sokemen," and the like, which infallibly tends to sharpen the edge of polemic. Mr. Inman's controversies are conducted in the best manner of Mr. J. H. Round, and one can hardly say more. Prof. York Powell is thoroughly able to take care of himself, so we venture to point out that, according to Mr. Inman, the "profundity of the erudite mind" is best discovered in his statement that a "plow" making a furrow

of eleven inches broad can traverse a perch in four or four and a-half rounds. Mr. Inman's own view is that a "plough" does it in nine rounds, and he adds:

It is to be hoped that the promoters of the Agricultural Education Extension System from our fountains of learning may commence at home by giving those pioneers who are to enlighten the supposed darkness of the rural mind such an elementary knowledge of arithmetic as to place them on somewhat more even terms with the average *carucarius* in matters of simple addition, division, &c.

This is, to say the least of it, acerb. But though we can criticise Mr. Inman's temper, and could, if needs were, his punctuation, the extremely technical matter with which he deals is beyond us. His tables and discussions are evidently the fruit of most laborious investigations, and we do not doubt that they will be of the highest interest and value to Prof. Maitland and the few other experts in Domesday and feudal economics who are competent to appreciate them. (Eliot Stock.)

CHINA.

BY E. H. PARKER.

The full title of this book is *China: her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*, and the greater part of the book has, says Mr. Parker, been compiled from Chinese records, and its contents based on a personal acquaintance with China. The recent events in the Celestial Empire have caused a multiplicity of books to be written, some of them by persons who have never seen the country; but all of them have had to be read. The present volume stands by itself: it is written in a conversational style, and with considerable force, and contains a quantity of information that is not to be found elsewhere. Moreover, it differs from other volumes in that it contains eighteen maps of China and its neighbours, has a full table of contents, a sufficient index, and very little writing for the sake of making words. Mr. Parker sketches the geography, history, early trade notions and trade routes of China, and has chapters on the arrival of Europeans in the country, the government, the population, the revenue, the army, religion, personal characteristics, the calendar, and so on. From this it will be seen that the book is comprehensive; and as Mr. Parker has his own way of looking at things, and has drawn freely upon native works, he is always worth reading. There is no one book on China which covers the whole subject; each volume needs to be read in conjunction with half a dozen others or a very one-sided idea of the Celestial Empire would be the result. Mr. Parker's book fills up many gaps left by those who have preceded him on the subject; he is, as it were, the mortar which will bind the stones laid by other writers. His qualification is the fact that he was formerly H.M. Consul at Kiungchow, and adviser on Chinese affairs to the Burma Government, and his knowledge of his subject is apparent on every page. (Murray. 8s. net.)

MRS. GASKELL AND KNUTSFORD.

BY REV. G. A. PAYNE.

Knutsford has been identified by some critics with the Cranford of the book of that name, and with Hollingford in *Wives and Daughters*. Mr. Payne dislikes this theory, but the connexion between the town of Mrs. Gaskell has prompted him to record its characteristics, and to examine the suggested parallels between it and the towns of his stories. He has made a pleasant little book, with an excellent portrait of Mrs. Gaskell as frontispiece. We do not agree with him in brushing aside *Cranford's* indebtedness to Knutsford so firmly, but the matter is one on which opinions may very amicably differ. (Gay & Bird.)

GLIMPSES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY F. M. ALLEN.

This book of intentional, resolute funniness has depressed us wofully. Probably small schoolboys will enjoy it to the full, but for us the humour of calling Alfred the Great "Young Alf" (as if he were a Hooligan!) is no

longer operative. Nor do we find it amusing to read that William Rufus was called Carrots, Blazes, Ginger, and Danger Signal. The comic ballad of William the Conqueror is by far the best thing in the book, and it is a pity that Mr. Allen did not rhyme it all. Mr. J. F. Sullivan's drawings have grotesque appropriateness. (Downey.)

Mr. Murray's new issue of George Borrow's works now includes *The Zincali: An Account of the Gypsies in Spain*, his first book. The prefaces to the first and second editions are included. The second was written in 1843, when, encouraged by his success, he had written and published *The Bible in Spain*. His racy account of the reception of that book is worth quoting:

The world, both learned and unlearned, was delighted with *The Bible in Spain*, and the highest authority [*Quarterly Review*, December, 1842] said, "This is a much better book than the *Gypsies*; and the next great authority [*Edinburgh Review*, February, 1843] said: "Something betwixt *Le Sag- and Bunyan*." "A far more entertaining work than *Don Quixote*," exclaimed a literary lady. "Another *Gil Blas*," said the cleverest writer in Europe [*Examiner*, December 17, 1842]. "Yes," exclaimed the cool, sensible *Spectator*, "a *Gil Blas* in water colours."

Messrs. Macmillan's abridgment of *The Life of Edward White Benson* is admirable in size, and equal to the larger work in get-up. Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson's life of Michael Faraday is re-issued by Cassell as the first volume in a cheaper issue of their "Century Science" series—the volumes of which are now priced at 2s. 6d. instead of 5s. The selection of this book as pioneer was wise, for it is a most sympathetic narrative.

In *Heroines of the Bible in Art* (Nutt, 3s. 6d. net) we have a somewhat "made" subject, but the author, Miss Clara Erskine Clement, brings to her task a genuine love of her work and much insight. The book is very pleasantly illustrated from Rubens, Murillo, Veronese, Raphael, Botticelli, and other masters, and it takes its place in the "Art Lovers'" series.

Madame Hoskier was one of the victims of the terrible fire at the *Bazar de la Charité* on May 4, 1897. A pious woman and a good mother, she had written her prayers and thoughts for her own and her children's comfort. These have been published, and Miss Constance White has made an English translation under the title of *Thoughts, Memories, and Meditations of Madame Hoskier* (Skeffington). The book may be described as the spiritual history of a woman to whom the joys and consolations of religion were real.

Lancashire Humour (Dent) is a collection of racy dialect anecdotes, with a pleasant critical commentary, by Thomas Newbigging. Here is a story which rather coarsely illustrates the heckling propensities of Lancashire electors. A Socialist candidate denounced the cost of keeping up royalty, and amongst other items enumerated the quantities of oats, beans, hay, and other fodder consumed every week by the royal horses, pointing out, of course, how many poor families might be maintained with the money. When questions were invited an old farmer rose and said:

Maister Chairman, Aw have been very much interested wi' the speech o' th' candidate, and moor especially wi' that part on't where he tow'd us abeaut th' royal horses, an' th' greyt quantity ov oats, beans and hay ut they aiten every week, an' th' heavy taxes we have to pay for th' uphewd o' those. But there's one thing, Maister Chairman ut he has missed out o' his speech, an' Aw wish to put a question. Aw wud like if th' candidate wud now tell us heaw much they gettin every week for th' horse mook!

It is still uncertain whether the question was put in irony or simplicity. There are good and feeble stories in Mr. Newbigging's book, but the Lancashire flavour is strong everywhere.

Fiction.

The Sacred Fount. By Henry James.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

HAD anyone but Mr. James written this book, his admirers might well have cried: "Oh, 'tis sacrilege." But since Mr. James himself is the author, what can we say but that he has, in his own brilliantly tedious way, with his own inimitable art, and with his own occult knowledge of what the lifting of an eyebrow or the movement of a back may mean—succeeded triumphantly in an elaborate satire on himself—that is, on his own obsession? Everybody knows what Mr. James's obsession is, and, after achieving the last page of this volume, it is evident to us that Mr. James also knows. With him, as with the character without a name who tells the story, the vision of life is an obsession. To him, for real excitement, "there are no such adventures as the intellectual ones"; in every word or action of his fellow-creatures he perceives motives that, like the lines on a railway siding, have no beginning and no end. Mr. James has never carried his analysis of the daintily unimportant further than in *The Sacred Fount*, and never before, to our knowledge, has he, after incredible labour with bricks of gossamer and mortar of sunbeams, blown down the dainty edifice with such a good-humoured series of puffs. The last page brings a vision of Mr. Henry James stepping forward, and saying with a profound obeisance: "You perceive how prodigiously I know myself."

The *Sacred Fount*, we may say without more ado, is youth. The theme of the book is the hypothesis that youth has the power to rejuvenate and vivify age, but at the cost of the oozing away of the sap of youth from itself. But Mr. James is not a believer in his own theory; or only to a certain extent. He turns tail, he allows his speculations to be derided, and the end is more smoke than fire; or perhaps it would be fairer to say that he uses his hypothesis merely as a means of showing to what prodigious lengths the analytical mind can go. It is as if the Princess in the fairy tale, from the suggestion of the presence of the pea beneath her mattress, had created a market garden of flowering shrubs. The pea represents the cell from which Mr. James, as master nurseryman, has produced his garden of exotics. A day and an evening cover the period of the story, which passes at Newmarch, a country house of "liberal ease" and delightful appurtenances. There a few choice guests are gathered. Among them is the narrator, with his passion for embroidering "on things" and his genius for seeing a hundred complex reasons behind a cursory remark or a chance movement. "The way you get hold of things," says Mrs. Brissenden (sometimes she is called Mrs. Briss), "is positively uncanny." It is. Here is an example of just how much the nameless narrator (we must restrain ourselves from the temptation of identifying him with Mr. James) sees in a glance:

Something further had befallen me. Poor Briss had met my eyes just previous to my flight, and it was then I satisfied myself of what had happened to him at the house. He had met his wife; she had in some way dealt with him; he had been with her, however briefly, alone; and the intimacy of their union had been afresh impressed upon him.

We have not space to quote the many things this Röntgen-ray-eyed guest saw in Mrs. Brissenden's back, but we can assure the reader that a page of the book does not cover them. His awakening is due to Mrs. Brissenden. She patiently refuses to play the part of a pretty fly, refuses to walk into the parlour to put a pretty coping-stone to his palace of gossamer. Instead she fires her bright artillery at him, and the concussion shakes down the palace of gossamer. He has been elaborating his theories at infinite length, and her comments are: "How

can I tell, please, what you consider you're talking about?" . . . "You see too much." . . . "You talk too much." . . . "You over-estimate the penetration of others. . . ."

"You're carried away—you're abused by a fine fancy: so that, with your art of putting things, one doesn't know where one is—nor, if you'll allow me to say so, do I quite think *you* always do. Of course I don't deny you're awfully clever. But you build up—you build up houses of cards."

Are we extravagant in suggesting that this is Mr. Henry James, in a grimly humorous mood, turning his analytical mind on himself.

The skill of the story is enormous; the triumph of its artistic presentment is indisputable: only Mr. James could have written it. So much we grant willingly; but since an author's power of being able to interest his reader in his story, as story, must depend on the temperament and predilection of the reader, we will give our personal verdict by slightly modifying one of Mr. James's own locations. The narrator, in the pause that follows some remarks he has made to Mrs. Brissenden, thus soliloquises: Oh, how intensely she didn't like such a tone! If she hadn't looked so handsome, I would say she made a wry face over it." We would say—the transposition is slight: Oh, how intensely we didn't like having to read our way to the very end of *The Sacred Fount*! If Mr. James hadn't so handsomely put into it all his delicate talent, and thus illumined the tediousness of the story, we should not only have made a wry face, but yawned ourselves away to the company of—well, of John Silver or Captain Kettle.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

STREET DUST.

BY OUIDA.

Five short stories, not by the Ouida who captivated us in youth, but by the Ouida of later days, with her protest against oppression, and her sympathy for the poor. The first story, "Street Dust," is sheer misery, and not over pleasant with its reference to the "torpid flies . . . gathering together in black dots upon her as the day advanced." It was the mother's body. The children die on the last page. Some of the stories have an Italian setting, and all are not so painful as "Street Dust." (F. V. White. 6s.)

ANNE MAINWARING.

BY LADY RIDLEY.

Anne Mainwaring would be a suitable reply to that oft-repeated question: "Now tell me the name of a nice, interesting, new novel?" It is modern, it moves in polite circles (portraits of ancestors, Ascot, &c.), and it is all about Anne: her struggles, her lovers, and her friendship for another woman. When we say that whereas the other Mainwarings were fair, Anne was dark, and also clever and odd, and a thorn in her pretty, selfish mother's side, we have said enough to show that Anne's life will interest the novel reader. It is so easy to believe oneself to be another Anne. (Longmans. 6s.)

TREWERN.

BY R. M. THOMAS.

A story of Welsh life, narrated in the first person, by a new author. The period is seventy years ago, and the story tells how a young Welsh squire, sportsman and recluse, fell under the influence of John Gwyn, the Radical. Country life, sport, and politics come into the tale, which is soberly and carefully written. The narrator's "active interest in politics died, as it began, with John Gwyn." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MAX THORNTON.

BY ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Max was Colonel Thornton's (Thornton's Horse) younger son, and when the Colonel went to the front with his other son he ordered Max, he being a youngster, home to look after his mother and sisters. But the tug missed the steamer and put back to Durban. Then Max had his chance. He went through some of the South African campaign after all, and was of service to his country and his father. A vigorous, well-written story of the war, dealing with a side of the fighting that may be called unhackneyed. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE GOLDEN WANG-HO.

BY FERGUS HUME.

The author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* rightly calls this a sensational story. When, after many happenings, Eli opened the box he found a series of golden images exactly like the one in his pocket. "There were twenty-four, and the golden Wang-Ho made the twenty-fifth." But the operation killed Eli. "One great quiver shook his frame. Then with a stifled cry he reeled and fell." Mr. Hume is no niggard with his murders. In Chapter III. it is Leonard "dead—dead—murdered"; in Chapter X. it is General Burnley "robbed and murdered," and so on. (John Long. 6s.)

THE BLACK TORTOISE.

BY F. VILLER.

A brisk, sensational tale, "being the strange story of old Frick's diamond." It is told to a friend by Monk, a private detective, who adopted the profession "out of love"—strange being. The friend who has obligingly written Monk's story out regrets that he has not been able to give it in Monk's "own clear language and striking words." (Heinemann.)

THE MASTER SINNER.

BY A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR.

This small book, which is intended to make the flesh creep, consists mainly of a series of letters written from Hell by a deceased crony of one Anthony Grigg, who lived in a tumble-down garret in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane. We doubt if the reader will share Anthony's horror, or feel anything more than mild amusement at the announcement which rounds off the volume, "Then he [the Pope, if you please] paused and mused, ultimately stretching forth his thin right hand. 'Nevertheless,' said he, 'I decree that the reprint of these letters shall be placed upon the Index.'" (John Long.)

A SOLDIER FOR A DAY.

BY EMILY SPENDER.

A story of the Italian War of Independence, with this motto on the title-page: "Italy, our mother, who promises us one only joy—but that suffices us—the lofty joy of having loved and served her." It begins thus: "Venice, in a summer twilight, one can compare only to the visionary city of the Apocalypse, and can describe only in similar metaphors of precious gems." (White. 6s.)

We have also received: *May Silver*, by Alan St. Aubyn. "May Silver was nineteen. She was pretty enough to have been the belle of one season, and she was engaged to be married." (White, 6s.) *His Lordship's Whim*, by G. C. Whadcoat. It is accompanied by a note from his publisher, Mr. Effingham Wilson, who begs "respectfully to remind the reviewer that he was the first publisher of Tennyson and Browning, but that the accompanying novel is the first he has published for about twenty-five years, having devoted himself almost exclusively during that period to the publication of works for business men." We have also received another reprint of *Eben Holden*, published this time by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and marked "authorised edition."

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6

.. Quarterly 5/0

.. Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

Concerning Biography.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have added to their excellent "Library of English Classics" a volume containing Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler* and his *Lives*. The *Lives* fill 317 pages out of the 497 composing the volume, and it is of these biographical classics that we have a word to say. The *Lives*, as everyone knows, but may not remember, are those of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Sanderson. The language has nothing better in their kind. Their grace and wisdom of portraiture, their modest touches of personal remembrance, and their angelic wit are but part of their charm, which one may liken to a sweet smell caught from old college gardens and old books, bringing to memory the clean and decent and holy things of old England. They must be well satisfied with their own age, and with the actions and motives of its leaders, who do not dwell with wonder and profit on these strong, quiet, consistent lives. But our concern here is more local and literary. When we consider what is accomplished in these 317 pages, we are once more out of love with latter-day biography. Five men are portrayed to their contemporaries with grace and fidelity in this small compass, and their portraits are undying literature. Five men of equal note in this age would be made the subjects of five biographies, each as big as the whole of the volume before us, and these books would be neglected in five years' time. A proposition, this, not a statement; but, as a proposition, is it not justified by what we know and have seen? That biography has become artless, cumbrous, and indiscreet is the experience of those who have to do with it as critics or critical readers. It is a thousand pities.

Whatever be the cause of this decline, it is not indifference on the part of readers to the pleasures of curiosity. There was never an age in which men were more interested in their neighbours, or more addicted, in speech and print, to personal gossip. A dozen or more weekly publications live and thrive on their mission of disseminating news of the daily sayings and doings of interesting people and groups of people. Biography, in short, is found to be so very entertaining that it has been compressed from a noble food that was wont to be served on state occasions, into a *sauce piquante* for the flavouring of every-day life. True, formal and complete biographies are written in numbers. But under what usual conditions? Would any experienced publisher care to deny that, next to fiction, biography is the most commercialised branch of literature? There is something of the serenity of the undertaker in the promptitude with which biographies are arranged for in these days. The mere promptitude, to be sure, is nothing; call it a virtue. But one knows so well what to expect. The market has to be caught, and this means haste. It means, also, a general vulgarity of design, a commonness of atmosphere, an all-welcoming hospitality to trivial matter, and a dozen other things that make for success at Mudie's, and nothing thereafter. We have seen it often; and sometimes one feels very hotly the way in which choice lives are bundled into print, read,

found to be turbid, and forgotten. Take an instance of this skurry. If ever there was a man who deserved a short and perfectly-written biography, such as could be treasured for the facts it preserved and for the grace of its style and feeling, that man was Charles Samuel Keene, the *Punch* artist. A more quaint, lovable, and retiring man of genius did not live in the nineteenth century. It was most desirable that any record of his life should be, like himself, choice, modest, and savoursome. But what happened? Keene died on January 4, 1891. A biography was felt to be a want of the market; and within one year, or perhaps it was eighteen months, a volume weighing 3½ lbs. avoirdupois was written, delivered, and Mudied. The whole thing had been placed in the hands of a gentleman who would be (justly) called a "practised literary man," and this practised literary man had done his level best for Keene's memory, and for the wishes and personal vanities of Keene's friends and correspondents. The result, in our judgment, was a sad failure. The mere size and weight of the book could not be associated with Keene. No single clear impression was conveyed, for the book was virtually written by many hands, and it reproduced and repeated many casually written impressions. The effect was that of the arrival of a handsome block of marble, entirely covered with Keene's epitaph, but effectually concealing Keene. Nor did the practised literary man improve his case when, in a final chapter, called "Last Words," he confessed that he had never set eyes upon Keene in his life, and proceeded to argue with more ingenuity than force that the stranger-biographer has advantages over the friend-biographer. An apologetic allusion to "the space of time at my disposal" completed the reader's desolation. Keene's case is serious enough to be raised, even at this date, with some earnestness. Is it still too late for a skilled and sympathetic writer to give us a small book in which Keene, the man and artist, will live in modest breathing pages, in a harbourage of choice reading and unfading smiles? For in his way and degree the man was a humane genius not less surely than Shakespeare.

But Keene's misfortune is that of many a good man who has died in these latter years. The truth is, that of the biographies published, nearly all are written too soon, many ought not to be written at all, and the majority of the remainder could be of value only if they were half as long and twice as well done. Izaak Walton did not produce his masterly portraits in any "space of time at my disposal." In the cases of Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton he found himself a biographer rather by accident than design, and then he lay quiet for twenty years before he was prevailed upon by Bishop Gilbert to write the life of Hooker. Four years later he wrote his George Herbert, which was more of a "free-will offering" than any of the other lives; and lastly, after another eight years, he wrote the life of Bishop Sanderson. The five short lives were spread over a period of forty-eight years, and into them Walton breathed his best. Their brevity and perfection lend a rare cogency to his plea for more biography. "Who would not be content to have the like account of Dr. Field, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning?" he asks, when his own pen has spent its force. And who, nowadays, would not be glad if biographies were many and small and good? It is the insatiate curiosity of the age which will neither wait patiently nor taste nicely, it is, in a word, the journalising of a literary art, that is the cause of the blight.

Meanwhile it is consoling to know that good models of Plutarch's art are not scarce in a well-stocked library. As for Plutarch, he is the model of models, and no one reads him half enough. You have only to open his *Lives* to alight on brevity within brevity, on parts so characteristic that they seem to anticipate the work of the whole. Take the familiar story of Antony's follies at Alexandria. "He was

fishing one day with Cleopatra, and had ill-success, which, in the presence of his mistress, he looked upon as a disgrace; he, therefore, ordered one of his assistants to dive and put on the hook such as he had taken before. This scheme he put in practice three or four times, and Cleopatra perceived it. She affected, however, to be surprised at his success; expressed her wonder to the people about her; and, the day following, invited them to see fresh proofs of it. When the day following came, the vessel was crowded with people; and as soon as Antony had let down his line she ordered one of her divers immediately to put a salt fish on the hook. When Antony found he had caught his fish, he drew up his line; and this, as may be supposed, occasioned no small mirth amongst the spectators. 'Go General!' said Cleopatra, 'leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces.'" From Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* the biographer may learn the dignity of his art, and the enduring value of a reverent and sagacious handling of delicate subjects: as for instance where, in discussing Dryden's suspiciously timely conversion to Roman Catholicism, he puts the matter by: "It is natural to hope that a comprehensive is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest. I am willing to believe that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different studies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controversy, and wanted rather skill to discover the right than virtue to maintain it. But inquiries into the heart are not for man; we must now leave him to his Judge."

The biography of a father by a son finds an exquisite model in the life of the poet Crabbe, where the relationship is pure gain, all the loyalties to the subject and the reader being kept. What an instinct for biography and what a delicate freedom do we not find in this mention of a chance meeting between father and son after two years' separation: "Calling, one day, at Mr. Hatchard's in Piccadilly, the bookseller said 'Look round,' and pointed to his inner room; and there stood my father, reading intently, as his manner was—with his knees somewhat bent, insensible to all around him. How homelike was the sight of that venerable white head among a world of strangers!"

The student of miniature biography will not neglect Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*, though he will feel more certain of the writer's penetration than of his charity. The essay on Cobbett is as good as any; Hazlitt sticks to him until he can wring from him not another characteristic. Of his powers in controversy he says: "He throws his head into his adversary's stomach, and takes away from him all inclination for the fight; hits fair or foul; strikes at everything; and as you come up to his aid, or stand ready to pursue his advantage, trips up your heels or lays you sprawling, and pummels you when down as much to his heart's content as ever the Yanguesian carriers belaboured Rosinante with their pack staves. 'He has the back-trick simply the best of any man in Illyria.'"

To conclude pell-mell, let the biographer of tomorrow read to-day Macaulay's short lives of Johnson, Bunyan, and Atterbury, contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; Scott's *Biographical Memoirs* of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and others, and his lives of Swift and Dryden, written for editions of their works; Carlyle's life of John Sterling, and Carlyle's sketch-portraits, wherever they be (let him count these inimitable); Walter Bagehot's *Biographical Studies*; Edward Fitzgerald's memoir of Bernard Barton; Dr. John Brown's essay on Chalmers; Anthony Froude's *Julius Caesar*; Talfourd's *Lamb*; M. Leon Daudet's life of his father; and Renan's memoir of his sister. Mr. Clodd's memoir of Grant Allen, published last year, was a successful essay in sympathetic, clear-sighted biography, such as knows what to say, and what not to say, and where to stop.

Things Seen.

Reflex Action.

THE King had passed, and his subjects surged out into the roadway, which was still lined by soldiers. These stood at attention, like bronzes, unmoved by the capering, out-of-school sight-seers. It was discipline confronting waywardness, and the wayward stared at Mars on duty with curiosity and veneration. Presently came along a band of coster girls, bright of eye and fresh of cheek. Open-air life, and the saucy freedom of their vocation, had kept the free animal in them unbridled and untrammelled. They sported down the roadway like so many colts, giving and taking chaff with the ease of long habit. But badinage with their fellow-citizens in the crowd was *vieux jeu* with them. There was more attractive metal in those adamant warriors, who moved not a lash, who raised not a finger, who regarded the antics of the girls with the high indifference of the gods on Olympus watching the gambols of mortals. The gods can choose, and they prefer to pick their moment of condescension. They had had relations with so many young women, had those warriors, and no doubt they knew well enough that the girls' intrepidity was not individual, but sprang from the consciousness of strength in numbers. So they received the advances of the girls with a cold indifference. They were superior even to tentative ticklings with feathers, and they allowed confetti to stay on their swelling bosoms as if such was a detail of the military regulations. The girls became more daring, till they came to the point of pushing one another towards the warriors, and soon one of them was propelled straight on to a breast. Even then Mars did not forget that he was on duty; but the instinct bred of a hundred amatory experiences in his crowded past would not be denied. As the girl touched his breast his huge arms opened, described a semi-circle, musket and all, folded her for an instant, and then, with mechanical precision, returned to his side. He did not move. He did not quaver. He showed no pleasure. I believe the movement was entirely sub-conscious. It was an example of reflex action, produced by stimulus, physiologists would tell you, without the necessary intervention of consciousness.

The Marquis.

It was on the Boulevard des Italiens that I was introduced to the Marquis. The night was balmy, and we sat quietly sipping our coffee. My companion knew everything and everybody. He knew the Marquis. It was—need I say?—my first visit to Paris, and I was in the frame of mind of the traveller on the threshold, in which he expects anything to happen at any moment; therefore, I was not surprised to observe that the Marquis was dressed in rags, that his hands were not of the cleanest, that he had apparently forgotten to put on his collar, and that he was engaged in the groping performance of picking up cigarette and cigar ends and consigning them to a slit in his coat. My companion introduced us: "Mr. So-and-so, Le Marquis de —." I bowed low, as was fitting. It was pathetic to notice that this concession to nobility was utterly lost on the Marquis. I tried some desultory conversation, feeling, if the truth be told, something of a fool. There was no doubt of the fellow's blood. He had, when the dirt was penetrated, one of the most aristocratic types of face I had ever seen. An idea struck me. I offered him a cognac. He accepted, and gulped it down eagerly. He looked so utterly depraved, so hopelessly oblivious of his former position, that I suddenly experienced a sensation of repugnance so strong as almost to swallow up my

first feeling of respectful pity. I rose and departed hastily, leaving I knew not what tragedy of blight, what miserable spectre of loss, behind me. I had placed a coin on the table close to his hand. I looked round when I had gone some distance and saw him biting it.

A Doss-House Poet.

POETS are to be found everywhere, and so why not in a doss-house? It is, nevertheless, a little curious to find a dosser issuing poetical works from his temple of repose. One would imagine that the purchasing power of a pathetic number of cups of coffee must be sacrificed ere a dosser could flutter so much as one sheet upon this stony world.

That, however, is what Mr. G. Frost, of "The Wave," Victoria Dock-road, has done twice at least to our certain knowledge. The utterances before us are dated 1893 and 1894 respectively. They have not lacked appreciation, for "The Wave" is under the direct control of Mansfield House, whence Oxford scholarship and Christian sympathy radiate upon that mortared Essex marsh whose name is Canning Town. Mr. Frost has had perhaps half-a-dozen readers whom a popular novelist might woo in vain. But he is unknown to the Press and to the world, despite his flutterings.

We do not, in breaking the shell of his obscurity, purpose to cry "Hats off! A genius." What we shall endeavour to show is that through all the drollery of Mr. Frost's ignorance the man-of-letters emerges, individual and fastidious, with tunes beating in his blood and honesty shining on his forehead.

His sense of rhyme is peculiar. "Blurred" and "world" obviously rhyme only on the Celtic system of vowel assonance demonstrated by Dr. Hyde. "Horse" and "port," "fate" and "cape," "gloom" and "tune" are rhymes which may with greater probability be referred to that defective ear for terminals condoned by filial piety in Mother Goose. His interruptions, in the shape of redundant syllables, are obviously due to a dogged determination to say what he means at whatever risk to the muse.

Our first quotations shall be from "A Voyage Round the World." This is the tune:

See, the wind is changing, for scarce a day had sped,
When the wind began to haul and then came dead ahead;
It's freshening to a breeze, reef top sails, snug her down,
And jam her to the wind however fortune frown.
Luff! luff! my hearty, keep her full and bye
Send her through the seas, make the water fly.
Ease her when she plunges, as through the seas she's
hurled.

Take it as it comes, boys, travelling round the world.

Neptune is soon lashed to storm in a cacophony of bad rhymes, and with "flying kites all furled" the ship goes "on through the pitchy darkness" while "out upon her yardarms the ghastly blue lights burn."

She's racing with the seas, boys, her water a streak of fire.

In the ensuing section of the poem we

See the long green hills of water, their white caps gleam
like teeth,
And thunder down upon her deck full twenty feet beneath.

Night falls again, dark and black

—yet the phosphor flashes bright
Beneath her keel the sea's ablaze and sparkling without
light,
The sky and sea are closing in as if the two were one,
There is but a ship's length or so to bound the horizon.

Alas! for the false accent. But the effect of these passages

is striking, mixed up as they are with shrewd and seaman-like observations such as:

Keep the wind upon the quarter, just a point or so to
port,
And mind your weather helm, she'll turn turtle if she's
caught,

And bits of humour like this:

Hold on, here comes a comber; it goes sweeping over all,
There go the pots and kettles, the galley's overboard.

Finally the ship nears home, "her masts like coach whips bending." All is vigorous. She is like "an arrow from a well strung bow"; she "throws the water from her sides";

The sou'-west wind is blowing fresh as she cuts the seas in
two.

One is exhilarated; the man moves to the rhythm of the living machine which is both house and wife to him.

The extraordinary title "Sphinx, Cleopatra's Needle, Pyramids and Tower Bridge, Taboo" suggests hysteria; and in the poem itself it is clear that emotion has preceded thought and denied it coherence in its anxiety to give shape to its own music. Here is a verse on one of the Pyramids which, in its quasi-Scotch austerity, its mixture of anger and awe and smouldering iconoclasm, deserves attention:

It stands there in all its glory, mute and inscrutable, a
goodly show,
The sand has gathered round its base; the foundation's
down below.
One man alone designed its form, 'twas the myriads that
reared
It stone by stone; as from the earth it rose, the builders
disappeared
And never left a single trace of house, or home, or name,
To hand down to posterity a vain man's wretched fame.
In the Empire their forefathers built above encroaching
sand
Stands that Pyramid of wickedness, a curse to Fatherland.

One has a vision of the impressionable mariner taking off his hat with one hand and shaking the fist of the other.

The exalted wisdom of the Bhagavad Gita would certainly strike him as nonsense. Witness the admirable dogmatism of this couplet:

All may differ on the meaning of the two words God and
Devil,
But the most ignorant must know that there is good and
evil.

Ah, Mr. Frost, it is only the ignorant who know—know in such capital letters as the Tent-maker uses when he writes:

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field
He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows!

Yet Mr. Frost is no stern theologian. His is a splendid heterodoxy:

That is the new religion: live and work for Motherland.

The line seizes him on the Tower Bridge, where also he learns that

The power of all the Church combined gives no life to one
dead bone.

Therefore the Tower Bridge is sermon enough for him:

It's finished, and preaches to the world;
go try and build a better.

Mr. Frost's muse is not easily dislodged from the hardest fact, and whirls in screaming animadversion round the Board of Trade:

From narrow-minded party Politics,
From shuffling, bribing, dirty tricks,
From Board of Trade Certificates,
We pray the Lord protect us.

"Certificates!" He has mastered the secret of successful

street-poetry—a concrete expression for a general wrong. Why are our cities infested with a multitudinous throng of no fixed occupation? The political economist says of a section of them: "Because they have omitted or failed to qualify financially and otherwise for the licence or certificate needed to carry on various kinds of business." Dosser Frost says: "Because they have not a certificate." "Certificate" to dosser minds is not the sign of a qualification, but the qualification itself. Down, then, with certificates! Stamp on the Red Tape Worm! Mr. Frost has instantly their faith and their enthusiasm, if once they hear him. He has shown them the adversary.

But Mr. Frost deserves a more dignified elevation than an inverted tub. It is not poetry that we will cite in support of the contention; it is a piece of haunting doggerel:

There's Tit-Bits, Rare-Bits, Funny Cuts, and Joker;
There's Tip-Top Tea to Pick-me-Up and Tee-to-Tums;
There's Answers, Pearson's Weekly, Moonshine, Ally Sloper;
And immortal souls are saved by beating kettle-drums. . . .
And the World grinds on like Vested Interests; the ponderous pistons jar
Upon the nerves. The pirate's scissors click all night and day unceasing,
And schoolgirls read, and learn, and teach their dear old Grandmamma
The scientific art of sucking eggs, but cultivate the power of pleasing.

Who would not shrink from casting obloquy on most of the papers named in this catalogue? But, altogether, how forcibly they conjure up the hopeless wallowing of raw minds among scraps and snatches; how significantly they direct attention to the voluminous voice, glib even when raucous, of the world's Press crying down all subtle utterances, disturbing all connected views, marring all beauty, and forbidding all finality of expression.

Mr. Frost is not a great man—one is not great simply because he publishes from a doss-house; but he would be far from an ordinary man even if he published in Pater-noster-row. His travels have solemnised him within. Fresh from gleaming tropical seas and dreaming tropical lands, he is on the edge of London as one brutally awakened from a delicate slumber. Yet it is the grimmest of all paradoxes, from Carlyle to Mr. Frost, that a great noise extorts contributions from the protestant against it.

The Halfpenny Feuilletton.

In Four Stages.

I.

TO-MORROW will commence a new serial of transcendent interest, which by those critics who have been privileged to see it in MS. has been pronounced to be the most powerful and absorbing romance of modern times. Under the title THE ANNIHILATION CLUB the author paints with terrible and fascinating realism the total destruction of the human race and the pulverisation of the planet on which we dwell into an insignificant powder. Needless to say, this awful calamity is the result of jealousy, the love element in the story being singularly prominent.

To describe THE ANNIHILATION CLUB in a phrase, it is by far the most important and alluring contribution to that group of stories which by prevision Mr. Wells so successfully imitated in THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.

To begin to-morrow the great serial, THE ANNIHILATION CLUB!

Order early. See that you get it.

II. (Four weeks later.)

THE ANNIHILATION CLUB.

Chapter XXX.

SYNOPSIS.

Mephisto De Trafford, the famous chemist and electrician, balked of his love for Anastasia Montmorency, determines upon revenge, not only upon his successful rival Dr. Majolica, but upon the world. He builds a secret laboratory a mile beneath the surface of the earth, and immediately under the Houses of Parliament, access to this mysterious workroom being gained by long underground passages, the entrance to which is in a wood near Box Hill, the property of De Trafford. Deep in this deadly fastness De Trafford mixes an explosive of a nature more terribly destructive than anything yet imagined. One day by accident he leaves open the door of the passage, which is discovered by Michael Dorn-ton, a butterfly collector who has gone to Box Hill in search of the silver-washed fritillary. Michael enters, the narrative at this point passing into his hands.

After a few paces, the seriousness of the enterprise dawned upon me and I stealthily tip-toed back and secured the door against any other investigator. Then, after folding up my butterfly net and grasping the stick as a weapon, I began the descent.

The passage was scrupulously clean and was lit brightly by electric light. Here and there were little recesses. —(To be continued.)

III. (The next day.)

Chapter XXXI.

SYNOPSIS.

Mephisto De Trafford, the famous chemist and electrician, balked of his love for Anastasia Montmorency, determines upon revenge, not only upon his successful rival Dr. Majolica, but upon the world. He builds a secret laboratory a mile beneath the surface of the earth, and immediately under the Houses of Parliament, access to this mysterious workroom being gained by long underground passages, the entrance to which is in a wood near Box Hill, the property of De Trafford. Deep in this deadly fastness De Trafford mixes an explosive of a nature more terribly destructive than anything yet imagined. One day by accident he leaves open the door of the passage, which is discovered by Michael Dorn-ton, a butterfly collector who has gone to Box Hill in search of the silver-washed fritillary. Michael enters, the narrative at this point passing into his hands. Michael begins his perilous journey down the passage. The description of the passage.

After walking some ten miles and stopping now and again to refresh myself with the sandwiches I had brought with me—done up, as I observed, by my good landlady, in a piece of the *Morning Leader*—I sat down in one of the recesses to rest. Suddenly I heard a curious rumbling sound as of an approaching vehicle. Peering out I was conscious of a swiftly moving body drawing nearer and nearer. In a moment it had passed, but not before I had seen it to be, as I afterwards discovered, De Trafford himself, in his electric motor-car, dashing from the laboratory to the opening.

Never shall I forget the deathly pallor of his face and the enormity of anti-social hatred that beamed in his eye.—(To be continued.)

IV. (Two months later.)

THE BLOOD-STAINED PRIMA DONNA.

To-morrow will be commenced a new great serial of absorbing interest, which, by all who have had the good fortune to read it in MS., is pronounced quite the most transcendently exciting and brilliant romance of modern times . . . (and so forth).

Correspondence.

B. B. B.

SIR,—What more is to be said of Byron? Why no more truly in our day of "Poetic Famine." A generation that can discuss in earnest the authenticity of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* can never have much to say or think of the "finest letters in the language." But, indeed, with Byron as with Milton, it is all a question of personality. Byron is read for love, Milton for learning, the reason being one, as I have said, of personality. Byron had personality above all things. It was, as the Prayer-Book would say, "for the glory of his name" that Greece was made free. While Milton's personality was such that it permitted him, after marrying a child of seventeen years, immediately to set to work and write a burning pamphlet on "Divorce"! It is the most characteristic thing we hear of him. We are not surprised at anything he does afterwards, for his Personality has made a slave of his reputation. Byron, too, is the slave of his Personality; but non-moral rather than immoral as he is, he is never ignoble or vulgar or narrow. Even his slang is immortal. No one but he could have so perfectly defined Switzerland: a "Curst, selfish, swinish country of brutes, placed in the most romantic region of the world," he says. The words live.

If Milton has triumphed because of his literature and in spite of his character, Byron has triumphed for both these things, but chiefly because of the latter. That he was generous we know; witness his praise of Shelley's verse and character, his letters to Sir Walter, and his monetary help to the Greeks, to which he added at last his life and the glory of his name. That he was indifferent to danger or petty inconvenience we know; witness his answer when he overhears his servant Fletcher saying of Greece: "It's a land of lies and lice and fleas and thieves. What my lord is going there for the Lord only knows, I don't." Then seeing his master was looking, he said: "And my master can't deny what I have said is true." "No," said Byron, "to those that look at things with hog's eyes and can see nothing else; what Fletcher says may be true, but I didn't note it." From a test of character, personality—call it what you will—such as that, how, for instance, would Carlyle emerge, or Milton with his timid seventeen-year-old wife and his burning pamphlet on Divorce?

If you charge us with forgetfulness of Byron it is, as Mr. Swinburne says, "not a light charge." And on what do you base your charge? The year 1900 is turned, and we are recounting our poetic glories of the Victorian era. Well, Mr. Murray is issuing a most sumptuous edition of Byron's works, and I suppose there must be a sale for it. Mr. Henley has so much faith in him that he, too, is devoting his time to the production of an edition worthy of Byron. What other poet is receiving the like attention—or half of it? But I forget. Some firm in Glasgow is issuing a complete Keats in one-shilling volumes. I wonder if the poor and needy buy them, for it is for such, I suppose, they are intended? No, Byron is one of the first names with us in 1901. What is the other? Is it Shelley, or Keats, or Wordsworth, or Coleridge? Perhaps it may be Kipling. (Hush!) But where is the city that is issuing a "definitive" edition of their work? Where are the monuments more enduring than brass that have received their names? Greece emerged from the last war chiefly because of Byron; even to-day it is flushed with the glory of his name. May I ask would the names of Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, and W. B. Yeats, all together, call three Englishmen anywhere to-day to risk their lives for the glory of a name?—I am, &c.,

EDWARD HUTTON.

"The Impulse to Feel and Know."

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his article on Mr. Cramb's *Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain*, says: "Surely it is good to know what words a professor of modern history was addressing to his plastic young students while the Boer War was still going on." And later: "Holding as we do that the highest wisdom, let it come from poet or seer, is either for everyday wear, or worthless." This opinion of your reviewer, given in a criticism of the book of a Queen's College professor, pays a profounder compliment to that dear old college than perhaps your reviewer guessed. For Queen's College, alone of girls' colleges (let us away with the hateful term of "ladies'" colleges), has steadily refused to adapt its teaching and its traditions to the mercenary and commercial skurry of up-to-date education.

It is not only Mr. Cramb, the Modern History Professor, who, in the words of your reviewer, "is more disdainful of common every-day fact than any of them, but directs his pronouncements according to the teaching of those whom he esteems the prophets of his time." This is the spirit of the education given at Queen's College; this is the spirit I and my comrades of fifteen years ago learned of Henry Morley, of Canon Ainger, and of F. S. Pulling, before Mr. Cramb knew the threshold of the college.

In the dear old library, where the eyes of Frederick Maurice seem to gaze kindly on the bending young shoulders in their college gowns, "this attribute which we may name Reverie," to quote Mr. Cramb, was born in many of us. That grave room, with its well-stocked shelves, taught us to love literature—it even taught some of us to dream of being poets. But, above all, it taught us that instruction for examination, which is the whole spirit of girls' education nowadays, is as far from real education as a shilling shocker from a page of Swift.

Fifteen years have passed since Henry Morley broke down over "Lycidas" before his reverent class. He is gone, and F. S. Pulling is gone, and we have all fared far in the stress and storm of life. But I am glad to see from Mr. Cramb's lectures that, in spite of ardent reviling, and pecuniary loss, Queen's College keeps on the good way, and believes Education to be, not a grinding machine capable of producing so much material, for an Intermediate or a B.A., but a goddess to be wooed by long service and reverent devotion, and whose soul is the soul of poetry. I am glad the dear old college doors still open on " . . . rich, beautiful, stimulating, brilliant minds, ever dwelling on high, unworldly thoughts, that impart what is of far more value than correct habits of reasoning—viz., the impulse to feel and know." Above all, I am glad there is a paper like the ACADEMY to appreciate and applaud such teaching.—I am, &c.,

L. M. (AN OLD QUEEN'S COLLEGER).

Mr. Davidson's Drama.

SIR,—In the notice of my play in to-day's ACADEMY the following occurs: "Mr. Davidson (it is an individual trait in him) is obviously steeped in the Elizabethan drama, less of Shakespeare than of Shakespeare's contemporaries, to the extent of copying their weaker mannerisms and such of their methods as are not in the best taste."

I doubt neither the honesty nor the timid, sub-conscious malice of this assertion; but I think it is not altogether to the credit of contemporary criticism that I should have to contradict it again: it is entirely without foundation.

Your reviewer seems to be the victim of the analogic fallacy which, sooner or later, vitiates the judgment of almost every professional critic.—I am, &c.,

Digitized by JOHN DAVIDSON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 74 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best original poem of three four-line stanzas. After careful perusal of the 115 poems sent in we have decided to award the prize to Mrs. P. H. Lulham, 6, Chandos Place, Broadstairs, for the following :

O wild south-wester whose strong beat
My little one loves best,
From whose salt-stinging kiss my sweet
Goes ruddy to her rest;
Blow ! and her brave young spirit raise,
Stirred by your splendid strife,
To range with you your wider ways,
And live your larger life :
Beat ! till she thinks how, safe apart,
Love trims a haven-light ;
Tell her that here, too, in my heart
The tides run high to-night.

Among the best poems sent in are these :

THE HILL PATH.

A low grey sky, brief sunshine breaking through
The faint blue reaches of the distant plain,
Scant silver glancing on a mist of rain,
Brief sunshine gilding you,
And gleaming on wet rowan-trees that slow
Their bright round berries dropped upon the sod
Till all the path was reddened, as with blood,
By which you chose to go.

Oh, had the ending of the way but been
Another than a life-time's long goodbye,
How fair the earth, how tender the low sky
The circling hills between !

[S. M., Scotland.]

THE SORROW OF SONG.

Oh, delicate songs of my sorrow, conceived in sin and in shame,
What have you of good or of worth so shamefully wrought out
Of wrong ?
Must ever the soul in me sink, and the heart dwell on deeds with-
out name.

Or ever a whisper of beauty embroiders the edge of my song ?

Who shall strive, when in striving a song has gone down in the
depths of strife ?

'Tis sorrow alone can wring from the poet a word of real worth ;
For he sees in the sin of the world each separate sin of his life,
And the day of his sorrow and shame is the day of a sweet song's
birth.

If sorrow be born of sin, and only in sorrow lies song,
Then surely the singer shall 'scape the doom on the last great
day ?

Unless—is it truth ?—we climb clear of the desperate days of
wrong.

And from sin through sorrow we win to the joy of a fairer way.

[F. W. W., Camberwell.]

THE GARDEN OF MEMORY.

There is a garden in this heart of mine,
Roses and rue adorn its secret ways,
A twilight haunt whose hush is quite divine,
Illumined with the light of other days !

And here are graves—among the rue do lie
The old, old sorrows buried long ago ;
Beneath the roses hopes but born to die,
With vanished joys together rest. And lo !

Fair Memory muses here for evermore,
The gracious guardian of this dim domain ;
And at his will the blighted hopes of yore
Rise from their graves with buried joy and pain !

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

A GOLDEN DAY (CANDLEMAS SERVICES).

My golden day no golden month encloses,
No honied June's remembrance lends it charm :
Nor gleam of mid-July's chrysopic roses,
Nor boon September's amber-sleeved arm.

My golden day saw clouds all livid-lead
O'er moaning seas stabbed with a dagger blast :
I knelt in prayer, where blazoned windows deaden
The sob of churchyard elms that gride aghast.

A golden day ! for mortal touched immortal
From festal eucharist to vespers bright :
And the lit altar showed thro' flaming portal
Salute the Golden to Faith's raptured sight.

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

A DAY IN LATE AUTUMN.

The earth is stilled, as though in some deep pain ;
The wind draws drearily each sobbing breath ;
And Nature's every feature mirrors plain
The grey reflex of death.

She spreads her dusky pall for the passing year,
Leaves strown aground, the dying on the dead ;
Each tree some silent sorrow seems to bear,
And veils in mist its head.

And I am one with Nature ; hope can bring
No comfort to this pain all pain above :
And softly fall the raindrops, murmuring
A dirge for passing love.

[R. W., Swansea.]

OLD AND NEW.

What may this latest-born of the long ages
Bestow on hearts that mourn the past in vain ?
Who can smooth out anew life's crumpled pages,
Or make the blotted record clean again ?

We—willing captives of old hope undying—
How should new cycles give us or withhold ?
Youth claims the New, what time our souls are crying
For the supreme enchantment of the Old.

The old love clamours loudly : "Ye must heed me
And take my gifts of rosemary and rue" ;
The old Faith whispers : "Surely ye will need me
Until the day when God makes all things new."

[M. G. W., Shanklin.]

TO AN INTRUDER ON THE MARGIN OF AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Thou errant lad with pointed hood and wind-blown bags,
What dost thou piping here,
Where sleepy sermon, ancient discourse, endless drags
And lags, through year and year ?

Some patient toiling monk who wrote the gnarled text,
Set here as comment—thou,
With sudden quirk of brain by dusty learning vexed,
Thou madcap sprite of glee.

In thee he wrought with cell-dimmed eyes and cramped hand
His early shrivelled joy ;
In thee, old melodies of vanished summer-land,
Thou little piping boy !

[E. R., London.]

Poems also received from : H. R. B., London ; R. B. W., Sudbury ; S. W., Merrylee ; K. E. B., Edgbaston ; A. C. A., London ; P. C. F., Cambridge ; S. B., London ; E. C. M. D., Crediton ; M. A. W., London ; W. Bath ; M. L. M., London ; E. B. B., Sheffield ; J. D., London ; E. G. B., Liverpool ; W. R., Manchester ; E. S., London ; L. J., Ashby-de-la-Zouch ; E. W. H., West Didsbury ; E. K. P., Wadhurst ; F. L. W., Bradford ; C. S. O., Hove ; A. E. W., Inverness ; M. I., Cheltenham ; W. A., Glasgow ; H. F., Exmouth ; E. H., Peasehall ; L. G., Hornsey ; F. B. B., London ; G. L. C., Surrey ; H. H., Teddington ; S. H., Birmingham ; C. O. O., London ; P. B. K. S., London ; J. B., London ; F. G. S., Edinburgh ; A. B., Edinburgh ; G. S., Brentwood ; J. P. B. B., Liverpool ; A. D. B., Liverpool ; C. F. M., Bath ; L. M. S., London ; L. S., Leytonstone ; H. J., London ; R. E. P., Oxford ; H. J., Hadley Wood ; Miss L., Harpenden ; Mrs. W., Richmond ; A. S., Edinburgh ; F. B., Cheltenham ; H. M. G., London ; E. R. L., Kensington ; M. G., Kingston ; E. T. W., Leytonstone ; E. F. H., Birmingham ; A. J. E., London ; E. F. W., Leytonstone ; M. F., London ; H. F. B., Strathfield ; G. S., Bristol ; E. C., — ; A. F., Bangor ; H. W. D., South Tottenham ; H. R. S., Newcastle ; S. B. M., Nottingham ; G. W., Hull ; T. B. S., Birmingham ; H. P. W., Otterburn ; T. W. M., Newcastle ; S. H., Manchester ; M. C. S., London ; F. P. S., Manchester ; F. B., Milton ; F. W. H., Penarth ; P. R. D., Brighton ; J. J., Bristol ; C. W., Edinburgh ; F. H. B., Sutton ; W. S. B., Blackheath ; J. H., Edinburgh ; J. B. W., London ; R. U. F. M., Hurlford ; J. E. A. S., Dundee ; V. E. J., London.

Competition No. 75 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the best comprehensive literary portrait of a man or woman, not exceeding 250 words, taken from a biographical work or a history. The prize will be awarded for the selection which is most vividly suggestive of a complete character.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, February 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST.

JUST PUBLISHED. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

YEOMANRY CAVALRY: or MOUNTED INFANTRY?

By LANCELOT ROLLESTON,

Lieut.-Col. and Hon. Col. South Notts Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry.

JUST PUBLISHED, NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.
Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.HANDBOOK OF THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF
GREAT BRITAIN DURING THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY, 1801-1900.

By FRANCIS CULLING CARR-GOMM,

Late of H.M. Madras Civil Service, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

A NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.

AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS'. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LOVE AND HONOUR.

By M. E. CARR.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

For MARCH.—Price ONE SHILLING.—CONTENTS.

The Sick and Wounded in
the Great Civil War. By C. H.
FIRTH.Sir Arthur Sullivan. By J. A.
FULLER MAITLAND.A College Cat. By A. D. GON-
LEY.Some Boer War Bulletins.
By BASIL WILLIAMS.The Results of Wild Bird
Protection. By C. J. CORNISH.A Londoner's Log-Book.—II.
Anthony Trollope. By G. S.
STREET.Napoleon in Corsica: an Epi-
sode of 1799. By W. B. DEFFIELD.My Mother's Diary. By MARY
WESTENHOLZ.The Christian Scientist. By
FRANK RICHARDSON.The Tale of the Great Mutiny.
—II. Stamping Out Mutiny.
By the Rev. W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D.Provincial Letters.—II. From
Manchester. By URBANUS
SYLVAN.Count Hannibal. Chaps. VII.
IX. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

BY SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B.

NOW READY.

A CENTURY OF
SCOTTISH HISTORY.From the Days before the '45 to those
within Living Memory.

BY

Sir HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.A. Oxon.,
Hon. LL.D. Glasgow.

2 vols., demy 8vo, 30s. net.

TIMES.—"Sir Henry Craik's work is marked by wide research, judicial thought, and much philosophical insight.... Sir Henry Craik is always fair and dispassionate.... He has wisely confined himself to a period—the most important and interesting in Scottish history—so within his limits he can be comprehensive and exhaustive."

STANDARD.—"Sir Henry Craik has made one of the most important contributions to the history of Scottish affairs.... The author is a keen and well-equipped critic of men and movements.... We are presented with a chronological narrative of all the chief incidents—political, ecclesiastical, and legislative, no less than literary, social, and commercial—which have shaped the national annals in the period under review."

LITERATURE.—"Perhaps the ablest chapter in this very able work, and that which bears most evidence of the author's insight into his subject, is that in which he reviews the Scottish school of philosophy. It may be heartily commended to the study of those who love to trace the growth of a nation's inner life.... Sir Henry Craik has made a very notable contribution to the history of the United Kingdom."

SCOTSMAN.—"Sir Henry Craik has made a special study of the progress of Scotland as an individual nationality since it became constitutionally an incorporate part of a wider nationality. The result is a book which gives an intelligent insight into the currents of Scottish life and progress, and is full of valuable information which has hitherto been obtainable only by a wide course of reading.... He has produced an instructive and stimulating book—all the more stimulating, perhaps, because some of its views and opinions may provoke dissent."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

FROM MR. MURRAY'S LIST OF
NEW BOOKS

CHINA:

Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By E. H. PARKER, Consul-General in Corea, 1886-7; Consul-General in Kiung Chow, 1891; and in 1892-3, Adviser in Chinese Affairs to the Burma Government. With 19 Maps, &c. Large crown 8vo, 8s. net.

"Mr. Parker may be congratulated upon his lucid exposition of the system of government. It conveys a more vivid impression of the ins and outs of Chinese administration than almost anything on the subject that has yet appeared in print.... The author's method is excellent."—*Standard*.

OUR NAVAL HEROES. By Various Writers.

Edited by G. E. MARINDIN, M.A. With a Preface by Rear-Admiral Lord CHARLES HEREFORD. Containing Short Lives of Twenty of our most Famous Admirals, related in nearly every case by one of their Descendants, and when possible by the Head of the Family. With Photogravure of Lord Nelson, and Half-Tone Portraits of the other Admirals, demy 8vo, 16s.

"Well-conceived and well-executed volume."—*Globe*.

"One of great interest and value."—*Literature*.

IN TUSCANY. Tuscan Towns—Tuscan Types—The

Tuscan Tongue, &c. By MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL, British Vice-Consul for West Tuscany. With numerous Illustrations, large crown 8vo, 9s. net.

"A delightful volume."—*Outlook*.

"The whole book is out of the beaten track of travel books, as well as charming and most sympathetically written."—DOUGLAS SLADEN, in the *Queen*.

SHIFTING SCENES: Recollections of Many Men

in Many Lands. By the Right Hon. Sir EDWARD MALET, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Sometime H.B.M. Ambassador to Germany. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

THE PAINTERS of FLORENCE. From the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century.

A Handy Book for Travellers in Italy and Students of Art. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Ady). With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

THE COMPLETE AUTHORITATIVE EDITION OF GEORGE
BORROW'S WORKS.

Large crown 8vo, 6s. each.

NEW VOLUME JUST PUBLISHED.

THE GYPSIES of SPAIN: their Manners, Customs,

Religion, and Language. With a Photogravure and 8 Full-Page Illustrations. By A. WALLIS MILLS.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

LAVENGRO.

THE ROMANY RYE.

MR. MURRAY'S MUSICAL SERIES.

TWO NEW VOLUMES.

SONGS and SONG-WRITERS. By Henry T. Finck,

Author of "Wagner and his Works," "Chopin, and other Musical Essays," &c. With 8 Portraits, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"A good and valuable book."—*Saturday Review*.

THE ORCHESTRA and ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. By

W. J. HENDERSON. Author of "What is Good Music?" &c. With 8 Portraits and other Illustrations, crown 8vo, 5s. net.

ALREADY PUBLISHED.

HOW MUSIC DEVELOPED. By W. J. Henderson.

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC? By W. J. Henderson.

MUSIC: How It Came to Be What It Is. By Hannah SMITH.

HOW to LISTEN to MUSIC. By Henry Ed. Krehbiel.
With Illustrations.

A NEW WORK BY PROFESSOR R. C. MOBERLY.

ATONEMENT and PERSONALITY. Demy 8vo, 14s.

SERMONS BY BENJAMIN JOWETT.

Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. FREMANTLE, D.D., Dean of Ripon.
Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. each.

NEW VOLUME.—JUST PUBLISHED.

SERMONS on FAITH and DOCTRINE.

THE EVOLUTION of the ENGLISH BIBLE, being

an Historical Sketch of the Successive Versions. By H. W. HOARE, late of Balliol College, Oxford, now an Assistant-Secretary to the Board of Education, Whitehall. With Illustrations, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

NEW VOLUME OF MR. S. R. GARDINER'S
"COMMONWEALTH."

HISTORY of the COMMONWEALTH and PROTECTORATE, 1649-1660.

By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, M.A., Hon.
D.C.L. Oxford, Litt.D. Cambridge, &c.
Vol. III. 1654-1656. With 6 Maps. 8vo, 21s.

EGYPT and the HINTERLAND.

By FREDERIC WALTER FULLER.

With Frontispiece and Map of Egypt and the Sudan.
8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

* * This work contains a résumé of the political question; a Coptic section; a complete sketch of the military operations ending with the death of the Khalifa; and indication of the excursion route to Khartum by the Sudan Military Railway.

CHARLES WILLIAM FERDINAND, DUKE of BRUNSWICK:

An Historical Study, 1735-1806.
By LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE.
With Map and 2 Portraits. 8vo, 6s. net.
[On Monday next.]

* * The subject of this study is the famous German General and Statesman. In 1806 he was appointed leader of the Prussian army, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Auerstedt in the same year. He was the father of the Duke of Brunswick, killed at Quatre Bras, and also of Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV.

THE EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE:

An Historical and Theological Investigation of the Sacrificial Conception of the Holy Eucharist in the Christian Church.

By the Rev. ALFRED G. MORTIMER, D.D.,
Rector of St. Mark's, Philadelphia.
Author of "Catholic Faith and Practice," &c.
With an Introduction by the Rev. T. T. CARTER,
Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and
Warden of the House of Mercy, Clower.
Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
[On Monday next.]

VOLUME FOR 1901.

THE ANNUAL CHARITIES REGISTER and DIGEST:

Being a Classified Register of Charities in or available for the Metropolis, together with a Digest of Information respecting the Legal, Voluntary, and other Means for the Prevention and Relief of Distress and the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, and an Elaborate Index.

With an Introduction by C. S. LOCH,
Secretary to the Council of the Charity Organisation Society, London.
8vo, 4s. [On Monday next.]

NEW NOVEL BY LADY RIDLEY.

ANNE MAINWARING.

By ALICE RIDLEY.
Author of "The Story of Alice." Crown 8vo, 6s.
"Anne Mainwaring" would be a suitable reply to that oft-repeated question: Now, tell me the name of a nice, interesting, new novel."—*Academy*.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

No. 221. MARCH, 1901. 8vo, price 6d.

MY LADY of ORANGE: an Historical Romance.
By H. C. BAILEY. Chapters XII.-XIV.

THE FIRST of the HUNDRED DAYS. By Miss DEMESTEE.

A RIGHT-AND-LEFT. By F. WHITSHAW.
CONCERNING TOD and PETER. By Mrs. HARKER.
BACTERIA and SALT. By Mrs. PERCY FRANKLAND.
FYANDER'S WIDOW. By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). Chapters VI.-IX.
AT THE SIGN of the SHIP. By ANDREW LANG.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,
London, New York, and Bombay.

ARCHITECTURAL EYESORES; the Wallace Collection; Walter Crane—a Hungarian Appreciation; Old Brentford Town (with Illustrations).—See the "ART JOURNAL" for March, price 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 9d. Through any Bookseller, or direct from the Publisher, H. VIRTUE & Co., Ltd, 26, Ivy Lane, London, E.C.

"TALENT," 3d.; Agents; free, 4d. Perfectly Original. Dramatic, Musical, Literary, Artistic, Journalistic, Platform. Ten Skill Prizes. Illustrated. Published 9th each month. Universally obtainable.—EDWIN DREW, "Talent" Office, 37, Caversham Road, London, N.W.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1025. — MARCH, 1901. — 2s. 6d.

THE MAKING OF MODERN SCOTLAND.—BRIDGE.—ARMY SHOOTING, AND ITS IMPROVEMENT.—OXFORD IN THE VICTORIAN AGE.—DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE. By NEIL MUNRO. CHAPS. XX.-XXIV.—"A WANDERER AND A GATHERER." By H. G. PARSONS.—THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN SOUTH AFRICA.—IN HEBRIDEAN WATERS. By HAMISH STUART.—THE PAGEANT OF SEAMEN. By MAY BYRON.—THE WAR DESPATCHES.—FEBRUARY 1-4.—MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD: VICTORIA THE GREAT—THE TRADE OF KINGSHIP—THE WORLD'S MOC KING.—KING EDWARD VII.—VICTORIA R ET I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

The Strand Magazine

Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE

"Strange Studies from Life."

See MARCH Issue. JUST PUBLISHED.

NEXT WEEK.—In 1 vol., demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, price 10s. 6d. net.

FIRST ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

Being an Account of the British Antarctic Expedition,
1898-1900.

By C. E. BORCHGREVINK, F.R.G.S., Commander of the Expedition.
WITH PORTRAITS, MAPS, AND 188 ILLUSTRATIONS.

London: GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, price 3s. 6d. net.

French Life in Town and Country.

By HANNAH LYNCH.

WITH 12 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

London: GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

No. 289. — MARCH, 1901.

THE CIVIL LIST. By EDWARD ROBERTSON, K.C., M.P.
CHURCH REFORM—WHY NOT BEGIN WITH THE PARISH? By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford.
THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOSPITALS COMMISSION. By FREDERICK TREVES.
SHAM versus REAL HOME DEFENCE. By Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE.
THE ADMIRALTY versus the NAVY. By H. W. WILSON.
THE DRAMA in the ENGLISH PROVINCES. By HENRY ARTHUR JONES.
IMPERIAL CIVIL SERVICE: a Suggestion from Australia. By Professor EDWARD E. MORRIS.
VERDI. By EDWARD GELLES.
THE BRITISH WORKMAN and his COMPETITORS. By WILLIAM WOODWARD, A.R.I.B.A.
STRATA in the ROMAN FORUM. By GIACOMO BONI.
SOME AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS of EUROPE. By PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.
MONARCHY in the NINETEENTH CENTURY. By SIDNEY LOW.
MARIA HOLROYD. By Mrs. MARGARET L. WOODS.
LEADERS of OPPOSITION—BEFORE and AFTER 1832. By T. F. KEBBEL.
ROMNEY'S PORTRAITS at the GRAFTON GALLERY. By ROBERT C. WITT.
LAST MONTH. By Sir WENDELL RAIN.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE
“**Contemporary Review**”

Every Month.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

THE BRIGHTEST AND MOST INTERESTING
MONTHLY REVIEW PUBLISHED.

Articles by all the Leading Writers of
the Day, on subjects of Public and Pro-
fessional Interest, appear from time to
time.

THE BEST MEDIUM FOR . . .
PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENTS.

The “**Contemporary Review**”
CIRCULATES ALL OVER THE WORLD.

To be obtained of all Booksellers, or direct from

THE COLUMBUS COMPANY, Ltd.,

Printers and Publishers,

43 and 43a, FETTER LANE, E.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers.

MISS IZA DUFFUS HARDY'S new novel, **THE LESSER EVIL**, is now ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

THE CHURCH of HUMANITY, the new novel by **D. CHRISTIE MURRAY**, Author of "Joseph's Coat," will be ready March 7. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

EAST LONDON. By **Walter Besant**. Author of "London," "Westminster," and "South London." With an Etched Frontispiece by P. S. WALKER, and 55 Illustrations by PHIL MAY, I. RAVEN HILL, and JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 18s. *Immediately.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By **H. BELLYSE BALDON.** With 2 Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.

THE PROPHET of the GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. By **C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.** Author of "His Vanished Star," &c. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

THE BLUE DIAMOND. By **L. T. MEADE.** Author of "The Voice of the Charnier," &c.

QUALITY CORNER. By **C. L. ANTOBUS.** Author of "Wildersmoor," &c. "A curious and interesting novel, stamped with a character all its own."—*Pilot*. "The story, in its character-drawing, in its wit, and in its light and airy fancies, touches a very high level."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"The setting is excellent, the Lancashire rustic is delightful, and the whole story, in style, sentiment, and delicacy of touch, far above the average."—*Sp. Clar.*

A PATH of THORNS. By **Ernest A. VIZETELLY.**

"A romantic tale, full of point and picturesqueness, well constructed and equally well told. Mr. Vizetelly has a real story to tell, and tells it with the facile skill of a good workman."—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

MAX THORNTON. By **Ernest GLANVILLE.** Author of "The Fossicker," With 8 Illustrations by J. S. CROFTON, R.I.

"By far the best novel directly inspired by the war that the present writer has seen. A good deal of excellently constructed character-drawing."—*Spectator*. "A vigorous and entertaining story of adventure, the inherent interest of which is sharpened by its association with the present war in South Africa. The story is excellent of its kind, and will be read from beginning to end with breathless interest and keen enjoyment."—*Scotsman*.

THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSINGHAM. By **HERBERT COMPTON.**

"One of the really good novels of the year."—*Manchester Guardian*. "It is very long since we read so delightful a story.... Healthy, vigorous, and charming romance."—*Daily Graphic*.

A MISSING HERO. By **Mrs. ALEXANDER.** Author of "The Woeing o't." THIRD EDITION.

"Mrs. Alexander has not devised a more ingenious plot, nor can we recall one more cleverly worked out."—*World*. "A very delightful story."—*Glasgow Herald*.

ECCENTRICITIES of GENIUS:

Memories of Famous Men and Women of the Platform and the Stage. By **Major J. B. POND.** With 91 Portraits. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s.

"An interesting and amusing book.... a perfect mine of entertaining anecdote.... Major Pond seems to have come in contact with every celebrity in the universe."—*To-day*.

"It was with some pleasure that we hailed the announcement that Major Pond was engaged in the genial exercise of writing his reminiscences. Now that we have his work before us in the shape of a handsome volume, with not far short of a hundred portraits in it, we confess that our anticipations are not only realised but are exceeded."—*Literary World*.

WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES of the UNITED KINGDOM (1801). Containing Notices of the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of more than 12,000 distinguished Heads of Families, their Heirs, Offices, Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 50s.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

One Shilling Monthly.—Contents for MARCH.

THE WINNING CHARM. By **George Morley.**

ANURADHAPURA. By **E. O. Walker, C.I.E.**

THE WEST PYRENEAN PEASANT PROPRIETOR. By **A. R. Whiteway.**

FAIRFIELD: a Peakland Township. By **John Hyde.**

THE CAT and the MOON. By **the Rev. Geo. St. Clair.**

GONDOMAR. By **Georgiana Hill.**

SOME THOUGHTS on HERRICK. By **H. A. Spurr.**

THINGS IRISH. By **E. M. Lynch.**

ANNA of CLEVELAND. By **W. G. Cowland Field.**

THE ISLAND VALLEY of AVILLION. By **F. M. Rutherford.**

THE IDEAL ANTHOLOGY. By **Sylvanus Urban.**

London: CHATTO & WINDUS 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

CASSELL & COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.**Two Important New Works of Fiction.**

READY SHORTLY, price 6s.

AFIELD AND AFLOAT.

By **FRANK R. STOCKTON,**

Author of "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," "A Story-Teller's Pack," "The Girl at Cobhurst," &c.

With 12 Full-Page Illustrations.

READY SHORTLY, price 6s.

A SOLDIER of the KING.

By **DORA M. JONES.**

The romantic story of John Gifford, the original of Bunyan's Evangelist, though well known to students of Bunyan's early life, has never yet been made the subject of a novel. Gifford was a wild Cavalier before he became a preacher, and the adventures of his earlier unregenerate days form the subject of "A Soldier of the King." The scene of the story is laid chiefly in Maidstone, and it includes the most picturesque episode in the history of that ancient town—its capture by the Commonwealth soldiers in 1649.

Cheap Issue of the Century Science Series.

The FIRST VOLUME of the CHEAP EDITION in MONTHLY VOLUMES of this CELEBRATED SERIES, Edited by **SIR HENRY ROSCOE, F.R.S., D.C.L.,** is

MICHAEL FARADAY: His Life and Work.

By **Prof. SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.**

Bound in cloth, price 2s. 6d.

THE SECOND VOLUME, JUST PUBLISHED, Price 2s. 6d., is

CHARLES DARWIN

AND

The Theory of Natural Selection.

By **E. B. POULTON, F.R.S.**

A Beautiful Portrait Album.

NOW READY, price 6d. net.

QUEEN VICTORIA: Her Life in Portraits.

Beautifully printed on Art Paper, these Portraits will form an enduring memento of the greatest monarch in the history of the Empire. Descriptive text accompanies the pictures.

"A charming production."—*Morning Post*.

London at the Close of**Queen Victoria's Reign.**

On March 13th will be published the First Weekly Part, price 6d. net, of

A MEMORIAL EDITION of**THE QUEEN'S LONDON**

Containing nearly 500 Full-Page Pictures, beautifully reproduced from Copyright Photographs.

With Part I. is presented a Splendid Rembrandt Photogravure Plate, "THE FUNERAL PROCESSION of QUEEN VICTORIA." Size 17 in. by 14 in.

For this Edition a number of Photographs of Fresh Subjects are being reproduced, whilst a series of Splendid Photographic Views of The Funeral Procession are being specially reproduced for this Edition.

The Great History of the**Tower of London.**

PART I., JUST PUBLISHED, price 6d., of

HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

By **HEPWORTH DIXON.**

With New Introduction by **W. J. LOFTIE, F.S.A.**

A Series of Splendid Coloured Plates has been prepared expressly for this Edition.

To be Completed in 16 Parts.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED London; and all Booksellers.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

SECOND AND CHEAPER EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS.

WEST AFRICAN STUDIES.

By the late **MARY H. KINGSLEY.**

With Portrait, Illustrations, and Map.

Extra crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

By **MAURICE HEWLETT.**

Author of "The Forest Lovers," &c.

EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY.

Being Impressions and Translations of **Maurice Hewlett.**

THIRD EDITION, REVISED. Globe 8vo, 5s. [EVERSLEY SERIES.]

NEW VOLUME of the UNIFORM EDITION of RUDYARD KIPLING'S PROSE WORKS.**THE NAULAHKA.**

By **RUDYARD KIPLING and WOLOOTT SALESTIER.**

Extra crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN EAST ANGLIA.

By **WILLIAM A. DUTT.**

With Illustrations by **JOSEPH PENNELL.**

Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

VOL. IV. OF THE NEW ISSUE OF THE BORDER EDITION

OF THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

Edited by **ANDREW LANG.**

ROB ROY.

Crown 8vo, tastefully bound in blue cloth, gilt, 6s. each.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. 47th THOUSAND.

THE PRIDE of JENNICO.

By **AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE.**

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s.—Contents for MARCH.

ON the HIGH VELDT. By a City Imperial Volunteer.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE COINAGE of WORDS. By **Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.C.B.**

SOME FRENCH PRISONS and their INMATES. By **Captain Eardley-Wilmot.**

THE SINNER and the PROBLEM. By **ERIC PARKER.**

Chaps. XV.-XVIII.

A SKETCH from MEMORY.

ROYAL EDWARDS (A.D. 901-1901).

THE PASSING of the QUEEN.

NORTH and SOUTH. By **W. A. ATKINSON.**

A PIONEER of EMPIRE.

VICTORIA.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.—Price 1s. 4d.—Annual Subscription, post free, 16s.

The MARCH NUMBER contains—

SURABHI. By **Flora Annie Steel.**

IMPRESSIONS of JAPAN. By **Rev. Henry C. Potter, LL.D.**

THE FLIGHT of the EMPRESS DOWAGER. By **Lukella Mizer.**

DOWN the RHINE. Worms to Coblenz. By **Augustine Birrell, K.C.** Pictures by **André Castaigne.**

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG.**ST. NICHOLAS.**

Illustrated.—Price 1s.—Annual Subscription, post free, 12s.

The MARCH NUMBER contains:—

CAREERS of DANGER and DARING—III. "The Balloonist." By **CLEVELAND MORFITT.** Illustrated.

HOW ARMIES TALK TO EACH OTHER. By **Capt. Charles D. Rhodes, U.S.A.** Illustrated.

THE STORY of BARNABY LEE. Serial. By **JOHN BENNETT.** Author of "Master Skylark" Illustrated.

And numerous other Stories for the Young.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1504. Established 1869.

2 March, 1901.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE second edition of the late Miss Mary Kingsley's *West African Studies* contains, besides other additional matter, some account of Miss Kingsley herself by her friend Mr. George Macmillan. In this is included a letter she wrote to the native editor of a West African paper, that is, in a sense, her confession of faith. The letter fills three pages of close print. We quote a passage:

Forgive this long ill-written letter. I am writing in the Bay of Biscay, an unrestful place for writing in. I am on my way over to nurse fever cases in South Africa. I may never see West Africa again, but if I do, I hope it will be Liberia. I assure you I shall always feel grateful for the invitation to come there. I know I have been a nuisance. I know I have spoken words in wrath about the educated missionary-made African, and I am glad to hear you will tolerate me, I who admire to get on with the utter Bushman and never sneer or laugh at his native form of religion, a pantheism which I confess is a form of my own religion. I yield to no one in the admiration for Jesus Christ, and I believe in the Divine origin, but the religion His ministers preached I have never been able to believe in.

In honour of the memory of this able woman, and delightful companion, the merchants of Liverpool and Manchester have decided to establish in Liverpool a "Mary Kingsley" hospital for the treatment of tropical diseases. "Others," says Mr. Macmillan, "who know that her careful study of West African problems had aroused in her a passionate desire to promote a better understanding between the native races and the Englishmen who came into relation with them, have decided that no nobler monument could be raised to her memory than an attempt to carry on, as far as may be, this beneficent work." This memorial will take the form of a "Mary Kingsley Society for West Africa," for the systematic study of native customs and institutions.

THE supplemental volumes to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which will be three in number, will cover the period to the end of the reign of Queen Victoria. A memoir of Her Majesty will be included. Mr. Sidney Lee will write on the Queen, Mr. G. W. Prothero on the late Bishop of London, and Mr. Arthur Sidgwick on Mr. F. W. H. Myers.

THE Tolstoy shelf is the despair of those who have a passion for orderly bookshelves. His works have been published in all forms and sizes, from the orthodox shape of *Anna Karenina* to the flimsy paper-covered parts in which *Resurrection* was first published. We are glad to hear, therefore, that there is now some chance of the issue of a uniform edition of the Russian master's works.

MESSRS. LONGMANS hope to publish this year a posthumous work in two volumes by Mr. F. W. H. Myers. It will be called *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*.

THE three first volumes of the new edition of Ibsen's Prose Dramas, under the editorship of Mr. William Archer, who has revised, modified, and strengthened the text, are comely. *The League of Youth*, *A Doll's House*, and *Pillars of Society* have been issued, and each volume has as frontispiece a costume portrait of one or more of the actors who took part in the representation. We may also draw attention to an admirable article by Mr. Archer in the *International Monthly* (Vermont, U.S.A.), on "The Real Ibsen." Such nonsense has been written about Ibsen's "message" that it is quite a relief to read so clear, and in our opinion, so sound an analysis of Ibsen's mind and temperament as this passage from Mr. Archer's article:

He is more of a seer than a thinker. He has flashes of intense insight into the foundations of things; but it is none of his business to build up an ordered, symmetrical, closely-mortised edifice of thought. Truth is to him many-sided; and he looks at it from this side to-day, from the opposite side to-morrow. The people who seek to construct a "gospel," a consistent body of doctrine, from his works, are spinning ropes of sand. He is "everything by turns and nothing long." He is neither an individualist nor a socialist, neither an aristocrat nor a democrat, neither an optimist nor a pessimist. He is simply a dramatist, looking with piercing eyes at the world of men and women, and translating into poetry this episode and that from the inexhaustible pageant.

It has been suggested that, in his volume of short stories entitled *The Monster*, the late Mr. Stephen Crane was less original than usual, that he was indebted to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the idea of the title story, and that "The Blue Hotel" resembles a story by a distinguished compatriot called "Snow-Bound at Eagle's." These suggestions hardly carry conviction, and we are not surprised to learn, from Mrs. Crane, that the stories which are thus criticised were founded on her late husband's personal experiences. Mrs. Crane writes: "'The Blue Hotel' was one of Mr. Crane's own experiences when he went West for the Batchelor Syndicate of New York. . . . *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did not suggest the 'Monster.' Mr. W. D. Howells says: "'The Monster' is the greatest short story ever written by an American.' Henry Johnson was a real man—that is, he was burned horribly about the face; but he was a hero only as he was a horror. Out of the crêpe-bound face of a negro whom Mr. Crane saw came the story of the 'Monster.'"

A "LADY READER" complains to a contemporary of the distraction she suffers in the British Museum Reading Room from the coughing and sneezing of a small group of readers. Moreover, she considers that the desks "must be swarming with the microbes of bronchitis, consumption, and other chest diseases." We sympathise, but we fear that a "Lady Reader's" suggestion that the Trustees ought either to provide a special room for those afflicted with bad coughs, or exclude them until they are well, lies outside the practical politics of the Reading Room.

PROF. JEBB'S lecture on Macaulay, delivered at Cambridge and in London, and published by the Cambridge University Press, is a lucid and appreciative estimate of the great historian. Recognising a tendency to exaggeration in Macaulay, Prof. Jebb entirely rejects the charges of wilful dishonesty and habitual inaccuracy often brought against him. It is interesting to have the opinion of so weighty a scholar as Prof. Jebb on the most fascinating history of recent times. Prof. Jebb's verdict is this:

The moral tone which pervades the history is manly and sound. It condones no deed of treachery or cruelty; it has no tolerance for hypocrisy or pretence; it also awards praise without stint to fortitude, to honest effort, to self-sacrifice, wherever they are found. There is no attempt to win a cheap and spurious credit for originality by the poor device of whitewashing bad characters, or of detracting from generally acknowledged merit. A robust judgment, an honest and independent spirit, can be felt throughout the work; it inculcates a respect for civil justice, and it is animated by a generous love of constitutional freedom.

Prof. Jebb's statement that "there is no attempt to win a cheap and spurious credit for originality by detracting from generally acknowledged merit," leaves Macaulay's treatment of William Penn unanswered. Whatever his motive may have been, Macaulay certainly did detract from Penn's "generally acknowledged merit," and stuck to his guns to the last in spite of the exhaustive reply of the Right Hon. William E. Forster, who showed that the Mr. Penne of Macaulay's charges was a George Penne, and a very different person from William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania. In an interesting letter to the *Speaker*, Mr. Frederick Andrews, of Ackworth School, puts the final Quaker view:

An ardent admirer of Macaulay as a historian, an orator, and a politician, I cannot but regret this action of his, and associate myself with the sentiment of the poet Whittier, who with this episode in his mind says of "the glorious essayist":

How vainly he laboured to sully with blame
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his fame!
Self-will is self-wounding—perversity blind:
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker designed.
For the sake of his true-hearted father before him;
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore him;
For the sake of his gifts and the works that outlive him,
And his brave words for freedom we freely forgive him.

THE King's English is rather to seek in the circular which has been issued to the inhabitants of the Epping, Loughton, and Theydon Division of Essex by a candidate for the County Council, whose style has apparently found favour in the district, since he asks for re-election after "eight years' faithful service." He says:

I have always made it my fort to stand upon the platform of truth and justice in the interests of all classes and denominations within my constituency. I have always acted honestly and outspoken concerning every question of interest on your behalf, and indignantly opposed selfish complicity by wealthy representatives working for their own corners.

I know I am a thorn in the side of preremortory conclusion being obtained by hole-and-corner adoption in the interest of proclivitous feudal powers, and the sweating of the honest representation of the people by indirect influences.

If elected, I shall continue in the same old groove and conservatively work in the best interests of all classes.

As the candidate is resolved to "continue in the same old groove," we reserve the advice we might otherwise have tendered to him.

BETWEEN English of this type and English "as she is wrote" by the foreigner there is, of course, a wide

difference. The latter seldom misses a certain pathos. Take the following letter recently received by a City firm:

Cape Coast Castle, Cape Coast,
16th January, 1901.

Messrs. —, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Understanding from the News of papers lately published that your goods are also accountable to those of the mechanical importance in London, I hesitate not for your due consideration to be so good as to me Samples Price List and catalogue, in your firm. In Short I have abundant evidence to prove that I could without hesitation have send you an order for the goods. But that which cause me to hesitate a moment is the colour and the nicety for the goods. Briefly Speaking I mean to say I hope my hopes will not die out ere you send the samples, for other remittance.

Accompanied with the Samples. And do you feel duty inclined to comply with my request, by Sending me the samples—first. It will be my duty Since I am still in the natural world to be in the capacity of making some returns; for the many obligation your goodness or either your kindness will bestow on me.

With my best kind regards,

I remain, Dear Sirs, Yours Respectfully,

B— S—.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a page from the *Blairgowrie Parish Magazine*, in which the growth of the "Rector's Library" is chronicled. Its shelves are filled largely with works which have been presented by authors at the rector's request. Sometimes an author was so far blind to the privilege offered him as to prove contumacious. Contumacious is the rector's word. A few others were (awful pravity!) "both contumacious and splenetic"; and one author, when asked to make a gift of his works to the library, "voided bile to such an extent that it was thought advisable to publish his letter in the *Times*, to show how ireful an author could become even without protest or provocation." The unwillingness of these authors to unload becomes almost inexplicable when we read that those who have already presented books include (we quote the list as printed):

4 Archbishops.	6 Knights.
19 Bishops.	1 Companion of the Bath.
8 Deans.	1 Cabinet Minister.
3 Archdeacons.	1 American Ambassador.
38 Canons.	1 Poet Laureate.
8 Prebendaries.	50 Principals, Fellows, and
113 Rectors, Vicars, &c.	Professors of Colleges,
1 King.	Editors, &c.
1 Prince.	2 Duchesses.
3 Dukes.	1 Marchioness.
2 Marquesses.	2 Countesses.
4 Earls.	1 Honourable.
3 Barons.	4 Ladys.
3 Baronets.	31 Ladies (Mrs. and Miss).

The most recent giver, not included in the above, is a "Countess-Authoress." We are further told that "the various Countries from out which the books have been drawn, wheedled, or coaxed are Wales, Ireland, Scotland, England, America, Canada, New Zealand, India, France, Germany, East Africa, South Africa, Italy, and the West Indies." Happy Blairgowrie! There is one thing that authors ought to know. It is, that escape from immortality at Blairgowrie is almost impossible when once you have heard from the rector. If you send a book it will be accepted, catalogued, and lovingly cared for by trustees. If you decline, your letter will be copied into the *History of the Rector's Library*.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have in my possession a translation of Victor Hugo's 'A une Femme,' by a Cork gentleman of considerable literary ability, a copy of which

I now enclose, for it seems to me in some respects superior to the versions printed in the ACADEMY of February 9":

TO A WOMAN

From the French of Victor Hugo.

Were I a King, my empire uncontrolled,
My throne, my sceptre, and my subjects true,
My marble palaces, my crown of gold,
My mighty fleets that Ocean cannot hold,
I'd give for one sweet smile from you!

The waves' domain, bright earth and heaven's high bliss,
Angels and demons, trembling at my nod,
Chaos, eternity, the starr'd abyss,
The spheres and skies, I'd give for but one kiss
Of thine, were I the sovran God!

ANOTHER correspondent offers the following rendering:

TO A WOMAN.

Child, were I King I'd give my monarchy,
Car, sceptre, homage from my people due,
My golden Crown, my baths of porphyry,
My fleets for which too narrow is the sea,
All for one glance from You.

If I were God, earth, air, I'd sacrifice,
Angels and demons under my decree:
The deeps where teeming-bowelled Chaos lies,
Eternity and space, the spheres, the skies,
All for one kiss from Thee.

WHAT strikes us most in Miss Zoë Proctor's admirably compiled *Birthday Book from the Writings of John Oliver Hobbes* (Lane, 3s. 6d. net) is the blending of two wisdoms—the wisdoms of the world and the heart. The following sentences are, we think, fairly typical of the book, which will be very welcome to Mrs. Craigie's readers:

It is only a very unselfish man who cares to be loved; the majority prefer to love—it lays them under fewer obligations.

The secret of managing a man is to let him have his way in little things. He will change his plan of life when he won't change his bootmaker.

Are there many of us, or any of us, nowadays, who feel that there are certain things which we must do, not do, or perish eternally?

If one thinks about it—but one mustn't—it seems a strange thing that mothers, as a race, are ominously silent about the joys of existence.

The truth is only convincing when it is told by an experienced liar.

Poetry—and most of all amateur poetry—stands for pain. Every line of it spells woe. Either the writer, or those living with the writer, could tell a tale.

The art of dying daily is slowly mastered; but once learnt, it becomes an instinct—an unconscious will deciding all our difficulties.

He is never afraid of changing his mind. Many people are called firm, merely because they haven't the moral courage to own their second thoughts.

The merest half-belief in a living God will sustain many souls through adversities and trials of any picturesque or stirring order, but only the most exalted faith can give one the strength to bear in patience the misery of loneliness, the constant fret of uncongenial surroundings, the heavy burden of little woes, which, because they are little and common, are so humiliating.

Death in grotesque circumstances is none the less death, and the martyr to a fool's cause is still a martyr . . . it is the heart that makes the occasion.

What sum is too large to settle on a wife who can adore without asking questions?

It was no slight virtue . . . to have kept . . . after a life of sham passions and passionate shams—that inde-

finable Eve-like pathos which from the beginning conquered—and until the end will conquer—the rigour of strict criticism.

Busy men should not marry pretty wives.

Faust called in all hell in order to ruin one simple girl, and she, by her prayers to Heaven, saved his soul! . . . Love will get the better of the devil every time. . . . Love is the supreme power.

It is unnecessary to add that a great many of these Birthday Book sentences are taken from the lips of characters, and must be read with some reference to, or recollection of, their origin.

MR. ANDREW LANG is always interesting and impressive when he draws the portrait of a departed friend. In the March *Longman's* he writes thus of the late Bishop of London:

Of the Churchman I am not able to speak, but may bear a word of witness to the kind and constant friend, in whose company, for thirty years, I have had so much pleasure, never touched by an unkind word or look. His humour was as inexhaustible as his energy; his lifelong burden of heavy work, as a scholar, a teacher, a parish clergyman, a professor, and a bishop, he wore "lightly as a flower." Were it fitting, now and here, an anecdote could be told of his personal courage in endeavouring to save life, in circumstances very unusual and trying. His later duties, which to anyone else would have been most wearing, prevented him from completing his natural work as an historian, of which his book on Queen Elizabeth is the most easily accessible, and perhaps most useful and entertaining. . . . Imperishable youthfulness, swiftness, and keenness characterised his intellect.

THE *Anglo-Russian* gives an amusing account of the vagaries of a Russian press censor named Krassovsky, who, in the reign of Nicholas I., was the bugbear of poets. He not only blacked out all that he did not approve, but he often favoured the poet with criticism. A poet named Olline wrote the following verses, and was rewarded with the following criticisms by the censor:

What bliss to live with Thee, to call Thee mine,
My love! Thou Pearl of all creation!
To catch upon Thy lips a smile divine,
Or gaze at Thee in rapturous adoration.

CENSOR: "Rather strongly put. Woman is not worthy for her smile to be called divine."

Surrounded by a crowd of foes and spies,
When so-called friends would make us part,
Thou didst not listen to their slanderous lies
But Thou didst understand the longings of my heart.

CENSOR: "You ought to have stated the exact nature of these longings. It is no matter to be trifled with, Sir, you are talking of your soul."

Let envy hurl her poisoned shafts at me,
Let hatred persecute and curse,
Sweet girl, one loving look from Thee
Is worth the suffrage of the Universe.

CENSOR: "Indeed?!! You forget that the Universe contains Tsars, Kings and other legal authorities whose good will is well worth cultivating—I should think!"

Come, let us fly to desert distant parts,
Far from the madding crowd to rest at last,
True happiness to find when our (two) hearts
Together beat forgetful of the past.

CENSOR: "The thoughts here expressed are dangerous in the extreme, and ought not to be disseminated, for they evidently mean that the poet declines to continue his service to the Tsar, so as to be able to spend all his time with his beloved."

MR. E. V. LUCAS writes very pleasantly in the *New Liberal Review* on "Fighting Against Odds." He likes a good fight in a good story, and is not indifferent to it in a bad story. For illustrations of what has, and can be, done

in this kind, Mr. Lucas draws on the Bible, Homer, Dumas, and the Sagas. "An adventurous romance," he says,

without a strong man, a hero of Herculean grit, may be entrancing, even exciting, but it is not ideal. The psychological novel, the satire, the short story and the novel of manners may traffic in anæmia as they will; but the perfect romance must have muscle, must tell of at least one man of might; or, as Dumas in his handsome way used to have it, of iron:—D'Artagnan is "this man of iron"; Chicot, the superb Chicot, has "a wrist of steel." One might go further and say no story with a credible strong man in it can be altogether a failure. A paltry mind cannot invent a strong man. Even the strong man of the Penny Dreadful, machine-made and impossible though he be, predicates right instincts in his inventor. It is, perhaps, too much to say that one wants to read the story, any more than one wants to read all the romances deriving from Dumas *via* Stevenson and Mr. Haggard; but had one the power of life and death, as every serious reader must now and again wish he had, one would be lenient with the muscular school.

A REVIVAL of the short essay is not exactly the most probable of developments, though by many of us it would be welcomed. In the meanwhile some of the old essayists are, perhaps, too much neglected. A collection of Scottish writers, from the Earl of Sterling to Stevenson, ought not to be thought a superfluity; and it has been undertaken by Mr. Oliver Smeaton. Essayists like Hume, Lord Hails, Christopher North, Hugh Miller, and Dr. John Brown, with others, will be represented in the volume, which will be issued by Mr. Walter Scott.

A "MEMORIAL number" of the *Argosy* is devoted to an account of the reign of Queen Victoria. The number is admirably and profusely illustrated, and much editorial care has gone to the preparation of this comely and interesting record.

Bibliographical.

As a bibliographer, I am naturally pleased to find that the taste and feeling for bibliography is spreading. The publishers of the "Great Writers" series did a good deal for the art, or science, or pursuit (shall I call it?), when they arranged that each volume of the series should comprise a bibliography from the careful pen of Mr. J. P. Anderson. More recently the authoress of a biographical and critical study of Richardson was good enough to append a bibliography of that writer to her narrative-criticism. It was, however, meagre in detail—as meagre as the similar features in the recent books on Mr. Bret Harte (by Mr. Pemberton) and Mr. Swinburne (by Mr. Wratistlaw). I notice, too, that Mr. Baildon has compiled a bibliography, so-called, of R. L. Stevenson, for the volume about that writer which he has just issued. What he has supplied is very much better than nothing, but, like so many of its predecessors, it does not go sufficiently into particulars. Thus, Mr. Baildon tells us that "the four plays, 'Deacon Brodie,' 'Macaire,' 'Admiral Guinea,' and 'Beau Austin' were published in 1897." Now, as a matter of fact, the volume containing these four plays appeared in February 1896. But Mr. Baildon might have noted that three of the four ("Brodie," "Guinea," and "Austin") had figured together in volume form in 1892; and he might have added that all four plays have likewise been published separately (between 1896 and 1898). Those are precisely the sort of details that the bibliographer loves.

A complete and uniform translation into English of Tolstoy's writings, such as we are told to expect "anon," will necessarily be welcome to our reading public. Probably most, if not all, that the great Russian has written has appeared in English, but in all sorts of shapes, at all sorts of prices, and under all sorts of auspices. In the

eighties a good many American versions had circulated in this country—Vizetelly and Walter Scott being, I think, the only English publishers who saw their way to the popularisation of Tolstoy in those days. The former issued an edition of *Anna Karenina* and also of *War and Peace* in 1886; the latter distinguished himself by issuing, in 1888-9, a set of Tolstoy's in seventeen cheap volumes. Scott, Limited, have continued to take a considerable interest in Tolstoy, who has also approved himself to Mr. Heinemann, the publisher of versions of *Work While Ye Have Light*, *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, and *The Kingdom of God is Within You*. In my humble opinion, not all that Tolstoy has produced is equally worthy of perpetuation; but, edited with judgment, such a uniform edition as that of which report speaks would be an agreeable addition to our libraries.

One is glad to see that *Ralph Roister Doister* is to be issued as a unit of the "Temple Dramatists," although it was included by Mr. Arber in 1869 among his "English Reprints," and is presumably still obtainable in that form. An edition of it appeared in 1821; it was edited by W. D. Cooper, with an introduction, in 1847; and it is to be found, of course, in Hazlitt's *Dodgley*. The new editors will no doubt busy themselves, as their predecessors have had to do, with the difficult and unsettled question of the date at which the comedy was written. It was long claimed by Eton that the play had been penned by Udall for performance by the boys there during his head-mastership of the school. Recent researches, however, point to 1552 or 1553 as the year in which Udall wrote his work, in which case, as Dr. Ward remarks, there is every likelihood that it was written for performance at Westminster School, the scene of Udall's second head-mastership.

Is it really true that we are to have a *Brontë Dictionary*, setting forth all the characters and localities described by the three sisters in their prose fictions? Surely the force of heroine-worship could no farther go? One could understand, and to a certain extent approve, the compilation of a *Dickens Dictionary*, which many have found useful as well as entertaining. A Thackeray Dictionary and a Walter Scott Dictionary would not be unacceptable; in fact, such guides to the creations of great authors who have been at once very productive and fertile in the invention of characters would always be tolerable and to be endured. But a chart to take us over the little "potato-patch" of the sisters Brontë—surely that is not needed?

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who has just been delivered of a sonnet on the German Emperor, is one of the most modest, if not absolutely the most modest, of our minor bards. A stray lyric of his meets the eye occasionally, and that is about all. In book form his original work is rarely found. The latest edition of his *Irish Songs and Ballads* dates back, I think, to 1882; after that (in 1884) came a collection of *Songs of Irish Wit and Humour*; next, a booklet called *Father O'Flynn, and Other Irish Lyrics* (1889); and, finally, so far, an *Irish Song Book* (1894-5). Some day a gathering together of his best lyric performances will be indispensable to the happiness of verse lovers.

It is quite like old times to find *Her Majesty's Tower* staring us in the face on the bookstalls. There were days when William Hepworth Dixon was a power in the literary land, turning out book after book, each vying with the others in popularity at Mudie's. We all remember the to-do over *Spiritual Wives*. *Her Majesty's Tower*, which came out in 1869-71, was of a class of work which Dixon did excellently well—a class to which he also contributed *Royal Windsor*. That, by the way, would seem to be ripe for reproduction.

One of our publishing firms has for a long time been issuing a series of volumes called "The Story of the Nations." Now another firm announces a forthcoming series which is to be entitled "The Great Peoples." There's originality for you!

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Japan at Play.

Japanese Plays and Playfellows. By Osman Edwards. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

DESCRIPTIONS of Japan are passing from the general to the particular, but the change is slow, and cannot wisely be accelerated. What has the Englishman really learned—from books—of these bright islands “east of the sun, west of the moon”? We make great war-ships and guns for the Mikado, and his almond-eyed sailors come and take them away. But whither? What co-ordinated picture have we of the Mikado's realm? We think of miles of cherry blossom, exquisite postures, the tea-house, the geisha, the rollicking rickshaw, the strange temples, the shuddering masks, the sails of innumerable junks on sapphire seas, and Fujiyama, queen of mountains, behind all. It is a kind of beautiful nightmare. And when we have catalogued the everyday and comprehensible sight of Japan, how much remains hid or half-hid; what a world of beautiful superstition and folk-lore, of strange ethics, difficult symbolisms, and what not, still curtain off Japan from our sight and understanding. Yet, as we have said, books written about Japan tend to speciality. A few years ago general descriptions were more rife; and it is but two years since Mrs. Hugh Fraser's book, *A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*, admirably supplied the simpler need. Now, books dealing exclusively with separate phases of Japanese life begin to multiply, and it is a sign of the times that in a six months' visit Mr. Osman Edwards devoted himself chiefly to the study of the Japanese theatre. Chiefly, but not exclusively; and we are not sure but we shall find it hard to dwell on this element in his very interesting work. The intricate, multi-coloured whole of Japanese life fills the eye, and has power to defeat almost any attempt to fix our gaze on a part. One does not traverse the first chapter without being held by Mr. Edwards's account of the Japanese Press. More than a thousand newspapers minister to the curiosity of the gossip-loving Japanese, and the Press laws grow daily less stringent. A little while ago an American writer made some tabulations of American newspapers in order to show their relative depth of “yellowness.” But the yellowest of American newspapers would look chalky beside those journals which hit the popular taste in the land of the cherry-blossom. Libel is the mainstay of these prosperous organs, and what this means Mr. Edwards sufficiently indicates when he asks: “What would be thought of a London newspaper which should record so minutely the movements of a visiting prince as to chronicle the names of professional beauties visited by him, as well as the price paid for their transitory favours?” This by the way. And yet the turning of a few pages brings this yellow journalism, beloved of the masses, into weird contrast with the archaic Nō Dance, instinct with the high and holy things of mediæval Japan, which still delights the upper classes in their drawing-rooms. As Mr. Edwards points out, the Nō Dance is an instance of wisely arrested growth. It is comparable to our old English Miracle Play in naïve didactic intention, though far surpassing it in refinement and taste. Yet the Nō Dance holds a cultured audience of to-day in thrall, while a thousand newspapers are disseminating news, views, and scandal. A description of one incident in a Nō play will suffice to indicate the character of these strange spectral dramas. The Devil of Jealousy appears, wearing a frightful mask, and a mountain priest is summoned to exorcise the intruder:

Inch by inch the priest falls back, as the grinning demon with gilt horns and pointed ears slowly unveiled from a shroudlike hood glides forward to smite him with menacing crutch. To and fro the battle rages . . . ; neither holy man nor devil will give way; the screaming

and shrill fitting of the musicians rise to frenzied pitch; adjuration succeeds adjuration, until the evil spirit is finally driven away. Nothing can exceed the realism of this scene, so masterfully played that the hardest agnostic must be indeed fancy-proof if he cannot feel something of the awe inspired into believers by this terrific duel. Moreover, this is exactly the sort of incident which exhibits to the full extent of their potency the peculiar characteristics of Nō drama. What human face, however disguised and distorted, could rival the malignant horror of a Japanese mask? What mincing and gibing M-phistopheles could compare for a moment with the devilish ingenuity and suspense of this posture-pantomime, with its endless feints and threats and sallies and retreats? And how the anguish of battle is enhanced by the “barbaric yawp” and sharp, intermittent drum-taps, which excite without distracting the spell-bound audience! So abrupt and discreet is the interjected cry of the immobile musicians that one might easily take it for the defiant or hortative outburst of an invisible spirit attracted to the ghosly combat. Indeed, all that is wild and primitive in these *en/sants sautages* of Melpomene is chastened in'to harmony by the innate sobriety of Japanese art. The creative instinct works within small limits by small means, but with these means it contrives to project on its tiny stage a vital suggestion of the largest issues. The gods become marionettes for an hour, without wholly losing their godhead.

Of Japanese popular plays, Mr. Edwards gives a very interesting account. It is curious that the national drama took its rise at about the same time as our own. In 1575 a runaway priestess, nam-d Okuni, gave her first theatrical performance at Kyōtō. In the following year the “Earl of Leicester's servants” were installed in their theatre at Blackfriars. But whereas our drama rushed into fullest bloom and gave us Shakespeare, Japan had to wait about fifty years for Chikamatsu and his fifty five-act dramas. These, strange to say, were written for marionettes, and to this day many actors retain the jerky motions of the dolls, on which their art was formerly modelled. In the popular, as in the religious, drama there has been arrested development, but whereas in the religious drama this has resulted in the preservation of a very beautiful form of entertainment, here the advantage is less apparent. Except in stage-craft, there has been no advance since the eighteenth century. “No development in construction and character-drawing, as we understand those terms, no change in the peculiar ethical and feudal teachings of the Yedo period, has supervened. Enter a Tōkyō theatre to-day and you will find yourself in old Japan, among resplendent monsters, whose actions violate our moral sense, yet exhibit a high and stern morality by no means out-modelled through the advent of modern ideas.” Instruction has always been an essential aim of the popular drama, which is deeply and irrevocably coloured by Japanese ideas and ethics. The Shakespearean drama has begun to interest Japanese actors and playwrights, but its presentation in Japan is declared “impossible.” To a Japanese audience the free talk of Rosalind and Beatrice, and even the masquerading of Portia in cap and gown, would be repellent. And as for the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” Mr. Edwards pithily indicates its probable reception by an anticipation of the criticism of the “Tōkyō counterpart of Mr. Clement Scott,” who, he thinks, would deliver himself something as follows:

This disgusting representation of the most loathsome of all Shakespeare's plays was unutterably offensive. So foul a concoction ought never to have been allowed to disgrace the boards of a Japanese theatre. The lewd maunderings of Sir John Falstaff; the licentious jesting of Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Quickly, must excite reprobation in all but those lovers of prurience and dabblers in impropriety who are eager to gratify their illicit tastes under the pretence of art. Ninety-seven per cent. of the people who laughed to see the fat knight smothered in a basket of dirty linen are nasty-minded people. Outside a silly clique, there is not the slightest interest in the Elizabethan humbug or all his works.

As a rule, the only things that fascinate the tourist in a Japanese play are the quaintness of the stage arrangements and the weird unintelligibility of the acting. The stage is enormous, and the actors reach it by walking through the audience on two platforms extending from the back of the auditorium to the footlights. Properties are removed during the performance by attendants in black cloaks who are supposed to be invisible. As a rule, two long plays are presented consecutively, with a tableau between, and the performances begin at ten in the morning. You leave your shoes at one of the many tea-houses round the theatre, and enter your box to find it supplied with a tobacco-box, tea, and cakes, with luncheon to come. The voices on the stage at once strike you as hard and artificial, and either too shrill or too gruff. But the reason is plain. "The traditional *samisen*, a three-stringed guitar, follows the performer like a curse from start to finish. Unless he pitched his voice above or below its notes, he could not be heard." There is no doubt of the effect on the audience. Especially do the wonderful facial expressions of the actors work upon the women. A rush to the "Tear Room" during a pathetic passage is quite common. There the susceptible playgoer may weep her heart out in comfort. As men and women are not allowed to appear on the same stage the female parts are taken by men; on the other hand, at some theatres, where the performers are all women, you may see male parts sustained by actresses. This is only one among the many conventions and restrictions which hamper the drama in Japan. Another is the extraordinary ascendancy of the actor over the author. A successful actor is the darling of the people, purses are thrown at his feet as he walks toward the stage, and love-letters are sent to his dressing-room, for "the Japanese *matinée* girl is very susceptible." He may make £5,000 in four weeks. The author is only one member of a kind of committee which devises the play, and his remuneration in trumpery.

When he comes to the music-hall songs of Japan, Mr. Edwards opens up the very interesting subject of "non-literary poetry." His contention is that what we recognise as real poetry often owes its position to extrinsic ornament, to tricks of rhetoric, and conventions of sentiment to which we have been won over; whereas, he thinks, there is often more real poetry (not literature) in verse which, though condemned as vulgar, goes to the heart and raises real emotion about real things, as distinct from secondary emotion about unreal things. Mr. Edwards's sufficiently daring illustrations are these:

Tennyson tells an Arthurian story, or wishes to, and his listeners are so charmed by the irrelevant embroidery of sound and simile that they do not perceive that what they obediently consider a naïf barbarian, the hero, is really a Broad Church country-parson in fancy dress. Mr. Swinburne writes an Athenian play, or intends to, and his readers are so ravished by the splendour of intrusive rhetoric that they are in no mood to distinguish between archaic piety and nineteenth-century free thought. Thus the modern crowns his Muse with paper roses, cleverly manufactured, while the true flower blushes undisturbed, or fades in humbler keeping.

In what keeping, then? Mr. Edwards instances Mr. Albert Chevalier's song of life-long love between husband and wife:

We've been together now for forty year,
And it don't seem a dy too much;
There ain't a lydy livin' in the land
As I'd swap for my dear old Dutch.

Or, again, Yvette Guilbert's rendering of a prostitute's remorse as she recalls her young innocence "is more intense, because less diffusely obtained, than by Victor Hugo in the case of *Fantine*."

With the foreigner's freshness of feeling and freedom of ear, Mr. Edwards comes to the Dodoitsu of the Japanese masses, which he declares is not so inferior to the aristo-

cratic and infinitely elaborated Tanka or Haikai as is often assumed. In length it is intermediate, the Tanka containing thirty-one syllables, the Haikai seventeen, while the Dodoitsu has twenty-six. We need not remind the reader that brevity is the soul of Japanese poetry. Here is a Dodoitsu:

Nushi to neru toki
Makura ga iranu
Tagai-chigai no
Ote makura.

Mr. Edwards gives the nearest English equivalent, thus:

PILLOW SONG.

Sleeping beside thee
No need of pillow;
Thine arm and mine arm
Pillows are they.

Plebeian sentiment and everyday emotion run into thousands of such moulds, the degree of literary merit varying from nil to such prettiness as we find in this Dodoitsu:

REFLECTION.

Far from each other
Yearning for union
Good, were our faces
Glassed in the moon!

The Dodoitsu is nearly always a simple statement of a fact, a situation, a preference, usually without simile or metaphor. But when similes are used they are often as startlingly modern as those of the Tanka are rigidly archaic. Thus a lover expresses his despair in the lines:

Borne in no road-car,
Endless the railway
How shall poor I reach
Station at last?

—meaning that his love is life-long, and will last till he reaches the terminus of the tomb.

We have dwelt on those of Mr. Edwards's chapters on which he has himself laid most stress. His book is a valuable, a fascinating contribution to the popular knowledge of Japan; and its coloured illustrations by Japanese artists lend much distinction to its pages.

Theocritus.

The Idylls of Theocritus. Translated into English Verse by James Henry Hallard. (Rivingtons. 5s. net.)

THIS is a revised and corrected edition of the book which Mr. Hallard published some six years ago. It well deserves a reissue, for, on the whole, we take it to be the best metrical version of Theocritus that there is. It is very good indeed from every point of view: above all, it has the prime merit in a verse translation that it reads like good English verse. Mr. Hallard lays special stress in his preface on the pains which he has taken with his metre, and it certainly justifies his care. The hexameters, in particular, are the best English hexameters we have seen; and this for the precise reason he assigns—the attention he has paid to quantity. There are none of those pebbly syllables which trouble the current of other English hexameters, even the best. If the hexameter is to be used in English (and it is always alien, neither Greek nor English, for it is absurd to think it represents the classic quantitative hexameter) then this is the best, doubtless, that can be done with it. Mr. Hallard's style is excellent, and recognises the thoroughly literary and artistic style of Theocritus himself, which (as he truly says) is not represented by the rusticities of Allan Ramsay. It is a translation which one can read with pleasure, as one reads an original; and the translations of which that can be said might be counted on the fingers.

Theocritus is not merely a great poet, he is a source, an ancestor; a whole species of poetry descends from him—the pastoral. His is a beloved figure—perhaps the sweetest name and fame in the stern literature of antiquity. To name him is to call up some such picture as Mrs. Browning's:

Theocritus, with glittering locks
Dropped sideways, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.

"Visionary"—yes, it is true, they were visionary; he was a poetic pretender after all, whose babble of shepherds and fields was written in polished Alexandria, as Thomson saw his sunrises in bed. Nothing could be falser than to regard him as a kind of Greek Wordsworth, whose songs breathe the rustic atmosphere he lived amidst and loved. It was a convention, this pastoral form: its author dwelt in the courts of kings, and had a right reverence for the brodered shoe of Ptolemy. Yet the convention was based on nature. Theocritus must have studied to some extent and with some intimacy the life he represents; perhaps like Virgil, in the earlier days before he became a courtly favourite. Virgil we know was a countryman, yet his pastorals never convince us of the country. Classicism, according to the eighteenth century conception, lay in generalising everything; and Virgil's pastorals are classic in this fashion. His shepherds have the air of belonging to a stage country, which might be set down anywhere. They would be just as probable—or improbable—in Windsor forest. But not so Theocritus. You look through his eyes, and see a landscape with figures which make you cry, "Ah! *this* I have not seen before!" It is individualised. Yet his object is not description; the individualising touches are only accessory, but they are the right ones. His eye for what vitalises a scene comes out in the smallest things. His shepherds, like Virgil's, call an arbiter to judge their singing-contest; the shepherd with the white-faced dog leaping among his flock. Virgil, if he thought of the dog, would have forgotten its bounds among the sheep, and above all would never have noticed that it was white-faced. It is that which gives you *the* dog, instead of *a* dog; and it is such touches which put life in Theocritus' background.

You know that country of his. It was "betwixt the rocks" that he watched his "visionary flocks"; for it was a rocky country, bordering the sea-shore, with pastures spreading inland, one fancies. The sound of the sea is seldom long absent from these pastorals, and he is as ready to sing of fishermen as of shepherds—nay, his fishermen have a whole pastoral to themselves. The frequent contrasts between the home of the field and the home of the rock show how contiguous were the two in the mind of the poet. His shepherds often live in caves, like Polyphemus, to whom two charming pastorals are devoted. One does not wonder he was a favourite with Theocritus; for by his love for the sea-nymph Galatea he seems to gather up in his own person the rocks, the pastures, and the sea.

The peasants of Theocritus, too, are thinkable beings, with passions single, primitive, and unrestrained. Love turns quickly to hatred or despair; and then the woman tries sorcery, and dreams of poison—for her lover, not herself. The girls are quite ready to make the first advances, by pelting the chosen shepherd with fruit, or other rustic hints. The formula of the poems varies little, but the fresh and sweet accessories keep monotony aloof. Sometimes, but not often, Theocritus indulges in set description. There is one famous instance, which Mr. Hallard has translated so well that we must quote it. It is the account of the *symposium* at the house of Phrasidemus:

There we rejoicing
Laid us deep on a couch of fragrant rushes and vine-leaves.
Poplars and rustling elms waved o'er us; a Sacred fountain
Babbling and murmuring gushed from a grot of the
nymphs hard by us;

Sunburnt merry cicalas aloft on the shadowy branches
Shrilled their ceaseless song, and afar in the bushes of
bramble
Softly the tree-frogs chirped, and the crested larks and the
finches
Sang, and the turtle moaned, and around those plashing
waters
Darted golden bees; all things smelt richly of Summer,
Richly of Autumn; pears and apples in bountiful plenty
Rolled at our feet and sides, and down on the meadow
around us
Plum-trees bent their trailing boughs thick-laden with
damsons.
Then from the wine-jar's mouth was a four-year-old seal
loosened.

This shows Mr. Hallard at his best, and also exhibits his skill in handling the English hexameter. But it is seldom Theocritus elaborates his touches in this way. He is a master of suggestion, and has never been excelled in the art of miniature; his dramatic sense, too, is admirable; but the poem which exhibits all these qualities in the most perfect way is not a pastoral at all, it is an idyll of the city. All Theocriteans know it, and many poets have attempted its translation. Of all these efforts Mr. Hallard's seems to us the best, and so very good that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting from it at some length. It is simply the dialogue of two women who go to the Adonis festival in Alexandria, which Ptolemy is celebrating with unusual splendour in his palace hall; but it bridges the ages in the most vivid way, and that Alexandrian festival becomes modern to us. It is a Greek Anstey, giving us a poetic *Voces Populi*. Note the art with which the *milieu* is indicated. As for the women, we know these good ladies; they are immortal as sex, and may be seen and heard at every London gathering.

GORG0: How out of breath I am! I hardly got
To your house alive out of the dreadful crowd
Of carriages and people. Soldiers' boots
And cloaks here, there, and everywhere—I thought
The way would never end. Your house, my dear,
Is really much too far away from ours.

PRAXIN0E: My madcap husband's fault. He came and
took
At world's end here a beast's hole, not a house,
Merely to keep us apart, the jealous wretch!
And all for spite as usual.

GORG0: Hush, my dear!
Don't rail at Dinon so before the child.
Look, woman, how he eyes you. Never mind,
Zopyrion, dear, sweet boy, it's not papa
That mother talks of.

PRAXIN0E: By our Lady Goddess,
The baby understands us!

GORG0: But come, put on your mantle and your gown,
And let's be off to Ptolemy's palace-hall
To see the "Adonis." It is said the queen
Is planning something splendid.

GORG0: Oh, Praxin0e, dear,
Look at that dreadful crush about the doors!

PRAXIN0E: Oh, terrible! Gorgo, dear, give me your
hand,
And, Eun0e, you take Eutycheis, and mind her—
No straggling—let us all get in together!

Oh, Eun0e, Eun0e, do stick fast to us!
Alack, now there's my mantle torn! O Sir,
As you would hope for happiness, mind my cloak!

STRANGER: I scarcely can, but I will do my best

PRAXIN0E: Oh, what a crowd! They push like pigs.
STRANGER: Cheer up.

Dear madam, all's well now.

PRAXIN0E: Oh, thanks indeed!
May all be well for ever and a day

With you, dear Sir, for shielding us!—What a good
Kind man!—Oh, there's poor Eun0e getting crushed!
Push, silly, push! That's right! "Now all are in,"
As cries the groomsman when he locks the door.

GORG0: Oh, come and look first at these broderies,
Subtle and lovely as the work of gods!

PRAXINOË: I wonder who the weaving-women were,
And who the draughtsmen that so deftly drew
These pictures! How like life they stand or move!
People, not pictures! Wonderful is man!
And there Adonis lies so fair to see
Upon his silver couch, youth's early down
Upon his tender cheek, the thrice-beloved,
Dead both to us and those that dwell below!

ANOTHER STRANGER: A plague upon your endless
pigeon-prattle!

They'll kill a body with their Dorian brogue.

GORGO: Whence did this fellow come? What's that to
you,

If we are prattlers? Lord it o'er the slaves
That you have paid for! Bully us, forsooth!
Ladies of Syracuse, who came of old
From Corinth, like Bellerophon—mark that—
And talk like people in the Peloponnese!
Since when may Dorians not talk Dorian, pray?

The range of the idylls, it will be seen, is really considerable. Another describes a boxing match. Sidelights slant continually on the intimate life of that old Græcised Egypt. You hear of their banquets in humble life, where snails and truffles form the delicacies—a *menu* that might find favour in France. And over all is the lovely grace of an artful simplicity, the uncapturable something which is Theocritus. It is the best compliment to Mr. Hallard that a suggestion of this has been retained in his version.

One of Last Year's Sieges.

The Siege of Kumassi. By Lady Hodgson. Illustrated.
(Pearson. 21s.)

In her preface Lady Hodgson remarks: "It is possible that some may think that here and there I have expressed opinions which are too candid." We suggest that it would have been better if some of Lady Hodgson's candid opinions had not been expressed at all; for example, the implication on pages 282 and 283 that the relief force might have accomplished its object sooner. "It seems strange," says Lady Hodgson, "that operations were not hurried on." And she asks: "Why was there so long a halt on the part of the column at Prashu, which is certainly not the most pleasant of places to spend a fortnight at?" There is no reason why the wives of besieged Governors should not write books about the perils they have passed, but they should not don the cloak of "our military expert." We want from them vivid, yet simple, descriptions of what they saw, not vague criticism of methods and events which did not come under their notice. Lady Hodgson, on her own confession, knew nothing about the Relief Force, or Colonel Willcocks's plans. But the world knows that Colonel Willcocks telegraphed from Fumsu, on July 4, that the rations of the garrison at Kumassi would last till July 15, adding: "I will personally relieve Kumassi on July 15." And he did. These being the facts, the implication that the Relief Force was lazy, and not sufficiently alive to the importance of their task, comes with ill-grace from the wife of the ex-Governor, speaking entirely without inside knowledge. Sir Frederick Hodgson's attitude was impersonal. Like the Sphinx he said nothing. Lady Hodgson suggests that the delay of the Relief Force was "due to waiting for a gun, but," she adds, naively, "I am not sure of the authenticity of this statement, for my husband would never talk to me about important official matters, nor would he satisfy my natural curiosity." Such reticence is commendable on the part of Governors whose wives write books.

Lady Hodgson naturally takes her husband's side in regard to the gold stool speech. "It is absolutely untrue," she says, "that the Governor demanded the delivery of the golden stool, and insolently claimed to be regarded as

the king paramount of Ashanti." He demanded it for the Queen, we are told; and with a reference to the "calumnious correspondent" who recorded the speech the incident which "has been made the subject of misrepresentation in the Press" is dismissed.

On the whole, and with the help of Reuter's correspondent, whose report of the raising of the siege and the vicissitudes of the Relief Force are deftly sandwiched into the narrative, Lady Hodgson has given us a readable account of the thrilling episodes that preceded and followed the siege of Kumassi, one of the five sieges that marked the year 1900. It is a compact little story of suffering, pluck, and success, "in the worst climate in the world." Twelve days' journey from Accra stands Kumassi of many memories. Thither on March 13 of last year went Sir F. Hodgson, Lady Hodgson, with their retinue of hammock-bearers, &c., little dreaming of trouble. But trouble met them at Kumassi, in the shape of tribal disputes between petty kings. Who should be the King Paramount, and sit upon the golden stool? The Governor was called upon to adjudicate; but dissatisfaction was in the air, and soon certain tribes had risen, and Kumassi, like Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking, and Pekin, was in a state of siege. They made sorties, they beat off attacks, they fought battles, till the joyful day when the Lagos Hausas arrived, but without food or ammunition. That meant that there were two hundred and fifty additional mouths to feed. On May 15 news came that large loads of food were being brought in. This was followed by the arrival of Major Morris with his troops from the northern territories; but, alas! the food turned out to be much less in quantity than the garrison hoped. Starvation threatened them; "leaves from the trees, grass, anything that was thought eatable, was eagerly sought for, and converted into food; all around us people were dying." As time went on, they ceased to talk of the relieving column, but of their own "march out." The "march out" took place on June 23. Necessity drove them away, for if they had all remained there would have been but three days' rations. So on June 23 the Governor, Lady Hodgson, with 600 native soldiers, under the command of Major Morris, started forth on what looked like a forlorn hope to reach the coast. They fought their way, suffered great hardships, and, finally, reached Accra on July 12.

The little garrison left at Kumassi under Captain Bishop had provisions for twenty-three days. "You are safe for that period," were the Governor's last words, "but we are going to die to-day"—a prophecy that, happily, was not fulfilled. The day after the Governor's column left three of the garrison died, and death visited them daily. On the tenth morning they gave up all hope of being relieved, but the officers "kept up an appearance for the sake of the men":

All were worn to skin and bone, but there were a few who, to relieve their hunger, had been eating poisonous herbs, which caused great swellings over the body. At last the rations consisted of a cup of linseed meal and a block of tinned meat about two inches square. Occasionally some native women would come outside the fort and off-r, at ridiculous prices, certain articles of food. These were greedily purchased, and many would have readily given three times the price asked. A piece of coco, usually costing the fraction of a penny, realised fifteen shillings, and bananas fetched eighteen-pence each. I paid fifteen shillings for a tiny pine-apple.

The news—and they had no means of knowing whether it was true or false—that filtered through to them was of the worst—that the Governor's column had been cut off, and that the Ashantis had a white man's head in their camp. But their sufferings were soon to end. On the morning of July 15th three volleys were heard in the direction of the Cape Coast road:

At 4.30 in the afternoon we heard terrific firing, which removed any doubts we had, and after opening a pint

bottle of champagne—one of our few remaining medical comforts—we mounted the look-out, field-glasses in hand. It was very pathetic that even with relief at hand some of the men were just at the point of death. At 4.45, amid the din of the ever-approaching firing, we heard ringing British cheers, and a shell passed over the top of the fort, which was in the direct line of fire. We then saw shells bursting in all directions about 400 yards off, and we fired a Maxim to show that we were alive. Then to our intense relief we heard a distant bugle sound the "Halt!" and at six o'clock on Sunday evening, July 15, we saw the heads of the advance guard emerge from the bush with a fox terrier trotting gaily in front. Instantly the two buglers on the veranda sounded the "Welcome," blowing it over and over again in their excitement. A few minutes later a group of white helmets told us of the arrival of the staff and we rushed out of the fort cheering to the best of our ability. The meeting with our rescuers was of a most affecting character. Colonel Willcocks and his officers plainly showed what they had gone through.

So ended the siege of Kumassi. It is a record of pluck and endurance by all concerned, a brilliant page in the military history of a momentous year that had many brilliant and other chapters. We should much like to know what the Ashanti tribes think of it all, and what thoughts course through the dim brains of the petty kings when they sit in state upon their tribal stools and reflect that the golden stool now belongs to King Edward VII.

The First Question and the Last.

The Meaning of Good. By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Glasgow: Maclehose.)

THIS is an attempt to present in dialogue form, shaped on the Platonic model, something of the jangle of contemporary philosophising. And this has been done with such notable success as should secure for Mr. Dickinson's little book something more than passing notice. The characters comprise, among others, a chronic pessimist, a common-sense optimist, a biologist, a utilitarian, and the host who acts as moderator. The conversation is lively enough, and we may go as far as to say that the characters are sufficiently differentiated to give an impression of several minds at work—and that is already much to have achieved.

Audubon, from whose position of complete scepticism the discussion sets out, is realised and wins a certain personal liking. He doubts the validity of our judgment of good and denies freedom of choice, and, further, that choice implies the pursuit of good. A passage of dialogue follows which may be quoted as a fair sample:

"What!" cried Audubon, interrupting in a tone of half-indignant protest, "do you mean to say that it is some idea about Good that brings order into a man's life? All I can say is that, for my own part, I never once think, from one year's end to another, of anything so abstract and remote. I simply go on, day after day, plodding the appointed round, without reflection, without reason, simply because I have to. There's order in my life, heaven knows! but it has nothing to do with ideas about Good. And altogether," he ejaculated in a kind of passion, "it's a preposterous thing to tell me that I believe in Good, merely because I lead a life like a mill-horse. . . ."

"But if you don't like the life of a mill-horse, why do you lead it?"

"Why? Because I have to!" he replied. "You don't suppose I would do it if I could help it?"

"No," I said; "but why can't you help it?"

"Because," he said, "I have to earn my living."

"Then it is a good thing to earn your living?"

"No, but it's a necessary thing."

"Necessary, why?"

"Because one must live."

"Then it is a good thing to live?"

"No, it's a very bad one."

"Why do you live then?"

"Because I can't help it."

"But it is always possible to stop living."

"No, it isn't."

"But why not?"

"Because there are other people dependent on me, and I don't choose to be such a mean skunk as to run away myself and leave other people here to suffer. Besides, it's a sort of point of honour. As I'm here, I'm going to play the game. All I say is that the game is not worth playing; and you will never persuade me into the belief that it is."

The criteria of Good are examined—instinct, the general course of Nature, current convention, pleasure; all are found wanting. Book I. concludes with the suggestion that Evil is but appearance, and that experience may be a progressive discovery of Good. The second book is concerned with the content of Good and the way is precariously felt, through art and friendship and a great many other things, to love:

"All that I mean to maintain at present is that in the activity of love, as we have analysed it, we have something which gives us, if only for a moment, yet still in a real experience, an idea, at least a suggestion, to say no more, of what we might mean by a perfect Good, even though we could not say that it be the Good itself."

"But what then would you call the Good itself?"

"A love, I suppose, which in the first place would be eternal, and in the second all-comprehensive."

This, it is pointed out, either is unattainable or implies the immortality of the soul, and upon that the dialogue comes to an end.

But it is followed by an attempt to represent the main issues under such figures as a dream might furnish. Entering the third tower, over the door whereof was written: "I am the Heart; come into me and feel," the dreamer became aware of himself as a unit among myriads, involved and embraced in a network of fine relations of attraction and repulsion:

Of this system I was myself a member; about me were grouped some of my dearest friends; and beyond and around, stretched away, like infinite points of light, in a clear heaven of passion, the world of souls. I speak, of course, in a figure, for what I am describing in terms of space, I apprehended through the medium of feeling; and by "feeling" I mean all degrees of affection, from extreme of love to extreme of hate . . . ; and by their joint influence the whole system was sustained. It was not, however, in equilibrium; at least not in stable equilibrium. There was a trend, as I soon became aware, towards a centre. The energy of love was constantly striving to annihilate distance and unite in a single sphere the scattered units that were only kept apart by the energy of hate.

We have, perhaps, said enough to show that, if Mr. Dickinson does not pretend to have found the solution of the problem, his book will serve very admirably to give a general idea of how, at this beginning of a century, we do stand in relation to the oldest of all importunate questions.

Good Work.

French Life in Town and Country. By Hannah Lynch. (Newnes Ltd.)

THIS is the first volume in a well-conceived series of books, called "Our Neighbours," dealing successively with the domestic life of various countries. Miss Lynch has known France from her schooldays, has travelled through its provinces, and has made her home in its gay and cultured capital. She has France at her finger-ends as completely as is possible to an Irishwoman. Apart from her domicile Miss Lynch is a very interesting critic of life and literature. Hence all that she has to say about the dull doings of French country towns; about French home life and school life; about peasants, and shopkeepers,

and artisans, and *concièrges*; about the Paris literary life and the life of fashion; about the Army and the Church; and about the relations of men and women in the world and in the family, is interesting and piquant. In the end, one's English preconceptions of French character are, in the main, confirmed, though with many nice deductions and distinctions well worth study. Miss Lynch's pages are thoroughly interesting and suggestive. Her style, too, is not common. It is marked by vivacity without any drawback of looseness, and resembles a stream that runs strongly and evenly between walls. It is at once distinguished and useful. But good writing is not rare nowadays, and it behoves us to ask what else Miss Lynch achieves. Well, for one thing, she can describe a character. The descriptive character sketch is not often seen nowadays, but one need but open one's *Tatler* or one's *Lamb* to know how good it can be. Miss Lynch's five-page description (not dramatisation) of the grasping Paris landlady is a capital piece of work. As a picture of petty avarice practised with system and affability it might be hard to match. Providing the worst and cheapest food, the commonest napery and table service, grinding the face of her *bonne*, the "little bourgeoisie" is a consistent though hateful person. She staves off unpleasantness with infinite tact, but when you are at last goaded by her parsimony into protest she is superior to confusion. "She will say to you, with that French independence I ever admire, that it is not your purse but hers that is in question; and I judge her to regard as idiots such saints as Martin of Tours and Francis of Assisi." Yet she is entirely free from self-indulgence. We like the firm touches Miss Lynch puts into her portraiture, though in the following passage the illustration she uses will not be accepted everywhere:

She swindles you, not for her comfort, but for the security of her old age. She is circumspect and formal in all her attitudes, absolutely self-respecting, of a cordial coldness; and there is something impersonal, something claustral, in her selfishness. I have remarked that nuns resemble her astonishingly in all their material relations with the world: the same implacable hardness, the same smiling austerity, the same lack of honesty or consideration of others, the same resolute determination to get the best of outsiders in the matter of labour or bargains, to give as little and obtain as much as possible in all transactions, to underfeed, to underpay, and overwork—and all with the same high air of self-approval and righteousness.

Such well-finished portraits are frequent in Miss Lynch's book, which is small, inexpensive, and of a real excellence. The book is prettily illustrated.

Other New Books.

BALLADS OF GHOSTLY SHIRES. BY GEORGE BARTRAM.

Mr. Bartram is not a poet of mark. He tells a plain tale plainly; nor is the tale very original or poetic, though it is drawn from country traditions. There is always a family likeness about such traditions, and we conjecture pretty well the development of the story. But he is an adept in wood-lore, his writing tastes "of Flora and the country green," the touches are fresh and observed, recent from the soil. This is no work of the city poet, after a fortnight of new milk and loafing on the grass. Moreover, he has a vivid vocabulary; and his descriptive passages, judiciously brief and sparing, have something of the true poetic touch and a fresh grace about them. He is, in truth, well worth reading, and has the distinction of writing narrative-verse well in a lyric age. Here is a specimen of his descriptive touch:

The dew is bright on leaf and blade,
The whin is strung with silver cord;
The dappled thrush in yonder glade
Is lavish of his slumber's hoard;
And, ah! the South hath a smack divine
Of new-mown hay and eglantine.

Athwart the budding of the dawn
I saw the spectral mowers pass,
Their valeward course below hath worn
A dewless riband on the grass;
And, hark, their whistling clear and shrill
Streams flute-like up the wooded hill.

Note that touch of the dewless track left by the mowers along the dewy grass—it is new, and straight from observation; while it is no less pictorial than intimate.

Or again:

Hood of fur and horseman's cloak,
And bludgeon stout of English oak;
What need we more, though the night be dark,
And the drift breast-high in the hollows?
Hark!

Two miles east doth Blaydon bell
Midnight-wanting-a-quarter tell.

It is a breezy, picturesque, taking little book, though unambitious withal. (Greening.)

WELSH POETS OF TO-DAY SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY
AND YESTERDAY. EDMUND O. JONES.

This pamphlet-like little anthology of translations from modern Welsh poets is notable for its selections from the work of one man—Islwyn, otherwise William Thomas. It is unfortunate that his best work is in Ode form, and, therefore, too long for complete quotation. It displays no common strength of imagination, at times approaching actual grandeur, with bold and elemental imagery. Mr. Jones, too, seems to have been inspired by it to do his best, and his translation is often excellent. Listen to these fragments from Mr. Thomas's "Night":

Come, Night, with all thy train
Of witnesses. I love
The stars' deep eloquence
That with the evening hours
Grows mute again.

The day is night which hides the stars from sight!

It is the Sun
That at its rising makes the infidel,
And all day long the world alone
Its tale can tell.
Oh, welcome, Night, that bid'st the world be still,
That through the stars eternity may speak.
Too early, Dawn, too early dost thou wake;
Too early climbest up the Eastern hill.

How glorious art thou, Nature, at midnight!
This is the midday of thy gloriousness,
For in the depth of night thou dost display
The roll of thy great ancestry to heaven,
Thy lineage from the eternal: in those hours
We hear thee singing of thy Father, God.

'Tis then
That gentle Nature bends a listening ear
To hear her fountains springing forth from God.
She hears the sound of waters on the hills,
Majestic roar, as though the torrent wished
The stars to hear it, and to tell their God
He still has left upon the hills a voice
Of never-ending worship.

The other poets translated show mediocrity in English, whatever they be in Welsh. But such passages as we have quoted make it well worth the reader's while to gain acquaintance with this Cymric singer, hitherto hidden from English knowledge—"Islwyn." (Llandudno: John Ellis.)

MODERN ABYSSINIA.

BY AUGUSTUS B. WYLDE.

Abyssinia has suddenly jumped into favour with authors. Mr. Herbert Vivian's book was a pleasant and gossipy account of travel as far as Harrar; Mr. Wyld's book is a much more serious affair, and, among other things, deals with his journey to Harrar and then through

Abyssinia from south to north. But the volume is far more than an account of recent travel; it contains a most useful sketch of the history of the country, which will be completely new to most readers; a study of its geography; a very full account of the Italian Campaign of 1896, which is the most important event in the modern history of Abyssinia; descriptions of the architecture, agriculture and domestic animals of the people; information on the different provinces; and hints on shooting in Abyssinia and on its borders, and on the rifles and outfit required. Moreover the Appendices contain the text of the most important treaties of late date, a note on the rainfall of the country, a list of the animals found in Abyssinia, of the chief market towns, and of the titles of the native nobles, and other matters useful to travellers. It will thus be seen that the book contains in a handy compass all that most people can possibly want to know about the country. Mr. Wylde was formerly Vice-Consul for the Red Sea, and, therefore, speaks with authority, though unfortunately he does not write in polished English. The country is one with which we shall probably have more intimate relations in the future, and without some idea of its history it is impossible to appreciate current events. A portrait of Menelik serves as frontispiece, and there is a good map of Eastern Abyssinia. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

Assuredly that must be a great cause which articulates itself in a work so voluminous, so ugly, and so unreadable as *Ecumenical Missionary Conference, New York, 1900* (American Tract Society, New York). As we turn the endless pages, we glimpse a lady missionary describing the "Glory Kindergarten" in Kobe, Japan; a secretary beginning his speech: "Let us in imagination take our stand 100 years ago, and survey the world. It is the year 1800; let us look round the world"; a delegate declaring that "the task of representing no less than fifteen Dutch missionary committees, though full of honour, puts me in a difficult position"; and a lady speaker telling this anecdote: "A brilliant literary woman of Boston, prominent as a lecturer before clubs, found that in her crowded life a selection of reading must be made, so she ruled out fiction and substituted missionary literature, and felt rewarded, both intellectually and spiritually, for so doing." The work is an encyclopædia of missionary lore and language; it is also a wonderful memorandum of Christianising work done or planned the world over.

We should like to think that some day we shall look down on the golf-links at Helwân in the Egyptian desert, and employ a white-robed stalwart Arab as our caddy? Trains to Cairo (half an hour's run) twice in the hour, the Step Pyramid (the oldest in the world) close by, the tombs of Mera and Kaben and Ti to explore, lawn tennis, tomb paintings 3,000 years old, bicycling, camels resting under dom palms, electric baths, picnics in the boundless desert: these delights Helwân offers through its eulogists, Dr. W. Page May, Prof. A. H. Sayce, and Prof. G. Schweinfurth. Their joint book is only a pocket volume (prettily issued by Mr. George Allen), but it beckons to Helwân.

Sugary and clerical are the words for *The Poet of Home Life: Centenary Memories of William Cowper* (Home Words Office). What typical pulpit ingenuity shines in the opening words of the Preface: "There are millionaires and—millionaires. Cowper was a true millionaire, both in possession and giving," &c.!

An enlarged edition of the Rev. George Miller's little book entitled *Rambles Round the Edge Hills* (Stock, 6s.) is the result of great research. The book is a microscopic survey of one of the least spoiled portions of rural England, and the very names of the villages whose annals are collected are a symphony: Warmington, Arlescote, Shotteswell, Avon Dassett, Kineton, Compton Verney, Whatcote, and Idlicote. Mr. Miller is master of his subject, and his account of the Battle of Edge Hill is as thorough as it is concise.

Fiction.

The Believing Bishop. By Haverall Bates.
(Allen. 6s.)

You have here one of those disturbing books which aim a blow at the foundations of the whole social organism. Other novels, such as *In His Steps*, have attempted the same thing, but with no disturbing effect, since they were backed by neither intellectual force nor imaginative force. *The Believing Bishop* is different. We speak cautiously when we say that, despite some rather obvious defects, it is a powerful and brilliant work, a rare example of the legitimate use of polemics in fiction. Its theme is by no means new. Perhaps the author was actuated by a desire to do for the literate what Mr. Sheldon of Topeka did for the illiterate. The hero of the story, the Rev. Albert George Ransome, at the age of thirty-five, has attained to the dignity of the wardenship of Muriel College, Oxford, when he is led to ask himself the question, What would Jesus do? and to act accordingly. His adventures constitute the book. He becomes a bishop. At first his saintly fervour makes him the idol of that society which plays with religion like a toy; but soon his deeds, and particularly his excessively awkward questions both to superiors and inferiors, estrange him from all. He is regarded as an eccentric, then as a crank; and his brother-in-law, a plutocratic peer, wants to get him into a lunatic asylum. Later, the believing bishop perceives that he cannot remain a bishop and keep his ideal. He resigns the bishopric (which involves resigning his wife and children), and takes a small East End parish. Again, by reason of this striking sacrifice, he is idolised by the triflers, and again these fall away, bored, angry, scandalised. Finally, circumstances compel him to give up the living. He dies miserable but triumphant in the cottage of an artisan.

The book is a satire whose bitter but subdued ferocity is justified by continual intellectual acuteness and a great deal of wit. The author is intimately acquainted with the Church and church dignitaries, and he spares none. The story consists chiefly of conversations, in which the believing bishop patiently supports his theories by arguments and Socratic questions. The character of the wife is drawn with skill; and one of the best episodes in the book is her conversation with Canon Senior of Ingot College when she fears that Ransome may refuse the bishopric.

"... He wants to refer everything to the standard of Christ's earthly life. Now as that life is over, is it not possible to press the point too far?"

The Canon hesitated, smiled benignantly, and then said in cautious, soft speech, "There again, Mrs. Ransome, you raise a great question. I almost feel inclined to think that the Church is with you in a way. She has to teach the faith once for all committed to her sacred keeping, and she has to organise worship, and duly administer the holy sacraments. Still, you may remember, the Holy Apostles did attach considerable weight to the facts of our blessed Lord's earthly life. In fact, I do not remember any of the Fathers mentioning this difficulty in this connexion. Personally, and apart from any theological doctrine, I do not see how any man could err in imitating the Divine Exemplar."

(Our italics.) Another Canon in the book, the literary Canon Dreffil, is delicious: "He had no command of language, but words had complete ascendancy over him." But the story abounds everywhere in brilliant cruelties. The faults of the book are shortly these. The incident of the mad undergraduate at the beginning is artistically wrong; it doesn't convince, and it is unnecessary. The author's philosophising is sometimes facile and superficial, not to say redundant, as on pp. 102-3. Thirdly, he has an inclination towards symbolic incident, which is quite out of place in a novel otherwise realistic: an instance is that of the Roman Catholic priest and the Salvation Army captain on p. 7.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Revision of a selection will follow.]

A BICYCLE OF CATHAY. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

A good example of Mr. Stockton's quiet and pleasing humour. The narrative is put into the mouth of a pleasant—indeed, judging by the picture on page 146, a magnificent—youth, who is the teacher of an American village school. He spends his vacation touring on a bicycle. His adventures are generally peaceful and always delightful. The character-sketches are deft. The humour of the book must not be judged by its title. "A Bicycle of Cathay" is the name the narrator gives to his machine—an adaptation of Tennyson's well-known line. (Harpers. 6s.)

THE NEW MASTER. BY ARNOLD GOLDSWORTHY.

The humour of Mr. Arnold Goldsworthy is of a different kind. The grain is coarser, and the point is hammered home, whereas it is Mr. Stockton's way to suggest that he who seeks humour may find it lurking. Mr. Goldsworthy's book is the autobiography of a schoolmaster during term time. "Dr. Bunberry had offered me the post of assistant-master in his very select School. My education stretches from the *Græca Grammaticæ Rudimenta* to halfpenny nap; and my moral character is such that in all the years I have used it I have never been found out." (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

A NARROW WAY. BY MARY FINDLATER.

Belongs to the domestic class of novel, and is touched with a certain fragrance, although the scene is laid in a crescent off the Kentish Town-road. The author herself proclaims it to be a "domestic story," and remarks that "it runs to an old-fashioned and domestic end." This unassuming book contains clever character-sketches of an old and a young woman, and some graceful verses "To an Old Lady" as prologue. (Methuen. 6s.)

THAT SWEET ENEMY. BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

An Irish story of the olden time. It opens at the Rosery, the dower house of the O'Doherty ladies. Near by is the home of their ancestors, Castle Flinn, from which they have been dispossessed. And to Aunt Theodosia "the wound is fresh as yesterday." A spirited, lightly touched story, brimming with pleasant Irish names. (Constable. 6s.)

THE ROYAL SISTERS. BY FRANK MATTHEW.

Mr. Matthew is faithful to the historical novel. "Now that Queen Elizabeth reigns gloriously, the tale of her struggle with her sister is unknown or perplexed, so I record all I beheld of it. Not many knew more of that time when I was Admiral of England, and witnessed the irrational hopes, miserable tyranny, and final despair of an unfortunate Queen." (John Long. 6s.)

VERONICA VERDANT. BY MINA SANDEMAN.

This is the autobiography of Veronica—a wild young thing. On page 23 she reflects: "I suppose I possess the fatal gift of fascination. My alluring little wiles are part of myself." Chapter V., which is called "I am Kissed," contains a novelty in our experience of novels. Aunt Daisy advises Veronica to use a certain cream for her complexion, and at the bottom of the page is this footnote: "By the way, —'s Cream may be obtained at the Junior Army and Navy Stores." The volume is dedicated to "The Blessed Angels in spheres of light," &c. (John Long. 6s.)

THE BLUE DIAMOND. BY L. T. MEADE.

It disappears. Suspicion, of course, falls on the wrong person, the kind and unselfish daughter of a rector, and many troubles follow. So practised a hand as Mrs. Meade's can hold the skeins of a complicated story like this with skill and apparent ease. Ardent novel readers will find the story absorbing. The end is dramatic. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON. BY C. F. GOS.

This is another American novel, which comes to us trailing rumours of "an enormous sale" across the Atlantic. Ohio, in the spring of 1849, and a Quaker boy in the quiet landscape. He is a dreamer of dreams, a natural mystic, but a pretty gypsy trips across his path, and for a time the world holds him tight. He runs, to quote the advertisement, "the whole gamut of vice, and is entangled in crime." But love redeems him, and in the end, though his sins were as scarlet, &c., &c. (Methuen. 6s.)

LOVE AND HONOUR. BY M. E. CARR.

A first novel by a new writer, with this motto on the title-page from Boswell's *Life of Johnson*: "You know courage is reckoned the greatest of all virtues; because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other." The leading theme of the story is the conflict between love and honour in the mind of one of the characters, a colonel in the Prussian army. The opening chapter is laid in Westphalia. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE EMU'S HEAD. BY CARLETON DAWK.

A yarn, a rattling yarn, is this "chronicle of Dead Man's Flat." The prologue opens in Melbourne on a stormy night. "Great Boreas!" writes Mr. Carleton Dawk, "how the night roared, how the rain hissed . . . Whew! Was ever such a night for gods or men?" Mr. George Vincent, hurrying home, hears "Help—help!" "They've murdered me," groaned the poor wretch, and before dying he gives George a pocket-book which tells where the treasure Hall took from the Mount Marong escort is hidden. Then begins Chapter I. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE MASTER PASSION. BY BESSIE HATTON.

This is the story of Dolores, her rebellious childhood, her life in a convent, and "the tragedy of her love." Dolores was a "peculiar girl," who bit her nails, and flew into passions, and, as a child, loved nobody but her father; so she was sent to a convent in Normandy, where she made friends with Drusilla, the English governess, who prophesied that, when Dolores grew up, she would learn "to love poetry very much." Drusilla was already grown up, and "the works of Shelley, Swinburne, and Shakespeare were more precious to her than anything in the world." (Pearson. 6s.)

A HONEYMOON IN SPACE. BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

This is a typical specimen of the new wonder-of-science romance. The hero and heroine are seen in the frontispiece, carefully dressed, and with hair neatly brushed, looking out of the window of their air-ship, each holding a glass of morphine wherewith to purchase death. Suddenly the heroine espies the earth. "Thank God—the earth!" Meanwhile, the captain of the *St. Louis*, in mid-Atlantic, has been trying to wipe them off his telescope glass. (Pearson. 6s.)

We have also received: *A State Secret*, with nine other stories, by B. M. Croker (Methuen, 3s. 6d.); *The Sin of Jasper Standish*, by "Rita" (Constable); *Two Sides of a Question*, by May Sinclair (Constable); *The Mayor of Littlejoy*, by F. C. Smale (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.); *The Survivor*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.); *The Shadow of Gilsland*, by Morice Gerard (Horace Marshall, 3s. 6d.); *Time's Fool* (Douglas, 6s.); *A Racecourse Tragedy*, by Nat Gould (Everett).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6

„ Quarterly 5/0

„ Price for one issue /5

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

The Bad Novel.

An Enquiry.

A NOVEL is bad not so much because the novelist cannot say what he has to say as because he has nothing to say; but both disabilities contribute to the badness, for, by a wise ordinance of nature, he who bears a message can always, somehow, deliver it. Most often the bad novel arises from an accident. A fleeting impulse, a chance remark, even an idle hour, and lo! the bad novel is born. The prospective bad novelist thinks or hears either "How nice it would be to write a story!" or "What a splendid idea for a story!" and he answers: "Why shouldn't I try? I will." Usually, we fancy, it is the curiosity to experience what writing is like, and not the desire to embody a given idea in literary form, that makes the silly scribe, whose feeling is that it would be rather "fun" to do as Thackeray did. The splendid idea follows, forced unnaturally into existence by the piquancy of the desire. So the paper is bought, the pen dipped, and the novel begun. Now, the bad novelist is commonly a somewhat clever and versatile person, with a certain facility, and his first, if not his last, sensation is one of surprise at the easiness of writing narrative. And merely to write narrative is easy; we all do it in our letters—we write narrative "without knowing it." Indeed, anyone—a tea-merchant or an engrossing-clerk—could produce a novel—that is, a connected and coherent invented narrative—if he doggedly persevered; it might be inconceivably fatuous, but it would be a novel; printed, it would deceive the eye of a Ste.-Beuve at a distance of three feet. And the bad novel deceives the eye of its author, as he writes it, at a distance of a foot. It looks like a novel; it has all the customary apparatus of chapter-divisions, short lines, indented lines, inverted commas; it *is* a novel. The author is encouraged to continue; he continues and he finishes; and, once in a hundred times, by some error of destiny, the novel is published. We calculate that the bad novelists of the United Kingdom, driven by curiosity or the force of an idea, or, perhaps, by poverty, produce several hundreds of irredeemably bad novels each week; so that, though only 1 per cent. of them gets as far as the laughter of compositors (if compositors ever laugh), the number reaching this office in a year is quite considerable. We will briefly examine one or two of the finest specimens, dealing first with the matter and then with the manner.

The bad novelist, instead of finding a central idea for an environment, invariably finds an environment for a central idea. With him the Idea is uppermost. His pseudo-creative impulse is not the vague resultant of long observation and an inclusive sympathy, but a precise and defined inclination to relate something unusual, bizarre or astonishing. The bad novelist has the same false notion as the crowd of amiable friends who persist in annoying the good novelist with the remark: "I have met *such* a queer man, or heard *such* a queer incident—I am sure you would be interested—it certainly ought to go into a book." He has not guessed that the aim of the novelist is to

discover beauty in the normal, not to provide a literary freak-show; that, in fact, the novelist is attracted by the abnormal about as much as a painter would be attracted by a woman with twelve fingers or a beard. And so the bad novelist goes in search of, or is seized by, the startling Idea; and the more startling it is, the more pleased he is with it. In one novel now before us, the Idea to be envired is as follows: a rich and worldly widowed lord, who is also a painter, finds a female infant of surpassing loveliness. He causes her to be brought up on a remote estate in Norway, where her life is so arranged that she shall never see a man. The lord's son, so adroit is his father's scheming, falls in love with a marvellous portrait of a woman from the lord's masterly brush, and on attaining his majority he is sent to the estate in Norway under sealed orders. The orders being unsealed, the son reads thus: "Ivor, my son, by the grace of Providence, you will now look upon the original of my famous picture, chaste, pure, and undefiled, and she will see in you the first man she has ever beheld! And, best of all, I know that you already love her!" The pair marry. There is the Idea, hypnotising the bad novelist, who very probably thought that in it he had happened on an entirely original method of contrasting the "belles of society" with the perfect woman. And now the author sits down to accomplish the embodiment, and one can almost hear him enquiring, "How ought I to begin?" The obvious course is to ask, "How do other authors begin?" And this is just what he does ask, and, having ascertained the answer, begins accordingly. Observe, it never occurs to him to begin by examining life and nature anew for himself. The mere Idea has already carried him far away from all considerations of truth and probability. In the present instance he begins with the reception held to celebrate the son's majority. There is no general description of it, but a few disconnected "bits," which he has evidently remembered or excogitated one by one, and strung together. The attitude towards "society belles" is sarcastic. "The two girls squeezed our hands with the formula smile, lifted their precious silks about their legs, and squeezed into the carriage in front of their mother, whose enamelled shoulders shuddered a moment in the night air." And later on are such phrases as "veiled vulgarity," "*sous-entendu* doubly clear and disgusting to a refined creature." Such observations, as they presented themselves to him, he would certainly deem both original and effective. We next come to the father's portrait of the mysterious damsel. The author's purpose is to make this picture impressive, and the means which he adopts are exactly those which would be used by a man ignorant both of life and art. "Unanimously pronounced by the Press as the accomplishment of the year. Such was the witchery of this famous work that little knots of fascinated picture-lovers would linger at the canvas during its tenure at [*sic*] the Academy and gaze upon it long and with swimming eyes, unconscious of the fleeting time, and marvel at the wonderful beauty of the dreams which it inspired rather than at the radiating loveliness of the picture itself." Now, if the bad novelist could have walked out of his study, had a cold plunge, gazed inimically into the mirror and said to his face: "*Do people stand long rapt and with swimming eyes before pictures in the Academy?*" there might have been hope for him. But of such a feat of detachment he is constitutionally incapable, and so, gaining momentum page by page, he wanders further and further away from reality. He is lost. Often you can see him puzzling where to go, what to say next, and saying the most ludicrous things in his bewilderment. As thus: "It being bad form to notice any peculiar habits or fads of one's guests, I have no very clear impression of the Lord Archibald's conduct as he left the house." Or again: "That, said as it was with a dreamy, far-away look, would have flattered some men and made them sensible of an unconquerable desire to throw their arms round her neck and embrace her, or

raise her hand gently to the lips and imprint upon it a kiss full of the profoundest meaning. Such, however, was my father's training that my mind was entirely innocent of any leaning in that direction." And so the bad novel continues, at haphazard, an inconsequent farrago of conscious and unconscious imitations interspersed with original fatuities, until the last ecstasy—"Ivor, my own, my dearest love, now we shall be together always, on earth and in heaven, always, always together." The Idea is clothed.

In regard to the manner of the bad novel—by which we, of course, mean the literary manner—the commonest and most pervading characteristic of it is the tendency to write, not in words, but in phrases. As Schopenhauer said of unintelligent authors: "They combine whole phrases more than words—*phrases banales*." There is no clearly defined thought. "It is only intelligent writers who place individual words together with a full consciousness of their use, and select them with deliberation." The subject of *phrases banales* is much too large to be entered upon here. The habit of thinking in phrases leads, by a curious attraction, to the habit of imagining in episodes or lumps of event, instead of detail by detail. Thus, when a hero is suddenly called away on a journey, all the rigmarole of acts previously performed by other heroes so placed is set out in full. "I scribbled a few brief notes, cancelling the engagements I had contracted"; or, at the end of the journey: "I at once dismissed the driver with a fee that made his old eyes sparkle." It is the same with descriptions: they are conceived in a chunk; there is none of the *minutiae* of invention, but a vague reminiscence of some remembered whole. Thus, the account of a young lady's boudoir (in a novel which opens: "Everybody knows Champington, the little town nestling in the Surrey hills") begins: "The room was tastefully and elegantly furnished in a style that signalled a woman's inspiration"; then follows a page and a-half of descriptive *clichés*; and the last phrase is: "Odour of roses and mignonette." Even there the bad novelist cannot drop his chunk of remembered episode, for on the next few pages we meet with these locutions:

Sol shot his beams of light athwart the window.

So, at least, Sol seemed to say to Alice Lawson, a winsome . . .

"How delicious!" she cried, taking a deep inspiration of the flower-scented air.

"Heigho!"

Now, why do young girls say "Heigho!" often when they have not a trouble in the world?

Nine pages elapse before the bad novelist is able to free himself from the spell cast by the incantatory phrase, "The room was tastefully and elegantly," &c.

The bad novelist betrays himself by his nomenclature and his headings. The aristocratic lover of our Norwegian paragon is styled "The Hon. Ivor Treherne"; when the bad novelist wants to create a person of true distinction, he always, as a first step, calls him Treherne, or Dalrymple, or Anstruther. Here are some of the chapter-headings from the Champington novel—"A Baffling Quest," "Toilers in Babylon," "Link by Link," "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," "Alas!" "A desperate dilemma."

To conclude, the most pathetic literary shortcoming of the bad novelist is his entire inability to say what he wants to say—a shortcoming not often noticeable because he so seldom wants to say anything in particular. There are rare moments, however, when one can perceive that he really has something on his mind. To witness his struggles then is painful. The expert penman is frequently conscious of having, despite himself, written differently from his intention, of having compassed a passage, but not at all *the* passage. The bad novelist, by simple amateurishness, "never gets anywhere near" his real thoughts. He is continually stultifying and falsifying himself, posing as a bigger fool than actually he is. That is his tragedy, which he does not suspect.

Things Seen.

Home-Sick.

By occupation he was a clerk, with a passion for long country walks, which he indulged every Saturday and Sunday. He always carried a knapsack and a sleeping sack: where he slept on Saturday nights he and the sky alone knew. He was an inarticulate, brooding man, and nobody troubled, so far as I knew, to learn if there were any deeps of his soul worth exploring. But he had his compensations—those lonely walks. They, I am sure, were his life: his clerking was a detail. When the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry set the hardy youth of England on fire, he applied for his fortnight's leave from the bank and learned to shoot. Later he was enrolled. He did not tell us the day of his departure, but slipped quietly off to Southampton, and we did not know he had left us till he was gone. He was easily forgotten. He left no vacant place.

A year later he was invalidated home. We welcomed him, and tried to do him honour, but he evaded our protestations. He returned to the bank, and after office hours avoided his fellows with singular success. He was more taciturn than ever, refused to talk about the war, and though he had quite recovered from the fever, it was plain that he was an ill man. He grew pale, he lost weight, till the day came when the Government called for more yeomanry. Then, suddenly he awaked. Hope changed him. He looked ten years younger. He was a man with a future. Some great emotion buoyed him up. The night before he sailed he became communicative. Then I understood. His forbears had called, and they would be no longer denied. Town life had touched only the surface of him. He was home-sick for his real home—grass, sky, and hills. He had known the life of the veldt, and nothing else could ever content him. "Oh!" he cried, "after marching all day to lie down on the young grass, and to go off into a dreamless sleep with the great sky overhead, and the decent sounds of free life about you. The colouring, the distances, the smell of the air. That's living, while here ——" The next day he went back—home.

"About the best thing——"

It was a dismal afternoon, and the faces of the passengers reflected the gloom of the dreary streets. We lumbered heavily along, stopping at a corner to fill the one seat that completed our load.

I looked up mechanically as a mass of black drapery trailed itself across my boots. My eyes were instantly held by the beauty of a woman's face. They rested there longer than politeness allowed; but I saw that I need not trouble to look away from a fear of disconcerting the owner of that rare beauty, for she was as unconscious of my admiring interest as of the other pairs of eyes that watched her too. It was nothing to her that we found her good to look upon; one felt that she must have been so always, and the fact was as self-evident as the world about her.

She was not haughty, or contemptuous, merely indifferent as she sat with a certain placid serenity, curving the lines of her half-smiling lips. Thick dark lashes rested like a shadow on the pale oval of her cheek, and were not lifted for an instant. In spite of the becoming modern garments that she wore there was something ageless, dateless, in her mien; an almost classic air, with not so much as a link or touch of any circumstance, environment, or epoch.

We were no longer dull and commonplace. Some unsuspected latent beauty—I am convinced it was no fantastic

personal delusion—crept into the dull countenances around in answer to the compelling beauty before our eyes. It was wonderful that transient gleam, in response to an unspoken call. The dowdy matron in the corner smiled as she rose to get out, smiled as she lingered a moment on the step, and turned again to look on that rare face to imprint it deeper on her mental vision; and for the smile's sake I forgave her a gaping buttonhole that hardly constrained its button!

I quoted to myself Fra Lippo's words as I, too, stepped out into the fog. They meant the same as the matron's smile:

If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents.

French Idioms.

As soon as a student has mastered the rudiments of any foreign language, the great stumbling-block which besets him is the difficulty of forming his phrases as the foreigner himself would shape them. In other words, he must learn to think in the new vehicle for expressing such thoughts as he may possess and wish to communicate to the world. There are many men who acquire a great fluency in speaking French, and conversely Frenchmen who speak English with readiness, who have really no knowledge of the tongue, and merely translate from their own language literally, preserving the very form and spirit of the sentences of their mother tongue. They think in English or in French, as the case may be, and then with the aid of a mental grammar and dictionary translate their thoughts into the language of their interlocutor. This is a very primitive stage in the speaking of foreign languages, but there are many who never get beyond it. Such a facility is easily acquired; but to those who are more ambitious it is necessary to use the idioms and phrases of the foreigner, and to think and even to dream in his manner.

About a quarter of a century ago M. de la Morinière published an admirable book on French prepositions and idioms, which was admirably adapted to smooth the way of the student desirous of handling those perplexing particles, the prepositions, with ease and grace. As a companion book we are glad to see a third and greatly enlarged edition of Mr. Payen-Payne's *French Idioms and Proverbs* (Nutt), for though, of course, it is not as important a work as M. de la Morinière's, it is extremely useful to those who are anxious to speak or to read idiomatic French with understanding. Many French proverbs require no explanation; they are simply the French form of the phrase which, like the corresponding English phrase, is taken from a common source. For example, "La belle plume fait le bel oiseau," which no one could mistake for anything but our own "Fine feathers make fine birds," and "A brebis tondu Dieu mesure le vent," which is obviously "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," though the phrase is not to be found in the French any more than it is in the English Bible. But all specimens of the wisdom of the many summed up by the wit of the one are not the same in both languages. Each nation has its own expressions of common-sense sagacity, and its own way of putting them into words, and here it is that we see the value of such a little book as Mr. Payen-Payne's. A literal translation will not do for the majority of idioms and proverbs, and merely makes nonsense of the phrase. A simple dictionary translation of "Il a les pieds bien chauds" would not convey to an Englishman the idea that the person spoken of was in comfortable circumstances, as the words do to a Frenchman; nor does "Tout le saint-frusquin," literally translated, convey the meaning which in equally colloquial English it possesses of "the whole bag of tricks."

Turning over the leaves at random one comes across many idioms and phrases worth noting. The recent revival of "The Three Musketeers" and similar plays lends an interest to the phrase "N'avoir que la cape et l'épée," which means a penniless man with a long pedigree, and is generally used of young officers who have nothing but their pay. "Il croquait le marmot" means to dance attendance, and is variously explained. Littré says it arose from the fact that artists while waiting for their patrons used to draw pictures of little monkeys in the vestibule, while others assert that visitors used to eat little cakes in the shape of monkeys while waiting in the ante-chamber. It is difficult to say which explanation is the less likely of the phrase "to eat the monkey." The familiar phrase "Reach-me-down" has an exact equivalent in "Décrochez-moi-ça," as we believe was first pointed out by the late G. A. Sala, who unearthed the phrase at New Orleans many years ago in a second-hand clothes shop. An expression which has a curious origin is "Aller au diable Vauvert" or "au vert." It appears that the Carthusians in the time of St. Louis coveted the king's abandoned mansion of Vauvert. They therefore started the rumour that the house was haunted by evil spirits, and in consequence the superstitious king handed the house over to them. The monks speedily exorcised the demons they had created, and the phrase "Aller au diable Vauvert" came to mean "to disappear." It is interesting to note that the favourite tag of those who quote French in and out of season, "Revenons à nos moutons," comes from an old farce of the fifteenth century, "Maistre Pierre Pathelin," a work something like our "Gammer Gurton's Needle."

A frequent trap for the unwary is the difference of meaning in similar phrases. For example: "Faire feu" means to fire a gun, while "Faire du feu" means to light a fire; "Tomber par terre" conveys the idea of falling to the ground from one's own height; whereas "Tomber à terre" means to fall from any height—in other words, to tumble down and to tumble off. In the same way, "Traiter de fat" means to call a man a fop, and "Traiter en roi" to treat him like a king. The English word "bore" may be expressed in two ways: "un raseur" gives the idea of an active bore, and "une bassinoire" of a passive bore.

The book is fairly complete, well printed, and commendably free from misprints. We may, however, point out that "Dussé-je en mourir," on page 85, has a superfluous accent which has escaped the reviser's eye.

Table Talk.

If you want concrete evidence of the reluctance of human nature to change, and of the persistence of jokes, there is nothing like an old newspaper. I was turning over, the other day, a file of a daily paper for 1801, a paper which printed every morning a column of jokes, in the manner of the *Globe's* "By the Way" column; and, save for an old-fashioned turn of phrase here and there, they might all have been written by the newspaper jokers of 1901. The pun was still the shortest cut to humour, but a hundred years ago the pun was italicised in a way that, happily, has passed, save in the pages of *Punch*. In the week of 1801 corresponding with the present week of 1901 were these paragraphs:

In the cutting up of poor Turkey by Russia, Austria, and France, the funny Paul will no doubt ask for the merry thought.

There is so much dove-tailing in the new Administration, that many suppose it has come from the Abbé Siequès's pigeon-holes.

Several of the turncoats have brushed out of office as clean as if they had never gone through any dirt in it.

Have they not a familiar ring? The Laureate of the

day (poor Mr. Pye) also came in for just such knocks as are reserved in the present year for Mr. Austin; as when he was congratulated upon a decision of the Revenue exempting from taxation all *forced products*. We truly stand very still.

Why did the Prologue fall into disrepute, and disappear? The newspaper which yields these old jokes prints every few days the prologue to the play of the moment, and very good reading they are. The opportunity thus afforded of lightly lashing the age is not to be despised; nor is the encouragement which the prologue gives to the ten-foot couplet, a measure that is now too much neglected. We have at this moment admirable potential prologue writers—Mr. Dobson, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Seaman, to say nothing of less known practitioners. Indeed, as there probably was never a period when so many persons could rhyme so gracefully as now, this is the ideal time in which to revive the honourable Prologue habit. Of course, the playwright himself often liked to write his own prologue—by way of introduction to his play; but the services of a satirical friend were often called in. And then, on the first night, it was spoken by an actress or actor of eminence. I should like to write a prologue full of such lines as Mrs. Calvert might speak in her most characteristic voice. But these revivals of customs rarely happen: the age is too much given to haste, audiences coming late kill the first minutes of a play too persistently, and spoken poetry—even prologue poetry—has become a bore. The Stage Society, however, might reinstate the custom.

We were talking the other day about the "Song of Solomon"—L. praising its beauty as a love poem and now and then reading a passage with intense rapture. The theory that an allegory was intended made him almost furious. "The thievish church to put that scoundrelly gloss to the chapters!" Afterwards he prepared a specimen, adapting it also to the various Nonconformist sects: as, "The Friends' meeting-house commended under various similitudes"; "The Salvation Army hears the voice of its beloved and has discoveries of his glory."

By the way, if one wants to see every vestige of poetry extracted from the Song, one should read the notes to it by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his edition of the Bible. This is the kind of thing done by that pious commentator: "*Thy nose—as the tower of Lebanon*. There was doubtless a propriety in this similitude . . . which cannot now be discerned. If we are to understand the similitude as taken from the *projecting* form of the *nose*, even here I see nothing striking in the metaphor; for surely the tower of Lebanon did not *project* from the *mountain* as the human *nose* does from the *face*." And so forth. The Doctor, however, makes up in some degree for his notes by printing a beautiful fourteenth-century version of the Canticles.

LATIN scholars who pride themselves on their learning and ingenuity may be able to translate the lines that follow:

Notæ formæ missarum,
Norræ et formare,
Norræ et formicat.

I found them in a letter to the *Athenæum* describing the papers left by Canon Manning. After several of the first scholars of the day had toiled at them in vain, the translation was revealed:

No tea for me, Miss Sarum,
Nor yet for Mary,
Nor yet for my cat.

APROPOS of translation, I came upon a good specimen of what might be called the homelifying of poetry in an old paper the other day. One week the following epigram from the Greek of Ptolemy was printed:

I know that I am mortal, and belong
To the vile sod I tread; yet when I raise
My thoughts to heaven, and mingle in the throng
Of worlds that labour in close-ravelled maze,—
No longer then with the base earth I link,
But am with Jove indeed amid his ways,—
Share the same skies—from the same fountain drink.

A week or so later Ptolemy was thus served up in the dialect of the simple:

I know as how I'm mortal, and am fell
Through sin and that,—I knows this 'ere quite wall;
And yet, Lord love you, Sir, tho' I'se no saint,
When I'se a-walking of a frosty night
And sees them stars—I'm blest if I be'nt quit.
Another individual,—“I ain't
Joe Dobson now,” says I, “nor no such cove,
But blest if I arn't up along with Jove.”

V. V. V.

Correspondence.

George Bernard Shaw.

SIR,—May I suggest that the writer of the article in the *ACADEMY* for February 10, on "George Bernard Shaw," might further edify and enlighten a considerable number of his readers by giving his reasons for some of the remarkable statements he made.

For example: "True criticisms . . . do not argue, they state; they are the expression not of ideas but of emotions." Is there any further reason for this dictum besides the fact that it is a convenient method of avoiding argument for a writer who may be incapable of anything but dogmatic statement? When, in the name of common-sense, did "true criticism" become the expression of emotion, except, indeed, with that type of "critic" who actually boasts of a cultivated "lump in his throat," which tells him unerringly when a work of drama or fiction is good or bad, as the mercury in the thermometer tells the temperature, by its rising and falling?

An even more amazing statement is the remark that not the slightest traces of emotion are observable in Mr. Shaw's works. Of course, if this merely means that there is no evidence of Mr. Shaw having stained his MS. with his tears (figuratively or literally) it is a trivially insignificant utterance. Your reviewer would think less, not more, of Paderewski if he were unable to play a Beethoven sonata without weeping upon the keys. All that the artist feels has to be mastered before perfect expression can be achieved, and "traces of emotion" (on the artist's part) are simply a disfigurement in his finished work. On the other hand, if the statement is supposed to mean that no emotion is *represented* in Mr. Shaw's plays—that the characters themselves are without feeling, I beg to oppose such an idea (or emotion—which?) with the equally simple and sweeping assertion that there is more genuine human feeling in the second act of "You Never Can Tell," or the first act of "The Devil's Disciple," than in all the sentimentalities of all the conventional stage-shows at present "holding the boards" at the whole of the London theatres. Next in order of incredibility comes the statement that "in not one of Mr. Shaw's plays will the technique bear an instant's examination." I for one should particularly like to have reasons for this (emotional) utterance, because I claim to understand the said plays; and I challenge any living critic to point out a single instance in (say) "Candida" in which the technique is not subordinate to the expression—that is, in which the construction, selection of character, dialogue, and so forth,

is not absolutely the test for the artist's purpose. If this is not mastery of technique I am eager to learn what is.—
I am, &c.,
LORENCE NORMAN.

[To reply fully to our correspondent's trenchant statement of her case would need far more space than is available. We can only refer to her three points in the briefest possible way:

(1) Miss Norman slightly twists our meaning in her quotation. We must re-state our view that the finest art criticism is the expression of the critic's sympathetic emotion in the presence of the art work; that there can be no true criticism without such sympathetic emotion; and that Mr. Shaw's criticism has it not. Mr. Shaw's criticism is ideological, not artistic. We gave several examples of true art criticism in our article; we will add another and a better one—Gautier's elegy on Charles Baudelaire.

The "lump in the throat" is a very good test.

(2) When we said that we had never observed the slightest trace of emotion in Mr. Shaw's works, we meant just that. In bringing forward the first act of "The Devil's Disciple," as an example of "genuine human feeling," Miss Norman discloses an inability to distinguish between emotion and deliberately concocted sentimentality. She could not have chosen a more flagrant instance of Mr. Shaw's limitation.

(3) The question of technique is one not of opinion, but of fact. Miss Norman is quite wrong.

We are glad to see Mr. Shaw championed so chivalrously by a woman, for more effectively than anyone else he has fought the woman's cause.]

"Adonis Gardens."

SIR,—I am greatly indebted to Mr. Lang for supplying me with the other references to the "Gardens of Adonis" in Dr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, from which it appears that mention of the Gardens is not confined to Plato's *Phædrus*, as they are also noticed by Theophrastus, Gregorius Cyprian, and others. But this information puts us no further forward. My letter was written to elicit a reference to the Gardens in any English work, or even a translation, anterior to, or contemporary with, the appearance of *1 Henry VI*. If no such reference is forthcoming, then the presumption is that Shakespeare obtained his knowledge of Adonis Gardens either from Latin or Greek works (of which there were no translations at the time) or, as Mr. Lang suggests, from "hear say"—a theory constantly advanced to account for much of the learning displayed in the dramas, which, with the poems, are saturated with classic thought and allusion. Mr. Sidney Lee (who, I may mention, maintains "that such coincidences as have been detected between expressions in Greek plays and in Shakespeare seem due to accident") attributes Shakespeare's knowledge of law and legal terms—take Sonnet XLVI., for example—"in part to the many legal processes in which his father was involved, and in part to early intercourse with members of the Inns of Court"; he attributes Shakespeare's knowledge of the North of Scotland in *Macbeth* to "his inevitable intercourse with Scotsmen in London and the theatres"; and he also attributes Shakespeare's knowledge of Venice, Padua, Verona, Mantua, and Milan to "the verbal reports of travelled friends." Why not either allow Shakespeare an acquaintance with Latin, Greek, and Italian, or endeavour to unearth English works as the sources of his information? The "hear say" theory can scarcely be held by reasoning mortals to account for what Schlegel calls "Shakespeare's mastery of all the things and relations of this world."—I am, &c.,
GEORGE STRONACH.

P.S.—Since the above was written, I find I am able to answer one of my own queries. There is a long account of "Adonis Gardens" in Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, Book III., Canto 6, where we read of "the garden of

Adonis, far renowned by fame," and "there is continually Spring, and harvest there continually, both meeting at one time," an almost exact equivalent to Shakespeare's "Which one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next." *The Fairie Queene* was published in 1591, and *1 Henry VI* was first played March 3, 1592, so that the two quotations come very near each other in the matter of date of composition
G. S.

The "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough.

SIR,—In reply to Mrs. Morgan, who has asked for full particulars about the "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough, I venture to send you the following summary.

The original "Blue Boy" was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1770. What became of it is not known. In 1802 George IV., then Prince of Wales, gave (or sold) to his particular friend, John Nesbitt—"an old beau of the first water," as he has been described—a "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough. The story is given in Trimmer's *Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* (1862), ii. 63.

Nesbitt possessed a sound taste in matters connected with Art, and is most unlikely to have been deceived. When his pictures were sold in 1802 owing to bankruptcy, the *Times* spoke of him as a person "of well-known taste," and one "long distinguished for taste and judgment," declaring his collection to be "invaluable," and containing "the finest works of Art."

A clique of Nesbitt's friends, headed by the Prince of Wales, bought in the "Blue Boy" on behalf of Nesbitt to save it from his creditors, and the Prince entrusted it to Hoppner the painter, who was one of Nesbitt's friends.

Now in October of the same year Hoppner sold to Earl Grosvenor the "Blue Boy," which has ever since remained in Grosvenor House; but this could not have been Nesbitt's picture. There are a dozen sound reasons against such a supposition. Nesbitt's "Blue Boy" was afterwards again in the Prince's possession for five years, and when Nesbitt's affairs were more prosperous his royal friend and patron restored to him the picture of which he was so fond, and Nesbitt had it with him till his death a few years later. It was in the Prince's and Nesbitt's possession for about ten years after it left Hoppner, and it cannot be supposed that these lovers of art were ignorant of the fact that during all those years there was another "Blue Boy" in the possession of Lord Grosvenor. If, then, Hoppner had sold Nesbitt's picture to the Earl, and had palmed off a copy on Nesbitt and the Prince (a most dangerous thing to do, seeing that Hoppner lived by his art, and was dependent for his prospects on his character for straightforward dealings), the fraud would, of course, have at once been discovered. As to Nesbitt, his relations with the Prince till the day of his death are sufficient to prove that he did not combine with Hoppner to deceive his powerful friend and protector—one, moreover, who had been so consistently kind to him.

By far the most reasonable supposition is that Gainsborough was known to have painted two "Blue Boys," and that Hopper procured for Lord Grosvenor the *other one*, not Nesbitt's; or perhaps that he openly and honestly painted for the Earl a copy of the picture with which he had been entrusted. To suppose that the picture which went back from Hoppner to the Prince and Nesbitt was a fraudulent copy is to suppose that between May and October of 1802 Hoppner was guilty of the most reckless and abominable duplicity, a course of conduct of which, judging from the rest of his career, we have no reason to imagine him capable.

The Prince's "Blue Boy," then, went back to Nesbitt. It was sold by Nesbitt to William Hall, an auctioneer, in 1820. After Hall's death it was bought by Mr. Dawson (1858); he sold it to Mr. J. Sewell. In 1867 Mr. Sewell exhibited the picture, and consigned it for sale to Messrs. Hogarth. From them it was purchased by Sir Joseph

Hawley. Sir Henry Hawley inherited it on Sir Joseph's death, and he sold the picture to Mr. Martin Colnaghi. Mr. Colnaghi sold it to Mr. Fuller, of New York, and when this gentleman's pictures were put up to auction it was bought in. Shortly afterwards the "Blue Boy" was purchased by Mr. George A. Hearn, of New York, its present fortunate owner.

The pedigree of the picture is thus clearly ascertained; and whether the Duke of Westminster's be Gainsborough's or not, it is certainly not the "Blue Boy" which in 1802 passed from the Prince of Wales to John Nesbitt. This one is in New York.

Some of the best judges, and among them Gainsborough's great nephew, R. J. Lane, have declared the Nesbitt "Blue Boy" to be superior to the Westminster one, and undoubtedly an original.

The points which it would be interesting to determine are whether the "Blue Boy" exhibited in 1770 was the painter's first or second picture (if he painted two), and whether the Prince of Wales in 1802 owned the original or the replica (if there were two). If there were not two then the Grosvenor House picture is probably Hoppner's copy.

BUSCAPO.

Forgotten Epic Poems.

SIR,—I was somewhat surprised recently on perusing the contents of a list of more than one hundred titles of epic poems ending in "ad," in imitation, I presume, of Homer's *Iliad*. Of course, the *Rolliad*, *Baviad*, *Epigoniad*, and *Lusiad* are well known; but who ever heard of *The Beeriad*, or *the Progress of Drink* (Gosport, 1736)? There are many other curious names in this list, such as Colman's *Rodiad*, the *Ratiad*, the *Keckiad*, the *Diaboliad*, the *Bruciad*, and the *Graemiad*. I should be pleased if any of your readers could furnish me with additional titles of books ending in "ad," giving the size, number of pages, and place and date of publication.—I am, &c.,

ADAM SMAIL.

13, Cornwall-street, Edinburgh.

"Shakespeare and the Market."

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of February 9, 1901, p. 131, in a paper by Ch. H. Breck, headed "Shakespeare and the Market," I read, to my great surprise, that "the great Jahrbuch of the German Shakespeare Society has ceased publication," kindly let your readers know that this is by no means true. On the contrary, the Jahrbuch has increased in volume and the German Shakespeare Society in members, so that we are more numerous now than ever since the foundation of the Society in 1864. I am just seeing the last sheets of the Jahrbuch for 1901 through the press; and, in order to give the German Shakespeare students systematic direction, the Society has begun to offer prizes for certain themes most worthy of treatment. The first prize (£40) will be awarded at this year's annual meeting in Weimar on April 23.—I am, &c.,

PROF. A. BRANDL,

Vice-President of the German Shakespeare Society
and co-Editor of the Jahrbuch.

Gray or Grey.

SIR,—The reasons for sometimes employing an *a*, at other times an *e*, in spelling this word are so clearly set forth in a little work by H. C. Standage, entitled *The Artist's Manual of Pigments*, that I hope you will allow me to give a brief extract from it: "Gray is a term used for a mixture of white and blue. Grey refers, amongst colour scientists, to a mixture made by white and black."—I am, &c.,

F. S. J. B.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 75 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best comprehensive literary portrait of a man or woman not exceeding 250 words, taken from a biographical work or a history.

A feature of the results is a great "run" on the works of Carlyle. Among historians Froude, Green, Macaulay, and Clarendon are laid under contribution by many competitors.

Opinions must necessarily differ on the relative merits of portraits sketched by writers of such eminence, and it is probable that the judgment in such case would vary with the judge. We have, however, to consult only our own judgment, and this leads us to divide the prize among three competitors who have selected Thomas Carlyle's portrait of Coleridge in his *Life of Sterling*. They are:—Mr. Ernest A. Baker, Midland Railway Institute, Derby; Mr. H. M. Green, 39, Oakfield-road, Stroud Green, N.; Mr. George Herbert Watson, 5, Groll-park-road, Neath, S. Wales.

The extract is as follows:

COLERIDGE.

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly, and also hopelessly, the weightiest things. I still recollect his "object" and "subject," terms of continual recurrence in the Kanteian province; and how he sang and snuffed them into "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject" with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Other selections are as follows:

EDWARD THE FIRST.

He was in the truest sense a national king. At the moment when the last trace of foreign conquest passed away, when the descendants of those who won and those who lost at Senlac blended for ever into an English people, England saw in her ruler no stranger, but an Englishman. The national tradition returned in more than the golden hair or the English name which linked him to our earlier kings. Edward's very temper was English to the core. In good as in evil he stands out as the typical representative of the race he ruled, like them wilful and imperious, tenacious of his rights, indomitable in his pride, dogged, stubborn, slow of apprehension, narrow in sympathy, but like them, too, just in the main, unselfish, laborious, conscientious, haughtily observant of truth and self-respect, temperate, reverent of duty, religious. He inherited, indeed, from the Angevins their fierce and passionate wrath: his punishments, when he punished in anger, were without pity; and a priest, who ventured at a moment of storm into his presence with a remonstrance dropped dead from sheer fright at his feet. But for the most part his impulses were generous, trustful, averse from cruelty, prone to forgiveness. "No man ever asked mercy of me," he said in his old age, "and was refused."—From Green's *History of the English People*.

[A. A. B., West Bromwich.]

SIR H. H. KITCHENER.

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility: that also is irrelevant. Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant, too, neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident, or person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of

MESSRS. METHUEN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE INDIAN BORDERLAND: being a Personal Record of Twenty Years. By Sir T. H. HOLDICH, K.C.I.E. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 15s. net. [Next week.]

MODERN ABYSSINIA. By A. B. Wylde. With a Map and a Portrait. Demy 8vo, 15s. net. [Ready.]

THE REAL CHINESE QUESTION. By Chester HOLCOMBE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A HISTORY of EGYPT, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Edited by W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Egyptology at University College. Fully Illustrated. 6 vols. Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

Vol. VI.—EGYPT in the MIDDLE AGES. By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.
A HISTORY of the CHURCH of CYPRUS. By JOHN HACKETT, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

A HISTORY of the JESUITS in ENGLAND. By E. L. TAUNTON. Demy 8vo, 21s. net.

THE LIFE of MRS. LYNN LINTON. By G. S. LAYARD. With Portraits. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

THE LAST of the GREAT SCOUTS ("Buffalo Bill"). By his Sister, HELEN CODY WETMORE. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

A HISTORY of the MIDLAND RAILWAY. By CLEMENT STRETTON. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.

BROTHER MUSICIANS: Reminiscences of Edward and Walter Baché. By CONSTANCE BACHÉ. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

REVELATIONS of DIVINE LOVE. By the Lady JULIAN of NORWICH. Edited by G. H. WARRACK. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE WAY of HOLINESS: a Devotional Commentary on the 119th Psalm. By R. M. BENSON, M.A., of the Cowley Mission, Oxford. Crown 8vo, 5s. [Ready.]

THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE. By Jacob Behmen. Edited by BERNARD HOLLAND. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE: Devotional Readings from the Published and Unpublished Writings of GEORGE BODY, D.D. Selected and Arranged by J. H. BURN, B.D. Pott 8vo, 2s. 6d. [Next week.]

THE PHILOSOPHY of RELIGION in ENGLAND. By ALFRED CALDECOTT, D.D. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. [Ready.]

[HANDBOOKS OF THEOLOGY.]
A complete history and description of the various philosophies of religion which have been formulated during the last few centuries in England and America.

THE LIBRARY OF DEVOTION.

Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s.; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

THE PSALMS of DAVID. With an Introduction and Notes by B. W. RANDOLPH, M.A., Principal of the Theological College, Ely. [Ready.]

A devotional and practical edition of the Prayer Book version of the Psalms.

LYRA APOSTOLICA. With an Introduction by Canon SCOTT HOLLAND, and Notes by H. C. BEECHING, M.A. [March 12.]

THE INNER WAY: Selections from the Sermons of F. FAULER. Edited by A. W. HUTTON, M.A.

THE CHURCHMAN'S BIBLE.

THE EPISTLE of ST. JAMES. Edited by H. W. FULFORD, M.A. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d. net. [Ready.]

METHUEN'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

THE NATURAL HISTORY of SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. Edited by L. C. MIALL, F.R.S., assisted by W. WARD FOWLER, M.A. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE JOURNAL to STELLA. By Jonathan Swift. Edited by G. A. AITKEN, M.A. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE LIFE of SAVONAROLA. By E. L. S. HORSBURGH, M.A. With Portraits and Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. [LITTLE BIOGRAPHERS.]

THE MALVERN COUNTRY. By B. C. A. Windle, D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated by E. H. New. Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s.; leather, 3s. 6d. net. [LITTLE GUIDES.]

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

New Volume, uniform with Prof. Dowden's "Hamlet."

KING LEAR. Edited by W. J. Craig. Demy 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE LITTLE LIBRARY.

With Introductions, Notes, and Photogravure Frontispieces.

Pott 8vo, each Volume, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

SELECTIONS from WORDSWORTH. Edited by NOWELL C. SMITH, Fellow of New College, Oxford.

THE PURGATORIO of DANTE. Translated by H. F. CARY. Edited by PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A.

SELECTIONS from the POEMS of WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by T. PERUGINI.

PRIDE and PREJUDICE. By Jane Austen. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. 2 vols. [Ready.]

PENDENNIS. By W. M. Thackeray. Edited by S. GWYNN. 3 vols. [Ready.]

LAVERGRO. By George Borrow. Edited by F. HINDES GROOMER. 2 vols.

THE BRITISH GARDENER and AMATEUR. By W. WILLIAMSON. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

EFFICIENCY and EMPIRE. By Arnold White. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Next week.]

THE ENGLISH TURF. By Charles Richardson. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s.

DISEASES of the HEART. By E. H. Colbeck, M.D. With numerous Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 6s.

FICTION.

THE SACRED FOUNT. By Henry James. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Ready.]

THE FROBISHERS. By S. Baring-Gould. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Next week.]

A STATE SECRET. By Mrs. B. M. Croker. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. [Ready.]

THE SUPREME CRIME. By Dorothea Gerard. Crown 8vo, 6s. [March 28.]

A SECRETARY of LEGATION. By Hope Dawlish. Crown 8vo, 6s. [March 15.]

PRINCE RUPERT the BUCCANEER. By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s. [April.]

A NARROW WAY. By Mary Findlater. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Ready.]

TALES THAT ARE TOLD. By J. Helen Findlater. Author of "The Green Graves of Bulgowie," and MARY FINDLATER. Crown 8vo, 6s. [April.]

THE THIRD FLOOR. By Mrs. Dudeney. Crown 8vo, 6s. [March 12.]

THE SALVATION SEEKERS. By Noel Ainslie. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Next week.]

STRANGE HAPPENINGS. By W. Clark Russell and other Authors. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Ready.]

THE REDEMPTION of DAVID CORSON. By C. F. GONS. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Ready.]

THE BLACK WOLF'S BREED. By Harris Dickson. Crown 8vo, 6s. [March 22.]

BELINDA FITZWARREN. By the Earl of Iddesleigh. Crown 8vo, 6s. [March 19.]

THE LOST REGIMENT. By Ernest Glanville. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. [April.]

BUNTER'S CRUISE. By Charles Gleig. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. [March 25.]

THE ADVENTURE of PRINCESS SYLVIA. By Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. [March 28.]

extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man.—From G. W. Stevens's *With Kitchener to Khartum*.

[S. J. McN., London.]

MARLBOROUGH.

Had this of the god-like in him, that he was impassable before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery strewing corpses round about him: he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow; he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment about the weather. . . . Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of a cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was had he a heart either for love or hatred, or pity, or fear, or regret, or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.—From Thackeray's *Esmond*.

[H. W. B., Tottenham]

R. L. STEVENSON ON FRANÇOIS VILLON.

The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime.

[H. A. M., London.]

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Sir Kenelm Digby was a person very eminent and notorious throughout the whole course of his life. . . . He was a man of a very extraordinary person and presence, which drew the eyes of all men upon him, which were more fixed by a wonderful graceful behaviour, a flowing courtesy and civility, and such a volubility of language as surprised and delighted; and though in another man it might have appeared to have somewhat of affectation, it was marvellous graceful in him, and seemed natural to his size and mould of his person, to the gravity of his motion, and the tone of his voice and delivery. He had a fair reputation in arms, of which he gave an early testimony in his youth. . . . In a word, he had all the advantages that nature and art and an excellent education could give him; which, with a great confidence and presentness of mind, buoyed him up against all those prejudices and disadvantages (as the attainder and execution of his father for a crime of the highest nature; his own marriage with a lady, though of an extraordinary beauty, of an extraordinary fame; his changing and rechanging his religion; and some personal vices and licenses in his life) which would have suppressed and sunk any other man, but never clouded or eclipsed him, from appearing in the best places and the best company, and with the best estimation and satisfaction.—From *The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon*, by Himself.

[F. B., Milton-next-Gravesend.]

Replies also received from: S. R. Hurlford; R. M. Brighton; F. E. A. C. Marple; R. E. McC., Whitby; E. S., Ely; H. J. Hadley Wood; G. H. Didsbury; E. T. Bexhill-on-Sea; G. S., Brentwood; M. T. R., Livry (France); W. J. F., Birmingham; M. S., London; A. T. Muswell Hill; W. G. H., London; D. E. B., London; J. O'C., Bradford; E. M. S., London; F. W. S., London; J. B. B., London; R. E. V. B., Oxford; F. S. H., Bath; H. F., London; F. W., Oxford; C. J., London; R. W. M., London; A. G., Cheltenham; F. A. J., Brighton; J. A. C., London; E. B., Bideford; P. C. F., Cambridge; A. H. W., Hull; I. R., St. Ives; L. M. S., London; P. R. D., Brighton; L. McC., Whitby; F. M. C., Leeds; A. W., London; L. I., Ashby-de-la-Zouch; A. B., Glasgow.

Competition No. 76 (New Series).

We offer a prize of ONE GUINEA for the best original descriptive sketch of an everyday character in not more than 250 words. As an illustration of what we mean, we refer competitors to Miss Lynch's sketch of the Paris landlady, noticed in our review of her *French Life in Town and Country*, pp. 185 and 186.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post

of Wednesday, March 6. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

N.B.—Many competitors send their names and addresses in separate letters, or write them on loose scraps of paper, or enclose their visiting cards, or write on the backs of their contributions. The ideal competitor writes his name and address on the top of the front page of his actual contribution, saving us much pin and pen work.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.

Now ready, in cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

STREET DUST.

BY

OUIDA.

FIVE POPULAR NOVELS.

Price 6s. each.

MAY SILVER.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN

A SOLDIER FOR A DAY.

By EMILY SPENDER.

MORALS AND MILLIONS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

WHAT MEN CALL LOVE.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

THE MIDNIGHT PASSENGER.

By RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. Llangollen: DARLINGTON & Co.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE ORCHANNEL ISLANDS.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

THE WYE VALLEY.

ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

THE SEVERN VALLEY.

BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, RASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

GLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.

CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, and FESTINIOG.

BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELL.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, and CHELTENHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 5s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

Just Published.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

AN ORIGINAL CHARMING NOVEL,
ENTITLED**HIS LORDSHIP'S WHIM**

By GORDON CUMING WHADCOAT.

"A clever story. The reader will find in this vigorous story exciting entertainment."—*Lloyd's*."Continues to yield amusement to the end."—*Scotsman*.

London:

EFFINGHAM WILSON,
11, Royal Exchange.SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,
Stationers' Hall Court.**F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.**

Now ready, in cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

STREET DUST.

BY

OUIDA.**FIVE POPULAR NOVELS.**

Price 6s. each.

MAY SILVER.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN

A SOLDIER FOR A DAY.

By EMILY SPENDER.

MORALS AND MILLIONS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

WHAT MEN CALL LOVE.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

THE MIDNIGHT PASSENGER.

By RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO. Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

THE WYE VALLEY.

BOSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

THE SEVERN VALLEY.

BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLETH, and ABERDOVEY.

CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG.

BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELL.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the world."What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*."The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 5s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers'.

Size, 5 by 2½ in., photographic portrait, prettily designed title, head and tail-pieces, and bound in embossed leather, gilt edges.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE BIBELOTS.

VOLUME X., JUST PUBLISHED, is

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.**SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.****SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.**

An EDITION DE LUXE on Japanese vellum (limited to 60 copies), price 10s. 6d. net. Apply at your Bookseller's.

GLASGOW HERALD.—"Never before have they been reproduced in so beautiful a manner. It is worthy of being encased in gold."*SATURDAY REVIEW*.—"Leaves nothing to be desired."

Detailed Prospectus of the Series post free.

London: GAY & BIRD 22, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

SECOND EDITION, 8vo, gilt top, 407 pp., 5s. net.

SELECTIONS from the WORK, 1s. net. And all Booksellers'.

OUR EARTH, NIGHT TO TWILIGHT, THE STORY OF MAN.

By GEORGE FERGUSON.

Dedicated by special permission to the late Rt. Hon. William Ewart Gladstone.

A few Quotations from Press Notices: "Particularly beautiful theme."—"Each line contains a world of thought."—"A powerful allegory."—"Metre sonorous and in perfect keeping with the majestic theme."—"Highly commendable."—"The author is a deep thinker as well as a poet."—"The cultured reader will read it with pleasure."—"Sublime, and richly executed."—"An epic which sets the singer on a high level among the poets."

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL.

Selections from ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 3s. 6d., post free.

ILLUSTRATIONS from the SERMONS of ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Edited and Selected by JAMES HENRY MARTYN. Containing over 500 beautiful and suggestive illustrations. With a Textual Index and Alphabetical List of Subjects.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"THINGS THAT ARE MADE." Devotional Meditations in the Haunts of Nature. By Rev. A. J. BAMFORD, B.A., of Royton. The *Freeman* says: "Preachers and teachers will find in them many helpful suggestions." The *Glasgow Herald* says: "They will probably interest and instruct many who would an ordinary sermon flee."

Now Ready, Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d., post free.

THE CHARTER of the CHURCH. Lectures on the Principle of Nonconformity. By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D."Explains the position of religious dissent with great force and eloquence." *Manchester Guardian*."Nothing could be more timely than these learned and suggestive lectures."—*Christian World*.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, LTD., 21 and 22, Farnival, St., E.C.

**An American Transport
in the Crimean War.**

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War..... The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

**PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO
"THE ACADEMY,"**

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In large crown 8vo, cloth, fully illustrated,
prices 10s. 6d. net.

THE PEDIGREE OF SHAKESPEARE. SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILY.

Being a Record of the Ancestors and Descendants of William Shakespeare. By CHARLOTTE C. STOPES.

In crown 8vo, cloth, illustrated, price 5s.

ALFRED the GREAT: A Sketch

and Seven Studies. By WARWICK H. DRAPER, M.A., late Scholar of University College, Oxford. With many illustrations and a Map, and a Preface by the BISHOP of HEREFORD.

SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION.

In crown 8vo, cloth, illustrated, price 6s.

RAMBLES ROUND the EDGE

HILLS: or, In the Vale of the Red Horse. With a Full and Graphic Account of the Battle of Edge Hill. By Rev. GEORGE MILLER, M.A., Vicar of Radway.

"Mr. Miller is master of his subject, and his account of the Battle of Edge Hill is as thorough as it is concise."—*Academy*.

"A thoughtful and informing work of the kind of which we have too few at the present day."
Birmingham Daily Gazette.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BLACK COUNTRY SKETCHES.

A Series of Character Stories Illustrating the Life of the District. By AMY LYONS.

NEW NOVEL.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

LADY WILMERDING of MAISON

ROUGE: a Tale of the Riviera. By J. DUNCAN CRAIG, M.A., D.D., Socii Don Felicitate.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

RUDOLPH SCHROLLE. A

Tragedy in Blank Verse. By E. G.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s.

THE ROMANCE of the BOER

WAR: Humours and Chivalry of the Campaign. By MACCARTHY O'MOORE, Author of "Tips for Travellers; or, Wrinkles for the Road and Rail."

NEW STORY FOR CHILDREN.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

PEGGY, a SCHOOLGIRL; or,

The Sleeper Awakened. By FRANCES STRATTON, Author of "Nan the Circus Girl," "The Rival Bards," &c.

In crown 8vo, tastefully bound, price 2s.

MARRIAGE: its Institution and

Purpose. By J. S.

"The work is written in a very dignified style, and must deeply impress the thoughtful Christian reader."
Echo.

In large 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth and fully illustrated, price 15s. net.

SWEET HAMPSTEAD and its

ASSOCIATIONS. By Mrs. CAROLINE WHITE. With numerous illustrations of Eminent Persons, Historic Houses, and Picturesque Localities.

"Hampstead is extraordinarily rich in literary associations, which Mrs. White chronicles with a charm of style born of true enthusiasm."—*Outlook*.

"A book which is as interesting as any novel, and one which will live possibly as long as Hampstead itself, whose memories it records so sympathetically."
Speaker.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.

JARROLD & SONS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOURTH EDITION NOW READY.

Maurus Jokai's "Hungarian Academy's Prize Novel."

EYES LIKE THE SEA.

By MAURUS JOKAI. 6s.

With a specially engraved Photogravure of Jokai.

Author of "Black Diamonds," "The Green Book," "A Hungarian Nihilist," &c.

"Eyes Like the Sea" won the Hungarian Academy's Prize of £100 as the best novel of the year, and is certainly the most brilliant of Jokai's latest novels. It is very largely autobiographical and abounds with intensely dramatic situations none the less effective because absolutely true. Yet the book is above all, comical.

New Novel by John Mackie.

THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

By JOHN MACKIE. 6s.

Author of "The Prodigal's Brother," "Sinners Twain," &c.

With a special Photogravure Portrait of the Author.

"A vigorous and exciting story. Some part of the action of the book is laid in Java, and the catastrophe of Krakatoa is described with a vividness that makes real to us that appalling upheaval of nature."—*Daily News*.

"An exciting tale... distinctly a book to read and enjoy."
Daily Mail.

Fergus Hume's Exciting Novel.

FOURTH EDITION.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

By FERGUS HUME. 6s.

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," &c. 6s. "Highly exciting... never ceases to be mysterious. But the story is more than mysterious, it is extremely well written."

"Very good reading."—*Athenaeum*.

Curtis Yorke's New Novel.

THIRD EDITION.

CARPATHIA KNOX.

By CURTIS YORKE. 6s.

Author of "That Little Girl," "Hush," "Dudley," &c.

With a Charming Photogravure Portrait of the Author. 6s. "A very graphic and realistic glimpse of Spanish life. Full of freshness and life; prettily told."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

By a Popular Hungarian Author.

ST. PETER'S UMBRELLA.

By KÁLMÁN MIKSZÁTH. 6s.

With an Introduction by R. NISBET RAIN, a Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and 3 Illustrations.

The *Spectator* says: "The freshness, gentility, high spirits, and humour of Mikszáth make him a fascinating companion. His peasants and priests, Jews and Gentiles, are amazingly human. Mikszáth is a born storyteller."

London: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, Warwick Lane, E.C.

THE DAINTIEST OF DAINTY BOOKS.

BABY'S RECORD: with Spaces for

Mother's Notes about her Baby. As used by the Royal Mother of the future King of England. Compiled by the Rev. R. I. WOODHOUSE, M.A. LONDON: The LEADENHALL PRESS, Ltd., 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C. (One Shilling).

"Baby's Record" will in many cases prove an invaluable aid to the family doctor in the treatment of ailments in later life.

EDITION DE LUXE.

A limited number of Large Paper Copies, in an extremely choice and novel white vellum and green morocco binding, with silk ties.

Each copy contains a couple of genuine Bartolozzi engravings, printed direct from the original copperplates, one of which (the frontispiece) is delicately hand-coloured. [One Guinea net.

An acceptable Christening Present.

MADAME MARIE, SINGER. By

ESTER DALE. LONDON: The LEADENHALL PRESS, Ltd., 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C. [Three-and-Sixpence.

MISS SPINNEY. By the Rev.

SYDNEY MOSTYN, Author of "My First Curacy." LONDON: The LEADENHALL PRESS, Ltd., 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C. [Half-a-Crown.

THE FITZDOODLE MEMOIRS. By

Lord ADOLPHUS FITZDOODLE. LONDON: The LEADENHALL PRESS, Ltd., 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C. [One Shilling.

BALLADS OF GHOSTLY SHIRES.

By GEORGE BARTRAM.

CONTENTS: Under Glamour—The Warlock's Wooing—The White Witch of Maverick—At the Crossroads—The Deadly Sin of the Miverick—Marion Bloodworth—The Muggletonian—The Widow—The Fairy Harper—The Poor Scholar.

2s. 6d. net.

GREENING & Co., 20, Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S NEW BOOKS.

The Leading Book of the Season.

THE

SIEGE OF KUMASSI

By LADY HODGSON,

Wife of Sir FREDERICK M. HODGSON, Governor of the Gold Coast.

Demy 8vo, profusely illustrated, price 21s.

The *Standard* says: "Of remarkable interest. Lady Hodgson is to be congratulated upon a volume which will be read with keen interest and with admiration alike of the courage and endurance she displayed, and of the skill with which she tells her story."

This book is of special interest at the present moment, as it contains a full and vivid description of Siamland, and the natives who are causing so much trouble just now.

ABYSSINIA.

By HERBERT VIVIAN,

Author of "Tunisia," "Servia."

Demy 8vo, with 2 Maps and 80 Illustrations, price 15s.

"A new book by Mr. Vivian is like a glass of champagne to sea-sick tourists. From cover to cover his latest work does not cease to sparkle."
Morning Advertiser.

AT PRETORIA.

By JULIAN RALPH.

A Companion Volume to "Towards Pretoria."

Extra crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

"Highly interesting... full of picturesque passages. The book is well worth reading."—*Spectator*.

"Gives many vivid pictures, and contains many serviceable suggestions."—*Truth*.

Owing to the large demand for Mr. F. T. BULLEN'S latest work, the First Edition was entirely sold out before publication. A SECOND EDITION is now in the press.

A SACK OF SHAKINGS.

By FRANK T. BULLEN,

Author of "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot'."

Extra crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, price 6s.

THE BEST NOVELS OF THE HOUR.

Price 6s. each.

A HONEYMOON IN SPACE.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

'TWIXT DEVIL AND DEEP SEA.

By Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

THE TAPU OF BANDERAH.

By LOUIS BECKE & WALTER JEFFERY.

HER MASTER PASSION.

By BESSIE HATTON.

THE STRANGE WOOING OF MARY BOWLER.

By RICHARD MARSH.

THE INVADERS.

By LOUIS TRACY.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

MORD EM'LY. By W. Pett Ridge.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

THE NEW MASTER. By Arnold

GOLSWORTHY, Author of "Hands in the Darkness." Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. With illustrations by Tom Brown.

London: C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.,
Henrietta Street, W.C.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1505. Established 1869.

9 March, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THERE is to be a Queen Victoria Birthday Book. The volume, we are informed, will be printed in purple and green, and a saying by her late Majesty will be given for each day in the year, together with a list of events that happened on that day.

A LIFE of Dr. Martineau, by Mr. Jackson, or, rather, a study of his philosophy, interspersed with too many of the author's own views, which is not the ideal way of writing a biography, was published last October. The authorised Life will not be ready till next year. It will be in two volumes: the first, dealing with the Life itself, by Principal Drummond; the second volume, with Dr. Martineau's philosophy, by the Rev. C. B. Upton.

APROPOS of the publication of Mr. Churton Collins's *Ephemera Critica*, wherein he fulminates at the Universities for their neglect of literature, we understand that Mr. Passmore Edwards has offered to found a scholarship for Literature at Oxford on the lines suggested by Mr. Collins in his book.

MR. THOMAS HARDY will be the other talker in Mr. William Archer's next "real conversation" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. These conversations, which began with Mr. Pinero last month, are not in any sense of the word interviews; they are real talks, fair give and take, not sparks struck from a sullen anvil. The conversation with Mr. Hardy ranged around the eternal questions—Why? Whence? and Whither? The *Pall Mall Magazine*, where these interesting conversations are appearing, has, under Mr. G. R. Halkett's expert editorship, become one of the most interesting and the best illustrated of the magazines.

WE welcome Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Earthwork out of Tuscany* to the "Eversley" series. It wears the "crimson of Eversley" in good company, and it merits the honour. In truth, we can hardly imagine a pleasanter fate than to be locked for a year on some sunny island, with trees, a few friends, some food, and a stout wooden case containing the entire "Eversley" series. To this third edition Mr. Hewlett contributes a third preface. Some will consider his prefatorial utterances a thought too pontifical. "I cannot be for ever explaining what I intended when I wrote this book," he begins; and at the end we get this flick: "I leave the former prefaces as they stand. I felt them when I made them, and feel them still; but I shall make no more." And the world still moves—strange!

AND talking of prefaces, this "prefatory note" from a new book called *The Romance of the Boer War*, has a charming naïveté, has it not? The author is Irish:

In view of the possibility of a second edition of this little work being called for, the author will feel greatly obliged to any of the heroes who have already returned home, or who are still serving at the post of danger and honour, for additional matter forwarded to him or to the publisher.

WE observe that a new volume of the "How To" series is called *How to Write a Novel: a Practical Guide to the Art of Fiction*. With the knowledge that we have received twenty-five new novels since last Saturday, and, faint but pursuing, have examined them *all*, we suggest that a series called the "How Not To" would be of some value.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is meditating on the wanderings of Ulysses as a subject for his next play. Mr. Tree, as Ulysses, would make a picturesque figure. We wish that Mr. Murray's *Andromache*, produced so successfully by the Stage Society, could have the advantage of a stage setting at Her Majesty's.

A NEW novel by "Zack" (Miss Gwendoline Keats) will be published during the season. It will be called *The White Cottage*.

THE accurate term for a *Spectator* "middle" now seems to be established: "a shaking." At least, so we gather from the title of Mr. F. T. Bullen's new book, *A Sack of Shakings*, being essays from the *Spectator*. Shakings! Mr. Bullen goes to extremes in his titles. His last was *With Christ at Sea*. Can he be a Shaker?

THE biography of Mrs. Lynn Lynton is also well advanced. Mr. Layard has an admirable subject, and we hope he will give a full and frank picture of that talented woman. There should be plenty of good material.

NEXT week Mr. John Lane will publish *The Column*, by Mr. Charles Marriott, a new writer. The author has only published two short stories before: "Roast Apples" in the *New Review*, under Mr. Henley's editorship; and "Rosanna," in the *Pall Mall Magazine* last January. *The Column* has had the advantage of praise in advance from Mr. Sidney Colvin.

THE good ship that carried the ACADEMY of February 2 to America conveyed to Major Pond the article called "A New American Humourist." In reply we have received a letter from the delightful Major, which is too complimentary to print in full. We transcribe a morsel: "I have been quite conscious that I was a humourist, but never could find a Columbus—well, now you are he." We have been called "a beast" (by a minor poet on a post-card) and other things, but never a Columbus before.

WE sympathise with Helen Mathers. *Murder or Manslaughter*, she informs us, "has been widely reviewed and accepted as her last novel." It is just seventeen years old.

MR. KIPLING's story, *Kim*, has reached its fourth chapter in *Cassell's Magazine*, and is superbly illustrated. We wish we had space to quote the whole of a descriptive passage of which these are fragments:

"Now let us walk," muttered the lama, and to the click of his rosary they walked in silence mile upon mile. The lama, as usual, was deep in meditation, but Kim's bright eyes were open wide. This broad, smiling river of life, he considered, was a vast improvement on the cramped and crowded Lahore streets. There were few people and new sights at every stride—castes he knew and castes that were altogether out of his experience.

They met a troop of long-haired, strong-scented Sansis with baskets of lizards and other unclean food on their backs, the lean dogs sniffing at their heels. These people kept their own side of the road, moving at a quick, furtive jog-trot, and all other castes gave them ample room; for the Sansi is deep pollution. Behind them, walking wide and stiffly across the strong shadows, the memory of his leg-irons still on him, strode one newly released from the jail; his full stomach and shiny skin to prove that the Government fed its prisoners better than most honest men could feed themselves. Kim knew that walk well, and made broad jest of it as they passed. . . . Here and there they met or were overtaken by the gaily dressed crowds of whole villages turning out to some local fair; the women, with their babes on their hips, walking behind the men, the older boys prancing on sticks of sugar-cane, dragging rude brass models of locomotives such as they sell for a halfpenny, or flashing the sun into the eyes of their betters from cheap toy mirrors. One could see at a glance what each had bought; and if there were any doubt it needed only to watch the wives comparing, brown arm against brown arm, the newly purchased dull glass bracelets that come from the North-West. . . . A little later a marriage procession would strike into the Grand Trunk with music and shoutings and a smell of marigold and jasmine stronger even than the reek of the dust. One could see the bride's litter, a blur of red and tinsel, staggering through the haze, while the bridegroom's bewreathed pony turned aside to snatch a mouthful from a passing fodder-cart. Then Kim would join the Kentish fire of good wishes and bad jokes, wishing the couple a hundred sons and no daughters, as the saying is. Still more interesting and more to be shouted over it was when a strolling juggler with some half-trained monkeys, or a panting, feeble bear, or a woman who tied goats' horns to her feet, and with these danced on a slack-rope, set the horses to shying and the women to shrill, long-drawn quavers of amazement.

There is a certain mellowness in this that we like to think will be found throughout the story.

In the March *Macmillan* Sir Courtenay Boyle enters a timely and cogent protest against the hasty improvisation of new words, or the lazy acceptance of others, to the detriment of the language. He is quite right in considering *motor* an unsatisfactory word to denote a machine propelled by self-contained power. It is probably too late to make an alteration now. Sir Courtenay Boyle thinks that *kion* or *autokion* would have been preferable. *Motor* must breed derivatives, and what these may be like is seen in the word *motoneer*, which in some parts of the United States is the word for the driver of a motor. We are glad to see a protest against the use of *distinct* in the sense of decided, as in "a distinct success." *Anyway* for *at all events* is also rightly deprecated. One very common mistake not noted by Sir Courtenay Boyle is the use of "not less" in cases of number where "not fewer" is the correct phrase.

THE rhythm of life has been favourable of late to the repose of Omar Khayyám. There has been less dining and wining and twining, or less talk about them. But now comes *The Book of Omar and Rubáiyát*, printed and arranged with ceremonious care, and containing "biographical, historical, bibliographical, and pictorial notes

on Omar Khayyám of Naishapur, and his inspired quatrains." There are essays and poems and versions and fac-similes which can be turned over with interest, while the cover is so pretty as to bear a fixed gaze. Mr. Gosse's lines on "The Rose of Omar," written for the rose brought by Mr. W. Simpson from Naishapur and planted on FitzGerald's grave at Boulge, should have been accompanied by the date of the ceremony. By the way, how is that rose-bush? May we inquire after its health?

The *Thrush's* song improves as Spring draws nearer. Miss Nora Hopper is a poet whose verse is never without at least a frail and flying charm, while at its best it is memorable. We give the first and last lines of her rather long poem (it fills three pages), "Rose o' the World," which is divided into eight stanzas:

Rose o' the world, how shall we win her?
She will not stay for saint or sinner.
The sea-sand printed by her feet
Remembers her, how strange and sweet
She went and came, as comes and goes
The crimson glory of the rose,
The purple that the iris shows.
The wind remembers how it flung
Broadcast her hair, the bramble clung
And tore a tatter from her gown
To comfort it when leaves fall brown.

Why wert thou given to our eyes?
"I neither know it nor surmise"
Why all so suddenly withdrawn
Like the first flushing of the dawn?

"I know not this, but it may be
The unattainable for thee
For ever keeps its beauty free
From Time, whose spoiling fingers stain
All flowers he gathers from the tree.
And there's no truth made clear and plain,
Remembered like that hint that lies
Across the trouble of the skies,
Five-coloured, where the rainbow dies.
I am most generous that refuse:
No man shall win me—no man lose."

AMONG many indications that "Londonarians" are multiplying in London is the publication of the first number of a monthly magazine called *East London Antiquities*. The pages of the magazine will be fed mainly from back numbers of the *East London Advertiser*, whose editor has had the enlightenment for some years past to devote a column of his paper each week to local antiquities. The contents of this first number are delightfully miscellaneous and recondite. We have a long and grave disputation on the origin of the name Poplar, and for once the obvious derivation from a grove or abundance of poplar trees seems to hold the field. Although Colonel Prideaux opposes this theory, he locks his own in his breast. As Sir Walter Besant points out in an interesting send-off preface, there are many other East London place-names that will repay examination. The Isle of Dogs, Hackney, Norton Folgate, Bow, West Ham, Wapping—whence these? Many Londoners go through life quite untouched by the charm of local antiquities, though we fancy that the taste for them spreads wonderfully with opportunity. Hence we applaud our East London contemporary's enterprise, and gladly commend it to Londonarians who are not indifferent to such subjects as "An Elizabethan Mansion in Whitechapel," "The Ducking Pond in Whitechapel," "Whitechapel Lions," "The Duke of Shoreditch," and "An Eighteenth Century Pleasure Haunt."

COLLECTORS of Stevensoniana will do well to file an interesting article in the *March Chambers's Journal*, by

Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson, the author of *Stevenson's Edinburgh Life*, entitled "Robert Louis Stevenson's Hills of Home." It is full of Scott and Stevenson and the Pentlands.

THERE is an amusing article on "Yellow Journals" in *Ainslie's Magazine* for March. It gives one a good idea of the desperate pace at which all hands on a yellow journal are driven. Some extraordinary feats are recorded. An editor on one of the evening "yellows," being about to leave for a month's holiday, was asked by his proprietor to write enough editorials to last the month. He accordingly dictated thirty-five in a single morning. The desire to "do things" is so acute among the staff, that the least opening is taken with a leap. This is the sort of thing:

"Here's a great story," said our city editor to one of the reporters. "Poor Salvation girl chucked out of Jenkins's place. Hurry up there, make a sketch of her, and write a spread!"

In an hour's time the truthful, but unfortunate, man returned to say that the woman was a common drunkard, and had been ejected for picking a man's pocket. He displayed the sketch he had made, something after Hogarth's frowsy women, and declared, for his part, he could see no story in it. But the city editor was incensed beyond measure.

"Well, ———," he said hoarsely, "you'd spoil the best story on earth. You can't see a story; can't see anything. Don't you know we've got a picture of that girl made already? Must get it in the next edition. Now sit down there and write a column to fit the picture."

The story was accordingly written on those lines, although it was about an event that never happened.

AFTER this, and other weird narrations, it is rather amusing to find the writer attributing to the yellow journal the high mission of making people think. Yet the plea has something in it. People want to read about, say, a body found in a trunk. Clerks, shop girls, car conductors, aliens, and servant-girls will read about such a matter when no other print would attract them. They learn to read by habit; hence they are "being educated by the yellow journal," which, the writer contends, is responsible for the immense increase in the sale of books in the last five years. Puzzles, query columns, symposiums, competitions, and other ruses help in the stirring up of minds naturally sluggish and ill-equipped. Yet in the end the writer hesitates in his defence of the yellow journal, ending, not on a hope, but on a doubt. "Whether, like the torpedo, it will continue to inflict a succession of shocks until those who come in contact with it will be stunned to insensibility and quit reading such publications, or whether the yellow journal will advance in quality as it educates the masses, remains to be seen."

THE *Picturesque History of Yorkshire* (Dent) goes on being born, and the part before us, dealing with the Whitby region, is full of interest. There are some amusing notes on Sterne in connexion with Skelton Castle, where he was frequently the guest of his friend, John Hall Stevenson, the "Eugenius" of the *Sentimental Journey*. One of Stevenson's many eccentricities was an extravagant dread of an east wind. When that wind blew, nothing, not even his duties as host, would induce him to leave his bed. Sterne missed his friend so much on these occasions that once, when the wind was due east, he bribed a boy to climb to the weathercock which Stevenson always consulted and fasten it so that it indicated a steady west wind.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us lists of the most popular books in the large boarding schools of the Society of Friends,

"compiled by the pupils themselves." They are rather curious. The boys state their preferences as follows:

1. Boy's Own Annual.
2. Treasure Island.
3. St. Winifred's.
4. Tom Brown's Schooldays.
5. Sherlock Holmes.
6. Stalky & Co.
7. Eric.
8. Robinson Crusoe.
9. Ivanhoe.

Evidently these Quaker boys are no respecters of persons. The impersonal *Annual* rides it over Stevenson and Defoe. Nor is it easy to define the taste which prefers *St. Winifred's* before *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and yet gives *Stalky & Co.* a place above *Eric*. We should have thought that the first preference involved a rather strong reversal of the second. The girls are decidedly old-fashioned in their tastes—though, doubtless, a gentle censorship must be taken into account. They read:

1. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
2. Little Women.
3. Uncle Tom's Cabin.
4. St. Winifred's.
5. Gipsy Brenton.
6. A Peep Behind the Scenes.
7. Black Beauty.
8. Wide, Wide World.
9. Carrots.
10. In the Golden Days.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Can any of your readers tell me who originally compiled and who first published *The Child's Own Book*, which was issued about the middle of the last century? The only entries I can find in the British Museum Catalogue here are: '*The Child's Own Book*, illustrated, 9th edition, revised and corrected, with original tales translated from the German, London, 1861.' The book was reprinted in America very shortly after its appearance, and I have in my possession a copy which appears to be printed from duplicate English plates. It is a dumpy, small, square octavo volume of about 600 pages, and it is a very good collection, indeed, of the best of the classical nursery and fairy lore for children. I believe it went from William Tegg to Messrs. Ward, Lock, who still publish it."

THE *Writing and Machine News* has not come in our way before, but here is No. 1 of its sixth volume. The little paper seems to be doing its own particular work well. Among its contributors is an ingenious alliterist who thus dramatises the merits of Messrs. Pitman's system of phonography:

Papa perceives Pitman publishes phonetic pamphlets, propounding principles. . . . Pushing past pedestrians, papa proceeds precipitately past Paternoster publishing places, perceives "Pitman, Phonographic Publisher": puts purse 'pon Pitman's porter's palm:—"Parcel Pitman's phonetic preceptorial publications, please."

Pocketing precious Pitman—priceless possession—pater's "physog" portrays pleasure. Procures phaeton—Pall Mall passed—presently Papa perceives Philip—papa's pride. Places Pitman's publications proudly 'pon Philip's palm. Philip peruses: papa propounds phonographic philosophy

Philip—preferring play—protests. Papa promises Philip prizes, providing Philip patiently perseveres. Philip promises, procures pencil, pen, paper—proceeds. Perplexed: presently perceives principle—prances.

WE have referred ere now to Miss Millard's (of Teddington) genius for lighting up her catalogues of curios with literary touches. Surely our recent remarks on

Byron's forceful personality are sufficiently supported by the following item in Miss Millard's catalogue :

BYRON service (part thereof) in spode, with subjects from the poems in blue and white, and verses at the back of each piece, consisting in all of 26 dinner plates, 21 soup plates, 2 soup tureens and covers, dish strainer, 6 meat and poultry dishes, sauce tureen, and vegetable dish, some 60 pieces. A few of the quotations are appended :

These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing, the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself, but the boy gazed on her ;
And both were young and one was beautiful.

The Dream.

The voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more ;
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow.

Hebrew Melodies.

Ah ! were I severed from thy side,
Where were thy friends, and who my guide ?
You have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

Bride of Abydos.

There are about fifty pieces that can be used for hanging, with the comforting feeling that the subjects are not hackneyed. Separated, the items should be two and three guineas each. The lot £24.

MRS. CHARLOTTE C. SPOKES is about to publish a volume, entitled *Shakespeare's Family*, which will contain a record of the ancestry and descendants of Shakespeare. The work will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Bibliographical.

"THERE have been labourers in this field before me," says Mr. Lewis Melville in the preface to his collection of *Stray Papers* by Thackeray. Undoubtedly there have been. The first, I suppose, was the "Theodore Taylor" (John Camden Hotten) who published, in 1864, *Thackeray, the Humourist and the Man of Letters*, which gave, practically for the first time, particulars of the novelist's connexion with the Cambridge "Snob," and other details then "not generally known." In 1875 came *Thackerayana*, a book of "Notes and Anecdotes" compiled by Mr. Joseph Grego, and republished in 1898. The *Bibliography* of Thackeray, by Mr. R. H. Shepherd, which appeared in 1880, put a good many people on the track of the minor and forgotten writings; and then in 1887 came an amplification and extension of that bibliography, as an appendix to a volume called *Sultan Stork, and Other Stories and Sketches*. This was the first notable attempt to reproduce work by Thackeray which had not been officially "collected." In 1899 we had not only Mr. Spielmann's resuscitation of old matter from *Punch*, but a reprint of the one-act interlude entitled *King Glumpus*, and a reproduction of Thackeray's contributions to the *National Standard* and the *Constitutional*.

The last-named is an expensive volume; and *Sultan Stork*, I believe, is out of print. Mr. Melville's collection of *Stray Papers* (Hutchinson) may be said, speaking broadly, to give us the contents of both these books, and more besides. They supply some things which he omits; but his is by far the most comprehensive and acceptable compilation. In general, such literary gleaning is to be deprecated, if not condemned; but Thackeray comes out of the process much better than most men, and of very much of Mr. Melville's volume one can honestly say that it is worth possessing in this handy form. It will soon be time for a further extension of the Shepherd *Bibliography*. Since 1887 many of the principal works have fallen out of copyright, and the non-official editions of them have been numerous. *Vanity Fair* became public property in 1890, *Pendennis* in 1892, *Esmond* in 1894, and *The Newcomes* in 1897, and of all of these there were fresh editions as late

as 1899, not counting the "authorised" ones. Meanwhile, the Biographical Edition (with which this book of *Stray Papers* ranges) must, from the interest and value of its editorial prefaces, continue to hold the field.

A literary gossip has been telling us that the original publication of *Adam Bede* was postponed a little for fear of clashing with that of Bulwer's *What will He Do with It?* "What about Bulwer's story now?" asks my contemporary. Well, I should say that it is doing fairly. It was issued in two volumes in 1898 as part and parcel of the "new Knebworth edition"; a pocket edition of it appeared in 1897, and there were other editions of it in 1893 and 1892. That, I think, is a tolerably good record for the last decade. It is fashionable to sneer at Bulwer, but the sneering is generally done by those who are blissfully ignorant of his best work.

It is fashionable, also, to sneer at Anthony Trollope, who, according to Dr. Richard Garnett, never "created" anybody or anything. By something more than a coincidence, Trollope's praises are sung this month by Mr. Lang in *Longman's* and by Mr. Street in the *Cornhill*. I have not heard that either of these gentleman is about to "edit" a reissue of Trollope's stories; so it is to be hoped that their disinterestedness will not be impugned. I venture to think that a republication of Trollope's tales in a cheap, neat, handy form would be a commercial success. We shall see.

It has been "the thing" for some time past to disparage the work of George Eliot, whose literary limitations are obvious. It is easy to lay one's fingers on the weak points in *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch*, for example; but elaborate attempts to belittle the author of *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, and the *Scenes from Clerical Life*, are apt to recoil upon the heads of those who make them. That there is, meanwhile, a "recrudescence" of the vogue of the "unpopular" writer is made clear by the announcement of a *George Eliot Reader*—an enterprise on which, I think, the publishers would not enter without having previously felt the pulse of the public and found it beating healthily—on that point, at any rate.

M. Emile Verhaeren, who lectured at Oxford on Wednesday, would, of course, be familiar, by name at least, to those who heard him. There is, however, no reason why even those of his audience who know no language but English should not have made acquaintance with at least some of his literary outcome. It so happens that in 1898 Messrs. Duckworth published an English version (by Mr. Arthur Symonds) of M. Verhaeren's play, "Les Aubes," while in the following year Mr. Lane brought out an English rendering (by Miss Alma Strettel) of certain of his poems. For perfidious Albion that is not so bad.

The old favourites are apt to hold their own well with the new ones. In these days of Mr. Henty and the rest, the books of Mayne Reid, W. H. G. Kingston, and J. G. Edgar still sell. Nor is the late Mr. R. M. Ballantyne—though, to my mind, much inferior as a story-teller to those I have just named—without his present-day admirers. A firm of publishers is about to reprint his *Coral Island*, *Ungava*, and *Martin Rattler*, which are just out of copyright, and for which a measure of renewed popularity may fairly be expected. Time was when the boys of this country—ay, and the girls also—hung upon the lips of Mr. Ballantyne.

Mr. A. Stodart-Walker has written, and we shall shortly see, a volume on *Robert Buchanan, the Poet of Modern Revolt*. It is pleasant to find Buchanan's verse exciting attention in these forgetful days. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Stodart-Walker will not confine himself to a mere phase of Buchanan's poetry, but will expound it in all its variety—its very Celtic mysticism, its grimly humorous satire of religious hypocrisy, and so forth, and so forth. He will find most matter in the earlier volumes; the latter were too much in the modern journalistic manner.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

"The World is Very Evil."

Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature.
By J. Churton Collins. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

If critics were ever on view, as the members of the Royal Academy are on view at the tenth of December distribution of prizes, we can imagine an eager, touzled girl-student nudging another, and, singling out Mr. Churton Collins from the bearded veterans on the dais, whisper, regardless of grammar: "That's him! He's the only one with an intimate acquaintance with classical literature. Don't let him see that you're looking, for he's the fiercest of the *Saturday Review* lions, and, let me write it or we may be overheard, he's a reviewer with a conscience. He knows everything about English literature and he was awfully cross with Prof. Saintsbury for saying that Wordsworth has 'echoing detonation, and the auroral light of true poetry'; and with Mr. Gosse for remarking that Lydgate was *tuneless*. He's dreadfully learned, and if it hadn't been for him nobody would ever have known that Tennyson was a pla—giarist. As to dates, oh, my dear! And they say he thinks in Latin and Greek on alternate days."

We ourselves learn from this stout volume that Mr. Collins is "drefful" angry. He is angry with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, with the University Presses, with philologists to a man, with Mr. W. M. Rossetti, with Mr. Aldis Wright, with Mr. Gosse, with Mr. Saintsbury, with Mr. Le Gallienne, with the public, with critics, with writers; indeed, with everyone, apparently, except himself. True, his anger is sometimes inconsistent, but that is because it has lasted such a long time. All of the articles in this book, or almost all, are familiar. We have remembered and forgotten so much else since we read them. His polemic against the Universities for giving the cold shoulder to Literature, and the friendly hand to Philology, battered its way through the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* years ago, and a review of the late Sir George Osborn Morgan's translation of Virgil can hardly be said to shine with the auroral light of novelty. Mr. Collins does not, of course, attempt to conceal the fact that these selections from a working journalist's ephemera are not new. We remark upon it because the first line of his preface gave us the thrill that ladies are supposed to feel when they see in a shop window a confection labelled *le dernier cri*. The first line of the preface is: "It is time to speak out," which is as if Mr. Chamberlain should remark this afternoon: "It is time to say something against Home Rule." Moreover, so adept a stone thrower as Mr. Collins should see that the building in which he lives (best glass, you may be sure!) is well protected. In the first essay, on "The Present Functions of Criticism," he is contemptuously angry with those who republish articles they have contributed to current periodicals. "A few years ago," he says, "a man would as soon have thought of inflicting them in the shape of a volume on the public as he would have thought of issuing an edition of his private letters to his friends." Yet the papers in this volume are reprinted from current periodicals. "All," we are told, "have been carefully revised." Surely so faultless a critic, who pilloried Mr. Saintsbury for such a slight slip as referring to Browning's *James Lee*, should have deleted a reference to "these columns" (see p. 211), obviously a reference to the columns of the *Saturday Review*. And a critic who is so particular about figures—"we are informed by Prof. Saintsbury that Ascham's *Schoolmaster* was published in 1568; it was published in 1570"—should have cast a more searching eye on his own. Of the twenty-eight chapter headings given in the List of Contents only seven correspond to the paging in the volume. Suppose you want to know what Mr. Collins has to say about "The Gentle Art of Self-Advertisement." In the Contents you are

referred to p. 154. You turn to p. 154, and find yourself in the middle of an article on "The New Criticism." A trifle, possibly, but it is so often on trifles that Mr. Collins fixes the indignant gaze of his microscopic eye.

Not always! Indeed, it is far from our intention to belittle the service Mr. Collins has rendered to literature in his efforts to introduce more of the scientific spirit and a riper scholarship into criticism. But we suggest that his pin-pricks might have been less frequent and less vicious. Because a writer is fallible, and too ready, often through enthusiasm, to write on subjects which he does not happen to know up to the hilt, it does not follow that he has nothing to say worth saying on those subjects. Criticism should be sympathetic as well as destructive. Mr. Collins reminds us a little of a very intelligent rodent tremendously concerned with the stubble in a field long after the grain has been picked, eaten, and assimilated by numbers to whom the knowledge that such good grain existed was a discovery. Stubble is all very well as far as it goes, but it is not the only thing on a country side. Many good causes are ruined by overstatement: some of Mr. Collins's statements are so wild as to be amusing. This, for example: Said an editor once to Mr. Collins, and he quotes it with gusto: "If I were to tell the truth as forcibly as I could wish about the books sent to me for review, in six months my proprietors would be in the bankruptcy court."

We admit the justice and the need of much of Mr. Collins's criticism, but oh, for a little breeze of appreciation, for a holiday from the contemptuous words that sprinkle his pages, such as: "flaccid dilettantism," "philological pedantry," "vile arts," "grossest ignorance," "charlatans and fribbles," "miserable compilation," "the *canaille* of sciolists and fribbles" (fribble is dear to him), "ludicrous adulation"; and such sentences as: "anything more sickening and depressing, anything more calculated to make the name of Shakespeare an abomination to the youth of England, it would be impossible for man to devise"; or "it is shocking, it is disgusting to contemplate the devices to which many men of letters will stoop for the sake of exalting themselves into a factitious reputation."

To Mr. Collins the world of letters is awry and evil. In almost everything he sees something bad. Mr. Colvin, we are told, "has been guilty of a grave error of judgment" in his editorship of Stevenson's letters. One third of them would have been enough for Mr. Churton Collins. Here is his opinion on the Letters themselves:

In their slangy familiarity and careless spontaneity they remind us of Byron's, but what a contrast do these trivial and too often insipid tattlings present to Byron's brilliance and point, his wit, his piquancy, his insight into life and men! Only here and there, in a touch of description, or in a casual reflection, do we find anything to distinguish them from the myriads of letters which are interchanged between young men every day in the year.

Clearly Mr. Collins is constitutionally unable to appreciate the buoyancy, the lilt, the surprise and refreshment of Stevenson's mind as revealed in his Letters. We would not have one taken away, and we are inclined to mistrust the judgment of a critic of *belles-lettres* who finds them little better than "the myriads of letters which are interchanged between young men every day in the year." Detective criticism has its uses, but it is apt to narrow the mind, and it certainly has a deadening effect on the reader. To read Mr. Collins on Virgil, in his review of Sir George Osborn Morgan's translation, is like listening to a pedantic schoolmaster pulverising the efforts of an amiable but stumbling class. We are breathless at the learning of the examiner, but we never want to hear the name of Virgil again. How different is the influence of a sympathetic critic, whose head rises above the stubble, and whose enthusiasm for right and lovely things, for the

humanities, has not been embittered by the shortcomings and the trips of his contemporaries. The late Mr. F. W. Myers also wrote on Virgil. Read this passage, and if you do not go straight back to your Virgil, his name, when you think of him, will send a thrill from brain to heart:

No poet has lain so close to so many hearts; no words so often as his have sprung to men's lips in moments of excitement and self-revelation, from the one fierce line retained and chanted by the untameable boy who was to be Emperor of Rome, to the impassioned prophecy of the great English statesman as he pleaded till morning's light for the freedom of a continent of slaves. And those who have followed by more secret ways the influence which those utterances have exercised on mankind know well, perhaps themselves have shared, the mass of emotion which has slowly gathered round certain lines of Virgil's as it has round certain texts of the Bible, till they come to us charged with more than an individual passion and with a wider meaning than their own—with the cry of the despair of all generations, with the yearning of all loves unappeased, with the anguish of all partings, "beneath the pressure of separate eternities."

Yet Mr. Collins was once young: once he had enthusiasm. In a review of Mr. Tremenheere's translation of Catullus he confesses to it, to the time when even to him existence was "a perpetual feast":

Perhaps the best thing in this world is youth, and the poetry of Catullus is its very incarnation. The "young Catullus" he was to his contemporaries, and the young Catullus he will be to the end of time. To turn over his pages is to recall the days when all within and all without conspire to make existence a perpetual feast, when life's lord is pleasure, its end enjoyment, its law impulse, before experience and satiety have disillusioned and disgusted, and we are still, in Dante's phrase, "trattando l'ombra come cosa salda."

Alas!

In a book which is almost all blame, and such praise as the author permits himself is usually half-hearted, the passages of unqualified commendation stand out like crocuses in the early spring. "Probably the best hexameters which have been composed in English [besides certain of Hawtry's translations of the *Iliad*] are those in William Watson's *Hymn to the Sea*." And the *Golden Treasury* (first series) "may be said to lay something more than the foundation of a sound critical education." But Mr. Palgrave does not escape a flick of the whip. Two pages further on we are told that the acquaintance of the lecturer on *Landscape in Classical Poetry* with the Greek and Roman poets was, "if scholarly and sympathetic, somewhat superficial." "But," adds Mr. Churton Collins, and he alone knows what the generosity of this clause cost him, "he was getting old, and perhaps he had lost his memory or his notes." That is characteristic.

An Ambassador's Book.

Shifting Scenes; or, Memories of Many Men in Many Lands.
By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.,
sometime Ambassador to Germany. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

WHEN we saw on the first page of this book the sentence, "I am an unusually good sleeper, and ascribe to this talent in great measure the steady duration of my health," our misgivings were acute. But it was with us as it has been with Sir Edward Malet. All through his life the cloud he dreaded has passed him by, or has dropped only a casual chill. The passage was not the prelude of banalities; it was to introduce Whiffles. Whiffles appeared a little after midnight on Sir Edward's bed, and, in fact, sitting on the diplomatist's feet. "I have come to interview you," he said; "my name is Whiffles. I am *The Reporter*." Naturally Sir Edward kicked out, whereupon Whiffles rose slowly into the air like a feather, or a captive

balloon, and then slowly descended to his first position. No amount of kicking could evict him, and, in a word, the interview came off; this book is it. Again we had misgivings. Shall a great diplomatist, an ex-envoy to the Shadow of God, and Ambassador to the Kaiser, write his reminiscences in the guise of an interview with a reporter man named Whiffles? This is modernity if you like. This is romps in *levés* dress. It is certainly not the high Roman fashion. You cannot call it the "genteel style in writing." Shall a man climb the great stairway of British diplomacy; learn to talk with slow effect to attachés, secretaries, mandarins, ministers, sultans, and emperors; see the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, from the Argentine to Rome, and from Berlin to Cairo; and then give his story to Whiffles? Shade of Sir William Temple! where is thy book in which Elia found "scarce an authority quoted under an ambassador"—thysself an ambassador, clothed with the glory of the Triple Alliance, and high doings at Nimeguen and the Hague? On what a scale Temple wrote of men and things, naming building and planting as among "the follies of my life," and gathering all up in those words of tender and lofty farewell: "When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best but a froward child that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over." And from this to turn to Whiffles, sitting on the bedclothes, with his expansive smile!

This cloud, also, rolled by, though it left us sad. Whiffles accepted, this is a cheerful, chatty book, like another; better written than most. Not that even on his own plane Whiffles is too amusing. His office is only to keep the tap running. Sometimes he grows fitful and shadowy. Often you find yourself skipping his interjected remarks; they can be taken as read. When he is lively or absurd the dialogue goes like this:

"During the two years that I was in the United States all the members of our service were treated with constant kindness and hospitality, and I gained by intimate contact with Americans an affection for them which has caused me to delight in their society from that day to this. So I say again, if any Secretary has a chance of going to Washington, let him bless his stars."

"And stripes," put in Whiffles.

"I hate silly jokes," I said, and Whiffles went up into the air, and as he sank to rest again cross-legged at the foot of the bed he said—

"The essence of a joke is to be silly."

"A joke," I rejoined, "may be good or bad."

"You are confusing," he retorted; "the adjectives 'good' or 'bad' only apply to a joke in action."

"Well, listen to this joke," I said, my thoughts jumping back unaccountably to a long-forgotten remembrance: "A traveller in the shires rested at noon at a wayside hostelry and took luncheon. When it was finished he asked for the bill. The landlord brought it to him, and, after casting a glance at it, he looked at Boniface and said, 'What is your name?' 'My name,' replied the landlord, 'is Partridge.' 'Ab,' said the traveller, 'by the length of your bill I should have thought it would have been Woodcock!'"

A broad grin rippled over Whiffles' wrinkled features. "It's not a joke at all," he said; "it's an anecdote."

"Well, joke or anecdote, I have told it to you because it was always a special favourite with Prince Bismarck."

"Right," said Whiffles. "Thank you; it is always interesting to hear of the small things that interest great minds. I suppose you have some reminiscences of Prince Bismarck which are of greater interest."

Of course Sir Edward obliges with some Bismarckiana. Let us say at once that the savour of the book lies in its reflection of a happy life. Sir Edward Malet has done and been most things which we associate with success. He has had his whack, as Byron said of himself. Not a Byronic whack of course, but a good rousing, correct whack. He was given the post of attaché at Frankfurt on his sixteenth birthday ("such a thing could not be

done now" he assures the alarmed Whiffles), and from that hour his rise was steady and at times swift. He found in marriage not only the comfort promised to man in Eden, but the impetus that is so necessary to him out of it. A certain self-indifference, and insusceptibility to the joy of existence (tenderly probed by Whiffles) had dogged his steps. "I married, and the whole scene was changed—life was no more a dreary waste. The knowledge that another was concerned in the success of my action at once invested it with the microbe of anxiety." We had not thought of anxiety as a beneficent microbe, but Sir Edward Malet's happiness in the Dual Alliance is matter of public knowledge. By the way, he was prepared for his good fortune by a palmist eighteen years before he led the daughter of a Duke to the altar. "Do you believe in palmists?" asks Whiffles. "No; but I am inclined to believe in palmistry"; and Sir Edward tells us that in 1879 a Parisian seer told him, at the end of a long interview: "It is a pity that the quality of judgment which is so marked in your hands should be useless to you. It is quite cancelled by the absence of self-confidence. You possess a gift, of the value of which you seem to have no knowledge." "Whether these words were true or not they had a permanent effect upon me. It is not going too far to say that they opened a new world to me. . . . I do not think I should have become Ambassador at Berlin if I had not had that interview with a palmist, who rightly or wrongly made me believe what he told me." Were we defending a palmist in a police-court we fear we should be wicked enough to quote this passage. Sir Edward makes acknowledgment to all who, consciously or not, have helped him. His early diplomatic training was under Lord Lyons at Washington. We see a good deal of Lord Lyons later at Paris. Always he is the fine figure we knew him to be, a bachelor, a disciplinarian, a Stoic, and a master of his calling. Lord Dufferin, however, excelled him in fascination, brilliancy, and joyousness. Some of the best passages in the book concern diplomatic life at Constantinople, and there is a good story of an interview in which a new and inexperienced dragoman interpreted between Sir Edward and the Sultan. This young man's interpreting was so slick that Sir Edward at once perceived that he was neglecting the customary duty of wrapping every sentence in the flowers of Eastern hyperbole. In a word, the Sultan was getting Sir Edward's remarks neat. The situation was decidedly touchy, and we think it says much for the British Minister-Plenipotentiary that he did not permit himself to quail under His Majesty's open-eyed astonishment. On the contrary, he at once embraced so rare an opportunity and carried the conversation over wider ground, putting everything he had to say into the frankest speech. The Sultan grew more and more animated in his listening, and a moment of some suspense followed the dragoman's last sentence. But the upshot was agreeable to all parties.

Sir Edward Malet passed much of his childhood in the house of Lord Brougham, who was his mother's step-father; and some lively pages are concerned with the rough old Chancellor. During five pages there is not a single interruption from Whiffles. Brougham lived at No. 4, Grafton-street.

The whole place frightened me as a child. It seemed so big and gloomy. In the morning my brother and I used to be made to go into the room where Lord Brougham was at breakfast, to say "Good morning" to him. He would look at us under his bushy eyebrows, and say almost immediately, with a strong Scottish accent, "That will do; ye may go away." My remembrance of his appearance is concentrated in those thick eyebrows and his black and white check trousers, immortalised by *Punch*. He was delightful in conversation when he was amused, but nothing stirred him to this lighter mood but the company of outsiders. He could sit through the family dinner in absolute silence, broken by occasional outbursts of rage at some trivial mistake in the service on the part

of the servants. He would suddenly hallo at them, calling them brutes and beasts if they handed him salt instead of pepper; and this halloing when he was angry inspired me as a child with terror, so that I never entertained for him any other feeling than fear.

This is perhaps the most definite portrait in the book, if we except that of Toby, the dog who enthroned himself at the Paris Embassy and rode out regularly with Lord Lyons in his barouche. The amusing thing was that Toby had won his privileges only by unwearied homage to the ambassador's person. To the last Lord Lyons said: "He is not my dog. He chooses to come with me, but he does not belong to me. I hate dogs." Yet they were inseparable, and the *Figaro* printed a delightful Gallic article on Toby beginning thus: "In the most aristocratic street in Paris there is a magnificent house between court and garden. If a passer-by asks who lives there, the answer given will be: 'Toby, et puis l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre.'"

The exciting chapters in the book are those dealing with the Franco-German War. Sir Edward was in charge of the British Embassy during the Commune, and we have a weird account of the removal of furniture, clocks, and candelabra to the cellars of the house, which looked like a haunt of brigands, piled as it was with archives and valuables, despatch boxes, and china vases. And there, while shells rained on the mansard roof, and the female servants cowered in corners, Frank Lascelles and the author dined in dress clothes and white ties, waited on by the butler and servants in due form. When, after dinner, they went upstairs and looked out, Paris was in flames. Alike for its intrinsic interest and its sunny tone of achievement and content this book is one to read and lightly digest. Whiffles, to be sure, reproached the ambassador, whom he had coerced, with a lack of modesty. Sir Edward very properly told him to "Go to —," and on that lofty note the book ends.

Lookers-on in China.

Mount Omi and Beyond. By Archibald John Little. Illustrated. (Heinemann. 16s. net.)

THE instinct of the traveller is nowhere more clearly seen than in those who endure continual discomfort for the sake of seeing places that are already tolerably well known. Mr. and Mrs. Little are travellers, thus admirably curious, yet at the same time unpretentious. Lhasa, that Mecca of Buddhism, allured them not. Though day by day they cheerily boiled their thermometer to ascertain their altitude, there is evidence that it was in the open pot that science deprecates. They were not in search of records, but of the picturesque.

Mountains too often mean records nowadays, and there are two mountains particularly prominent in these pages. But Mount Omi had until recently "eleven summit temples," and it remains one of the most popular holy places in Sze Chuan. The other mountain, the Sai King, was bought by a young priest for the equivalent of £150—a statement which means the acquisition of a "domain of some 800 acres, perfectly walled in by inaccessible precipices, and approachable only by removable ladders." Both mountains are under 12,000 feet in height.

Mr. and Mrs. Little are, then, acquitted of "renowning it." We never find Mr. Little in lofty loneliness writing in purple ink of that which he has no vocabulary to describe. His book is a picture of the Chinaman and his vassal, the Thibetan, as seen in travels during the 'nineties in one of the richest provinces of China.

Let us begin by showing how he and his wife paid in comfort for the privilege of painting this picture. The following describes the interior of a restaurant rejoicing in the name of the Yung Hua Kuan Tsan, or Perpetually-

flowering Official Hotel, in a town near the celebrated salt wells of Tsz' Liu Ching :

The walls were black, and the floor encrusted with several inches of mud upon which it was impossible to adjust the table upright: there was a floor above, which was inhabited, and we had to send up and request its occupants to keep quiet while we were eating, as every movement they made sent down a shower of black dirt upon our food.

In Mr. Little's diary four days later we read :

Torrential rains in the night [at Kiating Fu], and the water came through freely, drenching poor A[lisia] to the skin. She, trying to escape in the dark to our sitting-room, which, though entirely open on one side, appeared to have a sounder roof, had her shoes pulled off in the sticky mud of the floor.

A night spent in an inn on the Thibetan border produces the remark that "twenty Norfolk Howards" were extracted from his pillow, while at Yachow the poor man had the greatest difficulty in keeping a mob of students out of his wife's bedroom.

The last incident sheds an instructive light upon the Chinese point of view towards aliens. To the "hoodlums" Mrs. Little in a sedan chair was "the foreign woman in a cage," and all foreigners are to Chinamen as strange impious animals, whose practical cleverness in no way atones for their spiritual deformity. It is as at deformed creatures—barely human, however blue-eyed and stalwart they may be—that Chinamen on their own soil gaze at "foreign devils."

And to us he is now the Yellow Terror. For long the oddity of his pigtail and of his inveterate fondness for the letter *l* kept prejudice at bay. Now it is rampant.

But a book like Mr. Little's draws him again for us, and how he is that wonderful being a man with the divine spark unobliterated by his density. Note that suspension-bridge over the Tung river. The roadway lies on the chains, and the chains, "as near the horizontal as it is absolutely possible for a suspended chain to swing," are unsupported by towers, though the bridge is 311 Chinese feet long. Yet the bridge has stood in use without repair since 1703, the year of its completion. It is, then, essentially a wonderful structure, but the small planks of pine which form the roadway are not bound to the chains, and shift about with the traffic leaving many gaps.

Alas for these gaps! They signalise the indolence that drifts into degeneracy. Where are the glories of Cheng-Tu which Marco Polo saw? "The modern town is little more than a vast aggregation of streets, in which the dirt and crowds of Sze Chuan towns generally appear to reach their culminating point." Why does Sze Chuan now suffer from droughts from which once it was free? Because the Chinese have a "locust-like propensity" to

destroy every green thing wherever they penetrate, for when the trees are gone comes the turn of the scrub and bushes, then the grass, and at last the roots, until, finally, the rain washes down the accumulated soil of ages, and only barren rocks remain. This fact accounts for the diminished rainfall, the lessened rivers. . . . The diminished size of the rivers is very marked everywhere.

But the Chinese are excessively superstitious, and officials never shrink from attributing disasters from natural causes to their own misdeeds "in their reports to the Throne." Near Lung Tung Mr. Little noticed the frightful laceration of the mountain tops, the result of eruption, which science seemingly attributes to the action of water, but the Chinese to "the escape of a dragon from its lair." The Littles' boy informed them,

in the present instance, that the dragon lays its eggs on the mountain tops, and that, further, over such a spot the snow never lies, so that, if only the officials would exercise due vigilance, they could trace these spots in the winter and have the eggs destroyed.

Writing in September, 1892, Mr. Little chronicles an example of a more tender, less stultifying superstition than the foregoing :

For the last few days, in all the Chinese villages we passed through, the whole population—men and boys alike—were engaged in writing letters, and we noticed them especially addressing the envelopes with careful calligraphy. At first we could not make it out until we remembered it was the mid-seven moon, when deceased relatives have to be provided with funds to carry them over another year in the nether regions. The big envelopes contain voluminous supplies of paper cash which are ceremoniously burnt and so conveyed to their addressees.

What a picture is that; it might come out of Herodotus. Fifty pages before we saw a phlegmatic woman covered with jewellery cooking her rice at an improvised furnace in the corner of a ruined house, and seeming "anything but sad." Yet she was "the only survivor of twenty-five persons who had occupied the house when a few nights back [before August 17, 1892] the spate came down." "Anything but sad"; it sticks in the gentle Englishman's soul; but the image of the gentle Chinamen writing to their dead banishes the bedizened lady from our thoughts, or one thinks of her as haply no more bedizened, writing to hers.

The element of the childlike consecrates China. Even hideous Chinese law is relieved by passages that Mr. Gilbert might have framed.

There is no tax on distilleries; indeed, theoretically they are all illegal; in the centre of the town of Fulin we noticed a grand proclamation carved in huge letters on a lofty stone tablet prohibiting the cultivation of millet. Why these continue to be issued when no dinner party in China, whether amongst the rich or the poor, is complete without liquor, is one of those things no one, not even a Chinamen, can explain.

Mr. Little had a comic encounter with Chinese law over some wounded coolies and some stolen furs. The accommodating magistrate produced two wretches in wooden collars to vindicate the majesty of justice. But, urged the plaintiff, they were not the culprits. Mr. Little was assured he was mistaken. Furthermore, said the magistrate, "there was no need, as you have seen, even to make a complaint where an insult to foreign travellers has been given." Then, said Mr. Little:

"But where are the furs?"

"Oh, those fell into the river in the dark. We have a guard on the bridge, and no one would dare have stolen them."

"But it is the guard that stole them."

"Impossible! . . ."

Mr. Little was worsted, and, taking one consideration with another, he cannot help liking the Thibetans better than the Celestials. Also, he wonders why the Thibetans, who are strapping fellows bearing arms, remain in vassalage to a "rabble." So do we, and especially why they buy Chinese refuse in the name of tea. And here we say adieu to a very pleasant book.

"Puir Auld Scotland."

A Century of Scottish History: from the Days Before the '45 to Those Within Living Memory. By Sir Henry Craik. 2 vols. (Edinburgh: Blackwood.)

SIR HENRY CRAIK is a very able man and a capable writer, with a style that seems to be modelled on that of Principal Robertson, and we hope he will have as much luck as his pattern, who got £4,500 for one only of his numerous works. Hume was paid £5,000 for the concluding portion

of his history. These facts are eloquent of changes in Scotland. In 1760 literary property was almost unknown. Then came a kind of golden age for authors, and now such prices as we have quoted would be what the daily journalist calls "phenomenal."

Sir Henry Craik's work scarcely seems to us so well proportioned as that of Robertson. He describes the Jacobite rising as a mere episode in the Scottish history dealt with, yet it appears to have fascinated him so much that he could not carry out his early intention of dismissing it with brevity. The best part of a volume is devoted to Prince Charlie, and he could not refrain from telling once more how Lord Lovat, Balmerino, and the rest of them behaved on the scaffold, which is all an Old-Bailey-Calendar kind of a business. Very much better are his elaborate studies of character, which are invariably interesting, even though, in too many cases, the personages have no national importance whatever. The best bit of writing in the book is a graceful and fine appreciation of Dr. Johnson as a tourist, and we are only sorry that it is too long to quote. On the other literary forces that went to the making of nineteenth-century Scotland, Sir Henry is not so satisfactory. He has a great deal about Allan Ramsay, only a mention of Fergusson, and very little that is to the point about Burns, whose merciless wit and satire did so much to break down the harsh, intolerant, and to some extent hypocritical religious spirit inherited from the Covenanters. But evidently his attraction is less towards poetry and *belles-lettres* than to the more solid aspects of literature. His picture of Hume is worthy of a place beside that of Johnson, while that of Scott is quite unsatisfactory. The name of Thomas Carlyle occurs only once, and so trivially that it is not mentioned in the index, although for a great deal of the period covered there is no more illuminating authority than the sage's account of his peasant father and mother, his uncle "home from the wars," Edward Irving, and his own early days at college. In those you get the Scotland, or part of it, of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century painted from the life with a power and vividness unrivalled. The change is a very extraordinary one that Sir Henry Craik works out. Even at the beginning of the nineteenth century Scotland was a poor country, thinly populated. Nobody was so rich that he could get on without economy, and the habits of the majority were frugal and simple. Oatmeal porridge and milk, oatcakes and cheese, formed the general diet. Land was ill-cultivated, and the towns not much more than large villages. Glasgow itself, "a neat and picturesque little town, nestling about the banks of a humble stream navigable only by boats of small draft and scanty tonnage." There were few factories. Now it is exactly like England on a smaller scale. Huge ugly cities—and Edinburgh itself is becoming one of them—attract the toilers from the land. Highland clachan and coast fishing village are deserted, save of the hotel-keeper, the sportsman, and the tourist, and those who baited lines or tended sheep and lived healthy natural lives are to be sought in mine and shop and factory. And with this has come an equal change in manner and thought. The kirk and the "Sabbath" are no longer what they were to the Scot of the day of Burns, and Sir Henry Craik's learned exposition of the ecclesiastical changes that forms so large a part of Scottish life and history reads like the end of a tale that is told. In truth quite a new one has begun, and that under circumstances so different from any recorded in the past that no one yet can tell whether it is developing into comedy or tragedy. Greater wealth, greater comfort of every kind, have come to Scotland, but they have brought new dangers to which not even our author, who is patriotic to the verge of being provincial, is blind. However, that is a matter for the statesman and thinker; it is the historian's business to record only, and Sir Henry Craik deserves a "Well done!" for his performance of it.

Other New Books.

THROUGH SIBERIA.

By J. STADLING.

EDITED BY F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.

Owing to the interest in all things connected with that vast Russian Asiatic empire whence the Muscovite bayonets pour into Manchuria, created by recent events in China, books on Siberia of course tread fast on each other's heels. But the present volume deserves a position distinct and distinguished among the literature hastily thrown together for the occasion, or, at best, with nothing to note it unique. The author, Mr. Stadling, is a Swedish traveller and sociologist, who has a special interest in and acquaintance with things Russian. When the hapless Andrée started on his (too probably) disastrous balloon-voyage to the Pole, Mr. Stadling accompanied him north; and when his anxious countrymen began to desire news of the long-missing aeronaut, Mr. Stadling was fixed upon by the Swedish Geographical Society to travel along the Siberian coast-line, and see if tidings could be gathered from the natives. This was the starting-point of the journey described in this book. Its peculiar value is that he turned aside from the usual tracks of travellers and merchants, traversing districts little known, and even one, in the far north of the Taimyr, which has not been trodden by civilised foot since the remote days of Middendorff. His observations on the country are very valuable. Everywhere in Siberia he found shameless official corruption, and cruel extortion practised on the natives by the merchants. The Taimyr district, as shown by one of the excellent illustrations in the book, is a dreary waste, full of marshes and lakes. What is called a forest appears as a flat sweep of snow, with a few scraggy and leafless larches streaking it at intervals like telegraph poles. At one of his camps, he says,

we were waited upon by a formal deputation, headed by a Dolgan chief, complaining bitterly of the way they were being fleeced and bullied by the merchants, especially by a certain Sotnikoff, who had on one occasion beaten the eyes out of a native because he had sold a fox-skin to another merchant, while other wretched people had been treated in a similar barbarous way. . . . There is no doubt . . . that these poor natives are infamously treated by some of the merchants, and are often reduced to a state of misery and famine, which at times has led to cannibalism, as, indeed, has been officially proved.

It is good to know that this Sotnikoff has been since banished to Yakutsk. The value of the book lies largely in its information about these natives: nomads with their tribes and districts like the old North American Indians, fishers, fox-trappers, or reindeer hunters. Few can realise that one industry is the gathering of mammoth-tusks, which impressively suggests the number of these extinct animals in Siberia. (Constable. 18s.)

ANNALS OF POLITICS AND
CULTURE.

By G. P. GOOCH.

The idea of this work was, it seems, suggested to the author by Lord Acton, who has himself contributed an Introductory Note, besides revising the proofs. For the form, too, he is responsible; and it may be said without modification that both idea and form are exceedingly excellent. It is nothing less than a general chronology, from 1492 to 1899 (inclusive), covering the principal European nations (and, of course, America), with the chief events in Asiatic or other extra-European countries that have bearing on world-history. But this is not all. For, unlike any work of the kind published here or abroad, it combines political with literary, religious, scientific, philosophic, and all other history bearing on the general progress of humanity. By an admirable idea making for clearness, political history has its chronology on the left-hand page, while the other departments, under the general heading of

"Culture," are dealt with in a parallel column on the right-hand page; so that the politics and culture of each year are set forth side by side. By a further device the paragraphs assigned to each subject are numbered, and in a general index of subjects and persons at the end of the book these numbers are referred to. Thus the searcher can ascertain at a glance what are the paragraphs dealing with the subject he wishes to look up, and a world of trouble is saved. Moreover, the reader can readily discover the context of any particular paragraph he is reading. Our sole objection is, doubtless, an inevitable one. When we arrive at recent years the attempt to include so many subjects leads to a certain arbitrariness of selection. The literature, for example, thought worthy of record in any given year displays often some curious judgments of relative importance; and the reader is likely to be tantalised by unexpected—perhaps exasperating—omissions, balanced by as unforeseen inclusions. But, under the circumstances, it could scarce be otherwise, in the work of one man. We are rather disposed to thankful surprise at the much which is given us, than to cavil at the little withheld. Mr. Gooch has done his work with remarkable thoroughness and clearness; and it should be an indispensable volume of reference for every student. We may add that a good, though, of course, far from exhaustive, bibliography is provided of the chief subjects treated. (Cambridge: University Press.)

OUR NAVAL HEROES. EDITED BY G. E. MARINDEN.

Many books have been written about the British Navy since the revival of interest which began fourteen or fifteen years ago, but there is plenty of room for this collection of sketches of our chief naval heroes. In the rush of a general history many men of undoubted worth and valour unavoidably get passed over, and in such cases individual biographies of any length are, of course, out of the question. Here, perhaps for the first time, justice is done to the naval exploits of King Edward III. It is generally said that Henry VII. founded the Royal Navy with the *Great Harry* in 1488; but a hundred and fifty years earlier Edward III. had admirals and ships, and in ordering his two admirals to take the sea in 1339 addressed them in these words: "Whereas our progenitors, the kings of England, have been, in all times past, lords of the English sea on every side"—words which show no heedlessness or unconcern for the naval glory of the realm. In this book, too, the gallant Commodore John Watson, of the H.E.I.C.S., is rescued from undeserved obscurity; and justice is done to the Earl of Torrington, who was so severely blamed for the battle off Beachy Head. The sketches, of which the book is made up, originally appeared in the *United Service Magazine*, and are now edited and annotated by Mr. G. E. Marinden. A feature of the collection is that, where possible, the life of the naval hero is written by a descendant. Thus, Admiral Blake is dealt with by Captain Blake, a Volunteer officer; Admiral Lord Hawke, by the present peer of that name; Earl Howe, by Viscount Curzon, M.P.; Admiral Lord Graves, by Lord Graves and Colonel Frank Graves; Lords Bridport and Hood, by General Lord Bridport and the Hon. A. N. Hood; and so on. The idea is ingenious; and as in many instances the authors have been assisted by an expert in the person of Mr. L. G. Carr Laughton, the experiment is satisfactory. The book is admirably illustrated with reproductions of old portraits, and with plans of naval battles. There is some good, stirring stuff in this volume, and it is prefaced by a breezy Introduction by Lord Charles Beresford. (Murray. 16s.)

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

Volumes VII. and VIII.—being the bound numbers for 1900 of this charming weekly—excel their predecessors, and praise could scarcely go beyond that. But the conductors seem to be ever widening their scope, and filling

out the picture of rural life. The gardens old and new and the country seats, done in finer style than was ever before attempted, are now familiar features. What is new for the year is the attention given to model farms, dairies, shire horses, cows, and other kinds of pedigree stock, the keeping and breeding of which has become a favourite pursuit of the landed gentry, from the King downwards. This alone would impart to these volumes a lasting value, since the pictures reproduce most faithfully the animal and human life on the English farms of to-day; and the articles, written with remarkable clearness, are in the right sense descriptive—that is to say, they are free from gush, accurate, and well-informed, without being so technical and dry as similar compositions are in journals written by experts for breeders. The aim of *Country Life*, as far as we can understand it, seems to be to address those who take an intelligent interest in the topics dealt with, whether they are well up in them or not. Any general reader would feel attracted by the account of Lord Rothschild's wonderful estate at Tring, and the excellence of all his live stock, which includes a notable stud of shire horses, perhaps the finest herd of Jerseys in existence, herds of red polls and shorthorns not unworthy of comparison with it, and a splendid flock of Southdowns. And Lord Rothschild is only one of many. The estates of Lord Baring, the Duchess of Wellington, and Sir James Blyth, to mention only these, are equally well done, so that no finer addition to the library of the country house could be imagined than these two volumes. In turning the leaves one seems to catch a breath of wholesome air from rural England, the England wherein men still sow and reap, rear horses, and fatten bees; where women go a-milking and churning; and life is all tranquil and content, as it was in the olden time. We know of no healthier or more charming periodical, none that we would put more gladly into the hands of old or young. (Newnes.)

By far the fullest Life of Earl Roberts yet issued is Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban's *Life and Deeds of Earl Roberts* (T. C. & E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh, 7s. 6d. net), of which the first volume is before us. It is a handsome quarto, admirably printed and produced. Portraits of great Indian soldiers, coloured pictures of types of the Indian Army, and reproductions of valuable paintings, are among the equipments of the work, which will be completed in four volumes. Mr. Cobban has undertaken a big task, for his work is as much a history as a biography. His narrative is as vivid and anecdotal as any reader can wish, and the care for style and form shown in Mr. Cobban's novels is not lacking here.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen's sea-life sketches have been much to the taste of the readers of the *Spectator*, and their republication in volume form is natural. They are called *A Sack of Shakings*. Mr. Bullen's matter and style are so familiar that we shall only remark that the sketches we enjoyed most are "The Polity of a Battleship," "Ocean Currents," and "The Voices of the Sea." Of all the sea's "voices" the silence of a great calm is in the end the least supportable. "The tension is too great to be borne long with patience. Men feel that this majestic environment is too redolent of the coming paradise to be supportable by flesh and blood. . . . It is like the Peace of God."

William Law's *Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection* is neither so well-known nor so available as his *Serious Call*, but Mr. L. H. M. Soulsby has now made a selection from its pages which Messrs. Longmans' issue as a devotional book. Mr. Soulsby considers that the *Christian Perfection* has certain claims above those of Law's best known work. "The brilliant, sarcastic character-sketches in the latter somewhat divert our attention from our own shortcomings," whereas here "we are, perforce, on our knees, feeling, to use Law's own recurring phrase, 'our own Littleness and the Greatness of God.'" Digitized by Google

Fiction.

Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller.
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

It is not very difficult to understand the exceeding popularity of this book in America, for the story is truly American, "of the soil," and it has good fellowship, humour, variety, and an agreeable inconsequence. The first part of the novel is chiefly Picaresque, beginning as it does with the cross-country travels of the hero, the dog, and Eben Holden. There is a faint similarity between Eben Holden and a certain David Harum; Eben's kindness of heart is less ingeniously concealed, but a horse-deal between the two of them would have surely resulted in a draw. The equine episode on p. 189 might well have occurred in the late Mr. Westcott's tale. The second part of the novel treats largely of New York journalism just before the Civil War, and is remarkable for an excellent portrait of Horace Greeley, the renowned editor of the *Tribune*. The Greeley chapters are a delightful store of anecdotes:

"Mr. Greeley," he said, halting at the elbow of the great editor

"Yes, what is it?" the editor demanded nervously, his hand wobbling over the white page as rapidly as before, his eyes upon his work.

"Another man garrotted this morning on South-street."

"Better write a paragraph," he said, his voice snapping with impatience as he brushed the full page aside, and began sowing his thoughts on another. "Warn our readers. Tell 'em to wear brass collars with spikes in 'em 'til we get a new mayor."

The man went away laughing.

Mr. Greeley threw down his pen, gathered his copy, and handed it to the workman who stood beside him.

"Proof ready at five!" he shouted as the man was going out of the room.

"Hello, Brower!" he said, bending to his work again.

"Thought you'd blown out the gas somewhere."

"Waiting until you reject this article," I said.

Mr. Bacheller is apparently not a professional novelist; but he had in him the material for one good book, he had also some literary skill, and he has produced the book—unpretentious, unshapely, invertebrate, but full of readability. He has not escaped the fell temptation to weave into his character-sketches a love-romance of the common sentimental kind, and there is, perhaps, a trace of the saccharine in the last words of Uncle Eb, afterwards engraved on his tombstone:

I ain't afraid,
'Shamed o' nothin' I ever done.
Alwuss kep' my tugs tight,
Never swore 'less 'twas nec'sary.
Never ketched a fish bigger'n 'twas,
Er lied in a hoss trade, [?]
Er shed a tear I didn't hev to,
Never cheated anybody but Eben Holden.
Goin' off somewheres, Bill—dunno the way nather;
Dunno 'f it's east er west er north er south,
Er road er trail.
But I ain't afraid.

Anne Mainwaring. By Alice Ridley.
(Longmans. 6s.)

THIS novel is not better than *The Story of Aline*; at the same time it is a quite satisfactory product of Lady Ridley's refined, pretty, but not vigorous talent. Like its forerunner, it deals with the mild and bridled passions of gentility in an austere way which is scarcely free from primness. Lady Ridley's pen moves easily and correctly among immemorial seats and Belgrave-square and the ball-rooms of the mightiest. One feels that it is incapable

of a *gaucherie*; one wishes that it were, or that, at any rate, it would permit itself now and then a little freedom. There is no touch of snobbishness in the book, and yet one is made to perceive that a successful barrister (even that gilt-edged creature) barely achieved the lowest circle of the paradise wherein Anne Mainwaring exists. As for the story, it is an old one. Given a family of girls, all fair save one, a conventional mother, and sundry eligible men, and the rest follows:

"We don't quite know what we are to do with Anne," Mr. Mainwaring went on, with a kind of heavy playfulness. "She certainly won't be fit to be a cook, Mrs. Graham, and I should be sorry for the hospital where she was nurse. You're a scatterbrains, aren't you, Gipsy? You don't learn your lessons, and you fight with your governesses. Whenever there's a row you're always in the thick of it—at least so I'm told—and the only thing you take an interest in is scribbling in that mysterious notebook of yours, and drawing pictures—oh, and getting up and going out with the boys in the small hours of the morning, tearing your frocks climbing the trees . . ."

How long is it since the prototype of Anne appeared in English fiction?

The book discloses a fairly broad and unprejudiced mind, and a knowledge of some sorts of human nature. But its literary demureness—one might almost call it *minauderie*—is somewhat trying.

A Wayside Weed. By A. F. Slade.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

WE have here yet another version of "Jenny's case." Miss (or Mrs.) Slade gives the history of Annie Deane's seduction and its consequences with an artlessness which is rather unusual. For, as a rule, the novelist of rustic immoralities has at least a superficial air of profound wisdom and god-like aloofness. But Miss Slade writes of lawless passion in the manner of Mrs. Henry Wood (though more grammatically), and the result is decidedly quaint. She devises chapter-headings like "Alas!" and "Good-bye!" and this is her extraordinary account of the heroine's lapse:

Oh! it was pitiful, but it was all grim reality to Annie Deane.

And he? He knew it, he could not help knowing it, and—he held all women so lightly!

Thus, day by day, they two, the girl of sixteen and the boy of one-and-twenty, drifted nearer and nearer to the brink of a precipice, which to a woman means—ruin. Not all at once. At first unconsciously, then fearfully, then foolhardily, until with a leap and a gasp one of them was—over!

Italics and dashes abound in the story. The "end is happy," at the cost, several times over, of conviction. Further, the author seems unable, in her narrative, to choose between the important and the unimportant. The book might be shortened by one half—we do not exaggerate—with advantage to its effectiveness; it is weighed down by quantities of feeble and futile observation. With all this, there is something in *A Wayside Weed* which extorts respect, some trace here and there of a serious and courageous intention to be true to life and to Miss Slade's own individuality. One or two of the London scenes are creditable, and the sketches of rural character are happily marked by an entire absence of sentimentality. We recognise the infrequent goodness of the book with pleasure, but our praise must be very restricted. It does not appear to us that Miss Slade has, after all, a great deal to say, and her method of saying that which she has to say lacks not only distinction, but the mediocre skill of our workaday manufacturers of fiction.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SHIP'S ADVENTURE. BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

A page from the end we read "The ship's adventure is told"; and when the narrator is Mr. Clark Russell the reader knows the kind of spirited yarn that awaits him. It opens at Dr. Hardy's house near the East India Docks, which commands "a wide prospect of sloping fields and green sweeps," and introduces "a young fellow with something nautical in his lurch." He is George Hardy, chief mate of the *York*, just off to join her. And when he meets Julia, "an old love" who has "left her home for good," we know that the gallant George will look after her, and that Julia is not long for the tame, tame shore. (Constable. 6s.)

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. BY FREDERICK BARON CORVO.

This volume is quite unlike any other novel that has come under our notice. Indeed, it is not a novel at all; it is a collection of sketches and stories, all about Italy, and written in a bejewelled, staccato style. The author is steeped in the lore—the dateless lore of Italy, and Toto, as in a former book, is master of the ceremonies. At the end of the volume are printed six tales that appeared in the *Yellow Book* in the years 1895 and 1896. The author has nothing in common with John Bull. (Lane. 6s.)

THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE. BY E. HOUGH.

This is the first volume in the "Dollar Library," a new series of books by American authors, mainly unknown writers of fiction. Mr. Hough's story opens at Louisburg, in the thick of the American Civil War. In the first three chapters the heroine loses her father, her two brothers, and the youth she was to have married. But time heals all things, and Mary Ellen found, as others have found, that, with the aid of the living, love has a wonderful power of re-birth. (Heinemann. 4s.)

THE GOLDEN TOOTH. BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

A quick, bustling story. Mr. Cobban knows how to write, and how to arouse the reader's interest straightway. It opens with the makings of a good fight, and quickly leads to a murder that interests without harrowing the feelings. One Townsend, "a strange, whimsical person," peering about at the scene of the murder, finds "a false tooth broken from a gold setting." Now, who was the murderer? (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE LESSER EVIL. BY IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

A story of modern life—a drawing-room, "at homes," &c., &c.—beginning with marriage and comedy, and passing by way of villainy and murder to a fire, a further tragedy, and a final explanation—"the Countess of Conysborough is one of the loveliest women of the day, but she has the saddest eyes." The two heroes are Archibald and Kenneth Mainwaring, heir and heir-presumptive to the old Earl of Conysborough. And Kenneth loved Beryl, and did not forget her when he was away three years at Aramaquipa. A pleasant mixture of melodrama and social amenities. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS. BY ISABEL FRY.

A collection of autobiographical sketches of child life, as if one of the children in the Golden Age had, one day, feeling a little retrospective and low-spirited, written down her musings on the wonder of the dawning world. (Unicorn Press.)

'TWIXT DEVIL AND DEEP SEA.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

The cover shows a moonlight picture of Waterloo Bridge; and when the hero found Sheila on Waterloo Bridge he hoped that God had meant her for him. It is Sheila who tells the story, and as it is by the author of *The Barn Stormers* it is hardly necessary to say that *'Twixt Devil and Deep Sea* is melodramatic. The book opens during a performance of "The Bells" at the Lyceum; and if you want to know the kind of girl Sheila was, she was like this—her own words: "I had just been presented. I had just found out that I was a pretty girl, and that people rather liked me." (Pearson. 6s.)

STRANGE HAPPENINGS. BY SIXTEEN AUTHORS.

It is said that the public is not avid of volumes of short stories. But experienced publishers, and they should know, show no coyness in offering them to a fickle world. Here are sixteen tales just short or long enough to pass the time pleasantly in the Tube between the Bank and Shepherd's Bush. Messrs. Lowry, Clark Russell, Marriott-Watson, Mrs. Flemming, and the witty authors of *The Silver Fox* contribute. (Methuen. 6s.)

MY INDIAN QUEEN. BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Historical. On page 9 the hero is to meet the woman "he loved best in the world at Her Grace of Hampshire's house in Soho-square." The company included "hideous Lord Chesterfield, grave Sir Robert Walpole, and dashing Bolingbroke." The Indian Queen's name was Pudmini, and, "now that Cicely was lost, she was the only woman in existence for me." But heroines called Cicely are never lost. It is the Pudminis who die. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

SCOUNDRELS & Co. BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

A new kind of "detective story," told in the first person by one who was in the Syndicate of Scoundrels, and yet not of it. In the forefront of the book "a word in the reader's ear" is whispered, which should mollify criticism. The author refers to *Scoundrels & Co.* as "irresponsible work," and announces that the pages have no purpose more serious than to while away an hour or two by "a yarn." (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE BANNER OF ST. GEORGE. BY M. BRAMSTON.

This tale of the peasant revolt in Essex and Herts is a learned novel of the fourteenth century. "Of course an embroidery, but the framework upon which it hangs is fuller of historical details than often lie ready to an author's hand. It is founded on Walsingham's Chronicle, and I have followed the details there given as far as I could, sometimes finding them so mediæval that they gave quite a shock to the picture my imagination was working at." (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

We have also received: *This Body of Death*, by Adeline Sergeant (Hurst & Blackett); *The Midnight Passenger*, by R. H. Savage (White); *What Men Call Love*, by Lucas Cleeve (White); *John Townley*, by R. Thynne (Drane); *Ray's Daughter*, by General Charles King (Lippincott); *Edward Blake*, by Charles Sheldon (Ward, Lock); *Lady Wilmerding*, by J. Duncan Craig (Stock); *As the Twig is Bent*, by Lucas Cleeve (Digby, Long); *Rival Claimants*, by Sarah Tytler (Digby, Long); *A Syndicate of Sinners*, by Gertrude Warden (Digby, Long); *Sesa*, by H. St. John Raikes (Arrowsmith); *The Adventures of Captain Kettle*, by Cutcliffe Hyne, a cheap edition (Pearson); and *From the Dead Past*, by P. J. Moro (Simpkin, Marshall).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....	17/6
„ Quarterly	5/0
„ Price for one issue	/5

On Obscurity in Verse.

NOTHING is so misunderstood as the obscure. People are in the habit of calling subtle thoughts and delicate sentiments obscure. They thus commit the impertinence of calling the light obscure because it does not shine in their shut rooms, but in its own untrammelled firmament. There is a dull impiety which the gods forgive.

Yet is there an obscurity which is a fault of form, and not a condition of fineness. Let us examine it for a moment.

The case of Mr. Meredith is peculiar. He is the most sociable of those whom the crowd comprehend not. He has "a speech of fire that fain would blaze"; but the crowd oftentimes believe themselves, for their credit's sake, to be the spectator of mere smoke. Especially when he sings does it seem to them—strange irony!—that he is discovered, half-articulate, in a brown study, negligible for all his greatness. One is saddened at the shrug which gives eloquence to the back they turn to the "sun-kissed hill," which is the poet's stage. One is saddened because he wishes to sing to an audience, and with no supercilious intention. He is as desirous of gathering folk around him as any evangelist preaching in sight and danger of unconverted traffic. And he has a message. There lies his personal grandeur and the mischief to his muse. "Love Earth!" he cried twelve years ago:

For love we Earth, then serve we all;
Her mystic secret then is ours:
We fall, or view our treasures fall
Unclouded, as beholds her flowers
Earth, from a night of frosty wreck
Enrobed in morning's mounted fire,
When lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek in mire.

No wonder that the man who could sing his philosophy like that should endeavour to sing more philosophy than his song can hold. It is no wonder, but it is great pity, for none can for long make music the vehicle of philosophy. It is by divine accident only that perfect stanzas accurately sing the truth. It is in the nature of rhyme to torture the ear it was wont to caress when forced to play the school-master for a "term."

Hence the flippancy of a journal, in which both Coleridge and Mr. Meredith found utterance, when "A Reading of Life" was read in the *Monthly Review*. We say "flippancy," as decorum hardly prescribes that the *Morning Post* should publicly acknowledge a poet's "perfect right to amuse himself" on an occasion when his earnestness shows a defenceless skin. Flippancy apart, the *Morning Post* "italicised" a weakness in the poet which was none the less real and regrettable because the *Daily Chronicle* displayed a happy talent for paraphrase. The lines which extorted a barren but "considerable" effort from the paragrapher of the *Morning Post* to understand them were these:

He drank of fictions, till celestial aid
Might seem accorded when he fawned and prayed;
Sagely the generous Giver circumspect
To choose for grants the egregious, his elect;
And ever that imagined succour slew
The soul of brotherhood whence Reverence drew.

It is hardly necessary to consider the explanation of these lines to realise how bad are the last four. Prose had at once disclaimed ellipsis and been more eloquent. No rhyme can pleasure an ear painfully hunting for dropped words to prove an intelligence brought suddenly into competition with the "elect" of another than the "egregious" sort. Here is no tripping mnemonic rhyme, but the Procrustean bed on which noble thought lies, capable, it is true, of identification, but lopped, disfigured.

Yet the stanza which follows is simple, and its music lies like soothing fingers upon the neuralgia of our perplexity:

In fellowship religion has its founts;
The solitary his own God reveres:
Ascend no sacred Mounts
Our hunger or our fears.
As only for the numbers Nature's care
Is shown, and she the personal nothing heeds,
So to Divinity the spring of prayer
From brotherhood the one way upward leads
Like the sustaining air
Are both for flowers and weeds.
But he who claims in spirit to be flower,
Will find them both an air that doth devour.

There, articulate above the rant and scream of Republican Man-Gods, is the divine socialism of fellowship. He who bade men pray "Our Father," not "My Father," implied it, but there is genius in this common chord struck across the ages by a man of innumerable subtleties.

But to return to Mr. Meredith as a creator of the obscure in poetry, it must be observed that the simplicity of the foundations of thought is no guarantee of the coherence of the superstructure. The two leading ideas of Mr. Meredith's "Reading of Life" are simple as any wholesome platitude undamned by the treatment of Martin Tupper. Walk the "balanced mean" between your tempters, he says to man. Be not dragged by Artemis on to her frozen height, nor yet be lured by Aphrodite into her prison-house of debilitating bliss. Each goddess leads men to death if "too devoutly" followed. In a word, be temperate. And, on the other hand, love the Earth, your mother, and conspire not in prayer against man, your brother. Very impressive is this love of temperance, this warm-blooded sagacity which constituted Meredith the Preacher. The prodigal as depicted by him loses, in seeing contented cattle drinking from their trough, the bitterness that antedated his sojourn with swine. Fleetwood, the delicate snob, "perished of his austerities"; Sir Willoughby, the self-centred paragon, lost even the love of a slave in the woman, weary of his exquisite triflings, who became his wife; the brilliant Diana had no thought of Dacre and her venal breach of faith when she felt the throb of her babe under her breast. Lucy Feverel, whom all who know her love as they love Miranda, because she is the very child of Nature, is the victim of the systematiser, whom Nature in all her moods detests. In Nesta, another Miranda, two who had miserably defied the world's convention, "kept their faith with Nature." And nothing less than Nature, the kindly Earth-mother, prompted Rose Jocelyn to enter the tailor's shop at Lymport to give away once more the heart that the aristocratic, fish-cold Laxley could not keep.

In prose and verse, and more—dare we say?—in prose than in verse, has Mr. Meredith been the spokesman of Earth.

He is wise. Earth is the great corrector of values, the great proportioner. Man from her gets a good gospel that shrieks at no other gospel; but beckons to all who but for it were agnostics.

Near is he to great Nature in the thought,
Each changing season intimately saith,
That nought, save apparition knows the death;
To the God-lighted mind of man 'tis nought.
Close on the heart of Earth his bosom beats
When he the mandate lodged in it obeys,
Content to breast a future clothed in haze,
Strike camp, and onward, like the wind's cloud-fleets.

No miracle the shoot of wheat from clod
 She knows, nor growth of man in grisly brute;
 But he, the flower at head and soil at root,
 Is miracle, guides he the brute to God,
 And that way seems he bound; that way the road,
 With his dark-lantern mind, unled, alone,
 Wearily through forest tracts unsown
 He travels, urged by some internal goad.

One burns as he reads, and rubs his eyes to reassure himself that the *Morning Post* really did make that remark about Mr. Meredith's "amusement." But seeing it was made, the thought is inevitably suggested that music is inaudible to many ears because to them it is only sound. Admitting that obscurity is a defect in style, one stands aghast at the multitude of fluent writers who are cognisant of darkness and ignorant of the glories of rhythm, the majesty of phrase—"thunder spitting lightnings on the world." Then one reads their compositions, their leaders and articles, and observes how neat sentence after neat sentence falls like pellet after pellet, connected only by argument—by thought-stuff, as it were—and gathering no rhetorical volume or collective shape as they run. They have scales for quantity, these writers, and grammars for syntax, but they have not ears for delight. They are not, æsthetically speaking, sensual enough. The onomatopœia of a Verhaeren is to them but an eccentricity.

But they are punished, punished by a real obscurity—the persistent and fluent ugliness of poets whose raucous song constitutes an implied slander on the poets of ancient Greece and Rome. Take this:

No, the Christian faith, as at any rate I understood it,
 With its humiliations and exaltations confining
 Exaltations sublime, and yet diviner abasements,
 Aspirations from something most shameful here upon
 earth and

In our poor selves to something most perfect above in the
 heavens.

No, the Christian faith, as I at least understood it,
 Is not here, O Rome, in any of these thy churches;
 Is not here, but in Freiburg or Rheims or Westminster
 Abbey.

And that is Clough—the Clough and the Crow one can scarce forbear saying; it being understood that we yield to none in an admiration, or rather liking, for his satirical gaiety, his human tenderness and bitterness so undonnish and sincere. Still, he could write as we have quoted and by the page together. Why? Surely for no reason but this—an innate ignorance of verbal music, the painful consequences of which the arbitrary adaptation of the man to school rules could only enhance.

We will not blame the journalist for the fact that real obscurity is, when it jingles and alliterates, often mistaken for light. The official bard who for the sake of two *w's* lately sang that "the world seemed widowed," when the whole English-speaking world was wailing the just and inevitable word "orphaned" in his ears, supplies an instance. And Blake gabbling that

Nature and art in this together suit
 What is most grand is always most minute

is harder to follow than in "The Book of Thel." Donne's noisome flatteries and dispraises of women have an obscurity which perhaps Chapman did not attain. For the one insoluble riddle of art is ever this: how can it dare to be unbeautiful? How can it dare to be insincere?

Now in Mr. Meredith the unbeautiful is not ignorant and the artificial is not insincere. His verse refreshes one continually by the variety and originality of its rhyme-scheme, and a technical finish which gives his reader confidence in his sanity even when his thought is most freakish. His harshness is the result of thought, instead of emotion, holding the reins of Pegasus. The noble animal is pulled too hard; there is the agony of dislocation in his rearings. Only fitfully can a Pegasus so mis-ridden retain the sense of wings.

Mr. Meredith renders a doubtful service to the light by his incessant employment of adjectives as nouns. It is true that the unaccompanied adjective, as in the epigram: "Providence and Sir Walter Besant have exhausted the Obvious," gives a shade of meaning which the abstract noun would miss. Thus obviousness is the essence of that which is obvious; it does not convey the idea of persons and things which present manifestations of obviousness. The Obvious, then, stands for the visible representation of obviousness all over the world, and has definite utility. But in the course of one poem Mr. Meredith gives us

. . . the onward stress
 Unto more spacious . . .

also "the radiant roseate," "his rough refractory off on kicking heels," "the widowed's dream of her new mate," to say nothing of "the egregious, his elect." Again, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, in the rush of a song not worth reading at this time of day, omitted the particles. But Mr. Meredith compels his weary verbs to extend their duties across semi-colons, as in the passage which baffled the *Morning Post*. He is devoted to inversions. He adores oddity as though a glimpse of shaggy Pan had sanctified it for him. His metaphors hang all altogether—pure ivory, rich jewels, and common beads on one long string. And withal he is great.

His obscurity is always fathomable and fruitful. The darkest obscurity is the vacuum which Nature abhors. Obscure is therefore a word of criminal significance in literature and in all the arts. The Obscure is not, as some think, the deadly enemy of the Obvious. They are often stealthy allies.

Things Seen.

Equals.

THE feud between Mitchell and the Vicar began that day when he stumped out of church as a protest against the prayer for fine weather. "I don't question the orders of my Superior Officer," the old soldier said later, "He sends His sun or His rain, and it's for the best; anyway, I have to make the best of it, and the best of it I'll make till I get my marching orders." The philosophy of prayer, as expounded by Mr. George Meredith—"when a man rises from his knees a better man, his prayer is answered"—was explained to Mitchell (not by the Vicar), but he would have none of it. "You ask for fine weather because fine weather will put more money into your pockets. Who knows but while you're praying for sun other folk want rain?" So the old soldier ceased to be a member of the church militant, and was added to the Vicar's ill-borne crosses.

I do not suggest that the Vicar had any unworthy intention in building the new schoolroom so close to old Mitchell's cottage that the walls would hide the sun from his roses.

One Sunday afternoon when I passed the cottage Mitchell was not sitting in his porch—and the rose-trees were gone. The flower-bed under the new school-room wall showed nothing but five gaping holes, and five disconsolate shrubs, each about the height of a walking-stick, lying alongside. I withdrew, and concealing myself behind a stack of hop-poles on a neighbouring hillock, watched Mitchell digging five holes on a plot of grass on the other side of his cottage, in the full light of the afternoon spring sun. This plot of grass, to which he had given years of devotion, was as green and velvety as the turf in a college garden. What it meant to him to stab and scatter it no one knows. It must have been like trampling on young birds. I watched him take the rose-trees, and after carefully cutting away the suckers, plant them one by one in their new home, scattering the loose earth

tenderly on their roots, and pressing it down inch by inch with his knuckles. When all was finished he gently replaced so much of the grass as was not damaged. Then he looked from the sun to the rose-trees and—nodded. Then from the rose-trees to the sun and—bared his head. His face was raised, his clear eyes looked straight out from beneath the wrinkled brow. There was nothing defiant in his manner. It was the look of an equal to an equal. He asked no favour. He had done his best for his rose-trees. If the sun shone, that was well. If not, that was always well.

Ambition.

I suppose everybody has some ambition, or ideal, hidden (it is better so) from the casual eye. But this little elderly man, who spent his week-days at a shop in a dingy, noisy street, and his Sundays at the chapel over the way—had he an ambition? I would have said none, except perhaps the desire for goodness according to his light. But one day his ambition was revealed to me.

He was a printer in a small way—handbills, tradesmen's circulars, and chapel ephemera. In the tiny front shop his daughter struggled with the clerical work; in the room behind he and two youths set up the type, and worked a cropper machine. Often we talked a little—of many things, but mainly of the chapel over the way, and its social institute, of which he was a committeeman. Sometimes our talk took a wider sweep, touching even the fringe of world affairs like the Great Steel Trust, and the present dispute between Masters and Printers. The little printer shook his head. "It's greed," he said. "Sometimes," and he looked doubtfully at the two youths who were setting up type, "sometimes I think I'll go back to as I began when I set up all the type myself, without assistance. A man should not want more in life than to serve God, love the brotherhood, and earn his own living." "You mean that you, with the help of your son and daughter, could control this—establishment," I said. "But perhaps you would like your son to have more of a chance in life. I'm told that a good—say, advertisement canvasser makes money." For the first time the little Printer's face was touched with something like enthusiasm. "Thank you, my son will have a better occupation," he said with dignity. "He is eighteen, and—" in that moment I touched the cords of my friend's ambition; as he spoke the shop, his desire to put a check on his growing business, his own personal life faded away, and his real ambition rose like a fountain—"my son is preparing for the ministry," he said.

And I saw in a flash the star in the east that shone for ever before his honest life. There was only one career for a man that profited him. He himself had missed it, but it was to be won by his boy.

The Saintly Hannah.

A Modern Woman's View.

A book about Hannah More should easily be replete with good things. A book about her *could* be, indeed, a positive storehouse of all sorts and kinds of admirable scenes, anecdotes, and reminiscences—a book where one could, exactly as one pleased, get laughter or tears, the pathetic or the grotesque, the beautiful and moving, or the ridiculous and incredible. There is charm in the mere names Hannah More calls up, in the society which she frequented, in the very modes and fashions at that time adopted. Garrick, Johnson, Wilberforce, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Pepys, Walpole, Mrs. Delany, were all her friends. Among her stupendous record of acquaintances even the

fascinating Lord Monboddo had a place. While Hannah herself, sensible, sometimes fulsome, always priggish, without taste, without spirituality—Hannah with her tracts, and her quite extraordinary poetry—what a fund of quaintly interesting things!—time has made her for us.

That Hannah More was figuratively an undiscovered goldfield has long been obvious; and that no one came forward to dig deep, and with immense patience and ardour, into the magnificent resources of the Hannah More circle, was a neglect of opportunity genuinely to be regretted. Then suddenly comes Miss Harland's volume,* careful but insufficient, interesting but commonplace, interspersed with a quantity of excellent quotations, and yet in itself somehow not good enough for the subject—not good enough to be, upon Hannah More and her acquaintances, all that could be expected.

The anecdotes given are invariably admirable. But the moment Miss Harland is left to her own resources, and to personal dealings with the "delectable" Hannah, a certain dullness creeps into the subject. The tracts of Miss More's later years give the impression of overpowering her biographer. To write otherwise than admiringly of a lady publishing three tracts a year, and reclaiming godless paupers to a state of virtuous sanctity, was evidently to her out of the question. Therefore, having also to deal with the earlier Hannah, undisguisedly sprightly, self-conscious, and complacent, Miss Harland loses the courage of opinion, and throughout hedges behind a vagueness of manner that not only leaves her own impressions timidly indefinite, but pales and obscures the outline of the, in reality, by no means ambiguous Hannah.

Cheddar and the tracts are the undoing of Miss Harland. Under the glamour of them she cannot but write lovingly of Miss More's piety. Now Miss More's piety is as follows, and the clarity of its expression is at least unimpeachable. First, however, it must be explained that at Cheddar, a parish in which she and her sisters set themselves, at the inspiring call of Wilberforce, to instil morality among the poverty-stricken and wicked, every virtuous maiden received from Miss More on her wedding day a Bible, five shillings, and a pair of white stockings. It is in reference to this that she wrote: "This summer I have had the satisfaction of seeing the first dawn of hope on a subject of great difficulty and delicacy. My young women who were candidates for the bridal presents which I bestow upon the virtuous *gravelly refused to associate with one who had been guilty of immoral conduct.*" Poor Hannah, it is true she belonged to an age more anxious for the prospect of salvation than for the love that understands; but this extract is not a trivial phrase to pass over and ignore. This extract is the very heart of the woman, the essence of what she had to give in her long labours for ennobling and redeeming the unenlightened of her period. This one short comment summarises her in brief—the compass, the style, the whole quality and fibre of her. The unctuous exultation of the Pharisee was the practical goal Miss More's religion offered. Its reward gleamed a bland and text-expounding superiority—a refusal to mix with sinners, while its foundations were rooted in a bargaining for heaven, commercial in its absolute sense of ultimate personal profit.

Having complained, however, it must be admitted that there are charming fragments scattered about Miss Harland's biography. All the Johnson reminiscences have savour, while every line of the Garrick friendship quickens one's pulse with tenderness. There is a little story of the Garricks, too lovable in its kindness not to quote as Hannah More gives it, though she did her best, poor lady, to spoil it by a characteristic outburst at the end:

Mrs. Garrick came to see me this morning, and wished me to go to the Adelphi (the Garricks' home in town).

* *Hannah More.* By Marion Harland. (Putnam's.)

which I declined, being so ill. She would have gone herself to fetch me a physician, which I refused. But at six this evening, when Garrick came to the Turk's Head to dine, there accompanied him in the coach a minced chicken in a stew pan—*hot*—a canister of her fine tea, and a pot of cream. Were there ever such people? Tell it not in Epic nor in Lyric that the great Roscius rode with a stew pan of minced meat with him in the coach for my dinner.

Of Garrick, indeed, one could scarcely get more charming glimpses than in this life of Hannah More, when, towards the end of his career, he played two execrable plays of her production, and, in conjunction with his wife, made their author an *amie intime* of the household.

But Garrick died, and the prig in the woman became paramount. In the second period of her life it is the reformer, the preacher, that wins her way to corresponding with unctuous Church dignitaries, and it is as a reformer that Hannah More would doubtless wish to be remembered among the great. But it is just in that capacity that Hannah More leaves one unmoved to one's wickedness. Wilberforce, the fiery and soul-impassioned, was her friend; and yet no glow comes to us through all the works of Miss More, no profundity, no force. We are not even made afraid, and saved through the grim entrance of terror, since of love she has nothing to persuade us by. It is sad, but true, that Miss More's spiritual tastes, for all her abounding common sense, were as bad as her literary ones; and how bad these were can be imagined by the selection of the following passage in Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*, upon which to make the statement (it is put into the mouth of Cæleb) that "I know nothing more splendid in the whole mass of our poetry [than this] exquisite and truly classical passage":

Mind,—mind alone; bear witness, earth and heaven,
The living fountains in itself contains
Of Beauteous and Sublime; here hand in hand
Sit paramount the graces; here enthroned
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-failing joy.

Towards the end Miss More's life does yield one or two moving incidents. The grace and dignity of old age were given to her, and tragic partings with the faithful sisters Death claimed before her. The death of her sister Sally, indeed, has a beauty quite unsurpassable. Here at least is spirituality as a living force lovely beyond words, when in a lull of agony so intense, the endurance of those about her was strained to snapping point even to see it, the dying woman, asked by Hannah whether she had comfort in her mind—sanctimonious comfort it is needless to add—answered smilingly: "I have no *uncomfort* at all"—sweeping the tortures of the poor body out of consideration even, so overpowering were the sweetness and power poured, by the visions of the soul, into all her being.

But it is essentially in the middle, and not in the later period of her life, that the fascinating qualities of Hannah More's biography lie, and Miss Harland has excellent anecdotes of the momentous London visits as well as one child's story—very familiar, but too good not to be repeated again. It relates Miss More's first introduction to Thomas Macaulay, then a child of four. "Calling upon Mrs. Macaulay, she was received by a quaint four-year-old boy, who regretted that his mother was not at home. 'But if you will be so good as to come in and sit down, I will give you a glass of fine old spirits.' When his mother asked him afterwards why he had made such an offer to a lady, he answered that Robinson Crusoe always drank old spirits, and he supposed it was the right thing to do."

As regards the Johnson snubbing, in itself too familiar to need repetition here, it constitutes surely the supreme circumstance over which Miss More deserves sympathy, though curiously enough it appears the one occasion upon which she has been denied it.

Briefly, she poured the precious ointment of adulation

upon her uncouth admirer so generously, that, seized with mental indigestion, he made her one of the rudest of his known speeches—a speech instantly made famous as worthy the great man at his best. But, after all, rudeness is a tolerably simple and easy affair. To have been rude to Miss Hannah at this sprightly period, moreover, would not, one would imagine, entail stupendous genius. Besides, Johnson, having encouraged the "little fool" up to the point he did, ought to have behaved like a gentleman, and suffered the consequences of his indiscretion. Added to which, this repudiator of fulsome compliments was by no means guiltless of the same excess when dispensing praise to a young or charming woman; while, in the beginning of their acquaintance, so genuinely was enthusiasm kindled by this lively and taking lady, that he was not unwilling, we hear, to monopolise her conversation for the whole of a social evening. This is what Sally, the sister of Hannah, whose death comes to one beautiful as the scent of violets, wrote of an evening at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, when Hannah and Johnson sat side by side:

She was placed next to him, and they had the entire conversation to themselves. They were both in remarkably high spirits. It was certainly her lucky night. I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was certainly jocular, and the young one very pleasant. You would have imagined we had been at some comedy, had you heard our peals of laughter. They, indeed, tried which could pepper the highest, and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was really the highest seasoner.

It is sad that the close of so fair a beginning should be Boswell's also famous remark that "he would not make the tiger a cat to please anybody," flung in reply to Miss More's not unnatural request (in the face of her subsequent experiences with Johnson) that he would "soften some of his departed friend's asperities."

Miss Harland's book is well worth reading; but a life of Hannah More still remains to be written—a life fuller, more enriched by diverse things, more "bulging," to quote her own admirable expression, with reminiscences, that year by year, as we recede from the mood as well as the modes of that period, become more precious and more "instealing."

The Flood.

THE *Catalogue of English Books* (Sampson Low), for 1900, is the same neat, exhaustive, and accurate work of reference that it has been these many years. But as a human document it makes for depression. You are first amazed by the multitude of one year's books, and then you are amazed by their fewness, and the result is a headache. Of the making of books—that-are-not-books there is, indeed, no end. Are you aware, Sir or Madam, that there were published last year a half-guinea book on *Glus and Glus Testing*; a five-guinea work on *Researches into Leadless Glazes*; a three-guinea treatise on *Toadstools, Mushrooms, and Fungi, Edible and Poisonous: How to Select and Cook the Edible, to Distinguish and Avoid the Poisonous*; and a shilling *Temperance Entertainer*; and have you any guess of the number of such volumes that swell the "literary output" of a year? Have you taken into your reckoning books like these:

Story of Some Famous Bonfires; or, Our Bible and Our Liberties and What They Cost.

Assurance: Thoughts on 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8.

Honey Gathered and Stored: Helps towards Hoarding the Word of God.

Face to Face: Glimpses into the Inner Life of Moses.

Or these:

The Bridge Manual.

The Lop Rabbit.

How to Write for the Magazines.

Everybody's Stamp Album.

Or these :

Sunny Southsea.
Where Shall We Go ?
Road Coach Guide.

Or these :

Etiquette for Gentlemen.
Etiquette for Ladies.
Hints on Etiquette for Volunteer Officers.
Complete Etiquette.

These are but types of the thousands of titles that baffle your search for pure literature. A hundred suggestions and irrelevancies detain the eye. If one chose to play with surface incongruities one would say something about the relations of prices to titles. As a rule, the more ambitious the theme the smaller the price. A book entitled *What is Man ? The Purposes of God Traced through the Course of Time*, is published at half-a-crown, whereas just twice the sum is asked for *What One Can Do with a Chafing Dish*. It seems scarcely reasonable to pay eight-and-sixpence for a *Guide to Scotland*, when for two shillings you can buy a *Guide to Eternity*. The prices set on advice, too, are strangely different. Thus *How and Where to Fish in Ireland* costs you three-and-sixpence, while only a shilling is demanded for *How to Regain Health and Live 100 Years, By One Who has Done it*.

What author wrote the largest number of books last year ? We think the palm must be awarded to Mrs. L. T. Meade, from whose pen came seventeen story-books and novels. She is also represented by four new editions of her earlier works. Mr. Richard Marsh has explained that his apparent extraordinary fecundity is due to the enterprise of the publishers of his earliest novels, who are now issuing them as if they were new. Hence a considerable deduction is to be made from the thirteen entries under his name. In reality he has probably been no more prolific than Mr. William Le Queux, who issued five new novels last year. Mr. Guy Boothby seems also to have talked five stories into his famous phonograph.

Books dealing with the war are found under so many headings that it is not easy to take a census of them. Those with the word "Boer" in their titles alone number twenty-six, while "Transvaal" enters into the titles of nineteen works. A good idea of the congestion of war books is obtained by the following consecutive entries :

Ladysmith, Relief of, Atkins (John Black) 6s. Apr. 00
Ladysmith Siege, Macdonald (Donald) 6s. Nov. 00
Ladysmith Siege, McHugh (R. J.) 3s. 6d. May 00
Ladysmith Siege, Nevinston (H. W.) 6s. May 00
Ladysmith Siege, Pearse (H. H. S.) 6s. May 00
Ladysmith, Siege of, Photogs., 1s. net Apr. 00
Ladysmith Siege, Story, Hallows (F. S.), 3s. 6d. May 00

The importance of the series in modern publishing may be gauged by the circumstance that more than twelve columns are devoted to their enumeration and the books added to them. The more important literary series now in course of publication are these :

Bohn's Classical Library (Bell).
British Anthologies (Frowde).
Chiswick Shakespeare (Bell).
Eversley series (Macmillan).
Flowers of Parnassus (Lane).
Highways and Byways series (Macmillan).
Library of English Classics (Macmillan).
Lovers' Library (Lane).
The Little Library (Methuen).
Little Biographies (Methuen).
Mediaeval Towns (Dent).
Modern English Writers (Blackwood).
Modern Plays (Duckworth).
New Century Library (Nelson).
Periods of European Literature (Blackwood).
Popular Studies in Mythology (Nutt).
Scott Library (Scott).
Temple Classics (Dent).
Temple Dramatists (Dent).

Many good series of a less literary kind might be named, as :

The Cathedral series (Bell).
Fur, Feathers, and Fin series (Longmans).
Great Educators (Heinemann).
Haddon Hall Library (Dent).
Heroes of the Nations (Putnam).
Temple Cyclopaedic Primers (Dent).

On the minor curiosities of the list we have not space to dwell ; but we confess to being rather awed and pleased by the following entry :

Rathbone (H. S.).—*Dunvegan Castle* : Poem. 4to. 31s. 6d.

Correspondence.

Theocritus.

SIR,—While thanking you for your kind review of my *Theocritus* in your last number I feel urged to make one little criticism on your article.

I do not believe that all the pastoral poems of Theocritus are delicate masquerades. Some undoubtedly are—e.g., the seventh, which is perhaps the finest of all the idylls—but in the fourth, fifth, eighth, ninth, tenth, twenty-first, and twenty-seventh we have true pictures of humble life. To doubt that these are *meræ rusticae* is really quite impossible. We must not be misled into thinking that because of their delicacy and charm they cannot apply to peasants. We must not judge of ancient Sicily by what we know of modern Suffolk.

In the first idyll, too, we have a most genuine country scene, with real shepherds and hinds and goatherds. No doubt, the gods are present, but in those days they "walked with men." Even the graceful sixth idyll seems to me a truthful scene rather than a travesty. Still, of course, we must not be blind to the fact that Theocritus had all the *morbidezza* of dwellers in towns and courts in his keen love of the woods and hills and sea waves of his island. We all know how the *ruris amator* of the intenser sort is apt to live in Piccadilly and the real *urbis amator* in the shires.

All the same, Theocritus knew minutely and loved intensely each country sight and sound. His was no second-hand knowledge, but a poetical, passionate, and practical acquaintance. It may be true enough that he and his young poet and doctor friends used in summer-time to go a pic-nicking in the beautiful island of Cos dressed up as goatherds and shepherds, but it is also quite likely that they took *au sérieux* their *métier* for the time being, and actually herded the flocks of the island landholders, spending the intervals between work and sleep in making love and making songs.—I am, &c.,

J. H. HALLARD.

"Peter Parley's Annual."

SIR,—It is curious how, for the most part, the obituary notices written upon that true philanthropist, Sir George Samuel Measom, omit reference to his connexion with the above once famous publication. It seems to have been forgotten that the worthy knight and acquaintance of Dickens, Thackeray, and many other celebrities in literature, was not only the unfailing friend of afflicted humanity as well as of the dumb creation, but also a benefactor to all English-speaking boys. For years he edited *Peter Parley*, and took great delight in his duties. I am afraid the juvenile palate relishes nowadays less wholesome fare than that supplied through the pages of the treasured old *Annual*.—I am, &c.,

CECIL CLARKE.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 76 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best original character sketch, not exceeding 250 words in length. We award the prize to Mr. Ernest Davies, 3, Phené street, Chelsea, S.W., for the following :

THE PROSPEROUS BANK CLERK.

He is forty. A bachelor, though appreciative of women, to whom he behaves with a loaded courtesy. For his own satisfaction he dresses carefully, and wears a gold pin set in an ample tie, with a seal-ring on his little finger. His habits are methodical. At 9 o'clock he reaches the bank; at 12 he goes to his customary restaurant, where a liberal helping from the joint awaits him; business over, he strolls Westwards, smoking a cigar, and will drop into the Criterion bar on his way home.

Having endured poverty in early days he is now inclined to treat himself handsomely. He is generous to others, too, in small matters, and has a kind heart which will soften at any chance tale of misery. His life is a lonely one, but he finds happiness in possessing a sufficient income to supply his wants. His pleasures are simple: a dinner at a restaurant, and frequent visits to the play, with the popular novels and magazines, form his principle recreations. Pictures do not interest him, and for travel he has no desire.

He is thoroughly contented, for he is without cares, and his aspirations are not strong enough to incommode him. Marriage, he thinks, has its drawbacks. But should he meet a widow with a comfortable fortune, it is not unlikely that he would offer her his affections.

[E. D., London.]

We should have awarded the prize to "The Man in Khaki" had it not considerably exceeded the limit of 250 words.

Other replies are as follows :

THE MAN IN KHAKE.

As an assistant in the stores he had no ambitions beyond getting a sufficient increase in his salary to enable him to marry a pretty and commonplace little girl who dispensed tea and smiles at an adjoining cheap-class café. His dreams ran to the luxury of a suburban villa, furnished on the hire purchase system; but a not unlooked-for national upheaval, brought about by the action of a certain Statesman and a certain stubborn, old parochial autocrat, amongst other things, caught up our unambitious friend and transposed him from the tame glory of a frock coat and a tape measure to the drab destiny of khaki.

The mental transition was just as complete. All his former plans of work evaporated, leaving him with only the consciousness that he had committed something heroic, and that his future must, hereafter, take care of itself. He was too utterly unimaginative and healthy to consider the prospects of annihilation *à la* Boer bullet. The campaign he was about to embark on struck him as something between a Bank Holiday at the Palace and his annual summer pilgrimage to Margate. The days that intervened between his enlistment and embarkation were the cause of much joy. He went round to the stores clothed in all the nobility of war, commanding and absorbing the worship of the people he once lived with in some remote and unrememberable post. He lordly patronised the tea girl, and promised to come home with a V.C. and marry her. And then up and down the Strand, booted and spurred, and mailed, even to the cartridge casket, worn ostentatiously outside his great coat. It was an expansion of soul for the little draper, and he might have ultimately developed something akin to individuality, but when he got to the front he Boers, knowing nothing of the psychological aspects of the case, shot him in a first engagement—and that was all.

[L. V., London.]

THE VICAR.

To the casual observer he was little more than a superior specimen of the country vicar. But to his intimates he was the one man in the whole world. You would never have put him down for a saint, but, insensibly, as you conversed with him, the impression took birth and grew that here was a man of larger soul and sympathies than the general—one who, desiring first and above all what is right and just, could yet in a lesser degree appreciate and love the primrose paths of life. Nor could there be a more convincing proof of the loveliness of the man than this—that his presence was no less welcome to the sick and afflicted than to the strong, the hale and happy. But wonderful above all other winning attributes of his was the charm of his voice and laughter. Through the former, like a thread of gold 'mid coarser threads, ran a singularly tender tremor—a low musical shake, as it were, bubbling up from the well-springs of the heart—that made immediate capture of all who heard it, and his laugh was the most entrancing that nature ever vouchsafed to one of human kind. Like the voice, it was low—scarce to be heard more than a few yards away—but the melodious shake of the

uttered words was here reduplicated and emphasised to an extraordinary degree, so that you seemed to be listening to the deep "jug-jug" of the bird of Atys without its sadness.

[A. A. B., West Bromwich.]

THE NEWLY COMMISSIONED.

The Newly Commissioned, however interesting to himself, is rather a strain upon the nerves of his relations. He lives in hourly expectancy of being ordered to the front. Every morning he looks inordinately grave over his letters, especially if there be a blue official envelope among them; and if there be none he looks positively worried.

He is the busiest man in town, and yet, like Chaucer's Man-of-Law, he seemeth busier than he is. He begins by calling in his sister to approve the fit of a collar, the knot of a sash, the curve of a belt. After dashing off a few cheques, he gets himself up to stroll casually into the War Office, perhaps stopping on the way to murder his tailor and to slay his boot-maker.

He drops into the Junior Army and Navy for boxes of cigarettes, and spends much of the afternoon in consuming them. If he chances to be at home for tea, he does all the pretty acts with a semi-sentimental air, which suggests that it may be for the last time.

He accepts many invitations to farewell dinners, and invites the young ladies out to tea (separately) afterwards. When the round is finished, he is not loth to begin again and continue until his orders arrive.

Thereupon, swearing politely at the mountain of luggage which accompanies him, he says good-bye with a nonchalant smile, a lump in his throat, and the stern resolve to come back nothing less than General.

[E. R., London.]

THE NORTHUMBRIAN PITMAN.

Behold him! A stunted figure in drab and blue worsted, with bright eyes gleaming from a coal-smear'd countenance, tramping along blithely to the swing of his lamp, the hardest manual labour known powerless to crush his inborn light-heartedness. The individuality of the race is beyond question, each man being the product of a long line of hard-headed toilers, whose work has accustomed them to independence of thought and action. This accounts for Geordie's rabid republicanism and his lively interest in politics. Rightly, he believes himself second to no man, and treats his superiors in rank with that calm naturalness born of a sense of perfect equality, which gives him unique anthropological charm.

He is good-natured and honest, and a curious combination of simplicity and shrewdness. He is sober, too—except on special occasions, when his potations are long and deep, as befitting his iron constitution.

In keenness of observation he is unequalled, a trained eye meaning to him a matter of life and death. Hence his naturalist propensities, which are of no mean order.

The interests of his home life are varied, and his affection for his family only rivalled by his love of animals. He is as proud of his "bairns" as of the pure-bred hens, greyhounds, and song-birds, which absorb his leisure moments.

The excitements of gambling are not unknown to him, local football matches forming the chief object of his speculations.

Music is a favourite recreation, and a band contest his ideal holiday. A truly many-sided man.

[C. M. J., Hexham-on-Tyne.]

Other replies received from: E. A. M., Shoreham; H. H., Canterbury; E. R., London; J. C., Glasgow; M. J. B., —; M. W. J., Manchester; Miss C., Redhill; M. H. R., Guernsey; Miss G., London; A. S. H., Dalkeith; R. R. W., Sudbury; G. H., Didbury; F. L. W., Bradford; M. J. R., Livry, France; H. J., Hadley; H. W. D., London; A. F., Exmouth; M. M., Richmond; A. G., Cheltenham; K. C., Wolverhampton; E. B. B., Inverness; A. E. W., Greenock; Mrs. S., Mentone; Miss L., Harpenden; R. W. R., London; T. C., Buxted; A. S., Edinburgh; B. A. S., Bloomsbury; F. S. H., Bath; F. B. D., Torquay; C. C., London; Z. McC., Whitby; H. E. M., Glasgow; A. G., Sutton; Miss P., Norwich; A. L. C., London; J. F., Hull; T. B., Cheltenham; A. L. C., London; F. V., London.

Competition No. 77 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best onomatopoeic verses describing the advance of a band of music down a narrow street. Limit, twenty-four lines.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, March 13. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

SOTHERAN'S PRICE CURRENT of LITERATURE.—Monthly List of newly-purchased Second-hand Books.—No. 606, just issued, for MARCH, consists of a Collection of BOOKS in ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Post free from H. SOTHERAN & Co., Booksellers, 140, Strand, W.C.; and 37, Piccadilly, W.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
Importers of Foreign Books,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and 7,
Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS
promptly supplied on moderate terms.
CATALOGUES on application.
DULAU & Co., 37, Soho Square.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

THIRD LIST OF BOOKS.
Royal 8vo, pp. 279-339, and Plates XVII. to XXXVIII.
PRINCIPAL CONTENTS: MUSIC, EARLY PRINTED BOOKS, BINDINGS, BOOKS on AGRICULTURE, AMERICANA, &c.—Price 2s. 6d. post free.
CATALOGUE No. 1, out of print. CATALOGUE No. II, 2s. 6d., may be had, post free, on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.

CATALOGUE, No. 16, of interesting Miscellaneous SECOND-HAND BOOKS, recently purchased.—Post free from GEO. A. POYNDEE, Bookseller, Reading.

BOOKS OUT-OF-PRINT SUPPLIED.—State wants. CATALOGUES free. Books bought. We offer Burton's "Arabian Nights," illustrated, 12 vols., £6 6s. (pub. £12 12s.).—HOLLAND'S Great Book Shop, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each offered for FitzGerald's Omar Khayyam, 1859, 1862, 1868, 1879; FitzGerald's Agamemnon, 1865 or 1876; Euphranor, 1851; Polonius, 1852; Mighty Magician, 1853; Six Dramas of Calderon, 1853. Please report anything by FitzGerald.—BAKER'S Great Book Shop, Birmingham.

FOR SALE, in perfect condition, a copy of the "Standard's" Edition of the LIBRARY of FAMOUS LITERATURE (20 vols., cloth, 1900), together with Bookcase and Literary Pictures. Also Ogilvie's IMPERIAL DICTIONARY (8 vols., Blackie, 1897), in perfect condition. Offers to B. W., c/o Sherren & Son, Booksellers, Weymouth.

STAMPS.—King Edward VII.'s Portrait as Prince, Queen Alexandra as Princess, on Newfoundland; 30 different Portraits of Queen Victoria on various Colonies; 32 genuine varieties, 1s. 1d.—SMITH, Upper Park Road, Kingston, Surrey.

PRIVATE LIBRARY for SALE.—General Literature and First Editions, nearly all new (must be cleared; no fancy prices). Catalogue in three parts. Part I. now ready, post free on application.—W. G. SPENCER, 7, Abingdon Road, Leicester.

ESTABLISHED 1851.
BIRKBECK BANK,
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS
2% on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100. 2%
DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS
2½% on Deposits, repayable on demand. 2½%
STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.
Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

PERSIAN LESSONS—A PERSIAN GENTLEMAN of very high Oriental and European culture offers to GIVE LESSONS in PERSIAN.—Apply H. 12, Colville Terrace, Bayswater, London, W.

RE-IDENT ASSISTANT TUTOR WANTED; experienced; proficient in Mathematics and easy Classics; some knowledge of French and Book-keeping; disciplinarian.—Address, stating salary, "Box 919," Willing's Advertisement Offices, 125, Strand, W.C.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss MESSER, 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

GRAHAM'S TYPE-WRITING OFFICE, 23, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall.—All kinds of difficult MSS. receive careful attention from EXPERIENCED workers. Specimen page and references sent if desired. Over five years' experience.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—Gentleman, experienced in Literary Work, having access to British Museum, will arrange to assist in Research, or seeing Work through Press. Translations from French, Italian, or Spanish.—D. C. DALLAS, 151, Strand, London, W.C.

WANTED by a LADY, APPOINTMENT as SECRETARY or AMANUENSIS to Literary Man, Politician, or in Business House.—Apply E. W., 26, Highfield Road, Derby.

STUDIO, very large and lofty, over 30 feet square, with three small rooms, self-contained, all on ground floor. Private entrance, with fore-court, splendid north light. Quiet situation, near Edwards Square, Kensington. Suitable for a School of Art or a Sculptor. Possession in three or four weeks.—Write for particulars to "STUDIO," care of Willing's, 162, Piccadilly, W.

THE DOWNS SCHOOL, SEAFORD, SUSSEX.

Head Mistress—Miss LUCY ROBINSON, M.A.
(Late Second Mistress St. Felix School, Southwold).

Reference: The Principal of Bedford College, London; the Master of Peterhouse, &c.

UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.
CHAIR of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Curators of Patronage of the University of Edinburgh will, on a date to be afterwards fixed, proceed to the ELECTION of a PROFESSOR of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, in room of Professor Tait, whose resignation of the Chair has been accepted as from 29th April next.

Each Candidate for the Chair is requested to lodge with the undersigned not later than Saturday, 1st June next, eight copies of his application and eight copies of any testimonials which he may desire to submit. One copy of the application should be signed.

R. HERBERT JOHNSTON, W.S.,
4, Albyn Place, Edinburgh, Secretary.
12th March, 1901.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY
(LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months, and 12 Months

CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS of the SEASON ARE NOW in CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE (Second Hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS
SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 49, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., LONDON;
And at 10-12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK!

LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.
6s., claret roan, gilt, illustrated.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE of LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING, A. W. KINGLAKE, and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORFOLK BROADS. THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
BOSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR,
LLANFAIRFACHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.
CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and Pwllheli.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & Co. Ltd., The Railway Bookstalls, and all booksellers.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD'S NEW BOOKS.

Now Ready at all Libraries and Booksellers'.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF
"A ROMAN MYSTERY."

CASTING OF NETS.

The Story of a "Mixed Marriage"
and a Passion for Proselytizing.

By RICHARD BAGOT.

Cloth, 6s.

HIGHLANDS OF ASIATIC TURKEY.

By EARL PERCY, M.P.

With 40 Illustrations from Photographs taken by the
Author, and 2 Maps. Demy 8vo, 14s. net.

THE JOURNAL OF MRS. FENTON IN INDIA and the COLONIES, 1826-1830.

1 vol., 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS.

By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT
MAXWELL, Bart., M.P.

FIRST SERIES.—A New Edition, with additional
Plates, is published this day, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
SECOND SERIES.—Now ready, with Photogravure
Illustrations, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

*• The Two Volumes are now uniform.

London :

EDWARD ARNOLD, 37, Bedford Street.

MR. JOHN LANE has great pleasure
in announcing the publication of "*THE
COLUMN*" (Crown 8vo, 6s.), by
Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT, a new
writer, on Wednesday, March 20.

The Publisher confidently predicts that this
Novel will rank as one of the most
remarkable productions in Fiction of
recent years.

JOHN LANE, Publisher,
Vigo Street, London, W.

MADAME MARIE, SINGER. By
ESTER DATE. LONDON: The LEADENHALL
PRESS, Ltd., 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C.
[Three-and-Sixpence.]

MISS SPINNEY. By the Rev.
SYDNEY MOSTYN, Author of "My First
Curacy." LONDON: The LEADENHALL PRESS,
Ltd., 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C. [Half-a-Crown.]

THE FITZDOODLE MEMOIRS. By
Lord ADOLPHUS FITZDOODLE. LONDON:
The LEADENHALL PRESS, Ltd., 50, Leadenhall
Street, E.C. [One Shilling.]

BALLADS OF GHOSTLY SHIRES.

By GEORGE BARTRAM.

CONTENTS: Under Gimmour—The Warlock's Wooing
—The White Witch of Maverick—At the Cross-roads
—The Deadly Sin of the Mavers—Marian Blood-
worth—The Mungletonian—The Widow—The Fairy
Harper—The Poor Scholar.

2s. 6d. net.

GREENING & Co., 20, Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In large crown 8vo, cloth, fully Illustrated,
price 10s. 6d. net.

THE PEDIGREE OF SHAKESPEARE. SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILY.

Being a Record of the Ancestors and Descendants
of William Shakespeare. By CHAR-
LOTTE C. STOPES.

In crown 8vo, cloth, Illustrated, price 6s.

ALFRED the GREAT: A Sketch

and Seven Studies. By WARWICK H.
DRAPER, M.A., late Scholar of University
College, Oxford. With many Illustrations and a
Map, and a Preface by the BISHOP of HERE-
FORD.

SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION.

In crown 8vo, cloth, Illustrated, price 6s.

RAMBLES ROUND the EDGE

HILLS: or, In the Vale of the Red Horse.
With a Full and Graphic Account of the Battle of
Edge Hill. By Rev. GEORGE MILLER, M.A.,
Vicar of Radway.

"Mr. Miller is master of his subject, and his account
of the Battle of Edge Hill is as thorough as it is con-
cise."—*Academy*.

"A thoughtful and informing work of the kind of
which we have too few at the present day."
Birmingham Daily Gazette.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BLACK COUNTRY SKETCHES.

A Series of Character Stories Illustrating the Life
of the District. By AMY LYONS.

NEW NOVEL.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

LADY WILMERDING of MAISON

ROUGE: a Tale of the Riviera. By J. DUNCAN
CRAIG, M.A., D.D., Soci Don Felibrice.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

RUDOLPH SCHROLLE. A

Tragedy in Blank Verse. By E. G.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s.

THE ROMANCE of the BOER

WAR: Humours and Chivalry of the Campaign.
By MACCARTHY O'MOORE, Author of "Tips
for Travellers; or, Wrinkles for the Road and
Rail."

NEW STORY FOR CHILDREN.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

PEGGY, a SCHOOLGIRL; or,

The Sleeper Awakened. By FRANCES STRAT-
TON. Author of "Nau the Circus Girl," "The
Rival Bands," &c.

In crown 8vo, tastefully bound, price 2s.

MARRIAGE: its Institution and

Purpose. By J. S.

"The work is written in a very dignified style, and
must deeply impress the thoughtful Christian reader."
Echo.

In large 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth and fully
Illustrated, price 15s. net.

SWEET HAMPSTEAD and its

ASSOCIATIONS. By Mrs. CAROLINE WHITE.
With numerous Illustrations of Eminent Persons,
Historic Houses, and Picturesque Localities.

"Hampstead is extraordinarily rich in literary
associations, which Mrs. White chronicles with a
charm of style born of true enthusiasm."—*Outlook*.

"A book which is as interesting as any novel, and
one which will live possibly as long as Hampstead
itself, whose memories it records so sympathetically."
Speaker.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers.

EAST LONDON.

By WALTER BESANT,
Author of "London," "Westminster," and "South
London."

With an Etched Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER, and
55 Illustrations by PHIL MAY, L. RAVEN HILL, and
JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 18s.

A HISTORY of the FOUR GEORGES and of WILLIAM the FOURTH

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY and JUSTIN
HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

Vols. III. and IV. (completing the Work), demy 8vo,
cloth, 12s. each. [March 21.]

R. L. STEVENSON:

A Life Study in Criticism.

By H. BELYSE BAILDON.

With 2 Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.
"An interesting and readable book.... A useful con-
tribution to modern criticism."—*Yorkshire Post*.

POPULAR SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE LONE STAR RUSH.

By EDMUND MITCHELL.

With 8 Illustrations by NORMAN H. HARDY.

THE CHURCH of HUMANITY.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,
Author of "Joseph's Coat."

THE BLUE DIAMOND.

By L. T. MEADE.

"A story of absorbing interest.... It has a dramatic
ending."—*Scotsman*.

THE LESSER EVIL.

By IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

QUALITY CORNER.

By C. L. ANTROBUS,

Author of "Wildersmoor," &c.

"The setting is excellent, the Lancashire rustics are
delightful, and the whole story, in style, sentiment, and
delicacy of touch, far above the average."—*Spectator*.
"Interests from the beginning."—*Outlook*.
"From beginning to end.... one realises with grati-
tude that a novelist of no small power is giving us of
her best. We can recommend this book with an un-
usual certainty of pleasing our readers."—*Literature*.

A PATH of THORNS.

By ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

"A romantic tale, full of point and picturesque-
ness, well constructed and equally well told.... Mr. Vizetelly
has a real story to tell, and tells it with the facile skill
of a good workman."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MAX THORNTON.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE,

Author of "The Fossicker."

With 8 Illustrations by J. S. CROMPTON, R.I.
"His adventures were both daring and romantic,
and they are told with a spirit and a dash that make
them as exciting as anything in Rider Haggard."
Glasgow Herald.

THE INIMITABLE

MRS. MASSINGHAM.

By HERBERT COMPTON.

"One of the really good novels of the year."

Manchester Guardian.
"It is a fascinating book."—*Liverpool Post*.

A MISSING HERO.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER, Author of "The Wooing o't."
THIRD EDITION.

"A very delightful story."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"Surprisingly readable."—*Manchester Guardian*.

ECCENTRICITIES of GENIUS: Memories of Famous Men and Women of the Platform and the Stage.

By Major J. B. POND.

With 91 Portraits. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s.
"An interesting and amusing book.... a perfect
mine of entertaining anecdote."—*To-day*.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1506. Established 1869.

16 March, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

WE comment elsewhere on the rush and noise of the literary market-place. There is the more reason to feel interest in an attempt to revive a quiet individual literary form like the eighteenth-century essay published as a weekly paper. It is Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* that has been selected for re-birth. In No. 208 the Doctor took a sonorous and melancholy farewell of his journalistic child. Mr. Herbert Vivian will issue No. 209 shortly. We only wish that a copy might be conveyed to the Doctor in the Elysian Shades, and that the messenger could bring back to us Boswell's report of the great man's astonishment. We wish well to Mr. Vivian's venture, which, if well handled, should be refreshing.

ON the twenty-fifth of this month Mr. George Moore shakes off the dust of this unbearable island from his feet, and removes his household effects to Dublin. There, in the pages of the *Leader*, from week to week, he will tell his countrymen why he found existence in England no longer bearable. Those who are curious to read about this revolt of the literary Irish will find their protests and pleadings set forth in a slim volume published by the Unicorn Press, called *Ideals in Ireland*. It is edited by Lady Gregory and contains essays by Mr. Moore, A. E., the Editor of the *Leader*, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and others.

MR. MOORE leaves his work in order. He has re-written, or rather re-spoken to a typist the whole of *Evelyn Innes*, with the result that, in spite of additions, there are now fewer pages by ninety. This revised version will be published at sixpence. The sequel, *Sister Theresa*, is also finished.

AN Edinburgh correspondent sends us the following: "Addressing his students last week on the intoxications (in medicine the term extends from alcoholism and ptomaine poisoning to the drug habits), Dr. Wyllie, the Professor of Medicine in Edinburgh University, adduced an experience of his that is not without its literary moral. He was called one day to see a young man. As he was entering the house the patient's sister exclaimed: 'Oh, it's all that horrid book!' Inquiry elicited the fact that the patient's favourite reading was *Sherlock Holmes*. The young man was in a very low state, and his tell-tale arm was dotted with hypodermic punctures. His admiration for the most popular of paper detectives had betrayed him into the cocaine habit. Taking this case as text, Dr. Wyllie permitted himself a sentence or two of severe stricture on Dr. Conan Doyle's knowledge of the action of drugs: 'If such a man as Sherlock Holmes had existed, dosing himself as depicted by his creator, in a few weeks his opinion on anything would not have been worth having.' Cocaine, according to Dr. Wyllie, is even more disastrous than morphia. It renders its subject vain-glorious and pleased with himself, but blunts the intellect and blasts the imagination."

FAME comes to Mr. Bernard Shaw along many and various channels; but who would have thought to find him giving his name to a flower? Yet in Messrs. Kelways' calendar, under the heading of "Fine New Cactus Dahlias for 1901," is: "Bernard Shaw, lovely dark salmon-red, tinted salmon-pink. Strong, good habits; long flower stems." Perhaps it is not wholly unsuitable that this dahlia is the cactus variety.

"THAT means larks" was the comment of a *flâneur* on hearing that Mr. Frank Harris was about to issue a new sixpenny weekly paper, to be called *The Candid Friend*.

THE contents-sheet of the new number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* promises some good reading. Among the articles are: "The Custom of Biography," by Mr. Edmund Gosse; "A Word More About Verdi," by G. Bernard Shaw; "The Brownings," by Wilfred Meynell; and "Plays of the Modern French School," by John Oliver Hobbes.

THE Chair of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University will become vacant at the end of April. Applications, with testimonials, should be lodged with the Secretary to the Curators before June 1.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS's plain speaking in *Ephemeræ Critica* has provoked some plain speaking from the critics. "A Man of Kent," in the *British Weekly*, who always has a point of view, and knows how to put it, says:

I cannot get over the fact that Mr. Churton Collins himself recently published an edition of the earlier poems of Tennyson, which I have no hesitation in saying was the most slovenly and inaccurate piece of work in literary history that ever passed through my hands. Its errors were glaring, and the more closely one examined the book the more errors he found. In fact, I spent several nights testing it, and laid it down with the feeling that it was so bad that it was better to say nothing about it. A man who gave the world such a book and allows it still to be circulated is not in a position to criticise, say, Mr. Saintsbury or Mr. Gosse. Both of them make mistakes, but there are as many mistakes in Mr. Churton Collins's Tennyson as in Mr. Gosse's *Life of Donne*, and I do not see what right he has to call names.

AMONG the pleas for "neglected books" published in our issue of February 16, the name of Alexander Smith figured. In Messrs. Nimmo's, of Edinburgh, list we observe cheap editions of two volumes by Alexander Smith: *A Summer in Skye* and *Dreamthorp*. This may bring some comfort to the correspondent who, finding *A Summer in Skye* "at least as fine as *Travels with a Donkey*," asked: "Why, then, is Smith confined to the waste-basket of forgetfulness?"

THE report of Messrs. Chapman & Hall shows a profit of £17,074. A dividend of 4 per cent. is to be paid. Messrs. Chapman & Hall have paid the full preference dividend of 7 per cent., and the arrears of half a year. Mr. W. L. Courtney was congratulated at the meeting on his enterprising and successful conduct of the *Fortnightly Review*.

In the current *Forum* is an interesting, though not too accurate, appreciation of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. The writer is quite wrong in representing that Mr. Harmsworth was the first to perceive the rise of a vast Board-school constituency of readers, whose needs he satisfied with *Answers*. Sir George Newnes it was who saw this need, and met it with *Tit-Bits*. The writer actually represents *Tit-Bits* as an imitation of *Answers*. He repudiates the idea that the "tabloid journalism" advocated by Mr. Harmsworth is likely to satisfy Americans, although from America it took some of its inspiration. He says: "Fortunately, the American newspaper reader has not yet reached the tabloid state. He wants his news presented as concisely as possible; he does not want long disquisitions on recondite subjects which have no possible interest for him; he cares more for news than views; but he does not care for a diet of scraps. If a story is to be told he wants it told in full; and if it is well written and has intrinsic importance, he does not find two or three columns any too much. He does not want essays served with his breakfast coffee, but he is prepared to read a not too abstruse article which may instruct him. In other words, his appetite is too healthy to be satisfied with tabloids."

No modern writer's workshop secrets are more easily come at, and more profitable, than those of Alphonse Daudet. The *Life of Daudet* by his son is a treasury of wise saws and close instances of the literary life. Daudet, as is pointed out by a writer in the *American Bookman*, was not a giant like Balzac or Molière. He was a craftsman like Stevenson, in whom mere dogged industry went for much. He filled note-books and emptied them. "It was his system of work. All through his literary life he was jotting down observations and thoughts, sometimes condensed to one finely written line, by which he was able afterward to recall a gesture, a word, or a tone, and to develop and magnify it for use in some important work. He was for ever blackening sheets. In Paris, in the country, travelling, these little note-books were always with him. He was constantly looking out for striking proper names, believing with Balzac that there was in names a characteristic physiognomy, a certain likeness of the people who bear them. And of his characters one may say, as one says of Balzac, that the substitution of other names would make them seem incongruous." We doubt whether young writers sufficiently understand the value of note-book work. It is the perpetual gathering in of wheat and tares that enables the young Levite to produce good show bread for the Tabernacle.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is often credited with having described Macaulay's style as "a perpetual appearance of hitting the right nail on the head without the reality." Mr. Aaron Watson, writing to the *Speaker*, points out that Arnold did nothing of the kind. He was speaking of Hepworth Dixon, whose style he described as "middle-class Macaulayese," and then he applied to this style the words which he is too often supposed to have applied to Macaulay's own.

THE reader who ventures on Miss Agnes Groves's article in the *Westminster Review*, entitled "Mispronunciation and Middleclassdom," carries his social status in his hands, and must be prepared to lose it irretrievably. Many of the writer's points, be it acknowledged, are excellent; but there is—we must use the word—a sniffiness about the article which is calculated to annoy anyone whose sense of humour does not come speedily to his rescue. For example, scorn is emptied on those who "ride" in a carriage, train, or cab. Very good; but why add: "And if the latter were a hansom, and one of these were its sole occupant, he or she would probably betray him or herself by sitting in

the middle of the seat"? Anything more absurd than this we do not often read. The sole occupant of a hansom cab sits in a corner seat for the very good reason that this is the safe and comfortable position. But if, in a mood, he wishes to look at the street, and sits in the middle of the seat to do so, he betrays his middleclassdom! No, life is not so hard to live as that. But, as we have said, Miss Groves makes her points, though her tests are too Belgravian. You should not call a "blouse" "blowse" or "envelope" "envelope." You certainly should not say "photoed," and it is a sign of grace if you never talk of "wiring" to your friends. You should try to give a correct value to the *e* in "jewel," "towel," "enamel," and "moment." You should not ask your guest whether he "takes" sugar. You should not be of those "who talk about a 'dress' when they mean 'gown,' and being 'gowned' when they mean 'dressed.'" Miss Groves prefers honest "napkin" to *serviette*, and so do we. On the other hand, you need not avail yourself of those aristocratic privileges to which Miss Groves herself clings in defiance of principle. You need not say "di'mond" for "diamond" unless you please. To sow your discourse with "ain'ts" and clip your "ings" is aristocratic, but foolish.

APPROPOS of the "pen pictures" we published a fortnight ago, a correspondent sends us the following brilliant "pen picture" of Vaekehu, sometime Queen of Cannibals in the Marquesas. We should like to see a Vaekehu Birthday Book. The extract is from Stevenson's last volume, *In the South Seas*:

This was a queen of cannibals; she was tattooed from head to foot, and perhaps the greatest masterpiece of that art now extant, so that awhile ago, before she was grown prim, her leg was one of the sights of Tai-o-hae; she had been passed from chief to chief; she had been fought for and taken in war; perhaps, being so great a lady, she had sat on the high place, and throned it there, alone of her sex, while the drums were going twenty strong, and the priests carried up the blood-stained baskets of long-pig. And now behold her out of that past of violence and sickening feasts step forth, in her age, a quiet, smooth, elaborate old lady such as you might find at home (mittened also, but not so well mannered) in a score of country houses. Only Vaekehu's mittens were of dye, not of silk; and they had been paid for, not in money, but the cooked flesh of men. It came in my mind with a clap what she could think of it herself, and whether at heart perhaps she might not regret and aspire after the barbarous and stirring past. But, when I asked Stanislae, "Ah!" said he, "she is content, she is religious, she passes all her days with the sisters."

MRS. L. T. MEADE, to whose industry as a writer we referred last week, ought to know as much as anyone about the mind of the English girl. In an interview with an emissary of *Great Thoughts* she has stated her opinion that girls require more excitement and movement in books than did their mothers: "You won't get a girl, except with great difficulty, to read Miss Charlotte Yonge, and yet think how *The Heir of Redclyffe* was the rage in my girlhood. Her books, they say, have too many characters, and girls now have no time to bother over them. The honest truth of the matter is, I think, that people nowadays, with all their veneer of smartness and quickness and movement, are very lazy. And they are very excitable; they want to dash into movement at once." Only last week we gave the titles of some quiet, old-fashioned books preferred by girls. But then these girls belonged to that "Quaker rule which doth the human feeling cool"—always excepting the Hesters.

"TRUE Landorians," Mr. Sidney Colvin has said, "may be counted on the fingers." Nevertheless, the *Pilot* has opened its columns to three articles on Landor by Mr.

W. S. Lilly, of which the first, on "The Man," appeared last week. In his second paper Mr. Lilly will discuss Landor's claim as an artist, and in a third his position as a critic. The "Man" comes out well and truly in the first article. Although Mr. Lilly thinks wrath was the very essence of him, he does full justice to his gentle depths, and it is delightful to think that a man who could throw his cook out of the window in a paroxysm of rage could care so tenderly for flowers that he would never pluck one, but wrote :

"Tis, and ever was, my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose : the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached it : the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.

LANDOR is the subject, too, of an article in the *New York Critic* for March. The writer is Mr. G. E. Wall, who has had the good fortune to pick up on a Chicago bookstall a copy of Aubrey de Vere's poems, presented to Kate Field by Landor in 1861, and, as the inscription shows, at Florence. The value of the book consists in Landor's pencilled marginal notes. The marginal notes of such a man must needs be fascinating. Mr. Wall writes :

The preface speaks of "the great mystery of Joy and Grief, Life and Death," as "pressing heavily upon the minds of pagan Greece."

"Not very—witness Anacreon, Bion, and others," wrote Mr. Landor, who of all modern writers was best prepared to interpret the minds of ancient literary pagans.

To the line,

"From the proud meadows arched along the sea,"

is appended the word "stuff"; the expression, "green with jealousy," is condemned as "too Elizabethan"; but adverse comment is more than neutralised by praise. A line in honour of *Hermes*,

"And breathe a sudden spring on valley and plain,"

is styled "Miltonian." A poem entitled "Allegory" is so highly commended that we read it with curiosity. The octave runs thus :

"You say that you have given your love to me.

Ah, give it not, but lend it me; and say

That you will oftentimes ask me to repay,

But never to restore it; so shall we,
Retaining, still bestow perpetually :

So shall I ask thee for it every day,

Securely as for daily bread we pray :

So all of favour, not of right, shall be."

"Like Shakespeare, but better," is the comment.

THAT flowery "too-good-to-use" rejection form with which Chinese editors are said to favour their unsuccessful contributors, and which we quoted many months ago, continues to amuse mankind. It has reached the office of the *New York Life*, where it has inspired some humorist on the premises to draw up a reply form for the use of authors. These forms are offered to literary aspirants at special rates per thousand. The communication runs as follows :

The author regrets the editor's inability to appreciate a Truly Good Thing.

The rejection of a MS., however, does not necessarily imply that the editor is lacking in merit, merely that he is lacking in judgment.

As many thousand MSS. are returned to him annually, the author cannot enter into correspondence with each editor personally concerning the deficiencies of his taste. Nor can the author give his reasons for considering the editor blind to the best interests of the magazine.

Because, as an editor, he does not meet the present requirements of the author does not argue that he would

not be successful elsewhere in some other position. He might make an excellent dry-goods clerk or an entirely satisfactory coal-stoker.

(Signed) THE AUTHOR (per Himself).

ARE first editions of Byron rising in value? That they are in some demand is indicated by the following list of "wanted books," advertised by a book-selling firm in the *Publishers' Circular* :

Byron's *Childe Harold*. 4to, boards, uncut. 1812.

— *Don Juan*. Do. 1819.

— *Monody on Sheridan*. Wrappers, uncut. 1816.

— *Ode to Napoleon*. Do. 1814.

— *Deformed Transformed*. Do. 1824.

— *Bride of Abydos*. Do. 1813.

— *Beppo*. Do. 1818.

— *Giaour*. 1813.

— *Island*. 1823.

Any other Byrons, fine uncut copies, and first editions only, please report.

Meanwhile adventurous sums are being paid for first editions of Stevenson's works. At Sotheby's, last week, *Deacon Brodie* fetched £10; *Beau Austin*, £10 15s.; *Father Damien* (1891), with two autograph corrections by R. L. S., £27 5s.; *Moral Emblems*, £11 15s. A first edition copy of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* brought £3 6s.; of Mr. Meredith's *Richard Feverel*, £2 3s.; Edward Fitzgerald's *Polonius* fetched £11 10s.

KENSINGTON now has an organ for its culture. *The Kensington* is its title; it is broad in the page, handsomely printed, and decidedly Art-y. It will contain criticisms of painting, music, and the drama, poems, essays, dialogues, and discussions, &c., besides monthly letters from Paris, Rome, Munich, and other "art-centres." For Kensington there will be antiquarian lore, and patterns in leather-work, carving, needlework, &c. As is the programme so is the first number, in which we find articles on "The Present Position of French Impressionists," "The Sculptors of the Italian Revival," "The Progress of Stage Costume," "England and Purcell," "Sir Frederick Bridge and Handel's *Messiah*," and "The Lyric Poetry of Robert Bridges." Great care has been taken with the illustrations, one of which, a reproduction of a sketch by Claude Lorraine, from the British Museum, is very charming.

THE following title is not familiar to us :

MY NEW CURATE: A Story gathered from the Stray Leaves of an Old Diary. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P. Doneraile (Diocese of Cloyne). Author of "Geoffrey Austin, Student," "The Triumph of Failure," &c. (Boston, Martier and Co., Ltd.) (London and Lamington, Art and Book Co., 1900.)

But to this book "C. K. S." of the *Sphere* devotes more than a column of praise. He tells us that the book has been selling so far only in Roman Catholic circles, but that it deserves the attention of the Protestant community. It certainly does if it is "the best study of Irish life and character that has been written for many years," and if it is "beautifully written."

"KING HENRY THE FIFTH," after a long and prosperous career at the Lyceum Theatre, will begin next week a tour through the provinces. Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. William Mollison are to be congratulated on the success of their bold venture. The presentment of the play lost nothing by its long run; indeed, Mr. Waller's Henry V., Mr. Mollison's Pistol, and Mr. Robson's Fluellen gained in mellowness without the loss of vigour. It is highly satisfactory to know that there is a large public ready to encourage serious actors to produce classics. The public, we believe, is eager for good plays, but the presentment must be intelligent and capable. Henry V. was that—and more.

FROM THE "ACADEMY" OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.
MARCH, 1871.

It may be affirmed that Mr. Darwin has all but demonstrated the origin of man from some inferior animal form—that he has proved the vast importance of sexual influences in modifying the colours and the structure of the more highly organised animals—and that he has thrown fresh light upon the intricate question of the mode of development of the moral and intellectual nature of man. Yet it must be admitted that there are many difficulties in the detailed application of his views; and it seems probable that these can only be overcome by giving more weight to those unknown laws whose existence he admits, but to which he assigns an altogether subordinate part in determining the development of organic forms.—[From a review of *The Descent of Man*.]

Mr. Browning's poem, "Hervé Riel," in the March number of the *Cornhill*, is perhaps less striking than its subject. The story of how a common Breton sailor saved Damfreville's squadron after La Hague is told with picturesque and breathless energy, and the paradoxical modesty which was taken at its word receives its full effect. But as the character was too simple for analysis, Mr. Browning's special power hardly finds a field. Perhaps the most curious thing about the poem is the reflection it suggests, that the picturesque of Mr. Longfellow when he lays aside his sentiment approximates to the picturesque of Mr. Browning when he lays aside his subtlety.

Bibliographical.

THE boom in Tennyson is by no means over. The name is still one with which to conjure mightily. The fact that there are so many monographs of Tennyson in existence has not deterred Messrs. Dent from announcing him as the subject of one of their "Cyclopædic Primers." Mr. Morton Luce has written the book, and it will be admitted that he is an accomplished Tennysonian. One remembers his *New Studies in Tennyson* and his *Handbook to the Works of Tennyson*, both produced early in the nineties. Then Mr. A. H. Miles is going to make the bard of Aldworth the first of his "Poets for the People"—a series similar in aim, I suppose, to one which was projected and edited by Mr. Stead. Mr. Miles will, in this connexion, add one more to the biographical sketches of the poet. Nor is this all. The Cambridge University Press has decided to add to the separate editions of *In Memoriam* (so lately edited both by Mr. Gollancz and by Mr. Beeching). With the text will be given a "commentary," for which, surely, there is nowhere any breathless demand. Robertson, of Brighton, gave us his "Analysis" of the poem in 1862; Dr. Gatty his "Key" to it in 1881, and Mrs. Chapman her "Companion" to it in 1888. Besides these, there have been volumes on its "Purpose and Structure" by J. F. Genung (1884), and some "Prolegomena" to it, with index, by T. Davidson (1889). Altogether, the editions of *In Memoriam* and the books devoted to it form quite a little library in themselves.

Mr. J. M. Stone proposes to give us a new Life of "Bloody Mary"; Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy will do the same service for Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; and Mr. Walter Sichel is to produce a new "study" of Lord Bolingbroke. There is room, I think, for all three promised works. Of Mary I. of England there is in existence only one regular biography, that by Miss Strickland, though there is plenty of biographical material in the State papers and elsewhere, of which Mr. Stone, we may be sure, has made due use. The portraits of the Queen painted by Lingard and Tytler have little vitality, and I should be disposed to say that for the real Mary the student had best go to the dramas of Tennyson and De Vere. Duchess Sarah, too, has had only one formal

biographer—the Mrs. Thomson who brought out that lady's *Memoirs* over sixty years ago. The *Private Correspondence*, which came out in 1830, and the further *Letters*, published in 1875, have of course been utilised by Mr. Molloy, who has already written "popular" accounts of such worthies as Peg Woffington, Edmund Kean, and so forth. The most recent biography of Bolingbroke is that by Mr. Arthur Hassall, published in the "Statesmen" series in 1888. Mr. Sichel's book, apparently, will be biographical only so far as is necessary for the "vindication" of his hero.

I announced a little while ago the imminent publication in book form of the address delivered by Prof. Ferguson on vacating the presidency of the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society. The Address has now been issued, under the title of *Some Aspects of Bibliography*, by Mr. G. P. Johnston, of Edinburgh. It makes quite a substantial tome, the Address (which runs to fifty-two pages) being followed by an elaborate Appendix (which runs to another fifty). This Appendix is a sort of Bibliography of Bibliographies, and its only fault is that the entries are not arranged either alphabetically or chronologically: they have been put together solely to illustrate the eighth section of the Address, in which the author describes the various forms that Bibliography may take. Despite this drawback the Appendix is very welcome, while the Address itself should be of much practical service—first, by making clear the nature and aims of Bibliography, and, secondly, by indicating the many different directions in which bibliographers can work. The combined utility and attractiveness of the bibliographical art have never been more successfully asserted than by Prof. Ferguson in this brochure.

In the new volume of *The English Catalogue* I find this entry: "Pæd (Mrs. Campbell)—As a Watch in the Night: Drama of Waking and Dream in 5 Acts." This, I have no doubt, is an accurate transcription of the title, but it shows how misleading a mere transcription may, on occasion, be. It is possible that persons not very well acquainted with current literature might assume, from the above, that *As a Watch in the Night* is a play, whereas it is, of course, only a romance, to which the authoress has given a fantastic sub-title. It is, I fear, too much to expect that cataloguers should add to every entry an indication of the character of the volume entered.

Mr. G. F. Savage-Armstrong, who is about to publish some *Ballades of Down*, has been silent as a verse-writer for just ten years, his latest poem (*One in the Infinite*) having appeared in 1891. In 1892, however, Mr. Armstrong republished several of his former volumes—namely, *Poems Lyrical and Dramatic*, *The Tragedy of Israel*, *Stories of Wicklow*, *Ugone*, and *Mephistopheles in Broadcloth*. The last named, a satire in rhymed couplets, was published originally in 1888, and is one of the last of its kind, that species of literary effort having long ago gone out of fashion.

A Hidden Foe, the novel by Mr. G. A. Henty which figures in Messrs. Low & Co.'s Spring programme, is just ten years old, having been published originally in 1891. Mr. Henty has not devoted much of his time to novel-writing, preferring apparently to be champion tale-teller to the British boy. Nevertheless he has put forth some half-dozen fictions of a more or less ambitious type, such as *All but Lost* (an early effort), *Rujub the Juggler* (1893), *Dorothy's Double* (1894), *Colonel Thorndyke's Secret* (1899), and so forth.

I see Mr. G. B. Burgin is to give us a story called *A Son of Mammon*. He is not so liberal as was the late Mr. George Augustus Sala, who gave us *The Seven Sons of Mammon* all in one novel. And, talking of titles, I notice that the *According to Plato* of one fictionist is to be followed by the *Plato's Handmaiden* of another. Plato, in the Shades, will see that he is not forgotten.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Study of Poetry.

Two Lectures, Introductory to the Study of Poetry. By the Rev. H. C. Beeching. (Camb.: University Press. 2s.)

THESE two lectures, by a man who has himself earned an honourable measure of distinction as a poet, are of very unequal merit. For the first, by our troth, we care not. Of course, it contains some true and thought-worthy things, for Mr. Beeching is a writer of taste and reflection. But for the task of delivering an answer to the question, "What is Poetry?" he seems to us too light in calibre. The philosophic principles on which poetry rests demand for their research what we think he lacks—analytic ability and penetration. Scientific system appears deficient here, nor does he go to the root of principle. It is, we think, somewhat superficial. Therefore, in place of tracking Mr. Beeching through it, we shall preferably consider the second lecture, where he is master of his ground. That is preferable to the barren elaboration of our causes of dissatisfaction with the opening lecture. We should, however, like to break a lance with the author over the first item in Milton's famous description of poetry as "simple, sensuous, and passionate." The two latter adjectives he interprets as Milton undoubtedly meant them. But by "simple" he considers that the poet intended "sincere," with the frank and open gaze on the world of a child. Now certainly this is a corollary of Milton's meaning, but we ourselves are convinced that by "simple" he intended something much more fundamental. That his meaning is not apprehended results from our modern and limited English specialisation of the word. Milton intended it in the radical signification of the Latin *simplex* (which is also the true philosophic conception of simplicity), "twined, or bound, in one." He meant that poetry should be what we would nowadays call *synthetic*, as opposed to *analytic* delivery of truth, such as in philosophy or science generally. "Simple" in this sense means "integral"—an equipoise of co-ordinated parts working as one, and its true antithesis is "disintegrated," or "analytic," rather than "complex." In this sense a child is truly simple, for it sees everything with a unified eye, not having learned the habit of analysis. Milton, therefore, did intend the "single eye" of the poet, and so far Mr. Beeching is right. But his primary intention, we repeat, was to lay down that poetry is pre-eminently *synthetic*, not analytic. It gathers in one, not divides.

In the second lecture, on "Expression in Poetry," Mr. Beeching gets away from philosophic principle, and enters the realm of practice and experience, where his own work as a poet enables him to speak with knowledge, not as the outside critic who dogmatizes in newspapers, reviews, or treatises, with an assurance proportioned to his ignorance of his ignorance. Here Mr. Beeching is excellent, and states many truths which have so lapsed in this hasty day that they need to be taught again as new. His taste and delicacy of perception are in this part an unmingled pleasure. He rightly protests against the idea that there is anything but a formal severance between substance and expression, and the fashion of assigning undue importance to external craftsmanship in poetry. He then regards expression under the three heads of metre, rhyme, and diction. Metre, he truly says, is a means of emotional expression—whereas the prevalent notion is that it exists for the mere sensuous and insignificant pleasure of the ear—a bell on the neck of Pegasus. Hence to various emotions their fitting metres. He finely says of the seemingly "irregular" metres of "Samson Agonistes" that they are like the wheels of Ezekiel's vision: "To the place whither the head looked they followed it, for the spirit of a living creature was in them." He points out that a set metre varies in rhythm within its own boundaries by changes of pause and accent.

Thus the individual poet can so impose himself on his metre that Tennyson's blank verse and Milton's are like two different metres. Common octosyllabics (usually sneered at as "easy") are strikingly distinct in each master's hands, though in the poetaster's they are all alike, and easy enough to write mediocresly. For the metre fluctuates with each pulse of a true poet's emotion.

At the outset of his remarks on diction, Mr. Beeching sets forth the important principle that all the words must be in the same *key*. Every poem has its own atmosphere, its individual mood; and the words used must be in tone with that atmosphere. This is an essential truth, wofully missed by the ordinary critic. Mr. Beeching might have said further, that each passage of a poem has its own character, to which the diction must be keyed up; nay, each line must have its keeping—and this not only in respect of sense, but in respect of sound. Even as every touch of colour laid in painting alters the touch laid before, so each word in poetry affects and is affected by the words in which it is set, alters and is altered by their contiguity. "Why not use another word? It would mean just the same," says a critic. But the *pitch* would be discordant, on an alien level from the diction of the line or passage. Or there would be a jar in sound—the metre would *give* at that particular point, since words in poetry are not mere signs of expression, but also *notes*. The song is "to its own music chanted." Mr. Beeching, after dealing excellently with *key*, the effects of association and imagery, proceeds to note the musical effect of words, but rather as regards the suggestion of concrete sound. Motion, he observes, may also be conveyed through words; which is obvious, since motion creates characteristic sounds. He instances Keats:

Save for one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence and dies off
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.

"Much of the effect of this passage," he says, "depends upon the emphatic monosyllable 'comes,' which gives the impression of suddenness." But there is a good deal more in it than this. We cannot here analyse all the complex effect; but generally there is a preponderance of long vowels, arranged for emphatic effect, and intercrossing, which suggest the *sough* and changeful breathing of a tidal wave; there is the final liquid alliteration of "one wind"; there is the mimetic word "gust." And, with regard to "comes," the combination of "m" and "s" after the "o" produces a sound at once humming and sibilant, which, along with the sighful vowels of the context, admirably conveys the drone and whistle mingled with the varying spirit of the long wind. Another happy selection of Mr. Beeching's is a verse from Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," in which an admirable picture of motion depends upon the monosyllabic verbs:

May there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as *moving* seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which *drew* out of the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Masters like Keats can suggest more than sound or motion—they can suggest even taste by the syllabification of words. Take the banquet in "The Eve of St. Agnes," and such lines as:

Lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon,—
or again:
Jellies soother than the creamy curd.

They dissolve in your mouth, you roll them on the tongue. In the last line it seems to be a mixture of alliteration with artfully smooth vowels. But in the first, besides the alliteration of soft sibilants in "lucent," "syrups," "cinnamon," there is the assonance of short, mincing "i" sounds in "syrups," "tinct," "cinnamon," which gives

the effect of delicate, in-drawn suction, such as is made by the lips in the luxurious imbibing of syrup dainties. To compare the aptly changeful sounds throughout Keats's description of the banquet is a lesson in what a poet can do by syllabic suggestion.

Undoubtedly he learned it from Spenser, who uses vowel assonances no less skilfully than alliteration of consonants.

An American on Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. (Macmillan.)

WE are conscious of a distinct sense of disappointment in laying down Mr. Mabie's stout and comely volume on Shakespeare. This is, within its limitations, a compliment. Innumerable Shakespearean books do not go so far as to disappoint us. They declare themselves from the beginning vain, pretentious, trivial. They raise no hopes, and they dispel none. Mr. Mabie's long, critical, and biographical study has, on the other hand, very great merits. Its tone, for instance, is charming; the delicate homage to the mother-land from over seas; the full realisation of all that Shakespeare has meant and means to history in the life of the spirit both of England and of America. It is charmingly written in suave, serene English, the English of a scholar and the thinker, erring, if anything, in a certain academic want of freshness, but never in the direction of provincialism or decivilisation. And it is eminently sound and reasonable in its judgment of the many vexed questions connected with the fragmentary tale of Shakespeare's earthly career and the development of his genius. We do not suppose that Mr. Mabie has studied the literary history very closely at first hand and from the documents. But he has made good use of those who have. He expresses his debt, in particular, "to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, Mr. F. J. Furnivall, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Israel Gollancz, Prof. C. H. Herford, and Mr. A. W. Ward," and we hold him to have steered, on the whole, a judicious course among the occasionally warring theories of those and other specialists. Certainly he slips occasionally, for one reason or another. Meres' *Palladis Tamia* is twice quoted as *Palladio Tamia*. What does Mr. Mabie suppose the title to mean? It is a considerable exaggeration to say that at the close of Elizabeth's reign there were "no less than fifteen or eighteen playhouses in London." A Londoner will smile at the confusion, pardonable enough in an American, between Whitechapel and Whitehall as the site of the great palace. Mr. Mabie thus describes the Shakespeare marriage bond "in the Edgar Tower at Worcester":

Three parishes within the diocese in which the contracting parties lived are, in accordance with the law and custom of the time, named in the bond, in any one of which the marriage might have taken place. The registers of two of the parishes have been searched without result; the register of the third parish disappeared at the time of the fire which destroyed the church at Luddington in which it was kept.

But Mr. Mabie has clearly never read the bond, although it is printed in French's *Shakespeareana Genealogica* and elsewhere. It does not mention Luddington or "three parishes" at all. It is, indeed, probable that in the marriage licence, which was a distinct document from the bond and has never been found, three parishes were, as was usual in such cases, named. But there was no real obligation for the marriage to take place in one of the three. Luddington is not a "parish," but a hamlet; and though it is true that there was a chapel there with a register, which was burnt, there is nothing to connect it with the bond or with Shakespeare, except a tradition

based on the statement of an "old lady," and dating from 1862. However, Mr. Mabie does not often mix up his authorities like this, and we have not come across any misapprehension of fact which vitally affects the value of the criticism of Shakespeare as a man and a writer, which is his primary object.

And the disappointment? Well, it lies in this, that after all Mr. Mabie has so little to tell us that is new about Shakespeare. He points out himself that his conclusions largely follow "the lines marked out years ago by Dr. Edward Dowden," to whom, like all of us, he owes so much in the way of "suggestion and stimulus." It is quite true. The portrait of Shakespeare which Mr. Mabie draws for us, in all essentials, yet another reproduction of the familiar and admirable Dowden portrait, of which so many copies, more or less blurred or embroidered upon, to suit the fancy of the individual engraver, are already before the world. A typical quotation shall illustrate at once this point and the quality of Mr. Mabie's writing:

In his life of sustained productivity Shakespeare passed through four periods: a period of apprenticeship, when he was learning both his trade and his art; a period of joyous and many-sided contact with the world and with men, during which he made his approach to life; the period of the Tragedies, when he entered into life, sounded its depths of experience, and faced its problems; and a period of reconciliation or meditation, when the tragic elements found their place in a comprehensive and beneficent order. Out of this rich and vital contact with life the poet came at last into a mood at once serene, grave and tender; he looked upon men with a deep and beautiful pity; fortitude under calamity, charity for human weakness, faith in the power of human sweetness and purity, pervade the Romances and give them an interior beauty of which the exquisite poetry in which they are steeped seems only an outward vesture. That beauty was the reflection of a nature of great richness, which, through deep and searching experience, had at last found peace in a wide vision, a catholic spirit, and a reverent faith in purity, goodness and truth.

Now, we are second to none in our admiration of the invaluable work done by Prof. Dowden in the field of Shakespearean criticism. He has told a great deal of the truth about Shakespeare; but we are sure he would be the last to claim to have told the whole truth, to be final, to have said everything there is to be said. Are there not still "two points in Hamlet's soul" left for Gigadibs; "much music, excellent voice," still in the "myriad-minded man" for those who can make him speak? Of recent writers almost the only one who has endeavoured to come to close quarters with Shakespeare, and to see him face to face and not through the haze of the commentators, is Mr. Frank Harris, in those striking *Saturday Review* articles, the publication of which in book form is so persistently promised and so persistently withheld. Side by side with Mr. Harris, Mr. Mabie, for all his charm and all his scholarship, can only appear fettered to tradition. We regret it. And the method contains in it the seed of its own punishment; for it is but a step from the utterance of the conventional truth to that of the conventional untruth. How many predecessors does not Mr. Mabie follow in tracing the "tragic period" in Shakespeare's work, among other causes, to "fierce dissensions between his personal friends in his own profession"—the "War of the Theatres," if you please! The "War of the Theatres" was admirable "copy" for both sides, a thing to roar over together in the congenial shades of "The Dog, the Triple Tun"; where if Ben Jonson "beat Marston and took his pistol from him," it was assuredly sack and not satire that stung him. But it was not one of those things which drive poets to pessimism. Again, Mr. Mabie says:

That he early formed the habit of exact observation his work shows in places innumerable. No detail of natural life escaped him; the plays are not only saturated with

the spirit of nature, but they are accurate calendars of natural events and phenomena; they abound in the most exact descriptions of those details of landscape, flora, and animal life which a writer must learn at first hand, and which he can learn only when the eye is in the highest degree responsive.

This is a very common statement, and a very imperfect approximation to the truth. No Elizabethan—not even Shakespeare—is “saturated with the spirit of nature,” in the sense that he saw it as Gilbert White, Wordsworth, Jefferies, and a score of others have taught us to see. And it is, perhaps, one of the unconsidered trifles still unsnapped up by the Autolycei of criticism, to show exactly how in Shakespeare the firsthand personal outlook on nature amalgamates with the traditional outlook on nature which, in common with his contemporaries, he inherited from belated mediæval writers. Did he, for instance, or did he not, think that the “mortal touch” of a snake is in its “double tongue”?

The book before us is liberally supplied with illustrations, of very unequal merit. For the reproductions of old maps and prints we have nothing but praise, and the pictures of modern Stratford are well enough, except of course for the distressing memorial fountain, and the “streaky bacon” memorial theatre. But more pains might have been taken to distinguish between the possibly authentic portraits and mere modern “fakes”; and some of the fancy pictures, such as those supposed to represent performances of miracle plays, are out of place. We observe that the wood-cuts to “Hycke-Scorner” once more do duty as representations of “morality-players,” although it is surely notorious that they were originally engraved for quite a different work. What is the object of printing the titles of the full-page illustrations upon the sheets of thin paper put in to preserve them while the ink is still wet, and destined ultimately to be removed by the binder?

Oliver Cromwell, M.P.

Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, 1644-1658. Collected and Edited by Charles L. Stainer. (Frowde. 6s.)

THESE speeches by no means represent the sum total of Cromwell's contributions to debate, which began probably in 1629; but the collection includes a great deal more than may be found, remodelled and reshaped, in the histories of the man and his times. It must be confessed that they are difficult reading, even apart from the extreme confusion of the text. Mr. Stainer sees reason to think that many of our MSS. are founded on shorthand versions; and the quality of the obscurities confirms the opinion, while the frequent reduplication of sentences seems to show that the stenographers reported in relays. For Cromwell was a rapid speaker, and would speak from two to three hours at a stretch. On the whole, the editor concludes that the text remaining does but little justice to “the man who seems to have been the greatest orator of his time.”

Scholars and serious students of history apart, no one is likely to read consecutively the speeches reproduced here, though whatever modern punctuation and spelling and the insertion of bracketed glosses could do to make them clear and readable has been done with the skill of an adept and the devotion of an amateur. But travelling at large among the gigantic loose-limbed periods you may still find amid the clouds of their confusion something of the quality which in their speaker made for personal domination. Here from the debate on the appointment of a commander-in-chief from Ireland, in a passage of comparative simplicity, is sounded the tonic of almost every discourse:

I do not think that God hath blessed this Army for the sake of any one man, nor has his presence been with it on any such ground; but that presence and blessing that God hath afforded this Army, it hath been of his own good pleasure and to serve his own turn. That presence

and blessing that he hath afforded us has been for his own name's sake, because he would do amongst the sons of men what seemed good in his eyes for the bringing of his glory and purpose to pass; and upon this score has this Army undertaken all that it hath undertaken in the presence of God. It matters not who is our Commander-in-Chief if God be so; and if God be amongst us and his presence be with us it matters not who is our Commander-in-Chief. Truly I do believe that God hath so principled our Army that there is none amongst us [but] that if God set us out [under] any man, we should come to this, to submit to one another for the work's sake.

How he believed in religion as a sufficient motive power to countervail the absence of chivalrous traditions among the rank and file of the Parliamentary forces he tells at a later day with the frankness of an unconscious aristocrat:

And I will deal plainly with you, I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is grateful to you all, Mr. John Hampden. At my first going out to the engagement I saw these men were beaten, and at every hand, I did indeed. And I desired him too, that he would make some addition to my Lord of Essex's army [of] some new regiments, and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men [in] as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you, God knows I lie not. Your troopers, said I, are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters and such kind of fellows, and, said I, their troopers are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, persons of quality: do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, courage, and resolution in them? Truly I pressed him in this manner conscientiously, and truly I did tell him, You must get men of spirit, — and take it not ill what I say, I know you will not, — of a spirit that is like to go as far as a gentleman will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still. I told him so, I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion but an impracticable one. Truly I told him I could do something in it. I did so. And truly I must needs say that to you, impute it to what you please, I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did. And from that day forward I must say to you that they were never beaten; wherever they engaged the enemy they beat them continually.

And whatever the subject upon which for the moment he finds himself engaged—the title of his office, the machinations of the Papists, the iniquities and treacheries of the Spaniard—there is the same conviction of his own righteousness, the same insistence that his word shall carry conviction home to his hearers' hearts. First he enunciates what he has to tell them; then he tells it, with infinite repetition; he proves and confirms it with protestation—“I do” and “I say”—and abundant appeal to the Deity. He must have worn down opposition and broken the back of incredulity by sheer weight of words and vehement asseveration.

Falaise for the Philistine.

Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror. By Anna Bowman Dodd. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

OUR author's title-page mentions several preceding works and an “Etcetera.” Among the former we instance *In and Out of Three Normandy Inns* (which suggests what in Germany is called a *Bierreise*, in England a “gin-crawl”), *On the Broads*, and *Cathedral Days*. Mrs. Dodd, is therefore, we presume, an adept at the glorified guide-book. *Falaise* is her latest example. It deals, firstly, with the author's drive from the Normandy coast to the city of horse-fairs and William the Conqueror. We are taken along in her *char-à-banc*, so to speak—a native vehicle from which we look down, observing the humours of the road. Mrs. Dodd's attitude is that of the American

spectator who writes for the American tourist. She transcribes the peasant life, not as a Millet, a Zola, or Max Liebermann, but, rather, as a "bright" person spending idle hours in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. We accept the attitude and pass on to the horse-fair, which is in full swing as she arrives. Here follows some rather good reporting. The horse-fair is done the justice that so often illumines the encyclopædic columns of the American newspaper. We are treated to the "bright" letter-writing that is so special to Transatlantic journalism. Facility is its key-note; it is a trifle florid, and gay with flourishes; nor is it entirely reliable; but it amuses, and will do till the occasion arises for something more serious and—we say it in all humility—masculine.

After the drive to the horse-fair, and the horse-fair itself, we reach the story of Arlette and her lover, Duke Robert of Normandy. From these two sprang the Conqueror. Mrs. Dodd retells this romance of Falaise quite prettily, though assuming always that Arlette and Robert are of the same family as the puppets that play at chivalry in the pages of the American romanticists. They weren't, we make bold to say; and Mr. Maurice Hewlett, better than anybody near at hand, could say why. Nevertheless, our guide makes a very pretty story of it: tells us how Arlette would only go up to the castle in state, with an escort of mounted knights, and by the great gateway; and how her lover loved no other but the mother of his little Willie. He went off to the Crusades after seven years of it, and Madame Arlette married a nobleman when he died, and bore two sons. After Robert, the story of Falaise is one of siege and battery. The English came and went, Normans and French exchanged mighty blows over its masonry. Henry V. conquered it, and Talbot (the ancestor of him who first provided us with rubber-tired hansoms) built a tower and called in decorators to take the chill off the cold stone. Mrs. Dodd explains these matters very satisfactorily, and then presents us with a final section that tells us how Henry Quatre came here, and after him the great Napoleon, who was serenaded by the townspeople. These innocents thought they were giving pleasure to the hero; they sang "Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" and Napoleon set his guards upon them and made them stop.

History, a horse-fair, and a few discursions on the architecture of one of the most picturesque of cities, make up *Falaise*. Also there are other things in the book, such as an occasional mixed metaphor (the penalty of ready-writing), and certain slipshod statements that cause the immaculate reviewer to bristle. Falaise and Guibray, we read, are practically one town, "yet does Guibray, with peculiar antique pride, *unknown in modern suburban districts*, maintain its separateness." Has Mrs. Dodd never heard of Huntingdon and Godmanchester, Windsor and Eton, Hamburg and Altona, St. Gallen and St. Fiden? Far from being "unknown," the custom is quite common. There is Mayence and—but why multiply the endless examples? On page 104 we meet a gentleman who was advised to drown his sorrows "in the bowl, that, like remorse, reserves its worst dregs for an uncertain tomorrow." This is far too subtle. On page 116 a piece of "fine writing" depicts Arlette as in a state of nudity, whereas we are sure she was dressed. On page 188 it seems rather silly to describe the erection of some of the masterpieces of Norman architecture by William as a seizure with "the building mania of his age." Building mania applies more properly to sky-scrappers. Mrs. Dodd rather revels in such laxities, though severe enough when seeking an effect. It is rather absurd of her to follow such an idyll as the love-story of Arlette and Duke Robert with her "child of sin—yes, of shame" (page 162). While we will not enter into the "sin," Mrs. Dodd's lyrical pages are our best supports in disputing the "shame." As narrative and as history *Falaise* is rather strained, but it makes an interesting enough guide-book.

Prose Fritters.

The Life Romantic: Including the Love-Letters of the King.
By Richard Le Gallienne. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THIS cannot be the serious book which Mr. Le Gallienne recently bade us expect from him. We should describe it as being composed of "prose fancies," strung on a thin story. These fancies range in length from phrases to paragraphs, from paragraphs to poems, from poems to the introduced writings of Mr. Pagan Wasteneys and his friends. The "Love-Letters of the King" are read by Wasteneys to Adeline Wood in a restaurant. The story, as a story, is nearly trash. We are to pretend that Pagan Wasteneys, a modern rich young poet, is so tortured in his enslavement to a Madonna-like girl named Meriel that he pursues her to Provence, to shoot her with a revolver and purchase freedom in death. He calls shooting a "sudden lash of flame on her white breast." However, he is lured into a day's butterfly-hunting, and finding that he can buy wine at forty centimes the litre, he falls to quoting Omar, and his murderous enterprise loses the name of action. The book is a tissue of fancies to which the story often appears to be merely irrelevant. In one of his pursuits of Meriel, Pagan Wasteneys journeys from London to a Devonshire fishing village on the barest chance of finding her. But, of course, she is there, playing on her violin on a moonlit balcony, her instrument filling the sky "with tall summoning angels of passion, with flocks of little birds warbling desire, and silver butterflies of flitting hope." Listening, and recognising her soul's call to his own soul, he meditates:

O for an answer to that call—no verbal, mortal cry, no intermediate symbolic articulation in some provincial human tongue, but some essential cry of the very soul and body of things. Properly, there is only one verb for love. It is not *amo*. It is not *aimer*. It is not the softest Italian verb. No printed language of man knows it. But the violin knows it, even the sea knows it. The rose *is* it, and the look of a man's eyes into a woman's *is* it, and the look of a woman's eyes back again *is* it. But no man or woman can *say* it, in any language that endures. Only a violin, and a nightingale, and a woman talking in her sleep, can be trusted to say it—as alone it can worthily be said.

Of such prose fritters Mr. Le Gallienne can give us any quantity. They please and tire by turns. They tire most in a story which is continually being adjourned for these light refreshments. Very characteristic is the title of Chapter VI., "A Moon-Bath." "Wasteneys walked the two moonlit miles of country road to his old home in an ecstasy of purification. 'Yes! nature is moral,' he said to himself, 'nature is terribly pure and sane. But how sweet to be pure and sane!'" We are glad that for "But" Wasteneys learned to say "And." Although it is necessary to go on laughing a good deal at Mr. Le Gallienne, it is just as necessary to go on admitting that his fancies and his lore are all his own, and that he possesses a clear, engaging style. Take a passage at random:

Who are you that shall dictate to the mysterious soul of another? The soul of man takes strange fancies. It is apt to lay up its treasure in little precarious heavens, the heavenliness of which others cannot understand. A little child, perhaps, shall be its heaven. The child dies—or lives on to break your heart. It is true that Parliament is still open to you. Many sounding things remain to be done. The gates of other people's heavens are hospitably thrown open. But where is your little child?

There still remains much beauty, much music, in the world—but it all belongs to other people. Your beauty has withered, your music has ceased. The heaven has enough stars for us all—but what if the tiny star on which we had set our hearts has shot down the gulf of space some November night, and shines for us no more, is perhaps lying somewhere, a cinder, on the iron floor of the universe?

There is not much in them, but the sentences sing together.

Australian Actualities.

Pages from the Journal of a Queensland Squatter. By Oscar de Satgé. (Hurst & Blackett. 10s. 6d. net.)

ANY book dealing at first hand with the early days of the settlement of Australia is certain of a welcome nowadays, even though it have nothing to recommend it beyond its mere value as a record of fact. Mr. de Satgé's volume is such a record, and little more; he has no literary skill, none of the quality which makes people and places live. Perhaps, in a sense, the narrative gains by the writer's obvious limitations. One never suspects him of heightening effects or juggling with figures, so that when he tells us that a certain estate carried a quarter of a million sheep we accept the statement as bare truth. He was in the rough-and-tumble of the first period of the pioneering of Queensland, and with the aid of a little imagination we get a sufficiently clear impression of what the work and its results were like.

Mr. de Satgé set out in 1853 with his brother for Melbourne. The journey occupied ninety days, and the diet consisted mainly of salt pork. Mr. de Satgé does not appear to have had the gold fever badly, although it was that which first turned his eyes towards Victoria. Instead of securing a claim, he took a clerkship in the office of the Chief Commissioner of Goldfields, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year, and what he calls "a gratuity of one hundred a year for house rent." In the following year he was ordered to Bendigo, where the

Gold Office was . . . the resting place—previous to its being sent away by escort once a week to Melbourne—of many a ton of alluvial gold, and many a celebrated nugget, some of which I have handled weighing over 16 lbs. of pure gold without quartz.

But soon the allurements of the pastoral life prevailed over the arid and hot existence of the mining camp, and Mr. de Satgé went north to Moreton Bay. At the Glenlyon station he first began to gain experience of flocks and herds. It was not, however, until 1861 that he undertook the stocking and development of a large tract of land in Central Queensland, known as the Peak Downs.

Free selection and its accompanying dismemberment have, I understand, since played havoc with that fine country; but in the days I speak of—the good old days of squatting—we were all happy in working early and late—managers, overseers, and men—for the employ we served in. The selector had not sprung up as a thorn in the squatter's side, nor was the "Sundowner" the institution he has since become in the country—viz., the man who travels from station to station asking for rations and for work, the second of which he heartily prays he may not get.

In this district Mr. de Satgé remained for fifteen years, making money for his owners, and disposing, to great advantage, of various stations he had formed on the estate.

Of the adventures of Bush life Mr. de Satgé tells some interesting stories, the best, perhaps, being an experience of his own with the notorious Frank Gardiner, a great bushranger of his day:

One day, returning from one of the many trips I had to make to Rockhampton on station business, I met first, near Apis Creek, a man who then called himself James Christie; he was riding a very fine brown horse, and was crossing the road before me, making towards a camp that had a lot of timber stacked about it. As the man was a stranger, I caught him up and entered into conversation with him, and he proved, though shy, affable and fairly communicative, asking me to get off my horse and have a cup of tea with his "old woman," who turned out to be a pretty little person, though silent and demure. Having asked him if he would sell the brown horse, he referred me to his wife as the owner, when she at once said nothing would induce her to sell him. I little knew then the "romance of the road" that was attached to

that gallant brown horse. . . . On another occasion when camping there, I remember giving into Christie's charge for the night a saddle-bag with a considerable sum in notes and gold, that I was about to pay into the Rockhampton Bank, which he kept quite safe for me.

Twelve months later James Christie was arrested as Frank Gardiner, and was convicted at Sydney, his late guest being called as a witness to identify him.

Mr. de Satgé was active in the parliamentary life of his colony, and sat as M.L.A. for Claremont. He has a particularly interesting chapter on the initiation of responsible government, which indicates very clearly the quickness and readiness of Englishmen to make use of the best material at their command.

The life of a squatter in the days of Australia's youth was a life of hard work, of infinite kindness, of some danger, and often of much profit. Its simplicity was the simplicity of a patriarchal community, and its ways were the ways of those who return to the oldest of occupations. One cannot read such a book as this without being carried away to pastures which were made to bear flocks innumerable for the building up of a great race. But the history of these pioneers has yet to be written.

Other New Books.

THE GOOD MAN O

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY CHARLES WHITTUCK.

This book stands very much by itself. Not often nowadays do we find an original idea worked out with such intellectual zest. Mr. Whittuck's aim is to piece together, and restore, a portrait of the good man as he was described or conceived of in the didactic literature of the eighteenth century. It is not, however, a dramatic portrait that he seeks to make; rather, he wishes to compile a scientifically correct catalogue of abstract qualities. He works from the living portraits of the *Spectator* of Fielding and of Lessing to an ethical description. Sometimes he works from less dramatic material, as when he draws data from Law's *Serious Call*, Voltaire's *Candide*, and Johnson's *Rasselas*. To all these sources he goes for clues to the eighteenth century man's notion of what a good man should be. It is an inquiry that is hardly calculated to interest the general reader, who is content to study eighteenth century ideals loosely in detached figures like those of Sir Roger de Coverley, Parson Adams, Allworthy, and *Rasselas* without attempting a synthesis so difficult and technical as that which Mr. Whittuck tries to erect. And, indeed, we doubt whether Mr. Whittuck has sufficiently condescended even to his elect readers. His book rather resembles a wall to which the coping-stones have yet to be added. In his preface he says: "All . . . that this work attempts to do is to give a clue to the thoughts of the men of that age. The comparison of those thoughts with the ideals of goodness and wisdom now prevalent has advisedly been left to be undertaken by the reader." But it is just this comparison that is needed to finish the book. There is nothing more fatiguing than a complex inquiry which we follow with patience only to find that we are unable to combine and apply the results. This process may well be as difficult as the inquiry itself, and it is so in the case before us. A large comparison between the ideals of goodness which appealed to eighteenth century writers and readers and those which are upheld to-day would have been crucially interesting; but to ask the reader to make it for himself is to ask too much. We are left at the end of a rope; and the excellence of the rope, its closely-knit fibre, and honest strength, make our disappointment the greater. Yet Mr. Whittuck's book is one to which no student of the eighteenth century ought to be a stranger. Its incidental clarities and illustrations can be appreciated even by those who will not bend to

understand its closely-knit plan. The description of the "good man" which Mr. Whittuck distils from Fielding's works (it will be found on pp. 89-91) is a faithful and uncommon piece of work, although to the general reader it may quite possibly seem dry and wordy. (Allen. 6s.)

CONCERNING CHILDREN. By C. P. (STETSON) GILMAN.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gilman is a woman of very unusual common-sense and clearheadedness. She is also a very good practical writer. In this book she subjects to unsentimental analysis a number of hoary conventions whose age she does not permit to be any protection whatever, and the result is that one comes out of the pages in a state of dazed bewilderment mingled with irritation that the world has gone on so long without the wisdom of Mrs. (Stetson) Gilman coming earlier to make it sensible. The particular object of the author is to get children's training on a more reasonable basis, and to do this she has first to destroy old illusions. For example: obedience. The ordinary parent is under the impression that she knows better than her children and should exact compliance with her rule. But Mrs. (Stetson) Gilman is not at all sure of this. She shows that obedience vitiates a child's independence, keeps it weak in mind and formal and unoriginal in cut; and to exact it is, moreover, a form of self-indulgence in the parent. "The habit of obedience forced . . . tends to make us a helpless mob, mere sheep, instead of wise, free, strong individuals," and so forth. That is the kernel of this very interesting book. It looks traditions in the face with twentieth-century eyes and finds them wanting, and says so with excellent emphasis and good-humour. Children have had many champions of late years, but none better than Mrs. (Stetson) Gilman. But we wish we could understand the mysterious intricacies of her name. (Putnams.)

LIBYAN NOTES. BY DAVID RANDALL-MACIVER AND ANTHONY WILKIN.

This is an interesting narrative of very valuable anthropological researches in Algeria, undertaken by the authors in the spring of 1900, and is illustrated by handsome plates of Berber pottery and Berber facial types. The expedition, due to the suggestion of Prof. Flinders Petrie, was designed to collect such information about the Berber tribes of Algeria as should solve the moot point regarding their early connexion with pre-historic Egyptian civilisation. It was known that the Egyptian monuments showed the Libyans as a white, blue-eyed, fair-haired race; and it is now known that blonde types occur among the Berbers. These Berbers, known of old as Libyans, Numidians, and *Mauri*, or Moors, may be pretty safely identified also with the Amorites (Hebrew *'emōri*), who were probably an Eastern branch of them. The close connexion with Egypt suggested by the monuments, and borne out by history, has been pushed back further by the discovery of a pre-historic Egyptian civilisation, the pottery of which resembled some in use among the Kabyle Berbers. Was this early civilisation Libyan in origin? Were the people themselves a Libyan race? To answer these questions the authors set out for Algeria.

Their results are elaborately recorded in this book. It may be said in general that their examination of Berber pottery has led them to answer chiefly in the negative. They rather infer that Berber and Egyptian drew from common centres of influence; one perhaps in or near Egypt, the other somewhere in the *Ægean*—perhaps Crete. Egypt, lying midway, passed on the influence to the Berbers. But for more explicit statement the book should be consulted, which well repays reading by its incidental information, apart from the main purpose. (Macmillan. 20s. net.)

SANDS OF SAHARA.

BY MAXWELL SOMNERVILLE.

This is a book which one should read, and execrate the writer. It is a record of travel through the Sahara, *viâ* Syracuse and Algiers, a principal object being to see the splendid remains of Roman cities excavated in the desert sands. The writer has seen a large number of supremely interesting things, which he relates in a way supremely uninteresting when it is not actually exasperating. His style is a happy compromise between that of a third-rate guide-book and a third-rate—American—reporter. Moreover, he has American humour in an acute form, and is seldom long without a paroxysm of it. In one place he makes the extraordinary statement that he saw an assembly of monkeys, in a natural forest-temple, engaged in public worship—"evidently engaged in worship." But what led him to this conclusion, what acts made their worship so "evident" a fact to him—and his native guide—he does not record; he is too busy making bad jokes. We may, however, quote his description of "Dionysius' Ear" at Syracuse—a cave said to be the actual structure of the famous Sicilian tyrant, for eavesdropping on his prisoners:

The man . . . took a sheet of letter-paper, and standing within the portal of the ear, struck the edge of the paper with the forefinger of his right hand—once, twice, thrice; each light tap was repeated through the orifices of that stone ear as though it had been a blow with a heavy sledge-hammer on the roof of an iron house. He then rattled the paper slightly, and that feeble sound . . . was augmented a million-fold, reverberating through the vaults above and beyond, like the crash and roll of thunder. He whistled, spoke, and called; thousands of stentorian voices repeated every sound.

It is a book to be read for its record of facts and sights—if you can. (Lippincott Company.)

ANIMALS OF AFRICA.

BY H. A. BRYDEN.

This volume, which forms the second in "The Library for Young Naturalists," under the general editorship of Mr. Aflalo, fulfils its object concisely and well. For a work not intended to be exhaustive, Mr. Bryden has succeeded in including a vast amount of information, and he has presented it in an entertaining and simple manner. The book is divided into five parts, dealing respectively with Mammals, Birds, Reptiles and Amphibians, Fishes, and Invertebrates. Most boys, we imagine, will turn with the greatest interest to the quaint and less known creatures with which the author deals—to such possible pets as the lemur and the meerkat. Of the latter Mr. Bryden writes:

I knew a young English girl at the Cape who had a meerkat, of which she was very fond. Sometimes she would take it out into the veld. She teases it occasionally by imitating, as she could perfectly, the croak of a vulture. At this sound the little fellow was terrified, and snuggled up into her neck, as if to beg protection from that dreaded foe.

These animals, Mr. Bryden adds, "would be welcomed in many a family." The section dealing with Birds is particularly interesting, and so untechnical as to present no difficulties to the youngest naturalist.

Mr. Caldwell's illustrations to the volume are particularly good and full of character. If the din of war has not frightened them into temporary retirement, many of these creatures must have been a source of infinite amusement to tired men in South Africa. Half-a-dozen jumping shrews, for instance, should serve to keep a whole regiment in good humour. (Sands. 6s.)

The coming national commemoration of Alfred the Great at Winchester has inspired Mr. Warwick H. Draper to write a handy and scholarly little book of studies of the "Mirror of Princes." First we have a biographical sketch, and then seven essays dealing with such subjects as Alfred's Legislation, his Local Government, his work as a Man of Letters, his Burial Place, &c. There is also

a Supplement, enumerating the materials for a History of Alfred, and a Bibliography of works on the subject. Within 136 pages Mr. Draper has packed, without recourse to dryasdust conciseness, an immense amount of information and useful guidance. The illustrations are strikingly interesting, including as they do careful drawings of Alfred's Jewel, the thirteenth-century portrait of Alfred from the Chronicle of Matthew of Paris, views of Athelney and the Vale of the White Horse, &c.

The military and expert side of the operations in the recent Ashanti trouble is admirably set forth in Captain Harold C. J. Biss's book *The Relief of Kumassi* (Methuen, 6s.). Captain Biss writes as an eye-witness and partaker of the eventful march to Kumassi, and of the relief. Many of his pages are thrilling, as, for instance, those in which he describes the storming of Kokofu with its running fight. The author writes like a good soldier and a good fellow, and lights up a story in which gruesome incidents abound with many a humorous interlude. His native boy, "Dan Leno," is an admirable foil.

Messrs. Sampson Low have issued a new edition (at 3s. 6d. net) of Mr. Arthur H. Beavan's *Popular Royalty*, a budget of anecdotes about royal personages which some of our readers will remember. The book appears as originally issued, hence Queen Victoria is written of as though she were living. On one occasion, when the Queen heard a great deal of laughing among her ladies-in-waiting, she inquired the cause, and was told that Miss H—— had been dancing a jig. Miss H—— was forthwith ordered to come and dance her jig before the Queen. When she had done, the Queen said: "Now, you must select a present. No one ever dances before royalty without being rewarded. What would you like?" Miss H—— hesitated, and then archly said: "Mr. ——'s head in a charger!" The Queen was much amused, and next day a splendid black horse arrived for Miss H——, with the message that since the Queen could not gratify Miss H——'s whole wish, she sent the "charger" minus the politician's head.

In the "Great Masters" series (Bell) the work of Piero della Francesca is the subject of a study by Mr. W. G. Waters, who brings a strikingly earnest spirit to his researches into a rather hidden corner of Italian art. The reproductions of Francesca's paintings and frescoes are, however, in themselves sufficient to whet the reader's curiosity; and in Mr. Waters he will find an excellent guide.

The *Official Year-Book of the Church of England* for 1901 is issued this week by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. In the preface the editor deplores the continued scarcity of candidates for Holy Orders, but can assign no cause for it.

In *Scottish Cathedrals and Abbeys*, by the Rev. D. Butler (A. & C. Black, 1s. 6d. net.), we have a very thorough, well-packed survey of Scottish cathedrals, monastic and collegiate buildings and parish churches built between 1047 and 1560. The author's arrangement of his material could hardly be more scientific.

Fiction.

Mr. Stockton and Two Others.

A Bicycle of Cathay. By Frank R. Stockton. (Harpers. 6s.)
The New Schoolmaster. By Arnold Golsworthy. (Pearson.)
Georgie. By S. E. Kiser. (Unwin.)

WRITING books, we should imagine, has ceased to resemble work to Mr. Stockton. Once he gave the impression of seeking a comic idea with some diligence and extracting all the fun possible before passing on to the next. Those were the good days, the crowning glory of which was *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*. But they have gone; and in their place we have the new period,

when it seems too much trouble to expend energy on writing, and page follows page automatically. *The Associate Hermits*, which we seem to have read only the other day, was like that; and now here is *A Bicycle of Cathay*, in which the author's exertions are still further to seek. Not that the book is exactly bad. It is not: it is suavely entertaining, and credible enough; but it wasn't worth doing so slightly—either wholeheartedly and comically, or not at all. Mr. Stockton must be whimsical, or we have no place for him. Without fancy his small beer is too intensely small.

A young schoolmaster takes a cycling vacation, riding whither his machine likes. It leads him among various young women, and in the end he finds one to marry. Incidentally he becomes possessed of a bear. That is all. It is too exiguous. Mr. Stockton has such charm that we are never wholly disappointed; but a book like this is playing pranks with one's reputation.

We find another schoolmaster, also recounting his adventures in the first person singular, in Mr. Arnold Golsworthy's volume. Mr. Golsworthy is a humorist of a more resolute brand than Mr. Stockton. "Your laughter or your life!" he seems to say, as he levels his jokes at one's head. Such humour too!—the variety that was once called new, but now seems older than mirth. The New Master tells the story of his experiences in a private school; and the expected always happens. The principal is named Dr. Bunderby. Could it have been anything else? Miss Bunderby, who physices the boys, is hideously plain. How could a professional humorist have made her beautiful? (Besides, the English sense of fun would not have tolerated the caricature.) The boys are referred to by the author as ruffians. The new French master kisses Miss Bunderby. The hero's dignity comes out of a lesson on Roman history, with "a spavined base." There are boys who will find this book hardly less of a delight than *Stalky & Co.* But it seems to us very poor stuff, especially as we fancy that the author might, had he liked, have made a genuine thing.

Boy nature of a kind dear to American readers is to be found in *Georgie*. Georgie is the precocious, observant, cynical historian who figures in comic papers in this country as "Our Office Boy," and detects and exposes the meanness of his employers. His first notable appearance in literature was in Habberton's *A Bad Boy's Diary*, a work to which Mr. Kiser seems to be indebted. We fancy also that Mr. Kiser is not unacquainted with Huntly's *Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke*; for we seem to recognise many of Mr. Spoopendyke's lineaments in the figure of Georgie's father, who is the central character of the book. This amusing impostor and very human creature is cleverly presented, but a little of him goes a long way, and one can get heartily tired of his exploits unless they are taken in homeopathic doses. Here is a specimen. Paw is playing golf:

Then paw struck with all his Mite, and Uncle wesley sed it was A good thing that part of the state was fassened down or they mite of been a land Slide.

After Uncle wesley got the Links in good condition again he gave paw another chance, and paw struck like he Intended to brake the ball into all Kinds of pieces. Then maw came out from Behind a tree about as thick around as one of the Golf clubs and says:

"Paw, wait. Ill send Georgie home for The garden spade."

"What do you want it for?" paw ast, looking at the ball, Kind of saprised that it was there yet.

"Becos you can Dig up the sod a good deal quicker and easier with it than you Can with that club," maw told him.

That is the style. Mr. Kiser is by no means a Max Adeler; but he will amuse the very simple. We might add that such is the popularity expected in this country for this work, that the book is issued also by another firm under the title *The Pa Papers*.

The Monster. By Stephen Crane.
(Harpers. 6s.)

IF Mr. Crane had written nothing else, this book would have wrested from the world an acknowledgment of his curious, searching gifts, and would have made him a reputation. Not that he is wholly represented here. The Crane of *The Open Boat*, of *Maggie*, of *Death and the Child*, of *The Red Badge of Courage*, is absent, or only fugitively present; but the quick, nervous, prehensile mind that in an instant could select the vital characteristics of any scene or group, is notably here; and here also in superabundance is the man's grim fatalism, his saturnine pleasure in exhibiting (with bitter, laughing mercilessness) the frustrations of human efforts, the absurd trifles which decide human destiny. There is one story, for example, "Twelve o'Clock," which tells how a young cowboy's excitement on hearing a cuckoo-clock for the first time led indirectly to murder—all done with perfect credibility. Nothing but a kind of savage impatience with the accidentalism of the scheme of things could have caused a man to set down this particular story; but it is finely done—a triumph of narrative art. "The Blue Hotel" is another excellent piece of work—the history of a quarrelsome night and its fatal issue—a nocturne in blood and whisky, with a curious thread of grotesque running through it, and a very peculiar knowledge of human nature in every line. The question, "Is it worth while?" had better, perhaps, not be asked. To our mind the art justifies it. "The Monster" itself, the title-story, has been praised in America with that warmth of praise for which the country is famous; but it is not better than "The Blue Hotel." It is, however, an amazing story, with deeper interest, and the question, "Is it worth while?" is far less likely to be put. "Manacled" is an exercise in the horrible that does not quite succeed. "His New Mittens" belongs rightly to *Whilomville Stories*. The last story of all, "An Illusion in Red and White," is a very delicate piece of gruesomeness. Altogether, the book is intensely alive and intelligent, and not by any means the kind of thing for nervous folk or for the "art-for-anything-else's-sake-but-art" school.

Love and Honour. By M. E. Carr.
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THIS dignified and respectable, but rather pedestrian, novel by a new writer deals with military society in Westphalia just after the elevation of Jerome to the Westphalian throne. Heinz von Ostenburg, the peerless hero, is described in a passage which in its careful conventionality is typical of the whole book:

Ostenburg took the vacant seat at Duclos' side. In some inexplicable way the company, brilliant as it was, had shrunk into insignificance since his entrance . . . The grey eyes were set deeply under thick brows, the nose was straight with finely-cut nostrils, the chin well moulded, the mouth curled scornfully and lined at the corners. There were lines, too, about the eyes, and the whole expression in repose was rather disdainful, though sometimes, as now, a rarely brilliant smile lit it almost to beauty. But even smiling the face was hard to read, and one grew curious to know what lay behind it.

It will be perceived that Ostenburg belongs to a well-known species. He had loved a French girl whom he supposes to have been guillotined in the Terror; but, needless to say, Anaïs arrives duly in Cassel as the wife of a fighting husband. Mutual recognition follows; the lady virtuously repulses, but is conquered. The husband reckes not of his dishonour till the moment when his wife, dying in the retreat from Moscow, breathes with her pale lips the name "Heinz." Then there is a duel, and Heinz, as he thinks, kills the husband. It is a little characteristic of the author that she cannot finish the plot without committing the husband to a false death, from which he rises again to the detriment of the hero.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE FROBISHERS.

By S. BARING GOULD.

Mr. Baring Gould's twentieth novel (or about) finds him weaving a story of modern manners in the district known as the Staffordshire Potteries. Joan, the heroine, is disclosed at the opening in a bye-road pitying her horse, which has an ugly "raw on the shoulder." When the inevitable young man appears Joan talks like this: "I cannot possibly replace the saddle and remount him. So I shall have to walk all the way to Pendabury House in a riding-skirt—and only a lady knows how laborious that is." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY.

By D. C. MURRAY.

A list of twenty-four books from Mr. Murray's own pen, and three in collaboration, faces the title-page of *The Church of Humanity*, which is mainly about John Manger. In the beginning he is a "professional jack-pudding," which, according to the learned Dr. Brewer, is "a buffoon who performs pudding tricks, such as swallowing a certain number of yards of black-pudding." Dreadful trade! In the beginning Manger is that and a clown in a travelling canvas theatre. The pages deal mainly with unhappy things, including drunkenness and murder. In the end Manger is a preacher of the Gospel—and about to suffer a still greater change. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

BALLAST.

By MYRA SWAN.

Ballast, we are told, is "but a synonym for trouble," and trouble and grief enough are to be found in this tale of modern life. It is the story of two step-sisters, "the elder cursed with the hereditary millstone of drunkenness." The younger sacrifices herself and her lover in the task of trying to save her sister. On the title-page is a quotation from Schopenhauer, but the wedding march is threatened at the end. (Longmans. 6s.)

HARLAW OF SENDLE.

By JOHN W. GRAHAM.

"There is no plot in this simple history of country-folk," says the narrator. He is not a Harlaw of Sendle, but "as my great-grandfather Anthony came first to this home, which now owns me as lord, the name of Denton of Holly Lodge is sufficiently known." The sub-title is: "Passages Relating chiefly to the Family of that Name in Strathelyde, collected out of the note-books of Thomas Denton, Esquire, of Eselby." (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE SALVATION SEEKERS.

By NOEL AINSLIE.

A novel in which various religious problems play a part. Some of the scenes are laid in Valentia, off the coast of Kerry. The book is divided into five parts:

Salvation by Circumstance.

" " Action.
" " Seeking.
" " Suffering.
" " Love.

(Methuen. 6s.)

A WOMAN OF YESTERDAY.

By CAROLINE A. MASON.

A novel with a strong religious tendency, printed in America, and opening in the "small white village" of Haran, Ver., where "the incumbent in the year 1869 was the Rev. Samuel Mallison. We have never seen so many quotations from poets, divines, &c. Some of the chapter-headings have three. We open a page and find this: "We all have need of that prayer of the Breton mariner: 'Save us, O God! Thine ocean is so large and our little boats are so small.'" This is from Dean Farrar's mint. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....	17/6
„ Quarterly	5/0
„ Price for one issue.....	/5

The Athletic Style.

Away beyond the hospital tent, half-way towards what had once been a happy farmhouse home, a long row of little mounds rose from the ample breast of the veldt like scars on the face of a matron. They were the fever graves of Britain's soldiers, looking so God-forsaken in their loneliness that they struck the eye like a blow from a clenched fist.

THE sentence printed above is a typical one. It crystallises what we may call the athletic style now so common among young writers. That style seems to owe its existence to the extraordinary breadth and bustle to which the literary life has attained in these days. Literature, save here and there in remote places, has become a trade. Every circumstance of noisy trade belongs to it. It has its touts and advertisement agents, its over-the-way rivalries, its shop-window dodges, its violent changes of fashion, and its blaring exchange in which all its affairs are settled, and re-settled. Never was it so easy to make a name in writing. Only bring something that hits or piques the public, or that for any reason is saleable, and you may forthwith go butterfly-chasing after your own name in the newspapers and in the streets. These things being so there is every inducement to a writer who is gaining, or has gained, a footing, to hustle and gesticulate. The critics, no less than the people, love marked characteristics, which they can note while they run. All is hurry, encouragement, and slapping of backs. Of course, such a hurly-burly is fatal to the production of good literature by those who yield to its spell or allow themselves to be deafened by its clamour. Its result has been to stimulate style unnaturally, and force it into shrill and antic forms admirably designed to attract attention for a week or a year, but doomed to be found out and put away. Perhaps the style which is practised with most success, and with the longest license, is the one which meets noise with noise, and agility with agility. We call it the athletic style. At its best, in the hands of a master, it can be very good, can give points to standard forms, and can be accepted by sober critics as devilled literature. But this is only when a Steevens holds the pen. Even Steevens could not put on the brake with complete mastery. His pages are sown with phrases which are a thought too galvanic to be acceptable on a second and third reading. No one of them, perhaps, might not be passed. But in their number and procession they tire the mind which singly they quicken. "The trains drew up and vomited khaki into the meadow." That will do to-day, but hardly to-morrow. When Steevens puts his hand to a battle-piece you have wine, but later comes a slight headache. In him it is persistent, not specific, overstrain that rouses protest. "Houses *wined* at the buffet." Very good. But also "a horse *streaked* down the street with trailing halter," and "a roof *gaped*, and a house *leaped* to pieces," and a black "*reeled* over," and so on—all in one half page. It is brilliant, it is compelling, but it is not literature, because literature and moderation are one, and the power to which we do homage is the power that pushes, not the power that pricks.

But when we come to Steevens's imitators—oh, dear! For an object lesson, compare Steevens's description of a

storm at Elandslaagte with Mr. A. G. Hales's description of a storm in his book, *Driscoll, King of Scouts*. Steevens writes:

It was about a quarter to five, and it seemed curiously dark for the time of day. No wonder—for as the men moved forward before the enemy the heavens were opened. From the eastern sky swept a sheer sheet of rain. With the first stabbing drops horses turned their heads away, trembling, and no whip or spur could bring them up to it. It drove through mackintoshes as if they were blotting-paper. The air was filled with hissing; underfoot you could see solid earth melting into mud, and mud flowing away in water. It blotted out hill and dale and enemy in one grey curtain of swooping water. You would have said that the heavens had opened to drown the wrath of man. And through it the guns still thundered and the khaki columns pushed doggedly on.

Now take Mr. Hales's storm:

He had neither moon nor stars to guide him, for the night was as black as the frown on the face of a nigger. The wind, which had sprung up when the night set in, now howled through the gorges between the kopjes, and swept shrieking across the open country like a battalion of devils searching for the soul of a seasoned sinner. The thunder tore holes in the air, and seemed to make the rocks ring again with the awful majesty of Nature's gunnery; lightning licked the sky with tongues of flame like burnished steel; then the face of the heavens was rent asunder with mighty sheets of crimson flame, as though the very gates of the Eternal City were opened to the eye of man, leaving for one brief moment a carmine track wide enough for all the armies in Europe to have marched in. Then blackness came again—blackness so deep, so dense, that a lost soul would have seemed like a snowdrop on its crest.

Observe how much more Steevens sees and says than his disciple. We need say nothing of the sanity preserved by the one writer and the wild cat imagery of the other. Let us make another parallel between the finely athletic style and the grotesquely athletic. Mr. Steevens describes a hot bombardment of Ladysmith as follows:

Along the broad, straight street not a vehicle, not a white man, was to be seen. Only a herd of niggers cowering under flimsy fences at a corner.

Another crash and quaking, and this time, in a cloud of dust, an outbuilding jumped and tumbled asunder. A horse streaked down the street with trailing halter. Round the corner scurried the niggers: the next was due from Pepworth's.

Then the tearing scream: horror! it was coming from Bulwhana.

Again the annihilating blast, and not ten yards away a roof gaped and a house leaped to pieces. A black reeled over, then terror plucked him up again and sent him running.

Head down, hands over ears, they tore down the street, and from the other side swooped down the implacable, irresistible next.

You come out of the dust and the stench of melanite, not knowing where you were, hardly knowing whether you were hit—only knowing that the next was rushing on its way. No eyes to see it, no limbs to escape, no bulwark to protect, no army to avenge. You squirm between iron fingers.

Mr. Hales writes:

Their big guns were trained upon our earthwork capped with rock: the shells came in showers; they wailed through the air like devils around a dying deacon; they moaned like a mother mourning for a son who had died in dishonour. Then they came along in a cloud, and shrieked like a mob of mad women through the bars of Bedlam. Then they burst, and to us, who sat within the shadow of death, it seemed as if the mouth of hell was all agape, spitting tongues of white flame from lips of crimson fire. The foul breath of battle brought with it flying teeth of iron, and the short, dull cough of the bursting shell was the cough of death to many a man out there. In between the storm of shells came the rain of bullets. It was a devil's jubilee, and the Boers were wasting none of their privileges.

Here is a pretty tintamar of phrases: "The shells wailed like devils around a dying deacon"; what does that convey? Only a grotesque picture that is not wanted. "They moaned like a mother mourning a son who has died in disgrace"; an unhappy simile for the rush of projectiles over a field where death was honour. Mobs of mad women are not to be found shrieking behind bars in Bedlam; and if they were, the recourse to death, disgrace, Bedlam and hell for similes is in itself violence, rather than a description of violence. The return to devils ("a devils' jubilee") in the last sentence is a characteristic of this promiscuous groping after missiles of speech. Mr. Steevens's description is not a perfect piece of writing; but Mr. Hales's is not writing at all—it is an eruption of words. The one passage opens your eye a little too wide, the other closes it with a "clenched fist." When Mr. Hales passes from the battle to the drawing-room his athleticism is hardly less terrifying:

The Venetian, with great masses of hair floating down her back, tossed her arms Godward; her slender frame quivered as willows quiver in a gale, her blue eyes blazed like sunlight on sabre-point, her cheeks were flushed, her lips were crimson. Madame, the governess, with hands tightly clenched upon the back of a chair, stood as though fashioned out of tempered steel.

We are afraid that Mr. Hales only supplies us with a highly developed, easily recognisable example of that grotesque athleticism which is the bane of hundreds of writers anxious to make their mark. At bottom it is a question of the quality of mind a writer has. Steevens had so much mind that his matter acted like a garden roller on his exuberant manner. It never allowed him to soar into the inane. He had abundant material on which to spend his force, whereas his imitators beat the air, or black your eye in sheer goodwill. Like Armado, they are ready with "some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or firework." Quoth Holofernes: "He shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling of a snake; and I will make an apology for that purpose." "An excellent device," quoth Moth, "so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!'" But the Muse reserves her judgment and her wreath.

Things Seen.

Palingenesis.

WHEN that happened to the Minor Poet, he wrote no more verses. It was enough to live.

Before that his happenings had been one slim volume a year, with never a thought in them that pushed or peered beneath the emotional fringes of life. He sang of the greyness of the world; of his mistress who was coy, who was cruel; of his heart which was light, which ached, which was broken; and so on. When he read aloud snatches of his pretty, facile muse, and his friend asked him if all life was frubbles and whipped cream, if the virtue of matter and manner and high seriousness meant nothing to him, he chirped of artistry, and murmured that "expression, perfect expression," was his goal. And his friend, who had something of the prig and the preacher in him, said: "Go your way till you find your way," and then acted as "best man" at his wedding. He also sent him this on his wedding morn: "All that has value to man—the eternal, the self-existent—is contained in man himself, and has to develop from himself."

The youth was just the average selfish young animal, but the child, the Idealist in him, had not quite died. The delightful indulgence of being in love had interested him hugely. He passed through all the stages—astonishment (as if he were a chemist, and had discovered a

new element), bliss, sentiment, jealousy, devotion, anger, indifference, neglect, moodiness, and injured vanity. In time the little clash of nature against nature began to sound louder, his wife proffered an individuality that bent less and less, and the new feelings that the intercourse had evoked ceased to bow and scrape to his vanity. He felt himself ill-used, and self-pity stalked with him. Emotional self-indulgence, which so often masquerades as love, was flickering, and it seemed as if his unawakened soul was to be written off as another failure. But it was not to be. He was to make joy in heaven. And the new birth was to come about through the agency of—you will never guess!—of Hegel.

He told me about it long afterwards ("a thing was secretly brought to me, and my ear received a little thereof"), when happiness no longer caught him in gusts, but went like a deep river through his days. "I had come to the end," he said, "to the precipice, when one day, by the merest chance, I picked up a volume of Hegel, his *Philosophy of Religion*, and there read this: 'If love is to be pure, it must first renounce selfishness, it must have freed itself, and Spirit is only freed when it has come outside of itself.' I read, and was inspired to a forlorn hope. I tried it that very day, soothing my vanity by saying 'it is only an experiment.' I drove certain sentences into my brain, and hugged them there. I kept saying: 'Ask nothing for yourself.' 'No love is worth anything which does not desire the happiness of the beloved above one's own.' I tried it as an experiment that day, and words cannot tell the strange, unimaginable pleasure that came to me. And other days followed, and other days, and I stumbled on, and my kite became the arch of heaven."

He is no longer a Minor Poet.

The Sciolist.

SHE was eighteen and pretty. It was her first dinner party, and mine was the privilege of being her cavalier. Nature and her mother had done much for her, but the wise world had given nothing. Faith! there had not been time. She was not content to be her own young, charming self, "half vegetable, half lamb," but, for some inscrutable, feminine reason, must try to speak as the foolish women of the world speak, must emulate the surface manner of those of her elders who pretend to toss the ball of conversation to and fro, never catching it. Knowing that I was by way of being "literary," even as we crossed the threshold of the dining-room she said: "Of course, you have read *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*!" "Not! why you are behind the times." "The world goes so quickly!" I pleaded. "I know I should have read it, and I did get hold of a copy, but somebody borrowed it." "Ah!" she said with a bright look, "why don't you follow Shakespeare's advice, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be.'"

I ate my soup in silence. Heaven knows I didn't want to talk "literature," but I had been to see "Henry V." the night before, and somehow I was tempted to remark that I had felt a lump in the throat at the St. Crispian speech. But I added: "Why one should want to cry at such simple words as—

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,

amazes me." Her comment came pat as the closing of a cab door. The most pathetic passage in literature is "Et tu, Brute," after that I should place Dante's "In la sua volontade è nostra pace." I helped myself to a wing of something, smiled indifferently well, and waited for her next remark. "Of course you have read *Ad Astra*," she said. "I gave away three copies at Christmas time owing to the advertisements, but I don't think it's as good as *In Memoriam*, do you?" Then I said: "May I tell you a little story?" "Oh, do!" she cried. "A little

while ago I was travelling from Paris to Marseilles, and opposite me was a little chubby schoolboy, who spelled through *Punch*, struggled with a magazine, and tried so hard to be a man. He refused the orange I offered him, sat bolt upright and talked to his neighbour about agriculture. In the middle of the night I awoke from sleep to see him draw a card furtively from his pocket, and examine it, with flushed cheeks, from behind the pages of the magazine. It was the football match card of his school, and, under cover of the darkness, he was counting up the goals once more."

My pretty companion was silent after that, but when the hostess gave the signal to rise she gathered her skirts in her hand, and whispered: "I think I know what you mean. Now I'll tell you something: I'd much rather read Mrs. L. T. Meade than Dante."

French Nursery Verse.

THE literary worship of the child has grown to dimensions against which some of us protest. He has, to our thinking, been somewhat too prominently and persistently set in the midst. If any one nation be responsible for the inauguration of his tyranny, it is surely France and Victor Hugo. Therefore it is interesting to see what France can do in the way of an anthology for children, and to compare it with the similar collections which we have in profusion. Such an opportunity is afforded by M. Bernard Minssen's *Book of French Song for the Young*, issued not long ago by Mr. J. M. Dent. The author is assistant master at Harrow; and one surmises at once, from his English title and preface, that the anthology is designed for English children. At the outset one notices a very principal distinction. It contains little poetry for the young properly so called; little like R. L. S.'s *Child's Garden*, for example. And the author frankly confesses that such poetry practically does not exist in France:

Too often (he says) books which claim to be written especially for children are merely childish. Poets of their own they have none, or very few. Many delightful things have, of course, been written by French poets about children, but very few for children. . . . As a rule, a French boy is only introduced to poetry by school books, and then it is not really poetry for the young.

It is, in fact, "improving" verse, which we know to be an abomination.

Another distinction, not present in this book, is the lachrymose strain of verse placed in children's hands—indeed (the author admits), of French lyrics generally. The incomprehensible thing to an English mind is that French boys—actual boys—relish them. "I remember," says M. Minssen, "a small French boy of my acquaintance spending his half-holidays, for choice, in reading with streaming cheeks the woful and sentimental poem of 'Le Petit Savoyard.'" We ourselves had a French school-fellow who lamented the inferior pathos of English stories as compared with those of France. "They would make you cry," he said, with a convinced delight which non-plussed us. But M. Minssen can justly claim that his book is, at any rate, cheerful.

The collection, from what we have said, is of necessity for the most part one of "grown-up" poems which are within children's capacity and sympathy. Much, too, must be allowed for the small scale of the book—the author carefully warns us it is by no means exhaustive. But when we compare it, say, with Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Book of Verses for Children* we are struck at once by its lesser variety, robustness—life, in fact. There is a large preponderance of descriptive poems, which are unloved by the English boy, no matter how excellent—and nothing could be terser, more direct, than these. Where is the note of action and open air which blows through Mr.

Lucas's book? In these admirably finished pieces of country life and scenery you feel the air does not get between the lines.

Yet it is a pity that French poets have not written for the young. One great advantage the French tongue possesses, in a power of infantile simplicity unmatched by English: it babbles delightfully, as anyone acquainted with old French poetry knows. And some of the few pieces meant directly for the young in this book show that modern French has still the power, or the potentiality of the power, though but one or two poems have quite captured it. The best of these is Paul Verlaine's "Dame Souris." It is impossible to give in English the finished sweetness of its prattle; but, so far as the untranslatable can be translated, we have made the attempt. Here it is:

Mistress Mousie patters,
Night-black in the grey twilight,
Mistress Mousie patters,
Grey in the night.

Ding-dong, the bell tolls,
By-by, in blanket-gaol who lie!
Ding-dong, the bell tolls,
You must go by-by.

Storm is passing over,
Dusk as in an oven is deep.
Storm is passing over,
See! the morning's peep.

Mistress Mousie patters,
In the blue light rosy-red;
Mistress Mousie patters:
Up, slug-abad!

Another example of *naïveté* belongs to a different order. It is one of the popular songs which are scattered sparsely through the book, and though the language is modern, the form and spirit suggest the old ballad sufficiently, we think, to justify us in employing the ballad style in the following version of it. It is, moreover, the only way we can suggest the child-like quality of *Le Pont du Nord*:

'Twas on the Pont du Nord
That a ball there was begun.
And Adèle asks her mother
If there she may make one.
"It's nay, it's nay, my daughter,
To the dance you shall not be gone."
She mounted to her chamber,
And let the tears down run.
O who came but her brother,
In his boat with gold o'erdone.
"My sister, my sister,
Why let the tears down run?"
"My mother will not let me
To dance at the ball be gone."
"Put on, put on your white robe,
And your golden band gird on."
She had not made but three turns,
When in the waters run.
Then up and asked her mother
Why the bells to toll begun.
"O it is for your Adèle,
But and your eldest son."
Now see ye what ill chances
The wilful weans must run!

The popular songs are of varying kind and merit; some simple and pleasantly pretty, others within measurable distance of the nursery rhyme. But the nursery rhyme, which in one form or another plays a fair part in Mr. Lucas's book, is almost absent from this French anthology, for the same reason which abbreviated the famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. There are few French nursery rhymes, for there is no French nursery. "French children," says M. Minssen, "do not live apart with their nurse. They live with their parents, visit the same friends,

keep the same late hours, sit down to dinner with them (instead of being sent to bed), eat the same food, and read the same books, or at least some of them." The true nursery rhymes in his anthology seem to be mostly associated with games, and can hardly be translated. But some of the livelier popular songs (as we said) verge on the nursery rhyme. They are "patter," and tend to close rhymes, which increase the difficulty of an English version. Take a few lines from *Biron*, for example :

Quand Biron voulut danser
Son violon fit apporter,
Son violon,
Son basson,
Son épée
Affilé, &c.

Yet we may offer a version *pour servir* of the lively jingle

When Biron to dance would choose,
He must have them bring his shoes,
His round shoes to put on.
Now dance away, Biron !

When Biron the dance would 'gin,
They must bring his violin

All in tune,
His bassoon,
And his sword
On to cord,
His hat crooked
And pendant-nooked,
With his cuffs
Of well-made stuffs,
And his breech
Of modish stitch,
Vest fit for buck
Spangle-stuck,
Coat with fur
Of minever,
His perruque
A la turque,

His round shoes to put on,
Now dance away, Biron !

One wonders whether children, either English or French, will appreciate the dainty snatches of lyrical fancy which are scattered among those too numerous descriptive poems of which we have spoken. Will they savour Théophile Gautier's charming "Barcarolle," so well known to their elders by Gounod's exquisite setting? Or will they be captured by this gossamer twist of Hugo's, which we are criminal enough to pass through the coarse loom of translation?

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

The flower bespake the butterfly, the gad-about so airy :

"Flee not so !

Behold thou how our destinies are different : I tarry,
Thou dost go.

"And yet we love each other, live without men, and afar
Them refrain :

And we are like each other, and some say that we are
Blossoms twain.

"But thee, alas ! the air off-wafts, on me the earth-bond
lies,

Cruelty !

I would that with my breathing thy flight I could enspice
In the sky.

"But, no, thou go'st too far ! Among uncounted flowers
adrift,

And I, I bide here lonely, to watch my shadow shift
At my feet.

Thou fliest, then returnest, then thou go'st again to blaze
Otherwheres.

"So dost thou find me ever, in the auroral rays,
All in tears !
King of me !

Do thou like me take root, or do thou give me pinions
Like to thee !"

It will be gathered that for the adult, at any rate, this book is a "paradise of dainty devices." Indeed, compared

with Mr. Lucas's book, there is a notably higher artistic level. This arises partly, no doubt, from the wider net Mr. Lucas has cast. And there is one final distinction to be noted : here there is nothing kindred to the delightful fun of Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, and other votaries of the Muse of Nonsense. Some humour there is, but sparsely, and of much thinner quality—*vin ordinaire* to Veuve Clicquot. One poem there is, by Dionys Ordinaire, "The Sun of Picardy," in the original a charming blend of humour and poetry, which we translate :

No sun smiles on them, no blue sky
Is there abroad :
How do the folk of Picardy
Believe in God ?

Up there a lantern of white paper
Is all one sees,
Which in the sullied sky will caper
At the least breeze.

The sun of England is *their* fate too,
Apollo stoops
From heaven to ripen a potato,
Or row of hops.

O splendours, grandeurs that abound
In flat countries !
The fogs in silence crawl around
The cabbages.

Between the beetroot-fields the while,
And the wheat-ways,
The Somme, in grave and tranquil style,
Slumberous strays.

"Alas ! I'm so cold," the earth sighs ;
The Sun, his peepy
Eye with a wink half-closed, replies :
"And I'm so sleepy !"

Doubtful star, luminary dun,
Where thy beams dwell
It seems the twinkle of the moon
Down in a well.

Thou only art the Dromio base
Of that sun good,
Who urges in the vine the chase
O' the vermillion blood,

Froths the young autumns in the vats,
To sparkles stirs
The great dark eyes beneath the hats
Of vintagers.

But the humour of this will rather be tasted by adults than youngsters. And while an anthology of this kind should, we hope, give every child a taste for the poetry of France ; for fun—rich, and three inches on the ribs—he must come back with gratified patriotism to England.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. BOURGET's new book, *Le Fantôme*, is his most serious study in psychology since *Le Disciple*. It is delicate work, done with a singular reserve. The subject is not one to please the average reader, for there is nothing on earth the average reader more dislikes than an abnormal situation. But then the suffrage of that airy individual was certainly not in the mind of M. Bourget when he planned this book—novel, I cannot in all conscience call it, for it bears more resemblance to a casuistical treatise than to a story. In a world where abnormal situations are far more frequent than the easy-going bourgeois will admit, it were idle and stupid to limit the observation and study of the novelist, and, given the circumstance of the hero's painful marriage with the daughter of a dead and still loved mistress, nothing could be abler, more discreet, more conscience-weighted than M. Bourget's ruthless investigation of its moral results. The contrast between the morbid young man and the chivalrous and magnanimous old man,

who both so deeply loved the dead woman, is both fine and effective, and the book leaves a lasting impression of hopelessness, irremediable suffering.

Among recent serious publications is M. d'Haussonville's second volume of *The Duchesse de Bourgogne*. It lacks the charm of the first volume, because in that we had the delightful picture of a mighty and aged monarch and a brilliant Court existing, one might almost say, for the pleasure of one little girl. The child's whims and petulance, her infant shoulders so quaintly weighted with brocades and Court mantles, the figure of her boy-betrothed, made a charming study, which M. d'Haussonville treated with freshness and grace. But the piquancy of the spoiled child is lost in the second volume, and our only wonder is how any little girl was allowed to grow up in such an outrageous manner. In the shade of that pink of prim and enigmatic propriety, Mme. de Maintenon, this infant monster, the future Queen of France, was, in some respects, not many degrees removed from a savage. Madame complains, with justice—though it is easy to see that M. d'Haussonville disapproves of her harsh judgment of the Court pet—that she eats abominably, dipping her fingers in sauces, and tearing meat and fowl with fingers and teeth; that during the Royal dinner she mounts on her chair, shrieking and singing and dancing, and everybody about her finds her most engaging and witty and amusing. Then at fifteen she is a confirmed gambler, Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon at repeated intervals being obliged to pay her gambling debts. It has been said that if the Duke of Bourgogne had not died the Revolution never would have taken place. These sort of statements are easy enough to-day, since there is nothing to prove them right or wrong; but if we are to believe that the vices of Louis XV. hurried on that fatal and inevitable event, there were not, of a surety, brains enough between the bigoted and most virtuous Duke of Bourgogne and his volatile, gambling, pleasure-loving duchess to save a throne tottering to an increasing unpopularity. That model trainer of youth, that glorified pedagogue, Mme. de Maintenon, to secure the young princess's affection made a holocaust of all her principles in the child's regard, and allowed her to grow up with no ideal of duty or responsibility, breathing an atmosphere of malarious excitement, living solely for play and pleasure, borne through the hours at a feverish rate upon the wings of selfish caprice; lovable enough, no doubt, as a pretty, petulant, impulsive girl may be, but without any trace of dignity or nobility in her character. Her delicacy and appreciation of her husband's admirable fidelity to her will be valued by the following anecdote faithfully and not at all disapprovingly recorded by M. d'Haussonville, who is one of her worshippers. She persuaded one of her handsomest ladies of honour to undress and take her place in bed; then she sent word to the prince that it was time for him to come to bed. The prince, who was studious and absent-minded, obeyed her, undressed and went to bed, at which moment the princess rushed from behind curtains, and made a feint at upbraiding him for his scandalous conduct. The entire scene has a touch of singularly low farce. The prince beats the lady of honour and drives her out of the room with his slipper, using language to her not fit for modern ears, not even giving her time to collect her clothes, while the princess holds her sides laughing. The most touching thing in this fragment of French history is the deep and unrequited love of the unhappy Duke of Bourgogne for his faithless and fascinating wife. The letters he writes from the camp to Mme. de Montgon are really charming and quaint: full of tenderness and love and pain. They are a long cry against his wife's intolerable silence, a cry the more lamentable because of the little touch of gaiety that goes with it. "As for that wicked one I spoke of, tell her if henceforth she doesn't write oftener I'll break off with her, and vow

I won't write her another letter during the rest of the campaign. *Postscriptum*.—I fear me greatly these threats will be of no avail, for I should most certainly be more punished than she." In spite of his great love for her, his unwearied tenderness, and a fidelity unique in such times and at such a Court, his character had much to do with the frailties of his light-minded wife. He was too serious, too pious, too austere, though at one period of his life he is charged with an excessive love of the wine-cup, and then he was slightly deformed, while around him were handsome and well-made gallants ready enough to dispute his wife's smiles. For her sake he dipped into verse—not with glory, however; but, as he touchingly sung: "If I loved you less, I would hymn you better." His sense of duty was as intense as this sense was lacking in her, and an impromptu of his to her runs:

Draco, cequ'etre esclave est bien doux
Quand c'est du devoir et de vous.

The Parisian lion of the hour continues to be Björnstjerne Björnson, whose play, "Au-dessus des Forces Humaines," is still being played at the Nouveau Théâtre.

H. L.

Correspondence.

The Dilemma.

SIR,—Mr. Andrew Lang, in the *Pilot* of the 9th March, tells us that your review of *The Encyclopedia Biblica*, Vol. II., suggested to him that facts not specially collected to support a theory may be ruinous to the same theory when applied at second hand; and that your reviewer is "fluttered" by what he reads in the volume in question. Into the rest of his article, which suggests a doubt whether he did me the honour to read the review to the end, I will not go in detail; but the gist of it appears to be that the conclusions of the Higher Criticism are so indefinite and contradictory that the Church of England can safely ignore them.

It is against this policy of silence, which there is some reason to suppose is official, that my review protested. Contradictory though they may be in some points, the conclusions of the Higher Criticism are not indefinite. The gravamen of the whole matter seems to be the assertion of Prof. Schmiedel before quoted, to the effect that the only absolutely credible passages in the Gospels prove the Founder of Christianity to have been a completely human being, in whom the Divine is to be sought only in the form in which it is capable of being found in a man. Whether this assertion is supported by sufficient proof or not, I do not propose here to inquire; but I think it is plain that the Church that allows such a statement first to be put forward under the auspices of her own dignitaries, and then to pass without challenge, will be considered by most of us to have formally abandoned her belief in Trinitarian Christianity.

The issue with regard to the credibility of the Canonical Scriptures, though most people will consider it of less importance, is quite as definite. Whether books like Esther and the Song of Solomon were rightly included in the Canon is in itself but a very small matter. But the Church of England not only declares, in her Articles, her belief in their canonicity, but exacts from her ministers at ordination the assertion of their belief in *all* the Canonical Books. It therefore seems to me that she must choose between rejecting the conclusions put forward by some of her own officers and altering *in toto* her own formularies. This, and not the conclusions of the Higher Criticism, is the dilemma she has to face.—I am, &c.,

YOUR REVIEWER.

Adonis's Garden.

SIR,—Mr. Albert R. Frey, the secretary of the New York Shakespeare Society, has this moment come to me with a copy of your valued issue of February 2, containing Mr. Stronach's letter, exclaiming: "Here is that old question about Adonis's Garden once more!" (His allusion was to an extremely protracted meeting of the New York Shakespeare Society some seven years ago, in which we debated these "gardens" well into the small hours without result, except that a respectable contingent of us waived the Baconian theory in our faces as the only possible solution of this and a thousand other similar "posers"! Warning you, therefore (if I am not taking too great a liberty),—I am, &c., APPLETON MORGAN.

The National Arts Club, New York, Nos. 37 and 39 West 34th Street: March 2, 1901.

Last Year's Books.

SIR,—In your review of the *Catalogue of English Books* for 1900 you give me the credit of having issued "five new novels last year." This is not quite correct. During 1900 I wrote two books only—*In White Raiment* and *Wiles of the Wicked*. These were both issued, together with a third book, *Of Royal Blood*, written in 1898, and published in *Chambers's Journal* in 1899. The other two books were probably sixpenny reprints.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Villa Teresa, Ardenza, Livorno, Italy.

That Rose Bush.

SIR,—In "The Literary Week" of March 9, you refer to "the rose brought by Mr. W. Simpson from Naishapur, and planted at FitzGerald's grave at Boulge." The rose-tree at the head of FitzGerald's grave was not brought from Naishapur, but was grown at Kew from seeds brought from Persia. You may be interested to know that when I saw it in August last it was alive and flourishing.—I am, &c.,

F. WYNN HELTINGS.

[We knew the facts; our words should have been more precise.]

A Much-Neglected Novelist.

SIR,—It is consoling to admirers of Bulwer Lytton's novels to find that there are authorities on matters literary who will say a good word for him. The "Bookworm's" remark on Lytton in your current issue has much truth in it: "It is fashionable to sneer at Bulwer, but the sneering is generally done by those who are blissfully ignorant of his best work."

Some of his early work is poor, and called forth the harsh criticisms of Thackeray and Dickens. But surely his later novels, such as *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, *Kenelm Chillingly*, have a high place among nineteenth century fiction. At any rate, no one ought to decry Lytton until they have read these books.—I am, &c.,

H. P. WRIGHT.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 77 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best verses descriptive and imitative of the sound of a band of music advancing down a street. Only fourteen readers have attempted the rendering, and of these only three or four have achieved merit. We think that the winning contribution is distinctly clever, though rather superficial. It is sent in by Miss Edith Rickert, 3, Great James-

street, W.C., to whom a cheque has been forwarded. Her lines are as follows:

THE PASSING OF THE BAND.

A lone, deep drone
Thrummeth a resonant monotone.
Up soareth the horn with an undulant flare,
That dies—is re-born—just a flash of an air,
Through the rumble of drums, as their throbbing beat
Sends a rhythmic pulse down the winding street.
Then a streaming pennant of sound is out-flung,
Flamboyant from wall to wall is swung.
Near—and more near—the harmonies clear
Build skyward a ponderous tower, then sheer
It breaks in a clarion crash of sounds,
An ululant tumult, that bounds and rebounds:
A voluminous groan
From the blaring trombone;
And a clangour of brass
As the cymbals pass;
Then the drum's lone boom, as the melodies fly
Forward—and waver—and faint—and die
Into murmur amphoric,
Sweet-blending, choric,
To a far-away swell,
Till at last they mell
In a note long-drawn—
Are gone—on—on.

This is pleasant:

Under Italian sky,
"Down in a city" bright,
Browning's "Person of quality" hears
Rhythmical din of delight;
"Bang-whang-whang, goes the drum,
Tootle-te-tootle the fife.
Oh, a day in the city square,
There is no such pleasure in life!"
Up in a villainous London slum,
Perched in an attic high,
One who once was an officer brave,
Watches the band go by!
Thud, thud, thud, through the mud,
"Come, come, come," says the drum;
"Duty," answers the fife;
"Duty and beauty and booty of strife,"
Clash, flash,
Plain, through the brain of old Jack Dash!

[R. F. MoC., Whitby.]

And this:

Hark! From afar they come!
A faint and distant strain!
Far sounds of fife and drum
That rise, and fall again.

Now, louder on the air
Peals forth that music sweet.
The trumpet's brazen blare—
The tramp of many feet.

They come. A crash of drum!
The strain in volume swells,
It drowns the City's hum,
And all the clanging bells

They pass, amid the roar
Of voices. Deafening sound,
That shakes the houses hoar,
And all the walls around!

They pass! Each moment grows
More faint that music sweet;
Again, the old repose!—
Again, the drowsy street!

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Competition No. 78 (New Series).

IN these days literary reputations are reconsidered with some severity. This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best original heterodox literary judgment on some established book or author. Limit, 250 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, March 20. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

HURST & BLACKETT'S NEW LIST.

Ready early in April. In 1 vol. large crown 8vo, Illustrated with numerous Portraits. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE MAN in the IRON MASK. By TIGHE HOPKINS, Author of "An Idler in Old France," &c.

Now Ready. In 1 vol. demy 8vo, with numerous Illustrations and Portrait of Author. Price 10s. 6d. net.

PAGES from the JOURNAL of a QUEENSLAND SQUATTER. By OSCAR DE SATGE, who has been intimately connected with the Colony since 1854.

Now Ready. In 1 vol. demy 8vo, with upwards of 250 Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs. Price 16s. net.

RIDING and HUNTING. By Captain M. HORACE HAYES, F.R.C.V.S., Author of "Stable Management and Exercise," "Points of the Horse," "Veterinary Notes," &c.

Now Ready, in 1 vol. crown 4to.

Fully Illustrated by Drawings by A. D. McCORMICK (from Sketches made by E. S. GROGAN), Original Drawings by E. S. GROGAN, Photographs and Photogravure Portraits of the Authors, Maps, &c. Price One Guinea net.

FROM the CAPE to CAIRO, the First Traverse of Africa from South to North. By EWART S. GROGAN and ARTHUR H. SHARP. With Introductory Letter from the Right Hon. CECIL RHODES.

Now Ready. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. Price 12s. net.

STABLE MANAGEMENT and EXERCISE. A Book for Horse Owners and Students. By Captain M. HORACE HAYES, F.R.C.V.S. Illustrated by numerous Reproductions of Photographs taken specially for this work.

NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

HIS OWN FATHER. By W. E. Norris, Author of "My Friend Jim," "Major and Minor," &c. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. [Ready April 1.]

THE LIFE ROMANTIC, including the LOVE LETTERS of the KING. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, Author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl," &c. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

AMUSEMENT ONLY. By Richard Marsh, Author of "The Beetle," "The Seen and the Unseen," &c. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

THIS BODY of DEATH. By Adeline SERGEANT, Author of "No Saint," "The Story of a Penitent Soul," &c. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

CHILDREN of HERMES. By Hume NISBET, Author of "Bail Up," "The Swampers," &c. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

A SUFFOLK COURTSHIP. By M Betham EDWARDS, Author of "The Lord of the Harvest," "A Storm-rent Sky," &c. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

HURST & BLACKETT'S NEW SERIES OF SIXPENNY NOVELS.

AYLWIN.

By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. [Ready.]

THE FOOTFALL of FATE.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL. [Ready.]

THE VANISHING of TERA.

By FERGUS HUME. [Ready.]

WHAT a WOMAN WILL DO.

By LUCAS CLEEVE. [Ready.]

MISS KATE.

By "RITA." [Ready in April.]

HURST & BLACKETT, Limited, 13, Great Marlborough Street, W.

J. M. DENT & CO.'S SPRING BOOKS THE WORKING CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

By the Right Hon. LEONARD H. COURTNEY.

With Photogravure Frontispiece. Large demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

"Weighty and authoritative.....No M.P. and no student of the Constitution can neglect a political survey so scholarly and judicial."—*Outlook*.

AUSTRALASIA:

THE COMMONWEALTH AND NEW ZEALAND.

By A. W. JOSE. With Illustrations and Maps. 1s. net.

"There are many interesting things to read here...The reader who wants to hear about them will find information, admirably given, in this little volume."—*Spectator*.

* * Particulars of Prof. RAMSAY'S "Modern Chemistry" and other Works in the TEMPLE CYCLOPÆDIC PRIMERS, on application.

A Memoir of the last Minnesinger of Tirol.

OSWALD VON WOLKENSTEIN

By SIGNORA LINDA VILLARI.

With many Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

MASTER MUSICIANS SERIES.

HANDEL.

By C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS, Author of "Bach."

Photogravure Frontispiece and other Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Handbooks for Visitors to Italy.—THE MEDIAEVAL TOWN SERIES.

Fcap. 8vo (Pocket size), cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. net; also in limp leather, 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. net.

ROME.

By NORWOOD YOUNG.

With over 50 Sketches by Nelly Erichsen, Reproductions, and Maps. Cloth, 4s. 6d.; leather, 5s. 6d. net.

"The outline, the suggestion or reflection, of all that distinguishes travel from sightseeing...Mr. Young has seen everything for himself: he is a thorough modern; his views are fresh and interesting, and in our belief those which will prevail. The book is well illustrated and indexed, and will go into the pocket."—*Monthly Review*.

FLORENCE By Edmund G. Gardner.

With Sketches by Nelly Erichsen. 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. net.

ASSISI. By Lena Duff-Gordon.

With Sketches by Helen James and N. Erichsen. 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. net.

PERUGIA. By M. Symonds and L. Duff-Gordon.

With Sketches by Helen James. 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. net.

The Alfred Millenary, 1901.

ALFRED THE WEST SAXON.

By DUGALD MACFADYEN, M.A.

With Portraits, Facsimiles, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 4s. 6d. net.

"So completely has the author studied his subject that he has left little to be said by those who may be contemplating other books of the same character...There is a picturesqueness about Mr. Macfadyen's history that makes it pleasant to read."—*Observer*.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS.

"PORTABLE GEMS EVERY ONE OF THEM."—*Punch*.

Photogravure Frontispiece and Bookmark, cloth, 1s. 6d.; leather, 2s. net per vol.

THREE WORKS BY THE LATE F. S. ELLIS.

CAXTON'S GOLDEN LEGEND, or Lives of the Saints. Edited by F. S. ELLIS. Frontispieces by EMILY S. FORD. Seven vols.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

Englished by F. S. ELLIS. Frontispieces by ARTHUR ELLIS. Three vols.

CAVENDISH'S THOMAS WOLSEY.

Edited by F. S. ELLIS. Frontispiece Portrait of Wolsey. In One vol.

EMERSON'S ESSAYS. (First Series, 1 vol.; Second Series, and NATURE, 1 vol.) Edited by WALTER JERROLD.

HOLY LIVING and HOLY DYING. (2 vols.: 1 vol.) Edited by A. R. WALLER.

DANTE'S INFERNO. Italian Text and Translations by Dr. CARLYLE. Revised, with Notes and Arguments, by Dr. ORSNER.

An ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and Special LISTS on application.

J. M. DENT & CO., 29 and 30, Bedford Street, London.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S LIST.

10th Thousand.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

By JOHN MORLEY.

With Portrait, 8vo, 10s. net. Illustrated Edition, extra crown 8vo, 14s. net.

BOOKS BY
MAURICE HEWLETT.

EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY.

Being Impressions and Translations of MAURICE HEWLETT. Third Edition, Revised. Globe 8vo, 5s. [EVERSLEY SERIES.]

Review of the Week.—"Truly delightful Should be read by every lover of Italy."

70,000 copies have been sold of THE FOREST LOVERS.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

55,000 copies have been sold of RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

Illustrated Presentation Editions now ready.

58,000 copies have been sold of ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.

Extra crown 8vo ILLUSTRATED EDITION, white buckram, gilt edges, 8s. 6d. net. ORDINARY EDITION, 6s.

27,000 copies have been sold of THE SOLITARY SUMMER.

By the AUTHOR of "ELIZABETH and her GERMAN GARDEN." Extra crown 8vo, ILLUSTRATED EDITION, white buckram, gilt edges, 8s. 6d. net. ORDINARY EDITION, 6s.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN CRETE.

NOW READY.—8vo, 10s. 6d.

THE ANNUAL OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

No. VI. SESSION, 1899-1900.

*. The contents include the preliminary reports (1) by Mr. Arthur Evans, on "The Palace at Knossos"; (2) by Mr. D. G. Hogarth, on "The Dictæan Cave." Both are the fullest statements yet published, and are abundantly illustrated.

A NEW NOVEL.

The HERITAGE of UNREST

By GWENDOLEN OVERTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

*. A very striking Story of the American Frontier during the Indian Troubles in the late Seventies.

NEW ISSUE of the BORDER EDITION of the WAVERLEY NOVELS.

Latest Volume.

OLD MORTALITY.

With 10 Etchings. Crown 8vo, tastefully bound in blue cloth, gilt, 6s.

NEW ISSUE OF THE

WORKS of MARION CRAW- FORD.

Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. per volume.

Latest Volume.

MARZIO'S CRUCIFIX.

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S

NOVELS. The New and Cheaper Editions, each Story in 1 vol., crown 8vo, red cloth, price 2s. 6d., or in green cloth, price 2s., may be obtained at all Booksellers, where a Complete List of the Thirty-seven Stories may be seen.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

Some Spring Announcements.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

IN TIBET and CHINESE TURKESTAN. Being the Record of Three Years' Exploration. By Captain H. H. P. DEASY. With Appendices, Maps, and 80 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 21s. net.

FALAIKE. The Story of the Town of the Conqueror. By A. BOWMAN DODD. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.

BOOKS OF HISTORY.

FIFTY YEARS of CATHOLIC LIFE and PROGRESS. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Photogravure Portraits. Cloth, 2 vols., 21s.

HISTORY of FLORENCE. By Professor PASQUALI VILLARI. Illustrated. Popular Edition. Gilt cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENTS and CANADIAN IMPERIALISM. By W. SANFORD EVANS. Illustrated from Photographs, and with Maps. Cloth, 6s.

THE BIOGRAPH in BATTLE. By W. K. L. DICKSON. Second Edition. 100 Illustrations from Biograph Photographs. Cloth, 6s.

THE JEW in LONDON. Second Edition. Cloth gilt, 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANDRÆS VESALIUS. By C. L. TAYLOR. With Frontispiece. (Masters of Medicine Series.) Cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE LIFE of RICHARD COBDEN. By the Right Hon. JOHN MORLEY, M.P. (Reformer's Bookshelf.) 2 vols. Cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

BOOKS ON SCIENCE, &c.

ENGLAND'S NEGLECT of SCIENCE. By Professor PERRY, of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

IN BIRD LAND with the FIELD-GLASS and CAMERA. By OLIVER G. PIKE. With over 80 Photographs. Second Edition. Cloth gilt, 6s.

FICTION.

THE LOST LAND. By JULIA M. CROTTIE. 6s.

THE WIZARD'S KNOT. By WILLIAM BARRY. 6s.

SISTER THERESA. By GEORGE MOORE. 6s.

BLACK MARY. By ALAN MCAULAY. 6s.

BY ROCK and POOL. By LOUIS BECKE. 6s.

SOULS of PASSAGE. By AMELIA E. BARR. 6s.

A JILT's JOURNAL. By RITA. 6s.

AMONG the SYRINGAS. By MARY E. MANN. 6s.

MISTRESS BARBARA CUNLIFFE (The Combers). By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. 6s.

THE WISDOM of ESAU. By C. H. CHOMLEY and R. M. OUTHWAITE. 6s.

"SARAH, P.Q." By H. SANT MARTIN-LANTON. Second Edition. Cloth gilt, 6s.

NEIGHBOURS. Being Annals of a Dull Town. By JULIA M. CROTTIE. Second Edition. 6s.

A DAUGHTER of PATRICIANS. A Story of Canada. By F. CLIFFORD SMITH. Illustrated. Cloth, 6s.

THE WISDOM of the WISE. A Comedy in Three Acts. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; paper covers, 2s. net.

THE AMBASSADOR. A Comedy in Four Acts. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; paper covers, 2s. net.

GEORGIE. The Diary of an Observant Boy. By S. E. KISER. Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

NAOMI'S EXODUS. A Tale of Ghetto Life. By LILY H. MONTAGU. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

UNWIN'S

POPULAR COPYRIGHT NOVELS.

TESSA and THE TRADER'S WIFE. By LOUIS BECKE.

DESMONDE, M.D. A striking Hypnotic Novel. By HENRY WILLARD FRENCH.

THE ENDING of MY DAY. By RITA. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS. By BARRY PAINE. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN,
Paternoster Square, E.C.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS. (A SELECTION.)

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

Small crown 8vo, 5s. net.

FIRST EDITION	NOVEMBER, 1900
SECOND IMPRESSION	DECEMBER, 1900
THIRD IMPRESSION	DECEMBER, 1900
FOURTH IMPRESSION	DECEMBER, 1900
FIFTH IMPRESSION	JANUARY, 1901
SIXTH IMPRESSION	JANUARY, 1901
SEVENTH IMPRESSION	FEBRUARY, 1901
EIGHTH IMPRESSION	MARCH, 1901

In consequence of certain statements which have been publicly made, Mr. Murray desires to repeat the following paragraph, which accompanied advertisements of this book, both before and after publication: "The publisher, without holding himself in any way responsible for their authorship, confidently hopes that their special characteristics will be considered fully to justify their publication."

THE LIFE and CORRESPONDENCE

of the Rt. Hon. HUGH CULLING EARDLEY CHILDERS. By his Son, Lieut.-Col. SPENCER CHILDERS, R.E., C.B. With numerous Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols., demy 8vo, 23s.

OUR NAVAL HEROES. By Various

WRITERS. Edited by G. E. MARINDIN, M.A. With a Preface by Rear-Admiral Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. Containing Short Lives of Twenty of our most Famous Admirals, related in nearly every case by one of their Descendants, and when possible by the Head of the Family. With Photogravure of Lord Nelson, and Half-tone Portraits of the other Admirals. Demy 8vo, 16s.

"Well conceived and well-executed volume."
Globe.
"One of great interest and value."—Literature.

SHIFTING SCENES: Recollections

of Many Men in Many Lands. By the Right Hon. Sir EDWARD MALET, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., sometime H.B.M. Ambassador to Germany. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"A clever, genial, and amusing book."—Standard.
"The book throughout is a masterpiece of genial autobiography."—Literature.

Two Books of Interest to Travellers in Italy, and Students of Art.

THE PAINTERS of FLORENCE.

From the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. ADR). With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

THE FRESCOES in the SIXTINE

CHAPEL in ROME. By (Miss) EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPS. With 24 Illustrations and a Photogravure Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

The Complete Authoritative Edition of GEORGE BORNOW'S WORKS.

Large crown 8vo, 6s. each.

TWO NEW VOLUMES.

THE GYPSIES of SPAIN: their

Manners, Customs, Religion, and Language. With a Photogravure and 8 Full-Page Illustrations, by A. WALLIS MILLS.

WILD WALES. With a Photo- gravure and 12 Illustrations by A. S. HARTBECK.

MR. MURRAY'S MUSICAL SERIES.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net each.

NEW VOLUME.—Ready next week.

THE OPERA. PAST and PRESENT:

an Historical Sketch. By WILLIAM FOSTER APHORP, Author of "Musicians and Music Lovers," &c. With Portraits.

A New Work by the Rev. Charles Gore, M.A., D.D., Canon of Westminster.

THE BODY of CHRIST: an Inquiry into the Institution and Doctrine of the Holy Communion. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1507. Established 1869.

23 March, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THIS week, following our usual custom, we print lists of the books announced by the important publishing houses for publication this spring.

WE hear of two editions of the complete works of Count Tolstoy. One is announced definitely by Mr. Grant Richards. The other is being planned elsewhere. Possibly, in the end, only one of these editions will see the light.

THE late Mr. Max Müller's autobiography, to which we shall return next week, is, unfortunately, incomplete. It begins with his childhood at Dessau, and ends in the early period of his residence at Oxford. During the last days of his life the autobiography was constantly in his thoughts, and even when lying in bed, far too weak to sit up in a chair, he worked at the MS. with his son. The present instalment contains hints of the interest of the unwritten volumes, had time been given him to write them. For example, it would have been very interesting to read this versatile scholar's account of his discussions with Renan, Froude, Kingsley, and Liddon on the axioms gracefully, but firmly, laid down by him, that "it is truth that makes inspiration not inspiration that makes truth," and "the simple conclusion that revelation can never be objective, but must always be subjective." Max Müller was a real lover of books. Having collected a library of 12,000 volumes during his lifetime, yet he remembered, with sympathy, his acquisition of the first.

One book I still possess which he [my father] bought for me, and which was to be the first book of my library. It was a small volume of Horace, printed by Pickering in 1820. It has now almost vanished among the 12,000 big volumes that form my library, but I am delighted that I am still able, at seventy-six, to read it without spectacles. I think I remember my father taking my sister and me on his knees, and telling us the most delightful stories, that set us wondering, and laughing, and crying till we could laugh and cry no longer. He had been a fellow-worker with the brothers Grimm, and the stories he told were mostly from their collection, though he knew how to embellish them with anything that could make a child cry and laugh.

APROPPOS of our note last week on the demand for Byron first editions, a correspondent who knows writes: "Yes, Byrons are decidedly rising in value, as collectors are beginning to learn. So are FitzGerald's. At the Sotheby sale, in which *Polonius* fetched £11 10s., the *Six Dramas from Calderon* sold for £14, and *The Mighty Magician* for £30 10s. All these were presentation copies to T. Churchyard, the lawyer of Woodbridge. I thought the last was a record price, but an American friend has since sent me a cutting from a New York paper, from which it appears that, at a sale at Bangs's auction rooms in that city, on February 13, a copy of the first edition of the *Rubinydt* (1859) sold for \$260, or, say, £52. It was, of course, in immaculate condition, with edges entirely uncut—and, indeed, unopened."

ALL who know the Edinburgh Stevenson admire its bold, clean page and distinguished type—a positive invitation to read slowly and wisely. We are glad to hear that a similar service is to be done for Sir Walter Scott by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. The edition will be in forty-eight volumes, uniform in every respect, except binding, with the Edinburgh Stevenson. It will be illustrated by twenty authentic portraits of Sir Walter, portraits of the prototypes of some of the best-known characters in the novels, and of the historical personages therein portrayed. The edition will be limited (Why?) to 1,000 copies.

The Complete Works of Cervantes, under the editorship of Mr. J. Fitzmaurice Kelly, are announced by Messrs. Gowers & Gray. The edition, which will be welcome, could not be in better hands. From the same publishers we have received the fourth volume (the "get-up" is not very attractive) of Keats's works. It includes his correspondence from 1814 to 1819. The Letters to Fanny Brawne will be printed in a later volume. Mr. Buxton Forman, in his preface, has this to say about Keats as a letter-writer:

If to be true, interesting, attractive, witty, humorous, idealistic, realistic, speculative, discursive, and gossipy in turns is the note of a good letter-writer, then, indeed, Keats was one. If to tell one's friends just what they want to know about one's doings and thoughts, and about the doings and thoughts of mutual friends, is to be a good letter-writer—that is where Keats, of all men of genius in the last century, excelled. If consideration for the feelings of others in the manner and degree of communicating misfortunes or disagreeables be an epistolary virtue, Keats was largely endowed with that virtue. If to present a true picture of the essential qualities of one's personality is a valuable art, Keats manifested that art in a high form in his letters. And if, when wrung by disease and misery, it is better to leave some record for a pitying posterity than to carry a ghastly secret into the oblivion of the grave, then in this also Keats exceeded others who have made the world richer with their letters.

WE have not heard much lately about Lady Murray's home in the Riviera for ill and distressed authors, but particulars are published of the home for unfortunate authors and artists to be built from the generosity of the late Sir William Fraser, of Edinburgh, who left £25,000 for that purpose. The site chosen is Colinton, about three miles from Edinburgh. C. K. S. in the *Sphere* prints the following description which he has received from a correspondent:

There are to be twelve houses and an administrative block, forming three sides of a square, a terrace walk outside the doors protected by a stone balustrade and approached from the lower level of the central court by means of stairs. At each end of the terrace are two belvederes with lead roofs, which form an ornamental feature of the design. The houses have dormer windows, towers in the angles, and other pictorial features, while internally they are finished in a correspondingly tasteful manner. The houses are small, varying in size from two to four rooms, with necessary kitchen and sanitary accommodation.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER'S "Real Conversations" in the *Pall Mall Magazine* are very welcome. This month he records a conversation with Mr. Thomas Hardy at the novelist's home "near Casterbridge." T. H. is "discovered before a smouldering fire of elm logs." The talk turns on Wessex, Spooks, War, and Criticism. It is real in the sense that it is a true give-and-take talk between friends; it is not a one-sided "interview." Mr. Hardy incidentally meets a number of criticisms with which from time to time he is assailed. There is his pessimism, for instance. On this he says:

People call me a pessimist; and if it is pessimism to think, with Sophocles, that "not to have been born is best," then I do not reject the designation. I never could understand why the word "pessimism" should be such a red rag to many worthy people; and I believe, indeed, that a good deal of the robustious, swaggering optimism of recent literature is at bottom cowardly and insincere. I do not see that we are likely to improve the world by asseverating, however loudly, that black is white, or at least that black is but a necessary contrast and foil, without which white would be white no longer. That is mere juggling with a metaphor. But my pessimism, if pessimism it be, does not involve the assumption that the world is going to the dogs, and that Ahri-man is winning all along the line. On the contrary, my practical philosophy is distinctly meliorist. What are my books but one plea against "man's inhumanity to man"—to woman—and to the lower animals? (By the way, my opposition to "sport" is the one point on which I am at all in conflict with my neighbours hereabouts.) Whatever may be the inherent good or evil of life, it is certain that men make it much worse than it need be. When we have got rid of a thousand remediable ills, it will be time enough to determine whether the ill that is irremediable outweighs the good.

On the question of signed criticism there is an interesting passage. Mr. Archer asks Mr. Hardy whether he does not approve the way in which signed criticism is gradually crushing the old anonymous review?

Mr. Hardy: I think the rule ought to be that favourable criticisms may be unsigned, but that the critic should be bound to take the responsibility of an unfavourable judgment. There should be no stabbing in the dark. Not that I, personally, have any wish to complain of criticism, signed or unsigned.

W. A.: It seems to me that reviewing, as a whole, is becoming more conscientious, if not more competent.

Mr. Hardy: I remember a case in which a critic seemed to me to carry conscientiousness to an inconvenient pitch. Writing of my *Wessex Poems*, this gentleman said that when he first read the book he thought it rather good, but, being determined not to be taken in, and to be conscientious at all hazards, he made a point of getting up to re-read it on a wet morning before breakfast, and then found that it was worth very little. That seemed to me an excessive devotion to critical duty.

THE *Speaker* has a clever writer on its staff who signs his articles with the initials "G. K. C." Last week "G. K. C." had a brilliant and rather paradoxical article in defence of the Penny Dreadful. We have before now expressed our conviction that a great deal of nonsense is talked about the "corrupting" influence of Penny Dreadfuls. "G. K. C." evidently thinks this nonsense is not only plentiful, but clotted. As for the Penny Dreadful's crudity, it supplies the demand not for art, which is a luxury, but for fiction, which is a necessity. "The simple need for some kind of ideal world in which fictitious persons play an unhampered part is infinitely deeper and older than the rules of good art, and much more important." Nor will "G. K. C." allow that Penny Dreadful literature is especially plebeian. "It is simply human. The philanthropist can never forget classes and callings. He says, with a modest swagger: 'I have invited twenty-five factory hands to tea.' If he said: 'I

have invited twenty-five chartered accountants to tea,' everyone would see the humour of so simple a classification. But this is what we have done with this lumberland of foolish writing: we have probed as if it were some monstrous new disease what is, in fact, nothing but the foolish and valiant heart of man." Finally it is contended that the writers and publishers of books of the *Dick Deadshot* type have more real right to upbraid the educated classes than we have to upbraid them. "With a hypocrisy so ludicrous as to be almost unparalleled in history, we rate the gutter-boys for their immorality at the very time that we are discussing (with equivocal German professors) whether morality is valid at all. At the very instant that we curse the Penny Dreadful for encouraging thefts upon property, we canvass the proposition that all property is theft. At the very instant that we accuse it (quite unjustly) of lubricity and indecency, we are cheerfully reading philosophies which glory in lubricity and indecency. At the very instant that we charge it with encouraging the young to destroy life, we are placidly discussing whether life is worth preserving."

A BOOK with a strenuous purpose is Mr. Gustavus Myers's *History of Tammany Hall*. It is not surprising to learn that he had considerable difficulty in finding a publisher for it in New York. He tells his readers something of his difficulties:

Two of the best-known firms wrote that they could not encourage me to submit the MS. to them for consideration. Four others considered the publication "inadvisable," though their readers had returned favourable recommendations. One other declined it without giving reasons. More recently, when the offer of certain responsible persons who had read the MS. to guarantee the expense of its publication was made to a certain house, the firm replied: "... We should hardly feel warranted in locking horns with Tammany Hall. . . ."

Certainly a struggle with Tammany Hall conceived as "locking horns" might well appal a publisher's heart.

MR. W. H. HUDSON, whose monograph on Sir Walter Scott we reviewed a few weeks ago, writes to correct our assumption that he is an American. On the contrary, Mr. Hudson is an Englishman, although he has for some years held a professorship at Stanford University, California.

MR. W. S. LILLY's second article on Landor, in the *Pilot*, deals with Landor's work in pure literature. It is an interesting estimate, though of course there is nothing new or even recent in Mr. Lilly's main contention that Landor's genius, as shown in the *Imaginary Conversations*, is neither creative nor historic. Coming to Landor's poetry, it is in his short pieces that Mr. Lilly finds most delight. He is very fond of this on Catullus:

Tell me not what too well I know
About the Bard of Sirmio;

Yes, in Thalia's son,
Such strains there are as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.

And of this "regal compliment":

Why do I smile? To hear you say,
"One month, and then the shortest day!"
The shortest, whate'er month it be,
Is the bright day you pass with me.

We suppose that most of our readers know the epigram, admired of Mr. Lilly, and by Mr. Colvin pronounced to be Landor's best, on Melville:

God's laws declare
Thou shalt not swear,
By aught in Heaven above or earth below.
"Upon my honour," Melville cries,
He swears and lies.

Does Melville then break God's commandment? No.

Mr. Lilly ends on Landor's exquisite rendering of a passage in Moschus:

Ah! when the mallow in the croft dies down,
Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,
Again they grow, another year they flourish.
But we, the great, the valiant and the wise,
Once covered over in the hollow earth,
Sleep a long, dreamless, unawakening sleep.

MR. FRANCIS EDWARDS, of High-street, Marylebone, sends us an interesting little catalogue of steel-engraved portraits, many of which are from paintings by Hoppner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Cosway, Northcote and other famous portrait masters. The subjects include men and women of Letters, naval and military celebrities, Court beauties, actors, singers, &c. We observe portraits of Jane Austen, William Beckford, Lord Byron, Thomas Day, William Hazlitt, Theodore Hook, Lord Lytton, Joe Miller, Swift, and others. The prices appear never to exceed a shilling.

It seems to us that there is a place for a little magazine called the *Temperance Critic* (Parnell & Co., Southampton-row), the first number of which lies before us. "A Sane Temperance (not Teetotal) Paper" is its description of itself. The aims of the paper may be further divined from this sentence in an article called "Where We Stand": "The old headlong frontal attack on drink and the Trade—magnificent in its earnestness and seriousness of purpose—must be exchanged for movements and dispositions which will assuredly terminate in restricting the Trade to its due sphere." We have been waiting to hear that word from a Temperance organ. The little magazine is very well printed and turned out—its price, twopence.

THE editor of the *Thrush* proposes not only to print original verse, but also to "secure an adequate recognition of modern poetry" by establishing a society for "the study of living Poets and the cult of modern Poetry." There is a charming *naïveté* about the circular in which this momentous proposal is set forth. A few detached extracts will suffice:

In various parts of the country honorary secretaries will be appointed, whose duty it will be to form little coteries of students. Small reading parties will meet once a week and enrol members. The work of some living poet will be then read and discussed; and it would be of service if the secretary would be kind enough to endeavour to induce each member to become a regular subscriber to the *Thrush*.

It will be well for honorary secretaries to obtain some measure of support from the clergy and the leading and professional men of their neighbourhood. They may become members, though they may be unable to attend the reading parties. . . . These reading parties for the cult of modern poetry should be held at the houses of invited members or elsewhere, as may be arranged, and (in the summer time) in some delightful garden or woodland dell. Working people who have a soul for poetry, and all classes of the community, should be encouraged to become members. If you are disposed to assist in this little enterprise and will kindly accept such a position, I hereby appoint you one of the honorary secretaries of the society, fully empowered to act, but not in any way to incur debts on behalf of the society. . . . Your duties will be obvious to you. You may make up your own coterie or party, and enlarge it from time to time, or you may depute parts of the work of organisation to others. You will be absolute over your own little society, you will fix a day (once a week preferably) for the readings, and you will kindly take the chair at each meeting and control its action. You will be fettered by no rules. You will endeavour to make the meetings agreeable to the members, and though it will be well to be firm in your control it is needless to suggest to you the all-importance of patience and sweet reasonableness.

We are sorry to feel irreverently amused by this prospectus, but then we are no longer so young as we were in the days when our heart was volcanic. Even then personal friendship seemed to provide the natural atmosphere in which to study other people's poetry and whisper our own. But a society, a coterie, a chair! Well may Mr. Mullett Ellis suggest the "all-importance of patience in honorary secretaries."

THE American historical novel has already appealed to the American sense of humour. Some months ago we quoted Mr. Dooley's parody, and now, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Charles Battell Loomis, in a similar vein of satire, gives directions on "How to write a Novel for the Masses." Selecting the historical novel, he suggests the plot, incidents, and literary fillings of a real "seller." His chief injunction to the would-be popular author is to spare himself trouble. We will quote some of Mr. Loomis's precepts and illustrations:

You must admit that the vast majority of the reading public is made up of dull, unthinking people, so why should writers spend so much time substantiating facts, studying costumes and scenery and other details that do not affect the real interest of the story, which is and must be the romantic portion of it?

Let me show you how it ought to be done:

"It was dawn of a clear spring morning. Guy le Cormorant set forth from his father's castle with never a sou in his pocket, a large credit at his banker's, and the whole world before him."

Here chuck in some reference to the "Provencal robins" that during the reign of the good Louis sang with such surpassing sweetness." If you wish to, run in a few Breton peasants, and dot the meadow with sheep, and fill the fields with Lyonnaise potatoes. The public won't know or care whether you are right or not.

Now it's time for your first adventure, for you are nearing the end of the second page, and a successful romantic novel should yield an adventure to every ten pages, and stop at the 300th page.

"Around the corner of the Louvre" (never mind what or where the Louvre is; the public will think it is a river or a field) "came the wicked seneschal, Vignon de Morimont. His fat horse jogged along lazily, and from the corners of his treacherous eyes he looked at the brave young Guy."

Having tossed the seneschal into the plane tree, let Guy mount his horse and continue on his way. Adventure number one is over, and he has won out easily; but it will be a mistake to let him win every round with as little effort. In a story, a dead-sure thing is not exciting.

It is now time to bring in more singing of birds, as a sort of contrast. If a shepherd is handy, let him pipe up a little, so as to put Guy into good spirits, as the stabbing of the seneschal is on his nerves a bit. Guy might toss the shepherd a sequin or a groat. The public has heard of both coins, but doesn't know where they grow.

Refer briefly to the clouds, and carry him on horseback past the place "where in 1493, the year after Columbus discovered America, two monks of St. Bernard were murdered by Villon, the poet scamp. A shrine still marks the spot—a shrine erected by Villon's daughter." That will make the public say: "My, don't he know a lot!"

OWING to illness in the family of Baron d'Erlanger the Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society cannot be held at Park House. It will be opened by Lord Roberts at 7, Chesterfield-gardens, Mayfair, on the 26th, at 12 o'clock, instead, by kind permission of Mrs. Beer. Ticket holders and contributors will kindly note change of address.

AUTHORS have been divided into those who dedicate their books "To my wife," and those who do not. Also into those who answer their critics and those who—refrain. Mr. John Davidson answers; and when the

answer is as readable as "The Romance in Dialogue" he sent to the *Daily Chronicle*, in response to the criticism of that journal on *Self's the Man*, we would say to others: "Do likewise." We find room for a few extracts:

Q.: Where did you get the too quaint title?

A.: "Self's the Man" is the translation of a Dutch proverb, "Zelf is de Man." Quaint or not, I think it will become current.

Q.: What moral are we to draw from Urban's history?

A.: No moral. I wish my writings to be entirely non-moral. I would not persuade the world for or against anything. Literature, as I understand it, ought to be impartial.

Q.: Why do you make so luxuriant a plot?

A.: Art is selection, and great art always selects as much of the world as it can. I should like to put the whole universe into everything I write. . . .

Q.: Come, come, sir! Have you no respect for the ideal drama?

A.: For as long as I can remember I have concerned myself more with ideas than ideals, rather with life than with fiction; and my desire is to write my drama. But what is the ideal drama?

Bibliographical.

MR. C. WHIBLEY's new monograph on Thackeray will presumably be an admixture of biography and criticism, resembling in that respect Anthony Trollope's well-known contribution to the "English Men of Letters" series. Of criticism pure and simple on Thackeray there has not, after all, been much in volume form. Messrs. Marzials and Merivale's book, and Mr. Lewis Melville's, are mainly biographical. The first critical note was struck by Hannay in his little *Studies on Thackeray*, published in 1869. These were eminently sympathetic. So was the essay by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, which appeared in 1877. Mr. Frederic Harrison's essay on *Thackeray's Place in Literature* came out in 1894; Mr. A. A. Jack's *Study* in 1895. Macaulay, who is to be honoured by a monograph from the pen of Mr. D. H. Macgregor, is another writer of whom, in volume form, not much criticism has been published. He was the subject of three books produced in 1860; then came one by Dr. Hutchison Stirling in 1868, followed, in 1882, by one from the hand of the Hon. A. S. G. Canning. An essay by Mr. Frederic Harrison appeared in 1894. The books by Dean Milman, the Rev. F. Arnold, and Mr. Cotter Morison were, of course, biographical as well as critical. Is Mr. Macgregor's new work a sign that Macaulay is coming into fashion again?

Taking up Mr. Walter Raymond's new volume, *Good Souls of Cider-Land* (Grant Richards), I found it consisted of four separate stories, and it struck me at the time that the titles of at least two of those stories were familiar to me. I was right. A little investigation made it clear that the two tales in question—"Gentleman Upcott's Daughter" and "Young Sam and Sabrina"—had been published in 1892 and 1894 respectively, under the pseudonym of "Tom Cobbleigh." Together they fill 269 of the 335 pages which *Good Souls of Cider-Land* contains. All, therefore, that is new in this new book is to be found in sixty-six pages only; and I cannot be quite sure that even the two short stories therein comprised—"A Son of a Saint" and "A Complete Change"—have not appeared in print before now. Anyway, I venture to think that Mr. Raymond or his publisher might well have frankly acknowledged the fact that the bulk of the volume is not fresh to the public.

Mr. Warwick H. Draper appends to his biography of *Alfred the Great* (Stock) a bibliography—which is well. It might, however, have been more full than it is. The section concerning "poetical works on Alfred" could easily be enlarged. Mr. Draper has cruelly omitted from it the poetical drama on Alfred which was written by Martin Tupper, and described in the *ACADEMY* not so long ago.

He has also slighted in the same way the "Alfred" drama (in verse) composed by the late lamented Mr. Sheridan Knowles. He adds, in a note: "It is remarkable that Lord Tennyson (whose lines on Prince Albert have been fitly quoted by Sir Walter Besant in connection with Alfred) appears to have made no express mention of the King in his verse." But Mr. Draper is wrong. There is at least one reference to Alfred the Great in Tennyson—"Truth-teller was our English Alfred named" (*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*).

The author of the announced *Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction* has undertaken a difficult task, even if we assume that he has confined himself to English fiction. E. A. Baker is the name of the adventurous scribe, who may perhaps be rudely asked to state his qualifications for the work. A collection of carefully-selected criticisms by accepted authorities might, perhaps, have been the wiser enterprise. But what a wide field to cover! There is already in existence *A Guide to British and American Novels*, by Mr. Percy Russell (1894); but that also lacks authority. A little work on novelists of to-day was issued recently by a country firm. Jeaffreson's *Novels and Novelists* is obviously out of date.

It is pleasant to note that Walter Scott, Limited, promise a volume of *Poems by Alexander Smith* in their series of "Canterbury Poets." But will it contain all the poems? Smith's books of verse came out as follows: *Poems* (1853), *Sonnets on the War* (with Dobell, 1855), *City Poems* (1857), and *Edwin of Deira* (1861). There were also a couple of poems in the volume called *Last Leaves* (1868). The *Complete Poetical Works* of Alexander Smith would be to many, I am sure, an agreeable possession. Why, too, should we not have a complete edition of Smith's essays—both those in *Dreamthorp* and those in *Last Leaves*? There should always be a demand, likewise, for *A Summer in Skye*.

A correspondent writes: "There was some discussion some time ago as to the authorship of the well-known lines beginning:

Oh, for a booke and a shady nooke,
Either in doore or out.

In a little pamphlet called 'The Book Lover,' sent to me by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell, of Oxford, I find the lines attributed to Eugene Field, the American writer. Nevertheless, they are not to be discovered in Field's *Book of Western Verse* or in his *Second Book of Verse*. Are they in any other volume of his, if there be any?"

Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, who is to edit for Messrs. Gowans & Gray *The Complete Works of Cervantes* (of course, in English), is already well-known as the author of a *Life of Cervantes* (1891), as having written an introduction to an edition of Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote* (1896), and as being co-editor of an elaborate edition of the text of that romance (1898). His competency for his new enterprise is undoubted. For most English people, probably, Cervantes is the author of *Don Quixote* and nothing else, though some of his *Exemplary Novels* (in Mabbe's version) were reprinted so recently as last year.

It cannot be said that Mr. Ernest Radford, as a poet, has trespassed at all upon the patience of the public. He has been much more forbearing than most bards. His first publication, I believe, was *Translations from Heine, and Other Verses* (1882); his next, *Measured Steps* (1884); his third, *Chambers Twain* (1890). In 1895 came his *Old and New*—a title which speaks for itself. In all his rhythmic works one traces Heine's influence, and I, for one, am looking forward with pleasure to his forthcoming book.

Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith is to write a volume on *Mysteries and Miracle-Plays* for one of the numerous "series" now appealing to readers. Mr. Pollard has already written on *English Miracle-Plays* (1890), and there is a book on *The Miracle Play in England*, by Sidney W. Clarke. Miss Smith's work will be welcome nevertheless. We are all grateful to her for her editions of *Gorboduc* (1883) and *The York Plays* (1885). THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Beyond Aldgate Pump.

East London. By Sir Walter Besant. (Chatto. 18s.)

IN externals this book is very like its predecessors from the same pen: *London*, *Westminster*, and *South London*. But inwardly it differs. You receive a hint of this in glancing through the illustrations. Again and again Mr. Pennell has resigned a page to Mr. Phil May or Mr. Raven Hill, and the reason is plain. 'Arry and 'Arriet are not the people to sacrifice themselves to their background, and they and the other East-End humanities have come to the front by sheer dominance of sharp-set human nature over stocks and stones. Besides, in East London the stocks and stones are never antique or magnificent, seldom even picturesque. Indeed, Mr. Pennell's exquisite work is more than once employed on subjects which, however necessary to be portrayed, are not in his sphere, nor even strictly within his power. In the river scenes he is triumphant, in many suburban corners he is charming; but he is not the artist to send into the back streets of East London. He is clearly puzzled by the deadly smoothness and unpicturesqueness, the lack of jutting and soaring detail, in these streets. He resorts to a pathetic raggedness which is hardly true. The roofs and chimneys of these streets are indeed ragged to the last degree of squalid quaintness, and we wonder that Mr. Pennell did not give us one of those amazing choppy seas of house-tops, gables, chimneys, and broken walls, which you look down upon from the train between Liverpool-street and Stratford, and especially between Fenchurch-street and Stratford. But in the streets themselves there is a flat-walled monotony, perfectly appreciated, we think, by Sir Walter Besant, but not by his illustrator. Another thing. We wish that Mr. Pennell would give up rearing masses of white cumuli clouds above every street that he depicts, be it in Mile End or Abbeville, in Piccadilly or York. Cumuli are, no doubt, to be seen everywhere, but we are entitled to demand that they shall not be seen everywhere at the same time, or in the same book. We should feel proud in Chancery-lane of the cloudland which Mr. Pennell piles over the decrepit low-lying London street in Limehouse, or over his "Typical Street in Bethnal Green." When Greenwich Hospital or the Tower Bridge is in question Mr. Pennell, of course, piles bleached Ossas on snow-white Pelions, and he has our leave to do so; but the normal sky of East London is less exciting than he makes it. Of his delightful dexterities in congenial subjects we need say nothing; they have no rival in book-illustration. As a mere matter of technique we should like to question whether the view of Ratcliffe Cross Stairs is strictly in drawing, or whether the wonderfully good rendering of the stairs descending and receding from the spectator is obtained by a justifiable license of art—we mean by raising the horizon line higher than it could be in fact.

What shall we say of Sir Walter Besant's book itself? We doubt whether it will receive the intelligent praise it deserves. The people who know East London best—the East Londoners—do not read books. Their children are beginning to read books, but not books like this. The critics and the general readers of West London and the elegant suburbs do not know London east of Aldgate Pump. A few have penetrated to the London Hospital and the People's Palace, both of which institutions stand on the great six-mile highway which connects Aldgate with Stratford and distributes the human tide into the jerry-built fastnesses and creeping fogs of Essex. But these do not know East London. They have not strolled among the beetling warehouses and leafy churchyards of Wapping and Shadwell. They have not lounged on the river terrace by Blackwall Station, or lost themselves among the walls and drawbridges of vast docks where the masts of a hundred

ships fill the sky like a redwood forest, great in suggestion, glorious in the sunset. They have not a notion of Poplar. Of London-over-the-Border, that concatenation of strange back regions—Canning Town, Silvertown, Tidal Basin, Galleons—they have hardly heard mention. The misty mid-region of Plaistow, the pretty suburbanities of Forest Gate, the wide rubbish flats north of Stratford where hooligans fire shot-guns on Saturday afternoons, the motley life of Old Ford and Bethnal Green and Cambridge Heath, lightened by Victoria Park and breaking northward into the well-to-do bustle of Hackney and Homerton and Clapton—of all these miles and miles of organised humanity they know little or nothing. What they do not know generally they cannot know in detail. Sir Walter Besant is right when he says that to observe the true life of an East London neighbourhood you must adopt Richard Jefferies's maxim for seeing the life of wild nature—you must stand still and stand long. If you will retire into a doorway in a nameless byway of Bethnal Green, and stand one whole hour watching those who come and go, you will—unnoticed yourself—see into the heart of things. To know in some true way this vast region, which is equal in size to St. Petersburg or Philadelphia, yet is without palaces, hotels, soldiers, booksellers' shops, or newspapers of any account, is to know the strangest place on earth. It is to wonder at its order, its household dignities, its social keeping, its magnetic cheerfulness, its immense honest energy that makes the best of destiny. Sir Walter Besant understands all this. We need remind no one that he has written for the East End as well as of it, and that he has helped to build it a synagogue. His handling of the subject is therefore large and interesting.

East London began as a riverside fringe of "hamlets," and it is in the life of this seafaring, riverfaring fringe of the eighteenth century that we find the beginnings of the vast accretions of to-day. Sir Walter Besant has dipped deeply into its grimy annals, and he brings before us the swarming alleys and stairs where the whole population lived more or less on the proceeds of river thieving in the days when vessels unloaded in the river. Boys rowed under the sterns of great ships to receive parcels tossed from above. The lightermen wore leathern aprons, which were pouched to hold stolen brandy. One hundred years ago it was estimated that goods to the value of a quarter of a million sterling were annually thieved out of ships in the Pool. It was the dock system that stopped this plunder and put industry in its place. You may still catch suggestions of the old order as you wander through Wapping and Shadwell and Limehouse. The graves of sea captains are to be seen under leaves on which the sunlight glances. Wapping Old Stairs, of immortal memory, may still be found, though its old boat bustle is no more. Execution Dock is a place of suicides. In Poplar High-street you find private schools of navigation, and in all that region there is a suggestion of tar and ropes and distant ports. One of the delightful things about these places is the way in which ships and houses mingle. The sky at the end of a slum is crossed by the gleaming spars and cordage of a sailing ship, or you look up to find yourself walking under a great bowsprit beneath which a carved goddess looks down upon the stony street and seems to long for the onset of the green seas. Into, and under, all this Sir Walter Besant looks, and gives us character-sketches of the riverside hooligan, the factory girl, the alien, and the loafer. He takes no extreme views; he is sane and moderate on such subjects as sweating and slums. The East End, he rightly insists, is not a city of slums, but of respectability. Slums there are, but in the vastness of East London they are lost to all but the eyes of social workers, and the fact remains that in Mile End, Stepney, Bow, Old Ford, Stratford, you find sturdy respectability overwhelmingly evident. The young mechanic goes home on Saturday afternoon,

washes and dresses himself with extreme care, and applies himself to a hobby. Maybe he is musical, maybe inventive; something he is that makes his mother proud and garrulous. There are a score of matters on which it would be interesting to touch; but even Sir Walter Besant is continually under the necessity of indicating rather than describing a state of things. For example, what will be the future of the amazing jerry-built suburbs of mean streets which, without substance, without dignity, without any proportionate stiffening from public buildings and well-built churches, are spreading like a low-lying red fog over Essex? In a very few years such houses become shaky. Their tenants flit and flit, their poor gentilities deteriorate; what is the end of these encampments of brick? Again, what is the human natural history of centres like Bethnal Green or Spitalfields, where certain trades are deeply rooted? How many families now resident in these parishes are survivors of families that were resident there in 1800? We agree that an investigation would be highly interesting, because, as Sir Walter Besant says, "no one, so far, has attempted to ascertain the changes which take place in the rank and file of a London parish."

In expressing our admiration of this book we must remark that here, as in his other London books, Sir Walter Besant writes for the easily satisfied reader. As an historian he is too secretive. He does not give his authorities, but only a smoothly woven fabric in which the wearing quality of the material is not always easily observed. When he theorises we are more often interested than convinced. A pleasing determination to have the edifice comely and to hide the scaffolding is his strength and is his foible. Indeed, we cannot always divest ourselves of the idea that we are assisting at the erection of an "Olde London" bazaar; and that amid unrolling of red baize and hammering of flags and devices, Sir Walter Besant bustles about, supplying ideas, and fulfilling the duties of a kindly, slightly autocratic, historian-papa. Nevertheless, this is the best general description of East London that has yet been written, or that is likely to be written for years.

Ibsen in England.

"THE PROSE DRAMAS OF HENRIK IBSEN."—*The League of Youth, A Doll's House, Pillars of Society.* New and Revised Edition. Edited by William Archer. 3 vols. (Scott. 1s. 6d. each.)

If a decisive proof is wanted of the judicial separation between the reading and the playgoing publics in England it may be found in the fact that two collected editions of Ibsen's prose dramas have been issued in eleven years. Ibsen is the supreme pariah of the English stage, while by English bookmen he is honoured beyond any other living dramatist, native or foreign. The second uniform edition, of which three volumes are before us, is again the work of Mr. William Archer, who has further improved his already admirable translations, and added short introductions, which are confined to the statement of fact, without opinion. As regards the translations, they deserve unmitigated praise; they are reassuring, a credit to English letters. But the statements of fact, so calmly made by Mr. Archer, must utterly crush out the budding complacency of English playgoers. Mr. Archer has himself been the apostle of an alleged renaissance of the drama in this island. The current revival of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" reminds us (if we could ever forget) that after seeing Mrs. Ebbsmith pull the Bible out of the fire amid salvoes of applause, he wrote two long articles of apparently serious appreciation of that play. He has watered the frail and sickly plant of our new drama with the tears of his joy, and pruned it with a

caress, and predicted how it would grow and grow till it overtopped the French bean and the Norwegian fir. And now he begins the century with an atrocious orgy of the most damning facts. We will give one example. "Pillars of Society" was first performed in 1877 (when Ibsen had been famous for nearly thirty years). Early in 1878 it was being given simultaneously at five Berlin theatres. In Germany it has been performed twelve hundred times at sixty theatres. In England it has been performed twice—once at an experimental matinée (under the title "Quicksands"!), and once at a benefit performance, when Mrs. Kendal recited "Ostler Joe" and Mme. Antoinette Sterling sang "The Three Fishers." As with "Pillars of Society," so with the rest. None of Ibsen's plays, except "A Doll's House," has had even a "run," and "A Doll's House" succeeded (with a success which would have meant failure for a musical comedy) only by virtue of scandal. Who does not know the forlorn and furtive enterprises, undertaken at "unlucky" theatres, with afternoon sunlight coming in through the side windows, at which Ibsen's masterpieces have been exposed to the adoration of the few and the laughter of the many? These must remain among the bitterest memories of all who care for dramatic art, only less shameful, less insulting to the artist, than the present utilisation of the same plays to beguile the Sunday night tedium of the theatrical world. It may be asked what all this has to do with the renaissance of native drama. The answer to such a question would be that there can be no renaissance of native drama without a renaissance of dramatic criticism and a renaissance of general dramatic taste, and that the reception given to Ibsen's plays is an absolute demonstration that our dramatic taste stands approximately where it did twenty years ago. Mr. Archer's conspectus of the history of Ibsenism in this country surely cannot fail to result in an awakening from our absurd self-satisfaction. Awakenings of that kind are always painful, and usually lead to healthy strong language. Therefore we feel justified in remarking with disgust that the renaissance of English drama is a myth. A renaissance of any art means a return to truth, a more sincere striving after truth. Why have Ibsen's plays so lamentably fallen flat in England? Not because they are indecent, for they are not indecent, while gross indecency flourishes again and again. Not because they are unpleasant, for plays of an astonishing unpleasantness have "taken the town" several times. But simply because they are true. We do not want truth on the stage. The playwrights don't want it; the critics don't want it; and the public won't have it. Let that fact be acknowledged. Truth is too exotic for us; we may casually inspect it on Sunday evenings as we would casually inspect a dime museum; but we are not going to treat it seriously. The English stage is the home of fantasy—some very good fantasy—and there is no sign of a desire to oust that sprite.

Three or four years ago, if one had asked for evidence of the "renaissance," the enthusiasts would have naively replied, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which, indeed, was definitely proclaimed in the most influential quarters as a masterpiece. But no one can say that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" stands where it did. There was a similar venting of facile enthusiasm when Mr. Pinero produced "The Profligate." Even Mr. A. B. Walkley was impressed on that excited night at the Garrick. Read "The Profligate" now and that night will seem incredible. In another few years the great Tanqueray night will seem equally incredible. We have considerable respect for Mr. Pinero's talent. He is a very able playwright, but being an incurable sentimentalist he can only be his best self in a frankly sentimental play. "Trelawny of the Wells" is indubitably the finest thing he ever did. In "The Profligate" he thought himself naturalistic while sentimentally lising over a woman who had fallen once. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" he thought himself naturalistic

while sentimentalising over a woman who had fallen fifty times. In the intervening years he had learnt audacity, and a good deal of Ibsen's mere craftsmanship: that was all the difference. The most artistic, the most entirely satisfactory plays produced during the last decade were "The Liars" and "The Importance of being Earnest." Both were exercises of pure fancy; one was a wild farce; neither had any relation to life. Both were witty, but never at the expense of the ancient ideals of the English stage, which have not altered since "Money" or "London Assurance."

We must conclude by insisting that there is no good dramatic taste in England. Go into the *foyer* on a first night, and listen to the leaders of opinion. (Mr. Archer, by the way, never does.) Masterpieces can only arise in a general atmosphere of good taste. Moreover, the neglect of serious foreign art is a sure sign of the non-existence of serious native art. In what country is Ibsen best appreciated if not in Germany, where dramatic art is truly alive, the country which can boast of at least two dramatic geniuses of its own? France neglects foreign dramatic art, and the French stage was never in a more pitiable condition than it is at present, when the newspapers are full of futile explanations of *la crise des spectacles*, and obstinately unanimous in refusing to find the real explanation. Even Paris is in better case than London, as is proved by the gratifying success of Brieux, who almost alone among French playwrights "forsakes all" and follows life itself.

The irony of this new collected and revised edition of his plays will not be lost on Henrik Ibsen.

The Paston Letters.

The Paston Letters: 1422-1509 A.D. Edited by James Gairdner. (Constable.)

THE original publication of the *Paston Letters*, by Sir John Fenn, "a smatterer in antiquity, but a very good sort of man," in 1787, is, like that of Percy's *Reliques*, a landmark of the revived interest felt by the waning eighteenth century in the Middle Ages. Miss Hannah More, indeed, found these genuine documents vastly inferior to the independent "Rowley" fabrications of Chatterton; but Horace Walpole, who, for all his absurdities and affectations, had more of the literary sense than most of his contemporaries, was quick to recognise their historic and human interest:

There are letters from *all* my acquaintance—Lord Rivers' Lord Hastings, the Earl of Warwick, whom I remember still better than Mrs. Strawbridge, though she died within these fifty years. What antiquary would be answering a letter from a living countess when he may read one from Eleanor Mowbray, Duchess of Norfolk?

Early in the seventies Dr. Gairdner issued a new edition, in which he added more than five hundred documents and letters to those given by Fenn, and of this the present volumes are a reprint, with yet another hundred letters, and a long remodelled introduction. Dr. Gairdner's interest is, naturally, mainly in the stores of information which can be drawn from the records of the Paston family to elucidate the difficult and tortuous history of the Wars of the Roses. Roughly speaking, the collection covers three generations of Pastons. First of all comes William Paston. He was the son of the founder of the family, one Clement Paston, "a good, plain husband," who scraped together a few acres in his native county of Norfolk, and tilled them himself. William Paston received a good education, and became a distinguished and, apparently, for his day, a remarkably upright judge. Under him, and still more under his son, John Paston, the family fortunes grew.

John Paston, a cold, businesslike, indomitable man, became an important landed proprietor. He wove many relations and made many enemies. His extensive correspondence is full of personal and political intrigues, and throws singular light upon the turbulent period when the central authority in England was at its weakest, and once again, as in the earliest feudal days, a man must look to his own right hand to protect his possessions against his neighbour. The historical bearing of the letters is minutely and learnedly brought out by Dr. Gairdner; but this mode of treatment by no means exhausts their interest. The student less absorbed in politics may trace through storm and stress the slow continuance of English peasant life, little affected, except for a scarlet streak here and there, by the struggles for sovereignty waged over its head; or may attempt the fascinating reconstruction of more than one human personality, revealed, fragment by fragment, in the unconscious abandon of familiar and, for the most part, strictly business-like correspondence. From this point of view John Paston's son, Sir John, with his love affairs and his thriftless ways, is perhaps a more attractive study than his father. Yet throughout the book the really dominant figure is neither of these, but a woman, the wife of one of them, the mother of the other. Margaret Paston was—trust John Paston for that—an heiress, the daughter of John Mauteby of Mauteby in Norfolk. She first makes her appearance in a letter from her future mother-in-law to the judge, in which he is bidden to bring her a present:

The parson of Stocton told me, if ye wolde buy her a gowne, her moder wolde give thereto a godely furre. The gowne nedyth for to be had; and of colour it wolde be a godely blew, or else a bryghte sanqueyn.

Margaret Paston proved a notable wife, of a keen intellect and a resolute temper to match her husband's. Business detained him for long periods together in London; and then she became his representative in countless home affairs, acting vigorously where need was, and passing unscathed through some trying experiences. There was a manor of Gresham, which John Paston held, but which was also claimed by a certain Lord Moleyns; and in a day of Paston's absence (we modernise the spelling),

the said lord sent to the said mansion a riotous people, to the number of a thousand persons, with blanket bands of a suit as risers against your peace, arrayed in manner of war, with cuirasses, briganders, jacks, sallets, glaives, bows, arrows, pavises, guns, pans with fire and teins burning therein, long cromes to draw down houses, ladders, picks (with which they mined down the walls), and long trees (with which they broke up gates and doors), and so came in to the said mansion, the wife of your beseecher at that time being therein, and xij persons with her; the which persons they drove out of the said mansion, and mined down the wall of the chamber wherein the wife of your said beseecher was, and bare her out at the gates, and cut asunder the posts of the houses and let them fall, and broke up all the chambers and coffers within the said mansion, and rifled, and in manner of robbery bare away all the stuff, array, and money that your said beseecher and his servants had there, to the value of cc^{li}, and part thereof sold, and part thereof gave, and the remnant they departed among them, to the great and outrageous hurt of your said beseecher, saying openly, that if they might have found there your said beseecher and one John Dunmore, which is of council with him, and divers other of the servants of your said beseecher, they should have died.

To such possibilities was a strong-minded woman of the fifteenth century exposed. Domestic details jostle oddly with legal terms and military preparations in Margaret Paston's letters to her husband. One begins with a demand for

some cross bows and windacs to bind them with, and quarrels; for your houses here ben so long that there may none man shoot out with no long bow, though we had never so much need.

It ends :

I pray you that ye will vouchsafe to do buy for me j pound of almonds and j pound of sugar, and that ye will do buy some frieze to make of your child his gowns: ye shall have best cheap and best choice of Hay's wife, as it is told me. And that ye would buy a yard of broad cloth of black for an hood for me of xliij^d or iiij^s a yard, for there is neither good cloth nor good frieze in this town.

In another letter the lady shows a charming deference to her husband's opinion in matters of clothes which is quite out of date :

As for cloth for my gown, I can none get in this town better than that is that I send you an example of, which methinketh too simple both of colour and of cloth. Wherefore I pray you that ye will vouchsafe to do buy for me iij yards and j quarter of such as it pleaseth you that I should have, and what colour that pleaseth you, for in good faith I have done sought all the drapers' shops in this town, and there is right feeble choice.

She then asks for sugar and cinnamon, and proceeds to describe the doings of an outlaw, one Harry Inglos, whose men had slain two men of Tunstead during the previous week. The intimate note is rare: these are not "Love-letters of a Fifteenth Century Englishwoman." Only here and there you come on traces of the feminine in Margaret Paston beyond her kirtle. The husband has had an accident in London, and she writes to tell him that his mother has vowed an image of his own weight in wax to Our Lady of Walsingham for his recovery, and she herself to make a pilgrimage to the shrine, and likewise to that of Saint Leonard of Norwich. And she adds :

If I might have had my will, I should have seen you ere this time. I would ye were at home, if it were for your ease (and your sore might be as well looked to here as it is there ye be), now liever than a gown, though it were of scarlet.

Margaret Paston was less in touch with her children, than with the husband whom she long outlived. Her daughter Margery married beneath her with one of the Paston retainers; and the stern mother disowned her. The extravagance of the eldest son was a sore trial, and the whole family got more of advice and reproof than they had a mind to. As she grew elderly, Margaret Paston fell under the influence of a priest, between whom and the young sparks there was no love lost. One of them writes :

Sir James and I be twain. We fell out before my mother with "Thou proud priest," and "Thou proud squire," my mother taking his part; so I have almost beshut the both as for my mother's house.

The story of Margaret Paston ends with her will, a curious and minute document, full of that wistful desire to prolong her vicarious days on earth so characteristic of the mediæval mind. The stone of marble with scutcheons of the Mauteby and Paston arms at the corners, the torches to be held by tenants in white gowns for her exsequies and obit, the "honest secular priest" to sing masses for her soul, the gifts of "legend" and "antiphoner," "chasuble" and "alb" to the churches on her estate, the doles to poor households, to lepers and anchoresses—all are set out with sad ostent. Then come the personal bequests of the cherished household goods and chattels; to her son Edmund "a standing piece white covered, with a white garlic head upon the knop"; to Katherine his wife, "a purple girdle harnessed with silver and gilt"; to her daughter Anne "my green hanging in my parlour at Mauteby" and "my primer, my beads of silver enamelled." A god-daughter is to have another "pair beads of chalcedony gaudied with silver and gilt," a daughter-in-law "my pix of silver with ij silver cruets and my mass book with all mine altar-cloths." It is rather a pitiful roll. Not lightly did Margaret Paston renounce in death the riches she had so loved, had so schemed and struggled for, in life.

Other New Books.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF BY HIS SON, LIEUT.-COL.
RIGHT HON. HUGH CHILDERS. SPENCER CHILDERS.

The biography of Mr. Childers, interesting enough and even important to the student of political and especially of parliamentary history, is scarcely of enthralling public interest, nor did it need these two bulky volumes to do justice to such a career. Two volumes, unhappily, seem to have become as much *de rigueur* for a biography as three once were for a novel; while a biography is no less necessary than a tombstone to every man who has had a career, whether in making books or bluebooks, bayoneting savages or baptizing them. Since such is the fashion, we should be delighted if to the shilling shocker succeeded the shilling biography. A shillingsworth of greatness is as much as most men achieve.

This Life is of the regulation pattern, a file of letters skewered on a thin narrative. It is done with diligence and respectable ability, and is of respectable dullness in point of general interest. Mr. Childers was a good statesman of the Gladstone Cabinet type, which he represented on its best side. He was War Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Home Secretary; and in all these offices showed quiet ability and steady common-sense grasp of his duties. No genius, he was no dullard or incompetent; he belonged (say) to the type of Mr. Brodrick rather than of Lord Lansdowne. As War Minister he carried out the territorialisation of the army; and his work was good and sound so far as it went—an undoubted improvement on the existing system. His son gives an interesting letter from Earl Roberts, showing that even in 1882 he advocated the now famous *khaki* for the army on active service. Perhaps the bit to which present attention will most readily turn is a memorandum of Mr. Childers in 1888 on the vexed question of laying expert military (or naval) opinion before Parliament. He was against it, though he favoured the "one head" idea with regard to expert control, to a certain extent. He thus sums his ideas :

I would suggest that the general Administrative and Executive business of the Army and Navy should be conducted by a military and a naval officer of high rank, under the supreme authority of a Parliamentary Minister; and that these advisers of the Minister should be entitled to require that their recommendations be submitted to the Cabinet, if over-ruled by the Minister.

A book that needs boiling down, and might then be of interest, as it is certainly of some value. (Murray.)

ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-
LETTERS.

BY BARRY PAIN.

Many parodies of the sentimental book of the moment have been attempted; but Mr. Barry Pain's effort is the most elaborate and sustained. It is indeed as long, if not actually longer, than the original—which is, we fancy, almost a confession of failure. Parody should be more concentrated—an ox in a teacup, so to speak. Nor should parody be so contemptuous as this, and run to a whole volume. It seems hardly like playing the game—to ridicule and chastise, a whole volume through—at a shilling a copy. One feels almost that the shillings belong, by right, to the original author. This is, of course, an extreme view to take, nor should we support it seriously; but the mere fact that the idea came to mind as we read argues, we think, a fault in Mr. Pain's method. His hand is unduly heavy, his scorn for sentimentalism too bitter, and the length of his squib has caused his eye to wander from the centre of the matter as the good parodist's never should. Mr. Pain frequently clowns it, loses his best taste, and we are wearied and a little bit repelled. For example, there is no legitimate fun in this: "We leave here on the 46th, or some earlier, or later day, and we

shall probably return *via* Marseilles and Yokohama, changing into the Orient Express at Clapham Junction." This is automatic funny writing; padding; and in a parody there should be no padding. On the other hand, this is to the point: "O rock me in Love's cat's-cradle high above the sweeping tree-tops till the moon-clouds are my nighty, and my star-dreams light you." In fact, the whole chapter in which this passage occurs—describing the interview with "his" mother—is excellent fooling. Mr. Pain's preface has an inspired criticism: the perusal of the original book, he says, gives one "rather the feeling that one has been eating caramels to excess in a moonlit churchyard." If his brain had been kept at that pitch for a dozen concentrated pages, his parody would have been a precious thing. As it is, though amusing, it is not a very satisfactory or worthy performance, and it has the effect—probably the last thing wished by its author—of increasing one's respect for the original book. (Unwin. 1s.)

NOTES ON SPEECH-MAKING. BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

This unpretentious little volume is a series of practical suggestions on the art of making speeches by a practised master, who is Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. They are not hints on delivery, voice-production, and so forth, but hints as to the best methods of preparing for a speech, and ensuring that it shall be effective and fluent. It is exceedingly useful and—as it aims to be—suggestive; for to teach speech-making is beyond the power of any book. A chapter is added on after-dinner speaking, in which American advice should be especially valuable, for Lowell seems to have made after-dinner oratory a lineal gift with American ambassadors to England. Three other authorities contribute papers on the subject of the book in an appendix. (Longmans. 1s. 6d. net.)

Fiction.

The Column. By Charles Marriott.
(John Lane. 6s.)

THIS is a first novel by a new writer. But capable, thorough, and well equipped as Mr. Marriott is, he has not the skill to conceal the travail of his art; we are too conscious throughout this story that he is working at the highest pressure. He has not learnt the power of pause, of restraint, of the use of quiet greys in a colour scheme. He is like an actor who strives to put meaning and subtlety into every line he speaks. We long for the relief that a horseman feels when he has persuaded his animal to walk after trotting for miles along a metallic road. All the characters, although clearly enough defined, are intellectually too smart; and there is hardly a chapter but suggests that the author is willing to give points to any Extension Lecturer in botany, medicine, or art. The style, though certainly interesting and never slovenly, lacks the large note of simplicity; and Mr. Marriott is overfond of the startling rather than the fit word. In one paragraph of twenty lines we are confronted by such sentences as "abandons his desipience at the altar," "the mouthpiece of history chuckles vain salacity," "is wholesome cauterly to those cordial tendernesses," &c. We can see the eyes of the ordinary novel-reader rise at such a passage as this: "If one will for a moment follow the delusive paths of analogy, and continue into humanity the classification of the botanist, it must be conceded that men and women fall admirably into the classes Exogens, Endogens, and Acrogens." But *The Column* is not an ordinary novel. It is the work of a strong brain; and if the style and the method sometimes recall too insistently the style and the method of another, and a greater, novelist (see the "capped verses with the rustic scholar on a thymy down" passage, page 10), it is also evident that

Mr. Marriott has thought, felt, observed, and read for himself.

The column, the Cornish sea, and Daphne dominate the story. Edward Hastings, a subtly drawn, philosophic man of letters, author of *Subsoil*, from which some arresting extracts are given, brought the Doric column, with a few cuttings of laurel, from Greece, and placed it on the brow of the cliff of the Cornish sea-hamlet where he lives. His wife is dead, and he has one child, Daphne. She is fresh and interesting, and as elusive and inhuman as her dateless prototype. "She shared with the East its incalculable age, its incomparable infancy; she knew and had forgotten, was at the same moment innocent and omniscient." The column was "the symbol of her relations with the unseen." Symbolism enticed her. She had mystical dreams, a pagan mind, and deep sympathy for the Earth mother, which "still had her ear." Although in the end Daphne does not change into a laurel, she disappears quite as effectually from those who love her. It was hard upon her husband and her baby; but men who marry young women who are "essentially endogenous" must not expect the marital harmony that obtains within the walls of a little place at Tooting. Cathcart, the sculptor, understood her, but unfortunately they never met. The sympathy between Daphne and Cathcart had been settled for them two generations before. "The yeoman poet [her grandfather] who shook ecstatic before the revelations of flood and field, who in jewelled midnights had tended the throes of lambing ewes, and bowed before the inwelling of sunrise, was one with Cathcart's progenitors by the freemasonry of the earth." We like Cathcart; we like his talks with Johnnie. Speaking of Daphne he said: "It's the pull of the soil—the earth calling—that's what tells; and if you've once heard it, there's no more peace for you." We also like the remark of old Bosankoe. He knew of Daphne's passion for the sea; he had just heard of her placid contentment in her husband's absence from home. "That woman," he said, "ought to have married a merchant skipper."

Basil, her husband, was "uninitiate," and after a year of marriage "always superfluous"; he was also mildly entangled with Gertrude Laffey, a "bewitching" and almost melodramatic *femme incomprise*, who, "if she had lived in the Middle Ages, would have kept tame dwarfs and other doubtful creatures." Basil meets her in a church, and, after a series of eloquent glances, accosts her as she is leaving the place of worship. The opening sentences of the conversation are an example of Mr. Marriott's frequent inability to come down to "the great sweet mother." Did ever man and woman talk like this at a first meeting?

"I am convinced," said the woman, "that Beethoven should never have written sacred music."

"There is the 'Chorus of Angels,'" said Basil, at random.

The woman shook her head.

"Chorus of Earth Spirits, rather—and his Christ is simply Prometheus."

"Surely," said Basil, "the same from another point of view."

All of the characters are phrase-makers and epigrammatists: the fools even talk wise folly. But when once you have swung into the author's stride he makes an exhilarating companion, and he does not allow you to turn aside. Many of his phrases have a fine quality; for example: "He, a slim Spanish-eyed fisher lad, sounded 'A' with the air of Raleigh doffing his coat"; "Daphne's thoughts returned like grey doves to temple eaves, and looked dovelike from her eyes"; "she [Gertrude] abandoned herself to him with her eyes, and froze him with the touch of her hand"; "Emily, who boiled unexpectedly like milk, flashed out"; "he was the true sentimentalist, whose pleasure is not in conquest, but in the emotional reward"; "nothing goes further than simplicity, and had Daphne been told of the theory of evolution, she would only have remarked upon its timidity"; "the tender

trouble of awakening seeds"; "the large patience of trees."

Probably Johnnie gained more than anybody else from Daphne's brief existence on this planet. He was with her before she disappeared—a short walk; and afterwards he would say: "I was with Daphne," as one says, "I was with the night."

The renunciation of the desire to take part in affairs, generally the last step in the education of the artist, came to Johnnie Bargister while he was yet in his teens. This may explain the maturity, the sanity, of even his early work. Whatever his hand has done is touched with the glamour of that night. All women have since been with him the casual phenomena of nature; he has carved and modelled them intensely, it is true, but unhindered by that entanglement with the subject, the curse of plastic art. He achieved detachment before his majority, and without the loss of his illusions. . . . He has never been quite able, even in his most spontaneous work, to break away from the tyranny of her attitude as she watched him out into the night.

Good as *The Column* is, it is not a great novel. Mr. Marriott does not get near enough to life for that. His glittering characters reflect the facets of his own imagination. They do not act for themselves. The hand that pulls the strings has not yet learnt to conceal itself. But as an example of the Romantic's view of life, churned in the pan of a mobile brain, and expressed vigorously and with conscious artistic wilfulness, *The Column* is noteworthy.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WIZARD'S KNOT.

By WILLIAM BARRY.

Dr. Barry, "Catholic priest and theologian," has clearly settled himself to novel-writing. Last year he published *Arden Massiter*, which is now followed by *The Wizard's Knot*. It is a Celtic story of half a century ago. The scene is laid in the south-west of Ireland. The story is tragic against a background of racial and religious differences. Here is a note of the style: "As the blast rattled and shook the open doors, a young man, wrapped to the chin in a riding-coat, and wearing heavy boots with spurs, passed hastily through from the weather outside. 'God send I may live, Mr. Edmund, is it you?' said the major-domo." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

GOOD SOULS OF CIDER LAND.

By WALTER RAYMOND.

"'Come vrom out round Cadbury zumwhere, I'll goo hail.' 'Zo did.' 'Up top o' parish, or I be vool.' 'Did zo.'" Four Somerset stories, exploiting many admirable rustics. A thread of love interest runs through these Cider Land tales. The longest, "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," is, we imagine, a reprint; but the book is without a notification to that effect. Mr. Raymond published a novel called *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter* in 1893. (Richards. 6s.)

CASTING OF NETS.

By RICHARD BAGOT.

"Let us see what the *Times* says," remarked the Rector of Abbotsbury one evening in July. Presently he gave an exclamation of astonishment and dismay, for this had caught the rectorial eye: "A marriage will shortly take place between Lord Redman and Hilda, daughter of Lady Gwendolin and the late Mr. Cawarden, of Cawarden." When Mary, his wife, learned that the Cawardens were Romanists, she, too, was shocked, and said, "Can't it be stopped, James?" Mr. Bagot, the author, has aforetime written about "mixed marriages." Here he dresses his views in the garments of fiction. (Arnold. 6s.)

BELINDA FITZWARREN.

By THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.

A story of modern life. John Wolcote, "the chief ambition of whose life was to be out with the hounds

every day during some hunting season," lodged in Devonshire-street, Portland-place. John "eschewed feminine society," and he might have gone on eschewing it to this day had not a four-wheeled cab arrived at the door of his lodgings. It contained two ladies seeking apartments, and one of them was Belinda. (Methuen. 6s.)

A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS.

By F. C. SMITH.

Illustrated. One of the pictures shows a collection of crutches left by those who are alleged to have been cured at the shrine of Bonne Sainte Anne, "the Canadian Lourdes"; and the story deals incidentally with such matters. The scene is laid in Montreal, time present, and the narrative is concerned with the marriage laws of the province of Quebec, a subject on which Mr. Smith is an authority. See newspapers! The end is: "'Amen,' whispered the priest, his eyes following Severine." (Unwin. 6s.)

THE LONE STAR RUSH.

By E. MITCHELL.

An Australian gold-digging yarn, about men who dress in indigo-coloured flannel shirts, wear leather belts, and spend their years in "the alluring, indomitable, unceasing quest for gold." A yarn is nothing without "love interest," and so Hilda flits into the company; and on page 358 we have a picture of her entreating Jim to "be a man," while the miners listen. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE THIRD FLOOR.

By MRS. DUDENEY.

Mrs. Dudeney's new story opens briskly in a lodging-house in Great Ormonde-street. There we find one Marmaduke Merry, a sensational journalist; Roakes, an unsuccessful playwright; and Gurney, a bookish, refined man. These live together. Below them is a parson who collects old silver, and thinks there has never been any good in the Church since the Reformation. Above, on the third floor, dwells a young woman of piquant charm, who has no relations, and didn't, when she went shopping, "commit the blunder of looking like other girls. She didn't wear a coat and skirt—sure mark of mediocrity." The story is not all Bloomsbury and modernity; the simple life triumphs, and Valencia bakes bread in the country, and thrills when her husband calls her "the missus." (Methuen. 6s.)

A SECRETARY OF LEGATION.

By HOPE DAWLISH.

"Les femmes sont extrêmes: elles sont meilleures ou pires que les hommes," is the motto of this story, which is laid at the British Legation at Zafia, a post "sought after by secretaries of all degrees." The story deals less with politics than with the relations of the members of the Legation, of whom Mrs. George Trehearne, the wife of the first secretary, is a woman with a past—particularly a gambling past. Gambling and love, intrigue and revenge, go to make this story more readable than edifying. The four principal characters are strongly defined. (Methuen. 6s.)

CHILDREN OF HERMES.

By HUME NISBET.

To show that rogues, vagabonds, and thieves have their virtues, prides, and feelings is the author's aim; the difficulty of breaking from criminal habits is his laudable moral; but why does he call his detective Nicodemus Dove Turtle? (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE BLACK WOLF'S BREED.

By HARRIS DICKSON.

A tale of France in the Old World and the New, in the reign of Louis XIV. The soldier-governor of Louisiana, Brenville, is a leading character, and the story is dedicated to his memory. A very readable story of mystery and inherited obligations. (Methuen. 6s.)

We have also received: *A Varsity Man*, by Inglis Allen (Pearson); *Cruel Calumny*, by Mrs. Leith-Adams (Digby, Long); *The Wings of the Morning*, by Helen V. Savile (Sonnenschein); *The Sentence of the Court*, by Headon Hill (Pearson); and *Lest We Forget*, by Joseph Hocking (Ward, Lock).

Spring Supplement.

MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS.

MOUNT OMI AND BEYOND.

A Record of Travel on the Thibetan Border.

By ARCHIBALD JOHN LITTLE, F.R.G.S.,

Author of "Through the Yangtse Gorges," &c.

With a Map and Illustrations. 1 vol., 10s. net.

Truth.—"Interesting at once in itself and in its suggestions as to the cause and cure of our ever-recurring difficulties with China."

JAPANESE PLAYS AND PLAYFELLOWS.

By OSMAN EDWARDS.

With 12 Full-Page Illustrations in Colour by Japanese Artists. 1 vol., 10s. net.

The Academy.—"This book is a valuable, a fascinating contribution to the popular knowledge of Japan, and its coloured illustrations by Japanese artists lend much distinction to its pages."

A HISTORY OF CHINESE LITERATURE.

By Professor H. A. GILES, LL.D. Crown 8vo, 6s.

["LITERATURES OF THE WORLD."]

The Academy.—"Dr. Giles wears his prodigious learning lightly; his style is bright and easy; he is also a poet. The pages are sprinkled with his translations of Chinese versifiers. He has done for a nation what Fitzgerald did for an individual."

A POLITICAL HISTORY OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE SINCE 1814.

From the French of CHARLES SEIGNOBOS. 2 vols., demy 8vo, £1 net.

The Standard.—"Students of contemporary history will be grateful for this important work. Nothing could be better than his description of our political progress from the end of the Great War to the present day. The summary of French political history is equally well done; the section on Germany is singularly interesting."

TEN MONTHS IN THE FIELD WITH THE BOERS.

By an EX-LIEUTENANT OF GENERAL DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL. With a Portrait and Map. 1 vol., 3s. 6d.

The Globe.—"One of the most notable books that have arisen out of the South African campaign. He writes with vivacity and humour, and his pages should be widely read."

Recent Novels and Stories.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

By I. ZANGWILL. 6s.

Literature.—"In 'The Mantle of Elijah' we are delighted to recognise the true spirit of the novelist at his best, the skill of the artist, the fine sympathy of the poet, the verbal wit and the constructive humour of the dramatist. It will live."

THE HOSTS OF THE LORD.

By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. 6s.

The Outlook.—"A study of that inexhaustible India; a study of the East and West at close touch with one another; and as a novel of passion, this is Mrs. Steel's best work."

THE QUEEN versus BILLY,

And Other Stories, by LLOYD OSBOURNE. 6s.

The Pall Mall Gazette.—"Not one falls below a notably high level, while three or four of them at least attain what short stories not often do—the certainty that they will be re-read and vividly remembered between re-reading."

THE BLACK TORTOISE:

Being the Strange Story of Old Frick's Diamond.

By FREDERICK VILLER. 3s. 6d.

The Outlook.—"Lively, exciting, and sensational."

The DOLLAR LIBRARY of AMERICAN FICTION

A New Series of American Fiction in monthly volumes price FOUR SHILLINGS each, or TWO GUINEAS, post-free, for a subscription of 12 volumes. Vol. I. is now ready.

The GIRL at the HALFWAY HOUSE

By E. HOUGH.

The Athenæum.—"In Mr. Hough we have a recruit to the ranks of novelists who not only knows how to tell a story in an interesting fashion, but also possesses unusual powers as a writer. If the story which he tells were poor, which it is very far from being, the manner of its telling might suffice to earn those readers who have a liking for that most elusive of literary qualities, style. Characterisation and atmosphere are alike excellent."

HALL CAINE'S NOVELS AND STORIES.

THE CHRISTIAN. Cloth, 6s.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

THE MANXMAN. 6s.

THE SCAPEGOAT. 6s.

THE BONDMAN. 6s.

CAPTAIN DAVY'S HONEYMOON, and other Stories. 3s. 6d.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

SMITH ELDER & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

IMMEDIATELY.—With a Map and 10 Text Plans, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

By the Rev. ROLAND ALLEN,

Chaplain to the Right Rev. C. P. Scott, D.D., Lord Bishop in North China; for five years Acting Chaplain to H.B.M.'s Legation in Peking.

IMMEDIATELY.—With Portrait Frontispiece, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SOUTH AFRICA A CENTURY AGO.

Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope, 1797-1801.

By the Lady ANNE BARNARD.

Edited, with a Memoir and brief Notes, by W. H. WILKINS, F.S.A.

NEW WORK BY THE HON. A. S. G. CANNING.

JUST PUBLISHED.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

BRITISH POWER and THOUGHT:

a Historical Enquiry. By the Hon. ALBERT S. G. CANNING, Author of "British Rule and Modern Politics," "History in Fact and Fiction," &c.

Observer.—"A new essay of considerable interest."

Sunday Times.—"Alike historical, analytical, and critical.....The author shows considerable research and a wide acquaintance with British literature."

TWO NOVELS BY NEW WRITERS.

ON MARCH 26th.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

By GRAHAM HOPE.

LOVE AND HONOUR.

By M. E. CARR. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Outlook.—"Soundly constructed and written movingly."

Spectator.—"Miss Carr has originality and no little literary skill..... Her story is interesting and original."

Speaker.—"The tragic dénouement is developed with vigour and due impressiveness, and many of the characters are sympathetically sketched in..... It is a distinctly readable romance."

NEW NOVEL BY S. R. CROCKETT.

NEARLY READY.—With 12 Full-Page Illustrations, crown 8vo, 6s.

The Silver Skull.

By S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "CLEG KELLY," "THE RED AXE," "LITTLE ANNA MARK," &c.

NEW AND CHEAPER ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF "RODNEY STONE."

ON MARCH 26th.—With 8 Full-Page Illustrations, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

RODNEY STONE. New and Cheaper

Illustrated Edition. By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "The White Company," "The Great Boer War," &c.

A HANDBOOK of the ADMINISTRATION

OF GREAT BRITAIN DURING the NINETEENTH CENTURY, 1801-1900. By FRANCIS CULLING CARR-GOMM, late of H.M. Madras Civil Service, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. New Edition, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Standard.—"Most useful and carefully compiled..... The volume is indispensable to politicians for the purposes of reference."

CAVALIER and PURITAN in the DAYS

of the STUARTS. Compiled from the Private Papers and Diary of Sir Richard Newdigate, Second Baronet, with Extracts from MS. Newsletters addressed to him between 1675 and 1689. By LADY ANNE EMILY NEWDIGATE-NEWDIGATE, Author of "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor," &c. With a Photogravure Portrait of Sir Richard Newdigate. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d. *Shortly.*

NEW 6s NOVELS IN THE PRESS.

PACIFICO. By John Randal.

THE SEAL of SILENCE. By Arthur R. CONDER.

THE ARCHBISHOP and the LADY. By Mrs. SCHUYLER GROUT VINSHIELD.

* * * Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & CO. will be happy to forward a copy of their CATALOGUE, post free on application.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

From OLIPHANT'S LIST.

Beautifully printed and bound, price 3s. 6d. net.

WINSOME WOMANHOOD

Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct. By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Illustrated by Studies from Life by W. B. Dyer.

FAMOUS SCOTS.—NEW VOLUME.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

By T. BANKS MACLAUCHLAN. Price 1s. 6d. net; cloth gilt, 2s. net. [This day.

AN EPOCH-MAKING BOOK.

CHINA'S ONLY HOPE. An Appeal by Her Greatest Viceroy, CHANG CHIH TUNG, Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan, with Indorsement by the present Emperor. Translated by S. I. Woodbridge. Introduction by Dr. Griffith John. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

DR. MARTIN'S VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES.
THE SIEGE IN PEKING: China against the World. By an Eye-Witness, W. A. P. MARTIN, D.D. LL.D., President of the Chinese Imperial University, Author of "A Cycle of Cathay." With Maps and 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

The First and Second Large Editions being exhausted, a THIRD EDITION is Now Ready of the

LIFE OF GENERAL WAUGHOP. By WILLIAM BAIRD, F.S.A. (Scot.). With Portraits and Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.

New SIXPENNY EDITION (50,000) of
ANNIE S. SWAN'S "ST. VEOA'S; or, the Pearl of Orr's Haven." Also in cloth, well bound, 1s.

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, AND FERRIER, 21, Paternoster Square, E.C.; and Edinburgh.

WALTER SCOTT'S LIST.

THE CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES.

Edited by HAVELOCK ELLIS.

JUST PUBLISHED.—Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s. With Illustrations.

THE CHILD: A Study in the Evolution of Man.

By ALEXANDER FRANCIS CHAMBERLAIN, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer on Anthropology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

"The work contains much curious information, and should be studied by those who have to do with children."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

READY END OF MARCH.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s. With over 100 Illustrations.

THE MEDITERRANEAN RACE.

By Professor SERGI.

In this book, which is almost entirely new, and has been specially prepared by the Author for the "Contemporary Science Series," Professor Sergi has presented the first full statement of the facts and views that—since he first brought them forward five years ago—have done so much to revolutionise the Aryan question. The evidence there contained tends to show that the race inhabiting Southern Europe and Northern Africa formerly occupied, and to some extent still occupies, the greater part of Central and Northern Europe, including the British Isles, and has played the chief part in European civilisation.

NEW EDITION OF IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS

Edited by WILLIAM ARCHER.

In the new edition each play will form a volume by itself. The typographical features of the original Norwegian editions will, so far as possible, be reproduced. The names of the characters will be placed above their speeches instead of in the same line, thus giving the page a lighter and more attractive appearance. Each volume will contain a frontispiece, representing, as a rule, one of the leading characters as embodied by a well-known actor or actress.

Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

NOW READY.

(1) THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH. | (2) PILLARS OF SOCIETY.

(3) A DOLL'S HOUSE

IN PREPARATION.

(4) GHOSTS.

| (5) AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, price 1s. 6d. per vol.

NEW VOLUME.

SCOTS ESSAYISTS: From Stirling to Stevenson.

Edited, with an Introduction, by OLIPHANT SMEATON, Author of "Allan Ramsay," "Tobias Smollett," "William Dunbar," "Thomas Guthrie," "English Satires and Satirists," &c., &c.

THE CANTERBURY POETS.

Square 8vo, cut and uncut edges, 1s. per vol.

Also "Gravure" Edition, in rich art linen binding, each volume with Portrait or other Frontispiece in Photogravure, 2s. per vol.

NEW VOLUMES.

POEMS by JAMES THOMSON. With Introduction by WILLIAM BAYNE, Author of "James Thomson" in the "Famous Scots Series."

POEMS by ALEXANDER SMITH. With a Prefatory Note by R. E. D. SKETCHLEY. [Ready end of March.
Complete Lists of any of the above Series post free on application.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square, E.C.

MESSRS. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A LEADER of LIGHT HORSE: LIFE of

HODSON of HODSON'S HORSE. By Captain L. J. TROTTER, Author of "Life of John Nicholson, Soldier and Statesman." With a Portrait. In 1 vol.

MOUNTAINS of NECESSITY. By Hester

WHITE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

[Ready.

A HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CRICKET

OLUS. By W. J. FORD, Author of "A History of Middlesex County Cricket," &c. With Illustrations. In 1 vol., demy 8vo.

BELGIUM and the BELGIANS. By Cyril

SCUDAMORE. With Illustrations. In 1 vol., square crown 8vo.

THE WARDEN of the MARCHES. By

SYDNEY C. GRIER. Author of "Peace with Honour," "The Kings of the East," "Like Another Helen," &c., &c. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Ready.

LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR R. MURDOCH SMITH, K.C.M.G., Royal

Engineers. By His Son-in-law, WILLIAM KIRK DICKSON. With Portraits and other Illustrations. In 1 vol., demy 8vo.

HARLAW of SENDLE. From the Papers

of THOMAS DENTON, Esquire of Esalby. By JOHN W. GRAHAM, Author of "Nemra." Crown 8vo, 6s.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND DIARIES OF LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GERALD GRAHAM,

V.O., G.O.B., R.E. By Colonel R. H. VETCH, C.B., late Royal Engineers. With Portraits, Map, and his Despatches in full. In 1 vol., demy 8vo.

THE EARLIER RENAISSANCE: being

the New Volume of Periods of European Literature. By Professor SAINTSBURY. In 1 vol., crown 8vo.

THE EXTERMINATION OF LOVE. A

Fragmentary Study in Erotics. By E. GERARD (Madame DE LASZOWSKA), Author of "A Foreigner," &c.; Joint-Author of "Renta." In 1 vol., crown 8vo.

Memorial Edition.

WORKS BY G. W. STEEVENS.

In crown 8vo Volumes, price 6s. each.

THINGS SEEN. With Memoirs by W. E. HENLEY, and Portrait.—**WITH KITCHENER to KHARTUM.—FROM CAPETOWN to LADYSMITH; EGYPT in 1898.—THE LAND of the DOLLAR.—IN INDIA.—GLIMPSES of THREE NATIONS** (In April).

Library Edition.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

Demy 8vo Volumes, price 10s. 6d. net each.

Messrs. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS beg to announce a new LIBRARY EDITION of GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS, in 10 vols., to be issued in Monthly Volumes. A feature of the Edition will be the PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECES from Drawings by WILLIAM HATHERELL, EDGAR BUNDY, R.L., BYAM SHAW, R.L., A. A. VAN ANKROO, and MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

Vol. 1.—ADAM BEDE.

[Ready in April.

Warwick Edition.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

This Edition will give the NOVELS of GEORGE ELIOT in a new and compact form. The Volumes consist of from 400 to 500 pages, and the page measures 4 x 6½ inches. The paper used for the Series is of a special make—as thin as India paper and very opaque. The volumes will be issued monthly in three styles of binding:—

CLOTH, limp, gilt top, 2s. net per volume.

LEATHER, limp, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net per volume.

PERBIAN, gilt top, with bookmark, 3s. net per volume.

Vol. 1.—ADAM BEDE.

[Ready about March 27.

* The Publishers will be pleased to forward on application a Prospectus showing the type and size of page of these editions.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

Spring Announcements Supplement.

SATURDAY: 23 MARCH, 1901.

The Spring Publishing Season.

New Books and Announcements.

WE sometimes think that the lamentations of publishers are a mere habit, inherent in the blood and received from an older day when, perhaps, the School Board was only just getting to work. Their depression is so rarely translated into action; they moan, but they publish. The prospects of the Spring Season were anything but bright, and we had expected a famine of books. That famine fills twenty-seven columns of this week's ACADEMY, and we do not profess to have recorded by any means all the books announced. The classes of books most prominent in the lists are Fiction, Theology, Biography, and History. More than two hundred new novels are announced, and the number of Theological works does not fall far behind. In Biography there are about fifty volumes, in History nearly as many, in Poetry a score. Belles-Lettres is a vague term, and defies a useful analysis; but there are some books under this head that are likely to interest. M. Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee" will be issued by Mr. George Allen. Mr. Whibley's monograph on Thackeray will take its place in Messrs. Blackwood's "Modern English Writers" series. Mr. William Archer has long been the champion of our living "minor" poets. He objects to the name "minor," a word which will not be found in his *Poets of the Younger Generation*, to be issued through Mr. Lane. Mr. A. Stodart-Walker's *Robert Buchanan, the Poet of Modern Revolt*, will also come from Mr. Lane. We have already reviewed Mr. Beeching's *Two Lectures Introductory to the Study of Poetry* and Mr. Churton Collins's *Ephemeris Critica*. Mr. Baildon's study of Robert Louis Stevenson is already published. Amid much that resembles *bric-à-brac* it is interesting to observe the progress of a work of such thorough and stately scholarship as Mr. G. C. Macaulay's *Complete Works of John Gower*, of which the second and third volumes will be issued by the Clarendon Press. We observe that Mr. E. A. Baker has in the press a manual called *A Descriptive Guide to the Best English Fiction*.

In the reprinting of standard works there is great activity. Messrs. Blackwood are issuing two complete editions of George Eliot's works, in anticipation of the exhaustion of copyright. Messrs. Macmillan's reissue of the Border edition of the Waverley novels, Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Authentic" Dickens, Mr. Murray's Byron, Messrs. Smith, Elder's complete edition of the poems of Mr. Robert Bridges, Messrs. Chatto's "Author's Edition de Luxe" of Mark Twain, all these are in progress.

There is bustle, also, among our younger novelists, "arrived" and arriving. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Tom Gallon, Mr. W. J. Locke, Mr. Thomas Cobb, Mr. Edwin Pugh, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. J. A. Steuart, and Mr. Albert Kinross all have novels to offer; and, among women-novelists, we observe the names of Mme. Grand, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Miss Mary A. Dickens, Miss Mary Findlater and Miss J. Helen Findlater, "George Egerton," and "Sidney C. Grier."

Many biographies of Queen Victoria are published or publishing—from the sumptuous *Life of Queen Victoria* under the auspices of the *Times* (Sampson Low) to Miss Correlli's *Passing of the Great Queen* (Methuen). Mr. G. S. Layard's *Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton* (Methuen) should be full of matter. Prof. Max Müller's *Autobiography: a Fragment* is just published. The *Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff*, recently published in the *Gentlewoman*, will be issued by Mr. Grant Richards, who also has in his list

The Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie, edited by Mr. A. Stodart-Walker. The Junius controversy may be stimulated by the publication of the edition of the Francis Letters which Messrs. Hutchinson are issuing under the editorship of Beata Francis and Eliza Keary.

History is very solid this Spring, and the chief event will be the issue by the Cambridge University Press of the first volume of *The Cambridge Modern History*, edited by Lord Acton. Mr. Andrew Lang will be represented by *The Mystery of Mary Stuart* (Longmans). Books on Alfred the Great are numerous, and are inspired, of course, by the forthcoming commemoration at Winchester. Naval and military histories and narratives are many, and there is little trace of that "slump" in South African war books, of which we heard so much a little while ago. Indeed, look where one will, there is plenty of life. Art books, for instance, have a very healthy look, thanks largely to the efforts of Messrs. Bell & Sons. One is impressed by the volume and vitality of the literary work now being done in all quarters. Everywhere there is industry and eagerness.

Mr. George Allen.

Maeterlinck (Maurice), <i>The Life of the Bee</i>	net 6/0
Morrah (Herbert), <i>The Literary Year-Book, 1901</i>	net 3/6
Murray (Gilbert), <i>Euripides: Hippolytus and Bacchæ</i> , and <i>Aristophanes' Frogs</i>	net 7/6
Whittuck (Rev. Charles), <i>The "Good Man" of the Eighteenth Century</i>	6/0
Webb (E. A.), <i>A Guide to the Churches of Chislehurst</i> net 1/0, cloth net	1/6
Thirlmere (Rowland), <i>A Woman of Emotions, and other Poems</i>	5/0

FICTION.

Cornford (L. Cope), <i>Northborough Cross</i>	6/0
Pryce (Daisy Hugh), <i>The Pasha</i>	6/0
Düring (Stella M.), <i>Malicious Fortune</i>	6/0

Mr. Edward Arnold.

Percy (Earl), <i>Highlands of Asiatic Turkey</i>	net 14/0
Powles (L. D.), <i>The Khaki Alphabet</i>	net 1/0
Hughes (James L.), <i>Dickens as an Educator</i>	6/0
<i>The Journal of Mrs. Fenton in India and the Colonies, 1826-1830</i>	net 8/6
<i>Publications of the Essex House Press:</i>	
Gray's <i>Elegy written in a Country Churchyard</i>	net 42/0
Ashbee (C. R.), <i>An Endeavour towards the Teaching of John Ruskin and William Morris</i>	
<i>The Psalms of David, according to the text of the Anglican Prayer-Book</i>	
Erasmus' <i>Praise of Folly</i> . Sir Thomas Challoner's translation (Elizabethan)	

FICTION.

Bagot (Richard), <i>Casting of Nets</i>	6/0
Roberts (Morley), <i>Lord Linlithgow</i>	6/0
Clouston (J. Storer), <i>The Duke</i>	6/0
Russell (W. Clark), <i>Rose Island</i>	6/0
Pickering (Sidney), <i>Verity</i>	6/0
Radford (Mrs. C. H.), <i>Jenny of the Villa</i>	6/0

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

HUMOUR, FICTION, &c.

Jerome (Jerome K.), <i>Observations of Henry</i>	1/0
Hervey (Maurice), <i>Dr. Somerville's Crime</i>	1/0
Phillpotts (Eden), <i>The Good Red Earth</i>	3/6
Kinross (Albert), <i>The Early Stars</i>	6/0
Owen (Rye), <i>Red Headed Gill</i>	6/0
Slater (Theo), <i>A Risky Experiment</i>	3/6
Hamilton (Cosmo), <i>Impertinent Dialogues</i>	3/6
Moore (Arthur), <i>The Eyes of Light</i>	3/6
Howard (Kemble), <i>The Chicot Papers</i> . Illustrated by Tom Browne	1/0

Allen (The late Grant), His Last Chance, and Other Stories	1/0
Russell (Fox), Sporting Sorrows	1/0
Alcock (C. W.), Cricket Stories: Wise and Otherwise	1/0
Dawson (Agnes), The Novice	1/0

Messrs. Bell.

Berenson (Bernhard), The Study and Criticism of Italian Art	
Bell (C. F.), A List of the Exhibited Works of J. W. M. Turner, R.A.	21/0
<i>German Book-Plates:</i>	
Leiningen-Westerburg (Count Zu), A Handbook of German and Austrian Exlibris	12/6
Crane (Walter), The Decorative Illustration of Books Old and New. Revised Edition	6/0
<i>The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture:</i>	
Cook (Herbert), Giorgione	5/0
Weale (W. H. James), Memlinc	5/0
Waters (W. G.), Piero della Francesca	5/0
Phillips (Evelyn March), Pintoricchio	5/0
Cossio (Manuel B.), El Greco	5/0
<i>Bell's Cathedral Series:</i>	
Strange (E. F.), Worcester	1/6
Robson (Philip), St. David's	1/6
Massé (H. J. L. J.), Bristol. With a Chapter on St. Mary Redcliffe	1/6
Hallett (Cecil), Ripon	1/6
Sweeting (Rev. W. D.), Ely	1/6
Corlette (H. C.), Chichester	1/6
Perkins (Rev. T.), An Itinerary of English Cathedrals	
Smith-Dampier (Mrs.), Journal of the Lady Beatrix Graham	
Colegrove (F. W.), Memory: an Inductive Study	
Ready (A. W.), Précis and Précis-Writing	
<i>Handbooks of English Literature:</i>	
Secombe (Thomas) and Allen (J. W.), The Age of Shakespeare	3/6
Snell (F. J.), The Age of Chaucer	3/6
<i>Handbooks of Great Public Schools:</i>	
Warner (R. Townsend), Winchester	3/6
Williams (J. Fischer), Harrow	3/6
Armstrong (G. E.), Torpedoes and Torpedo Vessels	5/0

NEW EDITIONS.

The Letters of Thomas Gray, including the Correspondence of Gray and Mason. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Duncan C. Tovey	3/6
Shuckburgh (Evelyn S.), The Letters of Cicero: a New and Complete Translation. 4 vols.	5/0
The History of Early Italian Literature to the Death of Dante. Translated from the German of Adolf Gaspari, together with the Author's Additions to the Italian Translation (1887), and with Supplementary Biographical Notes (1887-1899) by Herman Oelander, M.A., Ph.D.	3/6
The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D. Edited by Temple Scott. Vol. V.: Historical and Political Tracts—English	3/6
The Works of Charles Stuart Calverley. Complete in one volume. With a Memoir by Sir Walter J. Sendall, net	6/0
Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra. Printed at the Chiswick Press	2/6
Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by George Long, M.A. With Introduction and Notes. Printed on India paper at the Oxford University Press	2/0

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

Encyclopædia Biblica: a Dictionary of the Bible. Vol I., A. to D, and Vol. II., E. to K.	20/0
Handley (Rev. Hubert), The Fatal Opulence of Bishops: an Essay on a Neglected Ingredient of Church Reform	5/0
Abbott (Edwin A.), Clue: a Guide through Greek to Hebrew Scripture	7/6
Abbott (Edwin A.), The Corrections of Mark: adopted by Matthew and Luke	
Harnack (Prof. Adolf), The Apostles' Creed. Translated by Stewart Means, and Edited by Thomas Bailey Saunders	1/6
Harnack (Prof. Adolf), Christianity and History. Translated, with the Author's sanction, by Thomas Bailey Saunders, with an Introductory Note. Second and Revised Edition	1/6

Butler (Rev. D.), Scottish Cathedrals and Abbeys	1/6
Robertson (Rev. Wm.), Studies in the Acts of the Apostles	net 0/6
Menpes (Mortimer), War Impressions	20/0
Pearson (Karl), National Life from the Standpoint of Science	1/6
Sidgwick (Alfred), The Use of Words in Reasoning	7/6
Graham (Rev. Henry Grey), The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century. One Volume Edition	12/0
Nicholson (J. Shield), Money and Essays on Present Monetary Problems	7/6
Messrs. Black's list includes, besides the above, many new text-books, "Readers," &c.	

Messrs. Blackie & Son.

Rait (R. S.), The Scottish Parliament	
Rait (R. S.), An Outline of the Relations between England and Scotland to the Union of the Parliaments	
Yorke (Philip C.), Note-Book of French Literature. Vol. I.	
Weekley (Prof.), Primer of French Literature	2/6
Sandford (Prof.), Virgil's Æneid. Book II.	1/6
Winbolt (S. E.), Virgil's Georgics. Book II.	
Ensor (Ernest E.), Ovid's Metamorphoses. Book I.	
Brown (Prof.), Caesar's Gallic War. Book V.	1/6
Liddell (A. C.), Greek Grammar Papers	
Smith (J. C.), Much Ado About Nothing	
<i>The Warwick Shakespeare Series:</i>	
Julius Caesar	1/0
Downie (John), Macaulay's Lives of Johnson and Goldsmith	
Wilson (Miss Agnes), Browning's Strafford	
Lowe (Miss L. A.), First German Book	
Etheridge (W. G.), German Unseens for Middle and Upper Forms	

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

Saintsbury (George), A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. From the Earliest Texts to the Present Day. Vol. I.—Classical and Mediæval Criticism	16/0
Craik (Sir Henry), A Century of Scottish History: From the Days before the '45 to those within Living Memory. 2 vols.	30/0
Forrest (G. W.), Sepoy Generals: Wellington to Roberts	
Vetch (Colonel R. H.), Life, Letters, and Diaries of Lieut.-General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C.	
Dickson (William Kirk), Life of Major-General Sir Murdoch Smith, K.C.M.G., Royal Engineers	
Macintosh (William), Rabbi Jesus: Sage and Saviour	
Whibley (Charles), Modern English Writers: William Makepeace Thackeray	2/6
Dickson (William Kirk), The County Histories of Scotland: Edinburgh and Linlithgow	7/6
<i>G. W. Stevens's Works (Memorial Edition):</i>	
Things Seen. With Memoir by W. E. Henley, and Portrait	6/0
Glimpses of Three Nations	6/0
With Kitchener to Khartum	6/0
From Capetown to Ladysmith; Egypt in 1898	6/0
In India	6/0
The Land of the Dollar	6/0
Hurd (Archibald S.), The British Fleet: Is it Sufficient and Efficient?	1/0
Fulton (T. Wemyss), The Sovereignty of the Sea: an Historical Account of the Claims to the Exclusive Dominion of the British Seas and of the Evolution of the Territorial Waters, with Special Reference to the Rights of Fishing	
Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Arthur Freeman: a Memoir	
Selections from the Writings of the Honourable Sir Charles Augustus Murray. Collected and Edited by his Wife	
Travels in North America During the Years 1834, 1835, and 1836	
Hassan; or, The Child of the Pyramid: an Egyptian Tale	
A Handy Vocabulary: English-Africander, Africander-English. For the Use of English-speaking People in South Africa	

John, Marquess of Bute, K.T., Stevenson (J. H.), and Lonsdale (H. W.), <i>The Arms of the Baronial and Police Burghs of Scotland</i>	
The Roman Breviary. Reformed by Order of the Holy Oecumenical Council of Trent; Published by Order of Pope St. Pius V.; and Revised by Clement VIII. and Urban VIII.; together with the Offices since granted. Translated out of Latin into English by John, Marquess of Bute, K.T. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.....	
<i>George Eliot's Works (The Library Edition):</i>	
Adam Bede	10/6
The Mill on the Floss	10/6
Romola	10/6
Scenes of Clerical Life	10/6
Silas Marner; Brother Jacob; The Lifted Veil.....	10/6
Felix Holt, the Radical	10/6
Middlemarch	10/6
Daniel Deronda	10/6
Jubal; The Spanish Gypsy	10/6
Essays; Theophrastus Such	10/6
<i>George Eliot's Novels (The Warwick Edition):</i> cloth, limp, gilt top, 2s. net per volume; imitation leather, limp, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net per volume; leather, limp, gilt top, with book-marker, 3s. net per volume—Adam Bede—The Mill on the Floss—Felix Holt, the Radical—Romola—Scenes of Clerical Life.	
<i>Philosophical Classics for English Readers</i> (reissue in shilling volumes), edited by William Knight, LL.D.: Mahaffy (Prof.), Descartes—Lucas Collins (Rev. W.), Butler—Campbell Fraser (Prof.), Berkeley—Adamson (Prof.), Fichte—Wallace (Prof.), Kant—Veitch (Prof.), Hamilton—Master of Balliol, Hegel—Merz (John Theodore), Leibniz—Flint (Prof.), Vico—Croom Robertson (Prof.), Hobbes—&c., &c.	
<i>Cheap Reissue of Kinglake's Crimea:</i>	
Origin of the War.....	3/6
Russia Met and Invaded.....	3/6
Battle of the Alma	3/6
Sebastopol at Bay	3/6
The Battle of Balaklava	3/6
The Battle of Inkerman	3/6
The Winter Troubles	3/6
From Inkerman to the Fall of Canrobert	3/6
Pelissier's Command to the Death of Lord Raglan ...	3/6
Ranjitsinhji (Prince), <i>The Jubilee Book of Cricket</i> . Cheap Edition	6
Fahie (J. J.), <i>A History of Wireless Telegraphy, 1838-1900</i> . Second Edition, revised.....	6/0
Michie (Alexander), <i>The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era, as Illustrated in the Career of Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B.</i>	38/0
Kinnear (Alfred), <i>Our House of Commons: its Realities and Romance</i> . Second Edition, revised	3/6
Martin (Sir Theodore), <i>Helena Faucit (Lady Martin)</i> . Second Edition	10/6
Kennedy (Admiral Sir William), <i>Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor! Fifty Years in the Royal Navy</i> . Fifth Impression.....	12/6
Magnus (Laurie) and Headlam (Cecil), <i>Flowers of the Cave Seventy Years at Westminster, with other Letters and Notes of the Late Right Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P.</i> Edited by his Daughter.....	7/6
Hueffer (F. Madox), <i>The Cinque Ports: an Historical and Descriptive Record</i>	63/0
Malcolm (Ian), <i>The Calendar of Empire: a Tribute to Lives, Deeds, and Words that have gained Glory for Great and Greater Britain</i>	15/0
Callwell (Major C. E.), <i>Tactics of To-day</i>	2/6
FICTION.	
Munro (Neil), <i>Doom Castle: a Romance</i>	6/0
Grier (Sydney C.), <i>The Warden of the Marches</i>	6/0
Graham (John W.), <i>Harlaw of Sandle, from the Papers of Thomas Denton, Esquire of Eselby</i>	6/0
White (Hester), <i>Mountains of Necessity</i>	6/0
Gerard (E.) (Mme. de Laszowska), <i>The Extermination of Love: a Fragmentary Study in Erotics</i>	6/0
Constable (F. C.), <i>Marrables' Magnificent Idea</i>	6/0
Melvyn (Sybylla Penelope), <i>My Brilliant Career</i>	6/0
Sterne (Philip), <i>Mr. Leopold Lugwell: his Birth and Upbringing</i>	6/0
Hutton (Edward), <i>Frederick Uvedale</i>	6/0
Clifford (Hugh), <i>Bushwhacking, and Other Sketches</i>	6/0

Messrs. Burns & Oates.

The Madonna: A History of the Representation of the Blessed Virgin in Art. Translated from the Italian of Adolfo Venturi. With an Introduction by Mrs. Meynell	
Vaughan (Right Rev. Monsignor John S.), <i>Faith and Folly</i>	
MacLaughlin (Rev. J.), <i>The Divine Plan of the Church: Where Realised, and Where Not</i>	
Avis (Whyte), <i>The Catholic Girl in the World</i> . Second Series	
Devout Reflections on Various Spiritual Subjects for the profit of Souls who desire to advance in Divine Love. By St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, Bishop of Agatha, and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Newly translated from the Italian by Father Edmund Vaughan, of the same Congregation...	
The Little Flower of Jesus: an Autobiography. By Sister Thérèse, a Carmelite Nun. Translated from the French by Michael Henry Dziewicki. Illustrated.....	

Cambridge University Press.

Taylor (C.), <i>Origen's Hexapla</i> . Part of Psalm 22 (LXX. 21). From a Cairo Palimpsest	15/0
Midrash Haggadol. Edited from several Yemen MSS., with Introduction, Commentary, and Notes, by S. Schechter	
Thackeray (H. St. John), <i>Grammar of Septuagint Greek</i>	
Wordsworth (Chr.), <i>Salisbury Processions and Ceremonies</i>	
The Prayer Book of Aldenald the Bishop, commonly called the Book of Cerne, edited by Dom A. B. Kuypers	
The Curetonian Syriac Gospels: Re-edited, together with the Readings of the Sinaitic Codex and a translation into English, by F. C. Burkitt	
The Use of Sarum. Vol. II. The Ordinal and the Tonal. The original Texts edited from the MSS., by the Rev. W. H. Frere	
Moorsom (Rev. R. M.), <i>Renderings from Eastern and Western Office Books</i>	
The Jātaka. Translated from the Pali under the Superintendence of Prof. E. B. Cowell. To be published in Six or Seven Volumes.	
Vol. V. Translated by H. T. Francis and R. A. Neil	12/6
Vol. VI. Translated by Prof. E. B. Cowell	12/6
Browne (E. G.), <i>Hand-list of Muhammadan MSS. preserved in the Cambridge University Library, including all those (Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Urdu, Malay, &c.) which are written in the Arabic character</i>	15/0
Wright (W.), <i>Catalogue of Syriac MSS. in the Cambridge University Library</i>	
The Didascalia Apostolorum in Syriac, from a MS. in Mesopotamia, with Variants from the Paris MS. and Translation. Edited by Margaret Dunlop Gibson ...	
Hinde (Mrs.), <i>The Masai Language, Grammatical Notes, together with a Vocabulary</i>	3/6
Malay Folk Tales. Translated by W. W. Skeat	
Roberts (W. Rhys), <i>Dionysius of Halicarnassus: The Three Literary Letters. Greek Text with English Translation, Facsimile, Notes, &c.</i>	9/0
Plato, <i>The Republic</i> . Edited by J. Adam.....	
Aristophanes. <i>Equites</i> . With Introduction and Notes by R. A. Neil.....	
Aeschylus <i>Choephoroe</i> . Edited by T. G. Tucker	
<i>Cambridge Patristic Texts:</i>	
Gregory. <i>Oratio Catechetica</i> . Edited by J. H. Srawley	
Augustine. <i>De Doctrina Christiana</i> . Edited by H. F. Stewart	
Serapion. Edited by F. E. Brightman	
The Cambridge Modern History. Edited by Lord Acton. Vol. I.....	
The Teaching of History. Edited by Lord Acton. Among the contributors, each of whom will deal with a different aspect of history teaching, will be Prof. Gwatkin, Mr. R. L. Poole, Dr. Cunningham, Mr. Tanner, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Marten, and Prof. Ashley.....	
Gooch (G. P.), <i>Annals of Politics and Culture, 1492-1899</i>	7/6

Stevenson (William Henry), <i>The Anglo-Saxon Chancery: A History of the Charters of the Old-English Kings, being the Sanders Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge, 1898</i>	
Kenny (Courtney), <i>Select Cases in Criminal Law</i>	
Records of the Borough of Leicester. Being a Series of Extracts from the Archives of the Corporation of Leicester. Edited by Mary Bateson. Vol. II. 1327—1509	25/0
Walker (T. A.), <i>A History of the Law of Nations. Vol. II.</i>	
Roby (H. J.), <i>Roman Private Law</i>	
Head (F. W.), <i>The Fallen Stuarts</i>	
Headlam (J. W.), <i>Germany, 1815—1890. 2 vols.</i>	
Payne (E. J.), <i>The Colonisation of South America</i>	
<i>The Triumphs of Turlogh. Edited, with Translation, Glossary, and Appendices, by Standish Hayes O'Grady</i>	
Wyatt (A. J.), <i>An Elementary Old English Reader</i>	
Macgregor (D. H.), <i>Lord Macaulay: Being the Members' Prize Essay for 1900</i>	
Sayle (Charles), <i>Early English Printed Books in the University Library, Cambridge (1475—1640) Vol. I. Caxton to F. Kingston</i>	15/0
Clark (J. W.), <i>The Care of Books: An Essay on the Buildings, Fittings, and General Arrangements of Libraries from Roman Times to the End of the Last Century</i>	
James (M. R.), <i>The Western Manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. A Descriptive Catalogue Vol. I.</i>	15/0
Beeching (Rev. H. C.), <i>Two Lectures Introductory to the Study of Poetry</i>	2/0
Whittaker (Thomas), <i>The Neo-Platonists: a Study in the History of Hellenism</i>	7/6
Jebb (Sir R. C.), <i>Macaulay: a Lecture Delivered at Cambridge on August 10, 1900, in Connexion with the Summer Meeting of University Extension Students</i>	2/0
<i>Education in the Nineteenth Century: Lectures Delivered in the Education Section of the Cambridge University Extension Summer Meeting in August, 1900. Edited by R. D. Roberts</i>	4/0

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Royal Academy Pictures, 1901. In Five Parts. Each, 1/0; and one volume	7/6
Queen Victoria: Her Life in Portraits	0/6 & 1/0
Pinhorn (Alfred), <i>Spending and Saving</i>	1/0
Wright (Walter), <i>Pictorial Practical Fruit Growing</i>	1/0
Harrison (Rev. A. J.), <i>An Eventful Life</i>	6/0
Buckley (Arabella), <i>Cassell's "Eyes and No Eyes": Books I. and II.</i>	0/4
Books III., IV., V. and VI.	0/6
Overton (J. H.), <i>A Practical Method of Teaching Geography</i>	0/6
Milton (Viscount), <i>The North-West Passage by Land</i>	2/0
<i>The Century Science Series—Cheap Edition in Monthly Volumes:</i>	
Thompson (Prof. Silvanus P.), <i>Michael Faraday: his Life and Work</i>	2/6
Poulton (E. B.), <i>Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection</i>	2/6
Clerke (Agnes M.), <i>The Herschels and Modern Astronomy</i>	2/6

FICTION.

Jones (Dora M.), <i>A Soldier of the King</i>	6/0
Stockton (Frank R.), <i>Afield and Afloat</i>	6/0
Bloundelle-Burton (John), <i>A Vanished Rival</i>	6/0

NEW EDITIONS AND SERIAL ISSUES.

Cassell's Concise Bible Dictionary, Cheap Edition	5/0
Macwhirter (J.), <i>Landscape Painting in Water-Colours</i> ..	5/0
Oliphant (Mrs.), <i>Queen Victoria: A Personal Sketch</i>	3/6
" " <i>The Life and Times of Queen Victoria.</i>	
In about 29 weekly parts	0/6
Cassell's Natural History. In 26 fortnightly parts	0/6
Cassell's History of England. In about 68 weekly parts ..	
each	0/6
Griffiths (Major Arthur), <i>Mysteries of Police and Crime.</i>	
In monthly parts	0/6

Dixon (Hepworth), <i>Her Majesty's Tower. In monthly parts</i>	0/6
<i>The Queen's London. In 15 weekly parts</i>	0/6
<i>Familiar Wild Birds. In about 20 fortnightly parts</i>	0/6
<i>Sixpenny Editions:</i>	
Pemberton (Max), <i>Sea Wolves.</i>	
Swan (Annie S.), <i>Adam Hepburn's Vow.</i>	
Couch (A. T. Q.), <i>The Splendid Spur.</i>	
Meade (L. T.), <i>The Medicine Lady.</i>	

Messrs. Chatto & Windus

McCarthy (Justin) and McCarthy (Justin Huntly), <i>A History of the Four Georges and of William the Fourth. Vols. III. and IV.</i>	
Stevenson (Robert Louis), <i>In the South Seas</i>	6/0
Baildon (H. Bellys), <i>Robert Louis Stevenson: a Life Study in Criticism</i>	6/0
Pond (Major J. B.), <i>Eccentricities of Genius: Memories of Famous Men and Women of the Platform and the Stage</i>	12/0
Jones (William), <i>Crowns and Coronations: a History of Regalia</i>	3/6
Besant (Walter), <i>Fifty Years Ago</i>	3/6
O'Rell (Max), <i>Her Royal Highness Woman</i>	3/6
Heckethorn (C. W.), <i>London Memories: Social, Historical, and Topographical</i>	6/0
Merivale (Herman), <i>Bar, Stage, and Platform: Autobiographic Memories</i>	12/0
Besant (Walter), <i>East London</i>	18/0
Osborn (E. B.), <i>Greater Canada: The Past, Present, and Future of the Canadian North-West</i>	3/6
Barr (Robert), <i>The Unchanging East</i>	6/0
<i>Academy Notes, 1901</i>	1/0
Montagu (Irving), <i>Things I Have Seen in War</i>	6/0
Lowe (Charles), <i>Our Greatest Living Soldiers</i>	3/6
Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom (1901)	50/0
Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities	1/6
<i>Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon, 1901</i>	

FICTION.

Whishaw (Fred.), <i>A Forbidden Name: a Story of the Court of Catherine the Great</i>	6/0
Antrobus (C. L.), <i>Quality Corner: a Study of Remorse</i> ..	6/0
Compton (Herbert), <i>The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham</i> ..	6/0
Vizetelly (Ernest A.), <i>A Path of Thorns</i>	6/0
Glanville (Ernest), <i>Max Thornton</i>	6/0
Meade (Mrs. L. T.), <i>The Blue Diamond</i>	6/0
Hardy (Iza Duffus), <i>The Lesser Evil</i>	6/0
McCarthy (Justin), <i>Mononia: a Love Story of "Forty-eight"</i>	6/0
Murray (David Christie), <i>The Church of Humanity</i>	6/0
Mitchell (Edmund), <i>The Lone Star Rush</i>	6/0
Fenn (Geo. Manville), <i>Running Amok</i>	6/0
Westall (William), <i>Her Ladyship's Secret, and As Luck Would Have It</i>	6/0
Barr (Robert), <i>The Adventures of a Merry Monarch</i>	6/0
Russell (Clark), <i>The Pretty Polly: a Voyage of Incident</i> ..	5/0
Stephens (Robert Neilson), <i>Philip Winwood</i>	6/0
Barr (Robert), <i>The Adventures of a Merry Monarch</i>	6/0
"Sundowner," <i>Told by the Taffrail</i>	3/6
Sims (George R.), <i>The Small-Part Lady, &c.</i>	3/6
Speight (T. W.), <i>The Strange Experiences of Mr. Verschoyle</i>	3/6
Donovan (Dick), <i>Deacon Brodie; or, Behind the Mask, and The Adventures of Tyler Tatlock, Private Detective</i>	3/6
Ross (Albert), <i>A Sugar Princess</i>	3/6

Clarendon Press.

Macaulay (G. C.), <i>The Complete Works of John Gower. Vols. II. and III.</i>	
Collins (J. Churton), <i>Plays and Poems of Robert Greene</i> ..	
Bridges (R. S.), <i>Milton's Prosody. New Edition</i>	
Tozer (H. F.), <i>Notes on the Divina Commedia of Dante</i> ..	
Madan (F. A.), <i>A Summary Catalogue of Bodleian MSS. Vols. V. and VI.</i>	
Toller (T. N.), <i>Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary: Supplement</i>	
Jenkyns (Sir H.), <i>British Colonies and Protectorates</i>	
Bryce (Rt. Hon. James), <i>Studies in History and Jurisprudence</i>	

Earle (John), <i>The Alfred Jewel: an Historical Essay</i>	
Stevenson (W. H.), <i>Asser's Life of Alfred</i>	
Barnard (F. P.), <i>An Antiquarian Companion to English History</i>	
Newman (Prof. W. L.), <i>The Politics of Aristotle</i>	
Hartsman (Dr. C.), <i>Legenda Angliæ</i>	
Boas (F. S.), <i>The Works of Thomas Kyd</i>	
Lake (K.), <i>Texts on Mount Athos</i>	
Eusebii <i>Chronicorum Liber</i> . Edited, with Facsimiles, by J. K. Fotheringham, M.A.	
Rule (U. Z.), <i>Old Testament Lessons</i>	
Stokoe (W.), <i>New Testament History for Schools, Part I. Aetna</i> . Edited, with Translation, by Robinson Ellis, M.A.	
Elizabethan Critical Essays (1570-1603). Edited by G. Gregory Smith	
Goethe's <i>Hermann and Dorothea</i> . Edited by the late C. A. Buchheim, M.A., with Introduction by E. Dowden, Litt. D.	
Parry (Sir C. Hubert, M.A., D.Mus.), <i>The Seventeenth Century</i>	
George (H. B.), <i>The Relations of History and Geography</i>	
Mann (Gustav), <i>Micro-Anatomy</i>	
Larmor (Alex.), <i>Geometrical Exercises</i>	
Joachim (H. H.), <i>The Ethics of Spinoza</i>	

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

Deissman (Dr. G. Adolf), <i>Bible Studies, Contributions, Chiefly from Papyri and Inscriptions, to the History of the Language, Literature, and Religion of Hellenistic Judaism and Primitive Christianity</i>	9/0
<i>The World's Epoch-Makers:</i>	
Herkless (Rev. Prof. J.), <i>Francis and Dominic, the Founders of the Mendicant Orders</i>	
McHardy (G.), <i>Savonarola</i>	
Welch (Rev. A. C.), <i>Anselm, and Cur Deus Homo</i> ..	
<i>The International Critical Commentary:</i>	
Bigg (Rev. Charles), <i>The Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude</i>	
Salmond (S. D. F.), <i>The Christian Doctrine of Immortality</i>	
NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.	
Walker (Rev. W. L.), <i>The Spirit and the Incarnation</i> ..	

Messrs. Deighton Bell & Co.

Latham (Rev. Henry), <i>The Risen Master: a Sequel to Pastor Pastorum</i>	
Johns (Rev. C. H. W.), <i>Assyrian Deeds and Documents: Vol. II.—Cuneiform Texts: Introduction, Officials, Metrology</i>	21/0
Pretor (Alfred), <i>Ronald and I, Second Edition</i>	
Whitworth (William Allen), <i>Choice and Chance: an Elementary Treatise on Permutations, Combinations, and Probability, with 640 Exercises</i>	
Gwatkin (Henry Melvill), <i>Studies of Arianism. 2nd Edition</i>	10/0
<i>The Psalms in Three Collections. Translated, with Notes by, E. G. King, D.D. Part II.</i>	
Basset (A. B.), <i>An Elementary Treatise on Cubic and Quartic Curves</i>	

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

Ross (Janet), <i>Florentine Villas</i>	200 0
Do. do. <i>Smaller edition</i>	60 0
Courtney (Right Hon. Leonard H.), <i>The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom</i>	7/6
Villars (L.), <i>Oswald von Wolkenstein</i>	4/6
Beavan (Arthur H.), <i>Imperial London</i>	12 6
Rawnley (Canon H. D.), <i>Ballads of the War</i>	3/6
Beckett (R. A.), <i>Romantic Essex</i>	
<i>Hadron Hall Library:</i>	
Lyttelton (Hon. H. R.), <i>Cricket and Golf</i>	7/6
Selous (Edmund), <i>Bird-watching</i>	7/6
<i>Medieval Town Series:</i>	
Young (Norwood), <i>Rome</i>	4 6
Gilbat-Smith (E.), <i>Bruges</i>	4 6
<i>Dent's County Guides:</i>	
Jerrold (Walter), <i>Surrey</i>	4/6
<i>Master Musicians Series:</i>	
Williams (C. F. A.), <i>Handel</i>	3 6

Saintly Lives Series:

MacFadyen (Dugald), <i>Alfred the West Saxon, King the English</i>	4/6
<i>The Temple Molière:</i>	
Les Précieuses Ridicules, and L'Avare	each 1 6 or 2 0
<i>The Temple Dramatists:</i>	
Udall (Nicholas), <i>Ralph Roister Doister</i>	1 0
Newbigging (Thomas), <i>Lancashire Humour</i>	2/6
<i>The Temple Cyclopaedic Primers:</i>	
Jose (A. W.), <i>Australasia, the Commonwealth and New Zealand</i>	1 0
Stending (Dr. H.), <i>Greek and Roman Mythology</i> ..	1 0
Drinkwater (Dr. H.), <i>First Aid to the Injured and Ambulance Drill</i>	1/0
Drummond (W. B.), <i>The Child: His Nature and Nurture</i>	1/0
Luce (Moreton), <i>Tennyson</i>	
Hoemer (Dr. Moritz), <i>Primitive Man</i>	
<i>The Temple Classics:</i> <i>Jeremy Taylor's Holy Dying</i> , edited by A. R. Waller— <i>White's Selbourne—Thackeray's Vanity Fair</i> , 3 vols.— <i>Eliot's Adam Bede</i> , 2 vols.	

Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

Sherard (Robert H.), <i>The Cry of the Poor</i>	3 6
"Honestas," <i>Threads and Patches of Political Economy</i> ...	3/6
Grogan (Maggie), <i>Parodies, and Other Poems</i>	3/6
Robinson (John), <i>Irish Leaves</i>	7/6
Aveling (Henry), <i>Poems and Paragraphs. Second Series</i>	3/6
FICTION.	
Cobban (J. McLaren), <i>The Golden Tooth</i>	6/0
Cleeve (Lucas), <i>As the Twig is Bent</i>	6/0
Rodziewicz (Marya), <i>Devaytis. Translated by Count de Soissons</i>	6 0
Laffan (Mrs. De Courcy), <i>Cruel Calumny</i>	6 0
Griffiths (Major Arthur), <i>The Painted Man</i>	6 0
Bagot-Harte (Mrs.), <i>A Daring Spirit</i>	6/0
Heath (Seaton), <i>A Stolen Wooing</i>	6 0
Corbet (Robert St. J.), <i>The Burden of an Honour</i>	6 0
Greenhow (Surgeon-Major H. M.), <i>The Emperor's Design</i>	6 0
Fiddlay (J. S.), <i>A Deal with the King</i>	6/0
Jocelyn (Mrs.), <i>The Sea of Fortune</i>	6 0
Warden (Gertrude), <i>A Syndicate of Sinners</i>	6/0

Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

Owen (J. A.) and Boulger (Prof. G. S.), <i>The Country Month by Month</i>	
McCabe (Joseph), <i>Peter Abélard</i>	7/6
Maidment (George), <i>Princes and Poisoners: Translated from the French of Frantz Funck Brentano</i>	6 0
<i>Modern Plays Series:</i>	
Adam (Villiers de L'Isle), <i>The Revolt and The Escape: Translated by Theresa Barclay</i>	3/6
<i>The Saints Series:</i>	
Bramston (M.), <i>The Banner of St. George: a Picture of Old England</i>	3 6
Julleville (Prof. Le Petit de), <i>Joan of Arc</i>	3 0
Guiraud (Jean), <i>Saint Dominic</i>	3 0
Puech (Aimé), <i>St. Chrysostom</i>	3 0

Messrs. Greening & Co.

Rogers (W. S.), <i>A Book of the Poster</i>	7/6
Bartram (George), <i>Ballads of Ghostly Shires</i>	2/6
Upperton (Rupert), <i>Village Life and Feeling</i>	2 6
Pemberton (T. Edgar), <i>Bret Harte</i>	3 6
Wratislaw (Theodore), <i>Swinburne</i>	3 6
Clelia, <i>Messiahship of Shakespeare</i>	7/6

FICTION.

Leyken (N.), <i>Where the Oranges Grow. Translated from the Russian by Count C. S. de Soissons</i>	6 0
Loughnan (J. Pym), <i>Mad?</i>	2 6
Hewitt (Edgar), <i>The Prettiness of Fools</i>	6 0
Awes (Hugo), <i>Tragedy of a Pedigree</i>	6 0
Gorst (Mrs. Harold E.), <i>And Afterwards?</i>	6/0
Fevez (Coralie), <i>Ira Lorraine</i>	6/0
Asculapius, <i>The Magnetism of Sin</i>	3 6
Reade (Compton), <i>The Aftertaste</i>	6/0
Orzeszko (Madame), <i>The Modern Argonauts. Translated by Count C. S. de Soissons</i>	6 0
Forbes (Edmund), <i>Red Fate</i>	6/0
Pelican Tails. Edited by Frank M. Boyd	1/0

The Gresham Publishing Company.

Lyon (Murray D.), History of the Lodge of Edinburgh. Mary's Chapel, No. 1. (Tercentenary Edition.) Embracing an Account of the Rise and Progress of Freemasonry in Scotland	30/0
Thompson (Robert), The Gardener's Assistant: a Practical and Scientific Exposition of the Art of Gardening in all its Branches. In 6 vols. each, net	8/0
Davidson (H. C.), The Book of the Home: a Practical Guide to General Household Management. 8 parts each	5/0

Mr. William Heinemann.

A Universal History of Mankind, edited by Dr. Helmholt. With an Introductory Essay by the Right Hon. James Bryce: Vol. I., Introductory Prehistory—America and the Pacific Ocean	
The Love-Letters of Prince Bismarck, 2 vols., with Portraits.....	
Swift (Benjamin), The Eternal Conflict	
Graham (R. B. Cunningham), A Vanished Arcadia	
Irving (H. B.), Studies of French Criminals	
Vivienne (May), Travels in Western Australia	
Waters (Mrs. W. G.), The Cook's Decameron.....	
Mackinder (H. J.), Britain and the North Atlantic	
La Gioconda, translated from the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Arthur Symons	3/6

FICTION.

Parker (Gilbert), A New Novel.....	6/0
Conrad (Joseph) and Hueffer (Ford Madox), The Inheritors	6/0
Benson (E. F.), The Luck of the Vails.....	6/0
Gerard (Dorothea), Sawdust	6/0
Forbes-Robertson (Frances), The Hidden Model ..	6/0
Wyllarde (Dolf), The Garden of Eden	6/0
Marman (Basil), A Daughter of the Veldt	6/0
Voynich (E. L.), Jack Raymond	6/0
Dudeney (Mrs. Henry), Boylett's Land	6/0
Woodroffe (D.), Tangled Trinities.....	6/0
Prowse (R. O.), Voysey	6/0
Woods (Margaret L.), Sons of the Sword	6/0
Bowles (M.), Gillette's Marriage	6/0
Kirk (James P.), Forest Folk	6/0
Lagerlöf (Selma), In a Swedish Homestead	6/0
Serao (Matilde), The Land of Cockayne	6/0

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Scott (Rev. C. A.), Evangelical Doctrine: Bible Truth ...	6/0
Smith (Rev. G. A.), Modern Criticism and Preaching	6/0
Paton, D.D. (James), Beautiful Characters	1/6
Gurney (Rev. T. A.), The Living Lord and the Opened Grave	6/0
Pemper (G. H.), The Church, the Churches and the Mysteries; or, Revelation and Corruption.....	
Cairnes (Capt. W. E.), Earl Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War	6/0
Tooley (Sarah A.), The Personal Life of Queen Victoria...	
Seton-Thompson (E.), The Biography of a Grizzly	6/0
Margoliouth (Rev. Prof. D. S.), Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation	6/0
Jones (Rev. E. G.), The Ascent through Christ	3/6
Parker, D.D. (Rev. Joseph), The City Temple Pulpit. Vol. IV.	3/6
Bullen (Frank T.), With Christ in Sailortown	1/6
The Self Educator Series:	
Adams (John), The Self Educator in French	2/6
Adams (John), The Self Educator in German	2/6
Edward (W. A.), The Self Educator in Latin	2/6
Wishart (Robert S.), The Self Educator in Botany ...	2/6
Knight (James), The Self Educator in Chemistry ...	2/6

FICTION.

Fowler (Ellen Thorneycroft), Sirius, and Other Stories ...	6/0
Le Queux (William), Her Majesty's Minister; or, The Shadow of a Throne.....	6/0
Gerard (Morice), Queen's Mate.....	6/0
St. Laurence (A.), My Heart and Lute	6/0
Mason (Caroline A.), A Woman of Yesterday	6/0

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

Hopkins (Tighe), The Man in the Iron Mask	7/6
De Satge (Oscar), Pages from the Journal of a Queensland Squatter	10/6
Hayes (Captain M. Horace), Riding and Hunting	16/0
Grogau (Ewart S.) and Sharp (Arthur H.), From the Cape to Cairo, the First Traverse of Africa from South to North.....	21/0
Hayes (Captain M. Horace), Stable Management and Exercise: a Book for Horse Owners and Students.....	12/0

FICTION.

Norris (W. E.), His Own Father	3/6
Le Gallienne (Richard), The Life Romantic, including the Love-Letters of the King	6/0
Marsh (Richard), Amusement Only	6/0
Sergeant (Adeline), This Body of Death	6/0
Nisbet (Hume), Children of Hermes.....	3/6
Edward (M. Betham), A Suffolk Courtship	6/0
New Series of Sixpenny Novels: Watts-Dunton (Theodore), Aylwin—Riddell (Mrs. J. H.), The Footfall of Fate—Hume (Fergus), The Vanishing of Tera—Cleeve (Lucas), What a Woman Will Do—"Rita," Miss Kate.	

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

The Francis Letters: Being Letters of the late Sir Philip Francis and Members of his Family. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary, with an Introductory Note on the Junius Controversy by C. F. Keary. 2 vols.	24/0
Gerard (Francis), A Biography of Anna Amalia, Duchess of Saxe-Weimar	16/0
Henry Broadhurst, M.P.: The Story of his Life from a Stonemason's Bench to the Treasury Bench. Told by Himself	16/0
Molloy (Fitzgerald), The Queen's Comrade; or, The Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. 2 vols.	24/0
The Living Races of Mankind, Vol. I.	7/6
"Thornaby," Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun. 2 vols.	24/0
Richardson (The Late Sir Benjamin), Disciples of Esculapius: Biographies of Leaders of Medicine. 2 vols.	36/0
Thackeray's Stray Papers, Collected and Arranged by Lewis Melville	6/0
Harmer (E. G.), Victoria Birthday Book.....	3/6
The Second French Empire: Napoleon III. at the Height of His Power.....	6/0
The Poets for the People. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Tennyson's Poems.....	2/0 and 1/0

FICTION.

Grand (Sarah), Babs the Impossible.....	6/0
Moore (Frankfort), According to Plato	6/0
Le Queux (William), The Gamblers	6/0
Sergeant (Adeline), The Treasure of Captain Scarlett	6/0
Lynton (Mrs. Lynn), The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges	6/0
Dickens (Mary Angela), The Wastrel	6/0
Blissett (Nellie K.), The Sea Hath its Pearls	6/0
Pratt (Ambrose), Franks: Duellist	6/0
Everett-Jean (Evelyn), Olivia's Experiment	6/0
Stewart (J. A.), The Eternal Quest	6/0
Gallon (Tom), The Second Dandy Chapter	6/0
Fraser (Mrs. Hugh), A Little Grey Sheep	6/0
Sladen (Douglas), My Son Richard; or, the Great Company	6/0
Slade (A. F.), A Wayside Weed	6/0
Farjeon (B. L.), Pride of Race	6/0
Dawe (Carlton), Claudia Pole	6/0
Haggard (Colonel Andrew), Love Rules the Camp	6/0
Ashton (Mark), The Nana's Talisman	6/0
Henham (Ernest G.), Bonanza	6/0
Maugham (W. S.), The Hero.....	6/0
Also New Novels by Richard Whiteing, Jerome K. Jerome, Percy White, "Iota" (Mrs. Mannington Caffyn), Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Frankfort Moore, A. W. Marchmont, and Tom Gallon.	

NEW EDITIONS.

Wilkins (W. H.), The Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Cheap Edition	
--	--

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson.

Tarpey (Mrs. Kingsley), <i>Idylls of the Fells</i>	3 6
Rickett (Arthur), <i>Mimes and Rhymes</i>	3 6
Hills (Major.-Gen. Sir John), <i>The Bombay Field Force and the Battle of Maiwand</i>	1 6
Hueffer (Oliver M.), <i>Love's Disguises</i>	10 6
Hueffer (Oliver M.), <i>In Arcady and Out</i>	3 6
Story (Alfred T.), <i>Master and Slave</i>	2 0
Oldershaw (L.), <i>Carpet Plays</i>	0 6

Mr. John Lane.

Architectural Remains of Old Richmond, Peter-ham, Twickenham, Mortlake, and Kew. Dawn in Lithography by T. R. Way. With an Introduction and Notes. by Frederic Chapman	21 0
Archer (William), <i>Poets of the Younger Generation. With Portraits from wood engravings by Robert Bryden</i>	4 0
Fea (Allen), <i>King Monmouth</i>	
Paul (Herbert), <i>Men and Letters</i>	5 0
Milne-Holme (Mary Pamela), <i>Stray Leaves from a Border Garden</i>	5 0
The <i>Kubaiyat</i> of Omar Khayyam. Done into English on the French of J. B. Nicolas, by Frederick Baron Corvo and Edward Maugher	
Williams (Mrs. Lælie), <i>A Garden in the Suburbs</i>	
Thaw (Alexander Blair), <i>Poems</i>	
Heinemann (William), <i>War: a Play in Three Acts</i>	3 6
"John Oliver Hobbes" Birthday Book, Selected and arranged by Zoë Procter	3 6
Helps (Sir Arthur), <i>The Spanish Conquest in America. New Edition in 4 vols.</i>	3 6
Lehmann (R. C.), <i>Anni Fugace. A Book of Verse, with Cambridge Interludes</i>	3 6
Gwynn (Stephen), <i>The Queen's Chronicler, and other Verses</i>	3 6
Lounsbury (G. Constant), <i>Poems</i>	3 6
Sackville (Lady Margaret), <i>Poems</i>	3 6
<i>The Lover's Library: Each 2/- net: The Love Poems of Shelley—The Love Poems of Browning—The Silence of Love, by Edmond Holmes—Cupid and Psyche—The Love Poems of Tennyson—The Love Poems of Landor</i>	

FICTION.

Bagot (Richard), <i>The Just and the Unjust</i>	6 0
Marriott (Charles), <i>The Column</i>	6 0
Corvo (Frederick Baron), <i>In His Own Image</i>	6 0
Locke (W. J.), <i>The Usurper</i>	6 0
Cobb (Thomas), <i>Severance</i>	6 0
Stephenson (Nathaniel), <i>They That Took the Sword</i>	6 0

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Bittinger (L. F.), <i>The Germans in Colonial Times</i>	7 6
Blair (A. A.), <i>The Chemical Analysis of Iron</i>	18 0
Boise (O. B.), <i>Music and its Masters: Its Nature, Origin, and Love of Development</i>	
De Roo (P.), <i>History of America before Columbus, according to Documents and approved Authors. 2 vols.</i>	24 0
Frazer (P.), <i>Bibliotics; or, The Study of Documents for the Detection of Fraud and Forgery</i>	12 0
Newport (D.), <i>Eudemon, Spiritual and Rational. The Apology of a Preacher for Preaching</i>	15 0
Packard (F. R.), <i>The History of Medicine in the United States to the Year 1800</i>	18 0
Rogers (Fairman), <i>A Manual of Coaching</i>	24 0
Rotch (T. R.), <i>Pediatrics, the Hygiene and Medical Treatment of Diseases in Children</i>	
Sadtler (S. P.), <i>Handbook of Industrial Organic Chemistry, for Manufacturers and Chemists</i>	25 0
Sommerville (M.), <i>The Sands of Sahara</i>	10 6
Thompson (M.), <i>Sweetheart Manette</i>	6 0

Mr. John Long.

Wilkinson (Frank), <i>Australia at the Front: a Colonial View of the Boer War</i>	6 0
<i>Social Life in the British Army. By a British Officer. Third Edition</i>	6 0

FICTION.

Mathew (Frank), <i>The Royal Sisters</i>	6 0
Hume (Fergus), <i>The Golden Wang Ho</i>	6 0
Sandeman (Mina), <i>Veronica Verdant</i>	6 0
Warden (Florence), <i>Once Too Often</i>	6 0
Fletcher (J. S.), <i>The Three Days' Terror</i>	6 0
Cross (Victoria), <i>Anna Lombard</i>	6 0
Carrel (Frederic), <i>Paul Le Maistre</i>	6 0
Stuart (Esme), <i>Nobler Than Revenge</i>	6 0
Cl-eve (Lucas), <i>Plato's Handmaiden</i>	6 0
Burgin (G. B.), <i>A Son of Mammon</i>	6 0
Cromm-lin (May), <i>A Woman-Derelict</i>	6 0
Tyt'ter (Sarah), <i>Women Must Weep</i>	6 0
Walker (William S.), <i>Virgin Gold</i>	6 0
Sergeant (Adeline), <i>The Mission of Margaret</i>	6 0
Cameron (Mrs. Lovett), <i>A New Novel</i>	6 0
Kernahan (Mrs. Coulson), <i>A New Novel</i>	6 0
<i>The Master Sinner. By "A Well-known Author"</i>	3 6
Taylor (Jenner), <i>Mary Bray, X Her Mark</i>	3 6
Marsh (Richard), <i>Mrs. Musgrave and Her Husband</i>	3 6
<i>Sixpenny Library of Copyright Novels: Meade (L. T.), The Wiving of Monica—Cameron (Mrs. Lovett), A Difficult Matter—Le Queux (William), The Eye of Istar—Warden (Florence), The Mystery of Dudley Horne—Hume (Fergus), The Bishop's Secret—Cameron (Mrs. Lovett), The Craze of Christina—Warden (Florence), The Bohemian Girls—Le Queux (William), The Veiled Man—Hume (Fergus), The Crimson Cryptogram.</i>	

Messrs. Longmans.

Holmes (Richard R.), <i>Queen Victoria. New Edition, with Portrait and Supplementary Chapter</i>	5 0
<i>The Norwegian North Polar Expedition, 1893-1896: Scientific Results. Edited by Fridtjof Nansen. Vol. II.: Astronomical Observations—Terrestrial Magnetism—Results of the Pendulum—Observations and Some Remarks on the Constitution of the Earth's Crust. With 2 Charts and 17 Plates</i>	30 0
Myers (F. W. H.), <i>Human Personality. 2 vols.</i>	
Millais (John Guille), <i>The Wildfowler in Scotland</i>	30 0
Weathers (John), <i>A Practical Guide to Garden Plants</i>	21 0
Sternberg (Count Adalbert), <i>My Experiences of the Boer War</i>	1 0
<i>Notes on Reconnoitring in South Africa, 1899-1900</i>	1 0
<i>Letters from a Subaltern to His Wife (The Boer War)</i>	3 6
Gardiner (S. R.), <i>History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. Vol. III., 1654-1656</i>	21 0
Müller (Prof. Max), <i>My Autobiography: A Fragment</i>	12 6
Little (W. J.), "Remember": A Sermon preached on the Occasion of the Solemn Requiem for Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, February 2nd, 1901	1 0
Fuller (Morris), <i>In Terra Pax</i>	6 0
Kelly (Rev. H. H.), <i>A History of the Church of Christ</i>	3 6
<i>A Book of Prayer and Daily Texts for English Churchmen</i>	1 0
Mortimer (Rev. Alfred G.), <i>The Eucharistic Sacrifice</i>	10 6
Randolph (B. W.), <i>The Example of the Passion</i>	2 0
Potter (Right Rev. Henry C.), <i>Principles of Religious Education: A Course of Lectures delivered under the Auspices of the Sunday-school Commission of the Diocese of New York</i>	3 6
Fitzmaurice (Lord Edmond), <i>Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick: An Historical Study, 1735-1806</i>	6 0
Fuller (Frederic Walter), <i>Egypt and the Hinterland</i>	10 6
Rice (Stanley P.), <i>Occasional Essays on Native South Indian Life</i>	10 6
Randolph (Carman F.), <i>The Law and Policy of Annexation, with Special Reference to the Philippines, together with Observations on the Status of Cuba</i>	9 0
Kelly (Edmond), <i>Government, or Human Evolution. Vol. II.</i>	
Froude (James A.), <i>English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. New and Cheaper Issue</i>	3 6

Matthews (Brander), <i>The Philosophy of the Short-Story</i>	1/6
Matthews (Brander), <i>Notes on Speech-Making</i>	1/6
Brown (Abbie Farwell), <i>The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts</i>	4/6
Baker (James H.), <i>Education and Life: Papers and Addresses</i>	4/6
<i>The Annual Charities Register and Digest (1901)</i>	4/0
Kristeller (Paul), <i>Andrea Mantegna: his Life and Works. English Edition by S. Arthur Strong</i>	70/0
<i>Some Records of the Later Life of Harriet, Countess Granville. By her Granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Oldfield</i>	16/0
Russell (Lady Constance), <i>Swallowfield and Its Owners</i> ..	
Cross (C. F.), Bevan (E. J.), and Beadle (C.), <i>Researches on Cellulose, 1895-1900</i>	
Savage-Armstrong (G. F.), <i>Ballads of Down</i>	7/6
Hamilton (Col. Henry Blackburne), <i>Historical Record of the 14th (King's) Hussars, from A.D. 1715 to A.D. 1900</i> ..	
Eck (Rev. H. V. S.), <i>The Incarnation</i>	
Worledge (Rev. Arthur John), <i>Prayer</i>	
Waggett (P. N.), <i>The Age of Decision: being Five Sermons to Young Men</i>	2/6
Bright (William), <i>The Age of the Fathers. 2 vols</i>	
Stone (Rev. Darwell), <i>Christ and Human Life: being a course of Four Lectures delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral in January, 1901</i>	
Bain (Alexander), <i>Dissertations on Leading Philosophical Topics: being Articles reprinted from Mind</i>	
Lupton (Arnold), <i>A Practical Treatise on Mine Surveying</i> ..	
Mattay (Prof. Tobias), <i>Pianoforte Tone Production</i>	
Sutherland (George), <i>Twentieth Century Inventions: a Forecast</i>	4/6

FICTION.

Marchmont (A. W.), <i>In the Name of a Woman</i>	6/0
Ridley (Alice), <i>Anne Mainwaring</i>	6/0
Swan (Myra), <i>Ballast</i>	6/0
Anstey (F.), <i>Voices Populi</i>	3/0
Haggard (Mr.), <i>Lysbeth: a Tale of the Dutch</i>	6/0
Francis (M. E.), <i>Pastorals of Dorset</i>	6/0
Bailey (H. C.), <i>My Lady of Orange: a Romance of the Netherlands in the Days of Alva</i>	6/0
Creed (Sibyl), <i>The Vicar of St. Luke's</i>	

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

<i>The Times History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1900. Vol. II. To be completed in 5 (or 6) Volumes.</i>	net. the set 63/0
<i>The Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present. Vol. VI.</i>	25/0
<i>Britain's Austral Empire: Portraits of the Statesmen and Officials concerned in the work of Establishing the Commonwealth of Australia. The Portraits, from Life, drawn by Percy F. S. Spence. The Letter-press by G. Firth Scott.</i>	84/0
Cowan (Samuel), <i>Mary Queen of Scots, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters</i>	28/0
Lydon (F. F.), <i>Ambidextrous and Free-Arm Blackboard Drawing and Design</i>	5/0
Lydon (F. F.), <i>Model and Blackboard Drawing</i>	3/6
<i>Re-issue of William Black's Novels (In New Uniform Binding at Two Shillings): Beautiful Wretch, In Sick Attire, Sunrise, In Far Lochaber.</i>	
Taunton (Theo.), <i>Famous Horses</i>	42/0
Mumford (J. K.), <i>Oriental Rugs</i>	42/0
<i>Good Housekeeping: an American Magazine</i>	monthly 6/6

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

<i>The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley. Edited by Sir M. Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester. 4 vols. Vol. III.</i>	30/0
Cappon (Prof. J.), <i>Britain's Title in South Africa</i>	
Gadow (H.), <i>The Cambridge Natural History: Amphibia and Reptiles</i>	17/0

Ostrogorski (M.), <i>Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties. Translated from the French by Frederick Clarke. 2 vols.</i>	10/6
<i>The Statesman's Year Book, 1901</i>	
Odgers (H. Blake), <i>Lectures Illustrating the Changes in the English Law during the Nineteenth Century</i>	
Schultz (Robert Weir), and Barn-ley (Sidney Howard), <i>British School at Athens: The Monastery of Saint Luke of Stiris in Phocis and the Dependent Monastery of Saint Nicolas in the Fields near Skripou in Boeotia</i>	63/0
Sturgis (Russell), <i>Dictionary of Architecture and Building. Vol. I. A—E</i>	25/0
Taylor (A. E.), <i>The Problem of Conduct</i>	
<i>A Manual of Medicine. Edited by W. H. Allchin, M.D. Vol. III.</i>	
Robinson (Canon J. A.), <i>Unity in Christ, and Other Sermons</i>	6/0
Rutherford (W. G.), <i>The Key of Knowledge: Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey</i>	
Procter (F.A.), <i>A New History of the Book of Common Prayer. Revised and Rewritten by W. H. Frere</i>	12/6
Courthope (William John), <i>Life in Poetry; Law in Taste: Two Series of Lectures delivered in Oxford</i>	

NEW EDITIONS.

<i>Eversley Series:</i>	
Green (John Richard), <i>Oxford, 1750-1850</i>	5/0
<i>Library of English Classics:</i>	
De Quincey's <i>Confessions of an Opium Eater; Murder as a Fine Art; the English Mail Coach, and other Essays</i>	3/6
Sidgwick (The late Henry), <i>The Methods of Ethics</i> ..	
Walker (James), <i>Introduction to Physical Chemistry</i> ..	10/0
Lang (Andrew), <i>The Border Edition of the Waverley Novels</i>	6/0
Vol. V.— <i>Old Mortality</i>	
Vol. VI.— <i>The Heart of Midlothian</i>	
<i>The Works of Marion Crawford. A new and uniform Edition in fortnightly volumes.</i>	3/6
Mr. Isaacs— <i>Doctor Claudius—A Roman Singer—Zorcaster—A Tale of a Lonely Parish—Marzio's Crucifix—Paul Patoff. To be followed by: With the Immortals—Greifenstein—Sant' Ilario—Cigarette-Maker's Romance, &c., &c.</i>	

FICTION.

Boldrewood (Rolf), <i>In Bad Company, and other Stories</i> ..	6/0
Runkle (Bertha), <i>The Helmet of Navarre</i>	6/0

Mr. John Macqueen.

Sykes (Ella C.), <i>Through Persia on a Side-Saddle</i>	7/6
---	-----

FICTION.

Hurry (Alfred), <i>In the City</i>	6/0
Barrett (Alfred), <i>The Golden Lotus</i>	6/0
Farquhar (Anna), <i>The Devil's Plough</i>	6/0
Jane (Fred T.), <i>Ever Mohun</i>	6/0
Douglas (George), <i>The House with the Green Shutters</i> ..	6/0
Grein (J. T.), <i>Premiers of the Year</i>	3/6

NEW EDITIONS.

<i>Thoughts of a Queen. By Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. Authorised translation by H. Sutherland Edwards</i>	
Churchill (Lady Randolph Spencer), <i>The Anglo-Saxon Review, Vol. VIII</i>	
<i>New Sixpenny Series of Copyright Novels: Barrett (Wilson), The Sign of the Cross—Barrett (Wilson) and Hichens (Robert), The Daughters of Babylon—Griffiths (Major Arthur), Fast and Loose—Le Breton (John), Miss Tudor—Yorke (Curtis), A Flirtation with Truth—Norris (W. E.), Mrs. Fenton—Barrett (Frank), Breaking the Shackles—Hunt (Violet), A Hard Woman—Kaye (Lorin), Her Ladyship's Income—Rita, Sheba—Rita, Joan and Mrs. Carr—Gerard (Dorothea), Orthodox.</i>	

Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son.

<i>The Passing of Victoria: the Poets' Tribute.</i> A Selection of the Best Poems on the Queen's Death, by Thomas Hardy, W. E. Henley, Mrs. Flora A. Steel, Sir Lewis Morris, Katharine Tynan, Barry Pain, Lady Currie, Countess of Cork, &c.	3/6
Goodman (Rev. John H.), <i>The Lordship of Christ, and Other Sermons</i>	3/6
Humphry (Mrs.), <i>Madge's Cookery Book</i>	3/6
Gerard (Morice), <i>The Shadow of Gilsland</i>	3/6
Meyer (Rev. F. B.), <i>Workaday Sermons. New Edition</i> ..	1/0
<i>Cities and Citizens: Britain's Next Campaign.</i> By the Author of "A Colony of Mercy"	6/0
Uncle Tom's Cabin	3/6
<i>Story of the Empire Series:</i> Lugard (Brig.-Gen.), <i>A New Volume on "The Story of Uganda"</i>	1/6

Mr. Elkin Mathews.

Farwell (C. J. W.), <i>Poems</i>	
<i>Songs of Lucilla</i>	
<i>Bridges (Guy), Sea Verse</i>	
<i>A Song to David.</i> By Chr. Smart. With an Introduction by R. A. Streatfeild	

Messrs. Methuen.

Holdich (Sir T. H.), <i>The Indian Borderland: being a Personal Record of Twenty Years</i>	15/0
Wylde (A. B.), <i>Modern Abyssinia</i>	15/0
Biss (Captain H. C. J.), <i>The Relief of Kumasi</i>	6/0
Holcombe (Chester), <i>The Real Chinese Question</i>	6/0
Norway (A. H.), <i>Naples: Past and Present</i>	6/0
Corelli (Marie), <i>The Passing of the Great Queen: a Tribute to the Noble Life of Victoria Regina</i>	1/0
<i>A History of Egypt, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.</i> Edited by W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L. In Six Volumes. Vol. VI.: <i>Egypt in the Middle Ages.</i> By Stanley Lane-Poole	6/0
Hackett (John), <i>A History of the Church of Cyprus</i>	15/0
Taunton (E. L.), <i>A History of the Jesuits in England</i>	21/0
Lyard (G. S.), <i>The Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton. With Portraits.</i>	12/6
Wetmore (Helen Cody), <i>The Last of the Great Scouts ("Buffalo Bill")</i>	6/0
Strettou (Clement), <i>A History of the Midland Railway</i> ..	12/6
Bache (Constance), <i>Brother Musicians: Reminiscences of Edward and Walter Bache</i>	6/0
<i>Revelations of Divine Love.</i> By the Lady Julian of Norwich. Edited by G. H. Warrack	6/0
Benson (R. M.), <i>The Way of Holiness: a Devotional Commentary on the 119th Psalm</i>	5/0
<i>The Supersensual Life.</i> By Jacob Behmen. Edited by Bernard Holland	3/6
<i>The Imitation of Christ</i>	3/6
<i>The Soul's Pilgrimage: Devotional Readings from the Published and Unpublished Writings of George Bodley, D.D.</i>	2/6
Rackham (R. B.), <i>The Acts of the Apostles. With an Introduction and Notes</i>	10/6
Caldecott (Alfred), <i>The Philosophy of Religion in England and America</i>	10/6
Randolph (B. W.), <i>The Psalms of David</i>	2/0
Holland (Canon Scott), <i>Lyra Apostolica. Notes by H. C. Beeching, M.A.</i>	2/0
Hutton (A. W.), <i>The Inner Way: Selections from the Sermons of F. Tauler</i>	2/0
<i>The Churchman's Bible</i> (General Editor, J. H. Burn, B.D.): <i>Isaiah.</i> Edited by W. E. Barnes, D.D. 2 vols. each, net	2/0
<i>The Epistle of St. James.</i> Edited by H. W. Fulford ..	1/6
<i>The Natural History of Selborne.</i> By Gilbert White. Edited by L. C. Miall, F.R.S., assisted by W. Ward, Fowler, M.A.	6/0
<i>The Journal to Stella.</i> By Jonathan Swift. Edited by G. A. Aitken, M.A.	6/0
Horsburgh (E. L. S.), <i>The Life of Savonarola. With Portraits and Illustrations</i>	3/6

Windle (B. C. A.), <i>The Malvern Country.</i> Illustrated by E. H. New	3/0
<i>The Works of Shakespeare</i> (new volume uniform with Prof. Dowden's <i>Hamlet</i>): King Lear. Edited by W. J. Craig	3/6
<i>The Novels of Charles Dickens</i> (with Introductions by George Gissing, Notes by F. G. Kitton, and Illustrations): Old Curiosity Shop. With Illustrations by G. M. Brimelow. 2 vols. each, net ..	3/0
Barnaby Rudge. With Illustrations by Beatrice Alcock. 2 vols. each, net ..	3/0
<i>The Little Library</i> (with Introductions, Notes, and Photogravure Frontispieces): Selections from Wordsworth. Edited by Nowell C. Smith	1/6
Selections from William Blake. Edited by M. Perugini	1/6
<i>The Purgatorio of Dante.</i> Translated by H. F. Cary. Edited by Paget Toynbee, M.A.	1/6
<i>Pride and Prejudice.</i> By Jane Austen. Edited by E. V. Lucas. 2 vols.	1/6
<i>Pendennis.</i> By W. M. Thackeray. Edited by S. Gwynn. 3 vols.	1/6
<i>Lavengro.</i> By George Borrow. Edited by F. Hindes Groome. 2 vols.	1/6
Lawless (Hon. Emily), <i>A Garden Diary</i>	7/6
Duncan (Sara Jeanette) (Mrs. Cotes), <i>Turned Out</i>	6/0
Williamson (W.), <i>The British Gardener and Amateur</i>	10/6
White (Arnold), <i>Efficiency and Empire</i>	6/0
Hill (Henry), <i>A South African Arithmetic</i>	3/6
<i>A Key to Notanda Quedam</i>	2/0
Peel (Hon. Sidney), <i>Practical Licensing Reform</i>	1/6
Richardson (Charles), <i>The English Turf</i>	15/0
Colbeck (E. H.), <i>Diseases of the Heart</i>	12/0
Seeley (H. G.), <i>Dragons of the Air</i>	6/0
James (Henry), <i>The Sacred Fount</i>	6/0
Sergeant (Adeline), <i>A New Novel</i>	6/0
Baring-Gould (S.), <i>The Frohishers</i>	6/0
Croker (B. M.), <i>A State Secret</i>	3/6
Gerard (Dorothea), <i>The Supreme Crime</i>	6/0
Dawlish (Hope), <i>A Secretary of Legation</i>	6/0
Hyne (C. J. Cutcliffe), <i>Prince Rupert the Buccaneer</i>	6/0
Findlater (Mary), <i>A Narrow Way</i>	6/0
Findlater (J. Helen) and Findlater (Mary), <i>Tales that are Told</i>	6/0
Dudenev (Mrs.), <i>The Third Floor</i>	6/0
Ainslie (Noel), <i>The Salvation Seekers</i>	6/0
Russell (W. Clark), <i>Strange Happenings</i>	6/0
Goss (C. F.), <i>The Redemption of David Corson</i>	6/0
Dickson (Harris), <i>The Black Wolf's Breed</i>	6/6
Iddesleigh (the Earl of), <i>Belinda Fitzwarren</i>	6/6
Glanville (Ernest), <i>The Lost Regiment</i>	3/6
Gleig (Charles), <i>Bunter's Cruise</i>	3/0
Williamson (Mrs. C. N.), <i>The Adventure of Princess Sylvia</i> ..	3/0
<i>The Novelist</i> (a Monthly Series of Novels by Popular Authors at Sixpence): Barr (Robert), <i>In the Midst of Alarms</i> —Norris (W. E.), <i>His Grace</i> —Benson (E. F.), <i>Dodo</i> —Baring Gould (S.), <i>Cheap Jack Zita</i> —Parker (Gilbert), <i>When Valmond Came to Pontiac</i> —Phillpotts (Eden), <i>The Human Boy</i> —Hope (Anthony), <i>The Chronicles of Count Antonio</i> —Balfour (Andrew), <i>By Stroke of Sword</i> —Baring Gould (S.), <i>Kitty Alone.</i> <i>Methuen's Sixpenny Library</i> (New Volumes): Findlater (Jane H.), <i>The Green Graves of Balgowrie</i> —Wells (H. G.), <i>The Stolen Bacillus</i> —Norris (W. E.), <i>Matthew Austin</i> —Gerard (Dorothea), <i>The Conquest of London</i> —Barr (Robert), <i>The Mutable Many</i> —Sidebotham (H.), <i>The War with the Boers.</i>	

Mr. John Murray.

<i>The Correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826.</i> Daughter of the Second Duke of Richmond, and successively the Wife of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., and of the Honourable George Napier. From Original Documents preserved at Melbury; also a short Political Sketch of the Year 1760 to 1763 by Henry Fox, First Lord Holland; and other MSS. found at Holland House. Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale ..	
Hertlet (Sir Edward), <i>Recollections of the Old Foreign Office</i>	

- Mackinnon** (Major-Gen. H.), *The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa* 6/0
- Malet** (Right Hon. Sir E.), *Shifting Scenes* net 10/6
- A Civilian War Hospital, being an Account of the Work of the Portland Hospital, and of Experience of Wounds and Sickness in South Africa, 1900, by the Professional Staff.....**
- Parker** (E. H.), *China: Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce* net 8/0
- Moberly** (R. C.), *Atonement and Personality* 14/0
- Hoare** (H. W.), *Evolution of the English Bible* net 10/6
- Knight** (E. F.), *Small Boat-Sailing* net 5/0
- Townshend** (Lieut.-Colonel C. V. F.), *The Military Life of Field-Marshal George, First Marquess Townshend, 1724-1807* 28/0
- Childers** (Lieut.-Colonel Spencer), *The Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers. 2 vols.*..... net 12/0
- The Natives of South Africa: Their Economic and Social Condition. By the South African Native Races Committee..... net 12/0**
- Khan** (Mir Munshi, Sultan Mohammad), *The Constitution and Laws of Afghanistan* net 2/6
- Munro** (Eneas), *The Locust Plague and its Suppression, net 24/0*
- Law Without Lawyers: An Epitome of the Laws of England for Practical Use. By two Barristers-at-Law** 6/0
- Seeborn** (The late Henry), *The Birds of Siberia* net 12/0
- Tylor** (Prof. E. B.), *The Natural History of Religion* 16/0
- The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian: Concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East. Translated and Edited by the late Colonel Sir Henry Yule, C.B. Revised throughout in the light of Modern Discoveries, with a Memoir of Colonel Yule. By Prof. Henri Cordier. 2 vols......**
- The Progressive Science Series:**
- Loeb** (Prof. Jacques), *The Comparative Physiology of the Brain and Comparative Psychology* 6/0
- Thompson** (J. Arthur), *Heredity* 6/0
- Inter Amicos: A Correspondence between the late James Martineau, LL.D., and Professor Knight, chiefly on the Doctrines of Unitarianism and the Trinity 5/0**
- Holt-White** (Rashleigh), *The Life of Gilbert White, of Selborne. 2 vols.*..... 32/0
- The Works of Lord Byron:**
- Vol. IV.—Poetry** 6/0
- Vols. V. and VI.—Letters** each 6/0
- Knight** (William), *Varia*.....
- Cartwright** (Julia), *The Painters of Florence* net 6/0
- Babington** (Rev. J. A.), *The Reformation: a Religious and Historical Sketch* net 12/0
- Jose** (A. W.), *The Growth of the Empire*.....
- Lee** (Elizabeth), *The Growth of Greater Britain: a Reader for Schools* 2/6
- Smith** (G. C. Moore), *The Autobiography of Lieut.-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart., of Aliwal, G.C.B. 2 vols.* ...
- Poore** (G. Vivian), *A Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence: Based on Lectures Delivered at University College, London* net 12/0
- Dangerous Trades: The Historical, Social, and Legal Aspects of Industrial Occupations as Affecting Public Health. By a Number of Experts. Edited by Dr. T. Oliver**.....
- Gomperz** (Prof. Theodor), *The Greek Thinkers. Vol. I.* 14/0
- Truths About God. By Father John (Sergieff). Translated by Colonel E. E. Goulaeff..... net 2/6**
- Gore** (Rev. Charles), *The Body of Christ: an Enquiry into the Institution and Doctrine of the Holy Communion* net 5/0
- Speeches and Correspondence of Henry, Fourth Earl of Carnarvon, on the Affairs of British North America. Edited by the Hon. Sir Robert G. Herbert, G.C.B. ...**
- Henderson** (W. J.), *The Orchestra and Orchestral Music* net 5/0
- Finck** (Henry T.), *Songs and Song Writers* net 5/0
- Krehbiel** (Henry Edward), *How to Listen to Music. New Impression* 6/0
- Carmichael** (Montgomery), *In Tuscany* net 9/0
- Complete Edition of George Borrow's Works:**
- Wild Wales. (Illustrated)** 6/0
- The Gypsies of Spain. (Illustrated)** 6/0
- An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. Eighth Impression.** net 5/0
- Whiteing** (Richard), *The Life of Paris*..... 6/0
- The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan. Edited by Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammad Khan (Secretary of State of Afghanistan). 2 vols...... 32/0**
- Guyot** (Yves), *Boer Politics: an Answer to some Pro-Boer Statements, Based on Facts and Documents* ... 2/0
- Knight** (Prof.), *Lord Monboddo, and Some of His Contemporaries* 16/0
- Holland** (Canon H. S.), *The Power of a Mother's Prayer..* 1/0
- March-Phillips** (Miss E.), *The Frescoes of the Sixtine Chapel* net 6/0
- The Poetical Works of George Crabbe net 7/6**
- Apthorp** (William Foster), *The Opera, Past and Present* net 5/0
- Mees** (Arthur), *Choirs and Choral Music* net 5/0
- FICTION.**
- Nevinson** (H. W.), *The Plea of Pan* net 5/0
- "Christina," Mrs. Green** net 2/6
- Ropes** (A. R. and M. E.), *On Peter's Island* 6/0
- Hamilton** (Lillias), *A Vizier's Daughter: a Tale of the Hazara War* 6/0
- Wilkins** (Mary E.), *The Heart's Highway: a Romance of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. Third Impression* 6/0
- Merrick** (Leonard), *The Worldlings*..... 6/0
- Vaebell** (Horace Annesley), *John Charity: a Tale of the Early part of Her Majesty's Reign* 6/0
- Forbes** (The Hon. Mrs. Walter), *A Gentleman* 6/0
- Norway** (A. H.), *Parson Peter* 6/0
- Henry** (Arthur), *A Princess of Arcady* 6/0
- Harris** (Joel Chandler), *On the Wing of Occasions* 6/0
- Macdonald** (Ronald), *The Sword of the King Second Impression*..... 6/0
- Noel** (Lady Augusta), *The Wise Man of Sterncross* 6/0
- Messrs. James Nisbet & Co.**
- Hume** (Martin), *Treason and Plot: Catholics and Protestants in the Last Years of Queen Elizabeth* 16/0
- Sichel** (Walter), *Bolingbroke: A Study and a Vindication*..... net 12/6
- King** (Bolton), *Italy To-day: a Study of her Politics, her Position, her Society, and her Letters*..... net 12/0
- Hobson** (J. A.), *The Social Problem: Work and Life*..... net 7/6
- Dormer** (Francis J.), *Vengeance as a Policy in Afrikanerland: a Plea for a New Departure* 6/0
- Tulloch** (W. W.), *The Story of the Life of Queen Victoria. A new Edition with Postscript* 2/6
- Harris** (J. Rendel), *The Life of F. W. Crossley. New and Cheap Edition* 2/6
- Tuck** (Rev. R.), *Sermon Seed: Fifty-two Sermon Studies*... 6/0
- Family Prayers for Four Weeks 2/6**
- Murray** (Rev. Andrew), *Working for God*..... net 1/0
- Moule** (Rev. H. C. G.), *The Evangelical School in the Church of England* 2/0
- Goy** (Madame), *Alone in Africa: a Lady's Experiences* ... 1/0
- Messrs. Newnes.**
- The Library of Useful Stories:**
- Henslow** (Rev. Prof.), *The Story of Wild Flowers* ... 1/0
- Rawlings** (G. B.), *The Story of Books*..... 1/0
- Our Neighbours:**
- Palmer** (Francis H. E.), *Russian Life in Town and Country*..... net 3/6
- Newnes' Sixpenny Series of Copyright Works: Macdonald** (George), *The Marquis of Lossie—Clifford* (Mrs.), *A Wild Proxy*—Doyle (A. Conan), *White Company*
- The Country Life Library:**
- Jekyll** (Miss), *Wall and Water Gardens* net 12/6
- Cook** (E. T.), *Gardening for Beginners: A Handbook to the Garden* net 10/6
- Tit-Bits Drawing-Book, containing Freehand, Freearm, and Ambidextrous Drawing Copies, with Analysis and Instructions 0/6**
- Dreyfus** (Captain), *Five Years of My Life* 6/0
- Mr. John C. Nimmo.**
- Day** (Rev. Edward), *The Social Life of the Hebrews*..... net 5/0
- NEW EDITIONS.**
- Harting** (J. E.), *A Handbook of British Birds. New and Revised Edition* 42/0
- English Historical Memoirs** (by John Heneage Jesse): *Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate.* 6 vols. —

Memoirs of the Court of England from the Revolution in 1688 to the Death of George the Second. 4 vols.—Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents. 3 vols.—Literary and Historical Memorials of London. 2 vols.—Memoirs of King Richard the Third and some of his Contemporaries. 1 vol.—Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George the Third. 5 vols.—George Selwyn and his Contemporaries. 4 vols.—London: its Celebrated Characters and Remarkable Places. 3 vols.—Memoirs of Celebrated Etonians, and an Historical Drama on the Battle of Bosworth. 2 vols..... per set net 273 0

Mr. David Nutt.

Tudor Translations (Edited by William Ernest Henley):

The Chronicle of Froissart. Translated by John Bouchier, Lord Berners. With Introduction by Prof. W. P. Ker. Vols. II.-VI. (forming Vols. XXVIII.-XXXII.) of the Tudor Translations ...

The Grimm Library:

Vol. XIII. **Studies on the Legend of Sir Lancelot Du Lac.** By Jessie L. Weston 6/0

Vol. XIV. **The Wife of Bath's Tale.** By G. H. Maynardier 6/0

The Hidden Servants, and Other Very Old Stories. Told over again by Francesca Alexander net 6/0

Flint (Martha Bockée), A Garden of Simples 6/0

Legge (A. E. J.), Town and Country Poems net 3/6

Scottish History from Contemporary Writers:

Vol. IV. **The Chevalier De St. George and the Jacobite Movements in his Favour, 1701-1720** ...

Heartsease: a Cycle of Song 2/6

Noel (Conrad), The Day of the Sun

Under the title of "The Ancient East" will be issued a series of short, popular, but thoroughly scientific, studies, by the leading scholars of Germany. The following will be issued this year:

Wiedemann (Prof. Alfred), The Realms of the Dead in Ancient Egypt 1/0 & 1/6

Niebuhr (Dr. C.), The Tell-el-Amarna Tablets ... 1/0 & 1/6

Zimmern (Prof. H.), The Babylonian and Hebrew Genesis 1/0 & 1/6

Jeremias (Dr. Alfred), The Babylonian Conception of Heaven and Hell 1/0 & 1/6

Winckler (Prof. H.), The Political Development of Babylonia and Assyria 1/0 & 1/6

Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folk-lore:

No. 10. **The Romance Cycle of Charlemagne and His Peers.** By J. L. Weston

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

Sangster (Margaret E.), Winsome Womanhood: Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct net 3/6

Philip (Rev. A.), Songs and Sayings of Gowrie net 5/0

Smith (Rev. John), Short Studies: The Gospels 3/6

Warneck (G.), Outline of a History of Protestant Missions from the Reformation to the Present Time 7/6

China's Only Hope: an Appeal by her greatest Viceroy, Chang Chin Tung, Viceroy of Liang Hu, with Indorsement by the present Emperor. Translated by the Rev. S. I. Woodbridge 3/6

Martin (W. A. P.), The Siege in Peking 3/6

Famous Scots Series:

MacLachlan (T. B.), David Livingstone net 1/6

Stewart (Agnes G.), The Academic Gregories net 1/6

Morrison (Rev. W.), Johnston of Warriston net 1/6

Blackwood (Isabella C.), The Church the Children Built /6

Stewart (Rev. A. M.), The Origin of the United Free Church of Scotland net 1/6

Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co.

Watkins (Owen Spencer), Chaplains at the Front 2/6

Chappell (Jennie), Too Dearly Bought 2/0

Ramsayer (Rev. F.), Dark Days in Kumase

Murray (Charlotte), Through Grey to Gold 2/6

Clark (Francis E.), A New Way Around an Old World ... 2/6

Mitchell (Rev. John), How to Gain the Eye of the Young 1/6

Page (Rev. I. E.), Another Pentecost 1/0

Page (Jesse), God Save the People! /6

Mee (Arthur), King and Emperor: the Life-History of Edward VII. 1/6

Aitken (W. Francis), Victoria: the Well-Beloved (1819-1901) 1/0

Knigh't (Alfred E.), Victoria: her Life and Reign (1819-1901) 2/6

New Century Leaders Series:

Hammerton (J. A.), Lord Rosebery: Imperialist ... net 1/6

Mee (Arthur), Joseph Chamberlain: a Romance of Modern Politics net 1/6

Aitken (W. Francis), Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury net 1/6

Dawson (Albert), Joseph Parker, D.D.: his Life and Ministry net 1/6

Page (Jesse), General Booth: the Man and his Work ... net 1/6

Mantle (Rev. J. Gregory), Hugh Price Hughes net 1/6

Messrs. Kegan Paul.

Ellis (W. Ashton), The Life of Richard Wagner. Translated and Edited from the German of C. F. Glasenapp.

4 vols. each 16/0

Gruggen (Rev. G.) and Keating (Rev. J.), A History of Stonyhurst

Wilmot (Hon. Alexander), A Manual of South African History 5/0

Pollard (A. F.), England under Protector Somerset ... net 6/0

The Little Flowers of St. Benet 5/0

Wanklyn (Prof. J. A.), Arsenic 2/6

Ripley (W. Z.), The Races of Europe net 18/0

Nickerson (Rev. D.), The Origin of Thought

Harris (Hon. W. T.), The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia 5/0

Janssen (Johannes), The History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. Vols. I. to IV.

per two volumes 25/0

NEW EDITION.

Dowden (Prof. Edward), Puritan and Anglican 7/6

Messrs. C. A. Pearson.

Hodgson (Lady), The Siege of Kumassi 21/0

Vivian (Herbert), Abyssinia 15/0

Vizetelly (Edward), Cyprus to Zanzibar by the Egyptian Delta 15/0

Ralph (Julian), At Pretoria 6/0

Bullen (Frank T.), A Sack of Shakings: Essays from the Spectator, &c. 6/0

Hume (Martin A. S.), The Spanish People 6/0

Roberts (John), The Game of Billiards and How to Play It 6/0

Ralph (Julian), War's Brighter Side 6/0

Scott-Gatty (A. S.), Domestic Ditties 3/6

Grosor (Horace G.), The Life of Lord Kitchener 2/6

Holland (Clive), How to Take and Fake Photographs 1/0

Biddle (Violet), Small Gardens, and How to Make the Most of Them 1/0

Tips for Housekeepers: Including an illustrated section on the folding of Serviettes 1/0

O'Dell (Stackpool E.), Heads, and How to Read Them ... 1/0

FICTION.

Sutcliffe (Halliwell), Willowdene Will 6/0

Mathers (Helen), Cinders 6/0

Marsh (Richard), The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler ... 6/0

Hatton (Bessie), Her Master Passion 6/0

Griffith (George), A Honeymoon in Space 6/0

Allen (Inglis), A 'Varsity Man 6/0

Cooper (E. H.), The Eternal Choice 6/0

Tracy (Louis), The Invaders 6/0

Westall (William), Don or Devil 6/0

Warden (Florence), A Patched-up Affair 6/0

Harte (Bret), Under the Redwoods 6/0

Williamson (Mrs. C. N.), 'Twixt Devil and Deep Sea ... 6/0

Hill (Headon), The Sentence of the Court 6/0

Becke (Louis) and Jeffery (Walter), <i>The Tapu of Banderah, and Other Stories</i>	6 0
Connell (J.), <i>The Confessions of a Poacher</i>	3 6
Ridge (W. Pett), <i>Mord Em'ly. New Edition</i>	3 6
Golsworthy (Arnold), <i>The New Master</i>	3 6

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Gilman (Charlotte Perkins [Stetson]), <i>Concerning Children Heroes of the Nations Series</i> :	6 0
Perry (Frederick), <i>Saint Louis (Louis IX. of France)</i>	5 0
Green (Walford Davis, M.P.), <i>William Pitt (Earl of Chatham (1708-1778); or, the Growth and Division of the British Empire</i>	5 0
Winans (Walter), <i>The Art of Revolver Shooting</i>	21 0
Dellenbaugh (Frederick S.), <i>North Americans of Yesterday: a Comparative Study of North American Indian Life, Customs, and Products, on the Theory of the Ethnic Unity of the Race</i>	21 0
Melville (Herman), <i>Moby Dick; or, the White Whale. With an Introduction by Louis Becke</i>	6 0
Melville (Herman), <i>White Jacket; or, the World in a Man-of-War</i>	6 0
Conn (H. W.), <i>The Method of Evolution</i>	7 6
Foulke (William Dudley), <i>Maya: a Story of Yucatan</i>	5 0
Rayner (Emma), <i>Visiting the Sin: a Tale of Mountain Life in Kentucky and Tennessee</i>	6 0
Roosevelt (Theodore), <i>Episodes from the "Winning of the West," 1769-1807</i>	3 6
Madison (James), <i>The Writings of. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. To be complete in six or seven volumes</i>	21 0
Per vol., net	12 6
Blok (Petrus Johannes), <i>A History of the People of the Netherlands. Part III.: The War of Independence, 1568-1621</i>	12 6
Scripture (E. W.), <i>Thinking, Feeling, Doing</i>	6 0
Hopkins (James H.), <i>A History of Political Parties in the United States</i>	10 6
Litchfield (Grace Denio), <i>The Moving Finger Writes</i>	18 0
Nippold (Friedrich), <i>The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century</i>	5 0
Benham (William G.), <i>The Laws of Scientific Hand-Reading</i>	5 0
Ragozin (Zinaïde A.), <i>Salammbô the Maid of Carthage. Retold from the French of Gustave Flaubert</i>	5 0
Lincoln (David F.), <i>Sanity of Mind</i>	5 0
Hanna (Charles A.), <i>History of the Scotch-Irish Families in America</i>	5 0
Gardiner (Charles Fox), <i>Care of the Consumptive</i>	5 0
Mitchell (P. Chalmers), <i>Thomas Henry Huxley: a Sketch of His Life and Work</i>	5 0

Mr. Grant Richards.

Allison (W.), <i>The British Thoroughbred Horse: His History and Breeding; together with an Exposition of the Figure System</i>	42 0
Stillman (W. J.), <i>The Autobiography of a Journalist. 2 vols.</i>	24 0
net	21 0
Sixty Years on the Turf: <i>The Life and Times of George Hodgman, 1840-1900. Arranged by Charles R. Warren</i>	21 0
Hollander (Bernard), <i>The Mental Functions of the Brain</i>	21 0
Dixon (Sydenham), <i>From Gladiator to Persimmon: Turf Memories for Thirty Years</i>	18 0
Hutton (Captain Alfred), <i>The Sword and the Centuries; or, Old Sword Days and Old Sword Ways</i>	12 0
Liberty (Arthur Lazenby), <i>Springtime in the Basque Mountains</i>	12 0
Strylenski (Casimir), <i>Memoirs of the Countess Potocka</i> ..	12 0
Farmer (J. S.), <i>The Regimental Records of the British Army</i>	10 6
Paston (George), <i>Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century</i>	10 6
Miles (Eustace H.), <i>A History of Rome. Arranged for Use in the Higher Forms of Schools, or the Universities, and for the Civil Service Examinations</i>	8 6
Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet and Prophet: <i>Selections from his Works. Compiled by Thomas Common</i>	7 6
Belloc-Lowndes (Marie), <i>His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII.</i>	7 6

Stodart-Walker (A.), <i>Robert Buchanan: the Poet of Modern Revolt. An Introduction to His Poetry</i>	6 0
net	6 0
Macrosty (Henry), <i>Trusts and the State</i>	6 0
Allen (Grant), <i>County and Town in England: With a Chronicle of Churnside</i>	6 0
The Day Book of John Stuart Blackie. Edited by A. Stodart-Walker	6 0
Shaw (Bernard), <i>Three Plays for Puritans</i>	6 0
Raymond (Walter), <i>Good Souls of Cider-Land</i>	6 0
Shiel (M. P.), <i>The Lord of the Sea</i>	6 0
Prescott (E. Livingston), <i>His Familiar Foe</i>	6 0
Warren-Bell (R. S.), <i>Love the Laggard</i>	6 0
Begbie (Harold), <i>The Fall of the Curtain: a Novel</i>	6 0
Egerton (George), <i>Rosa Amorosa: The Love-Letters of a Woman</i>	6 0
Cobb (Thomas), <i>The Bishop's Gambit</i>	6 0
Shee (George F.), <i>The Briton's First Duty: The Case for Conscription</i>	6 0
Aflalo (F. G.), <i>Sea and Coast Fishing</i>	6 0
Blake (John), <i>How Sailors Fight: An Account of the Organisation of the British Fleet in Peace and War</i>	6 0
Maude (Aylmer), <i>Tolstoy and His Problems: Essays</i>	6 0
Duguid (Charles), <i>The Story of the Stock Exchange: Its History and Position</i>	6 0
Owen (Harold), <i>The Staffordshire Potter</i>	6 0
Connor (Marie) and Leighton (Robert), <i>In the Shadow of Guilt</i>	6 0
Wynne (Charles Whitworth), <i>Songs and Lyrics. Revised Edition</i>	5 0
net	5 0
Badcock (Nellie B.), <i>By Grey Old Gardens: Verses</i>	5 0
Davidson (John), <i>Self's the Man: a Tragi-Comedy</i>	5 0
Robertson (J. M.), <i>Wrecking the Empire</i>	5 0
The Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff	5 0
Thorpe (J. H.), <i>How to Invest and How to Speculate</i> ..	5 0
Godard (J. G.), <i>Patriotism and Ethics</i>	5 0
Williamson (G. C.), <i>The Cities of Northern Italy</i>	3 6
Cruikshank (Mr. and Mrs. J. W.), <i>The Umbrian Towns</i>	3 6
net	3 6
Hendry (Hamish), <i>Burns from Heaven; with some other Poems</i>	3 6
Wood (Walter), <i>The Rifle Brigade: A History</i>	3 6
Wood (Walter), <i>The Northumberland Fusiliers: a History</i>	3 6
Bachelor (Irving), <i>Eben Holden</i>	3 6

NEW EDITIONS.

Allen (Grant), <i>The Evolution of the Idea of God: An Inquiry into the Origins of Religion</i>	7 6
Shaw (Bernard), <i>Cashel Byron's Profession. A New Edition with a new Introduction</i> ..	6 0
Le Gallienne (Richard), <i>The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam: a Paraphrase. New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition</i>	5 0
net	3 6
Davis (Lt.-Col. Newnham), <i>Dinners and Dinners: Where and how to Dine in London</i>	3 6
Rook (Clarence), <i>The Hooligan Nights</i>	3 6
Willson (Beckles), <i>The Truth About Newfoundland</i>	3 6
Peacock (Wadham), <i>The Story of the Inter-University Boat Race. New and Revised Edition</i>	2 0
Ames (Mr. and Mrs. Ernest), <i>The Maid's Progress. Illustrated in Colours</i>	3 6
Gould (F. Carruthers) and Begbie (Harold), <i>Great Men. Illustrated in Colours</i>	3 6
How to Write a Novel: <i>A Practical Guide to the Art of Fiction. ("How To" Series, V.)</i>	3 6
MacMunn (Norman), <i>The Companion Dictionary of Quotations (Companion Books of Reference, Series I.)</i>	2 6
Reith (G. M.), <i>The Chinese Crises from Within</i>	2 6
Drifting	2 6
Hobson (J. A.), <i>The Psychology of Jingoism</i>	2 6

Messrs. Rivington.

Simpson (Rev. W. J. Sparrow), <i>The Minor Festivals of the Anglican Calendar</i>	6 0
Pullan (Rev. Leighton), <i>The Books of the New Testament</i>	4 6
Lacey (Rev. J. A.), <i>Elements of Christian Doctrine</i>	4 6
Greek Manuals of Church Doctrine. Published for the Eastern Church Association	4 6
Crawford (Rev. W. L.), <i>Synesis the Hellenic</i>	4 6

The London Diocese Book	2 6
<i>Oxford Church Text Books</i> : General Editor, the Rev. Leighton Pullan:—	
Field (Rev. T.), <i>A Manual for Confirmation</i>	1/0
Hobson (The Rev. J. F.), <i>Old Testament History</i>	1 0
Pullan (Rev. Leighton), <i>An Introduction to the New Testament</i>	1 0
De la Hay (Rev. E. W. M. O.), <i>The Teaching of St. Paul</i>	1/0
Ragg (Rev. L.), <i>Evidences of Christianity</i>	1/0
<i>Periods of European History</i> : General Editor, Arthur Hassall:—	
Lodge (R.), <i>The Close of the Middle Ages, A.D. 1272-1494</i>	7 6
Phillips (W. Alison), <i>Modern Europe, from A.D. 1815</i>	7/6

Messrs. Sands & Co.

Stone (J. M.), <i>Mary I., Queen of England</i>	10 6
Humphery (G.), <i>The Land of the Amazons. Translated from the French of Baron de Santa-Anna Nery</i>	16 0
Bryden (H. A.), <i>The Animals of Africa</i>	6/0
<i>The Army from Within. By the Author of "An Absent-minded War"</i>	3/6
Davis (Lieut.-Col. N. Newnham), <i>Military Dialogues on Active Service</i>	3 6
Eagar (Alexander), <i>Songs of the Sword and the Soldier: a Selection of Soldiers' Songs of all Nations</i>	3/6
Montanaro (Lieut.-Col. A. F.) and Armitage (Capt.), <i>The Siege and Relief of Kumasi</i>	7 6
Binstead (A. M.), <i>"Pitcher"</i> , <i>More Gals' Gossip</i>	3 6
Marks (Isabel), <i>Fancy Cycling for Amateurs</i>	3 6
<i>The Pa Papers. By his Son</i>	1 0

FICTION.

Roberts (Mr. rley), <i>Taken by Assault</i>	6 0
Pugh (Edwin) and Burchett (Godfrey), <i>The Heritage</i>	6/0
Fawcett (Edgar), <i>New York</i>	6 0
"Rita," <i>Prince Charming</i>	3 6
Barry (Dr. William), <i>The Place of Dreams</i>	3 6
Gordon (Miss), <i>The Case and the Cure</i>	3 6

Mr. Walter Scott.

Chamberlain (A. F.), <i>Contemporary Science Series: The Child, A Study in the Evolution of Man</i>	6 0
Sergi (Prof.), <i>Contemporary Science Series: The Mediterranean Race</i>	6/0
Osborn (Christabel), <i>Manuals of Employment for Educated Women: Medicine</i>	1/0 and 1 6

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS, &C.

Moll (Dr. Albert), <i>Hypnotism</i>	3/6
Hobson (John A.), <i>The Evolution of Modern Capitalism</i>	3 6
Ellis (Havelock), <i>The Criminal</i>	6 0
Geddes (Prof. Patrick) and Thomson (Prof. J. Arthur), <i>The Evolution of Sex</i>	6 0
Starbuck (Prof.), <i>The Psychology of Religion</i>	6/0
<i>The Scott Library</i> : Scots Essayists: From Stirling to Stevenson. Edited, with an Introduction, by Oliphant Smeaton	1/6
<i>The Canterbury Poets</i> : Poems by James Thomson	2 0
Poems by Alexander Smith	2/0
<i>New Edition of Ibsen's Prose Dramas</i> ; edited by William Archer: The League of Youth	1 6
Pillars of Society	1/6
A Doll's House	1 6
Ghosts	1/6
An Enemy of the People	1 6
<i>The Life and Times of Queen Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, &c.</i> By the Authors of "General Gordon," "Grace Darling," &c.	2 6
<i>The World's Great Novels</i> : Dumas (Alex.), <i>Marguerite De Valois</i>	3/6
Dumas (Alex.), <i>Chicot, The Jester (La Dame de Monsoreau)</i>	3/6
<i>The Forty-five Guardsmen</i>	3 6

Messrs. Seeley & Co.

NEW EDITIONS.

Marshall (Beatrice), <i>Emma Marshall: a Biographical Sketch</i>	6/0
Shand (Alexander Iunes), <i>General John Jacob, Commandant of the Sind Irregular Horse and Founder of Jacobabad</i>	6/0
Moriarty (Gerald P.), <i>Dean Swift: His Life and Writings</i>	3 6
Phillips (Claude), <i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>	3 6
<i>Cheap Editions of Mrs. Marshall's Stories</i> : Life's Aftermath: a Story of Quiet People	3 6
Dame Alicia Chamberlayne: <i>Memories of Troublous Times</i>	3/6

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

Allen (Rev. Ronald), <i>The Siege of the Peking Legations</i>	7/6
Barnard (Lady Anne), <i>South Africa a Century Ago: Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope, 1797-1801. Edited, with a Memoir and Brief Notes, by W. H. Wilkins</i>	7 6
Rolleston (Lancelot), <i>Yeomanry Cavalry: or Mounted Infantry?</i>	1 6
Long (Prof. James), <i>Small Farming</i>	
Canning (Hon. Albert S. G.), <i>British Power and Thought: a Historical Enquiry</i>	6/0
Newdigate-Newdegate (Lady Anne Emily), <i>Cavalier and Puritan in the Days of the Stuarts. Compiled from the Private Papers and Diary of Sir Richard Newdegate, Second Baronet, with Extracts from MS Newsletters addressed to him between 1675 and 1689</i>	7 6
<i>The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Vol. III.</i>	6/0
<i>A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue. Edited by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston</i>	7/6
<i>Conferences on Books and Men. By the Author of "Pages from a Private Diary"</i>	6/0
Lord Lilford (Thomas Littleton, Fourth Baron), <i>F.Z.S. A Memoir by his Sister</i>	10/6
Bullen (Frank T.), <i>The Men of the Merchant Service</i>	7 6
Lucas (E. V.), <i>Domesticities: a Little Book of Household Impressions</i>	5/0
Cannon (J. G.), <i>Clearing Houses: Their History, Methods, and Administration</i>	10/6
Purves (George T.), <i>Christianity in the Apostolic Age</i>	6 0

NEW EDITIONS.

Doyle (A. Conan), <i>The Great Boer War</i>	7 6
Doyle (A. Conan), <i>The White Company</i>	3 6
Doyle (A. Conan), <i>Rodney Stone</i>	3 6
Lee (Sydney), <i>Shakespeare's Life and Work: being an Abridgment Chiefly for the Use of Students of "A Life of William Shakespeare"</i>	2/6

FICTION.

Crockett (S. R.), <i>The Silver Skull</i>	6/0
Carr (M. E.), <i>Love and Honour</i>	6 0
Hope (Graham), <i>A Cardinal and his Conscience</i>	6 0
Randal (John), <i>Pacifico</i>	6 0
Conder (Arthur R.), <i>The Seal of Silence</i>	6/0
Crowninshield (Mrs. Schuyler), <i>The Archbishop and the Lady</i>	6/0

Messrs. Skeffington & Co.

Knox Little (Rev. Canon), <i>Confirmation and Holy Communion</i>	1 0
Burton (Rev. H. J.), <i>Bread in the Wilderness</i>	2/6
Meyrick (Rev. F.), <i>Scriptural and Catholic Truth; or, The Faith and Worship of the Primitive, the Mediaeval, and the Reformed Anglican Churches</i>	5/0
Oesterley (Rev. W. O. E.), <i>St. Francis of Assisi</i>	2/0
Tee (Eleanor), <i>The Soul in Light</i>	2/6
Conybeare (Frederick C.), <i>Roman Catholicism as a Factor in European Politics</i>	3/6
Jordan (Rev. Thomas), <i>Christ the Life: with Other Sermons and Addresses</i>	2 6
Hoskier (Mme.), <i>Thoughts, Memories, and Meditations. From the French, by Constance White</i>	3/6
Hammond (Rev. Canon J.), <i>A New Plain Sermon on the Census of 1901</i>	1 0

Wilkinson (F. H.), The Book of Job: Translated and Annotated	3/6
Forbes (Athol), Odd Fish	3/6
Stone (the late Rev. S. J.), Parochial Sermons	4/0
Myrc (John), Catholic Usages, So-Called	2/6
Lucas (F. Lancaster), The Fish Crown in Dispute	3/6
Natorp (G.), Cookery: Sound, Simple, Dainty	2/6

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Meakin (Budgett), The Land of the Moors: a Comprehensive Description, National, Political, and Experimental	15/0
Maulde la Claviere (R. de), The Art of Life	
Tschudi (Clara), The Empress Elizabeth of Austria	
Minchin (J. G. Cotton), Our Public Schools: their Influence on English History	
Gosset (Major E. A. G.), The Campaigns of the Derbyshire Regiment (95th). Vol. III. Egypt, 1882.....	
<i>Social England Series</i> (Edited by Kenelm Cotes):	
Cornish (F. W.), Chivalry	
Brown (Prof. G. Baldwin), History of the Fine Arts...	
Vinogradoff (Prof.), The English Manor.....	
Balfour (Henry), The Evolution of Household Implements	
Smith (Lucy Toulmin), Mysteries and Miracle Plays...	
Smith (C. Fell), The Social Position of Women.....	
Clowes (W. Laird), The Navy	
Narorji (Dadabhai), British Rule in India	
Albee (Prof. E.), A History of Utilitarianism	
Hegel (G. W. F.), Phenomenology of the Spirit	
Heinze (Dr. Max), History of Contemporary Philosophy...	
Wundt (Prof. W.), Ethics. Vol. III.	
Wundt (Prof. W.), Physiological Psychology. 2 vols.....	
Schopenhauer (Arthur), An Essay on Morality	
Newbiggin (M.), The Life of the Sea Shore	
Sedgwick (Adam), The Student's Text-Book of Zoology. Vol. II.	
Groom (Theodore T.), Text-Book of Paleontology for Zoological Students.....	
Webb (Wilfred Mark), Biological Types in the Vegetable Kingdom	
How to Make and How to Mend, by an Amateur Mechanic	
Dadson (A. J.), Evolution and its Bearing on Religions...	
Bickerton (A. W.), The Romance of the Heavens	
Bickerton (A. W.), A System of Map Drawing	
Macpherson (Rev. H. A.), Mammalia	
Butterfield (W. C. J. Ruskin), Birds' Eggs and Nests.....	
Wale (William), What Great Men have said about Great Men: a Dictionary of Quotations.....	
Dalbiac, M.P. (Col. P. H.), and Harbottle (T. B.), Dictionary of Foreign Quotations (Spanish and German)	
Herbert (Col. A. R. Kenny), ("Wyvern"), Cookery Books	
Baker (E. A.), Descriptive Guide to the Best English Fiction	
Marshall (W.), Herbert: a Dramatised Epic Poem, supplementary to <i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i>	
Savile (Helen), The Wings of the Morning.....	
Cardella (G.), For the Life of Others	

Mr. T. F. Unwin.

Yeats (W. B.), Poems. New Edition	7/6
Villari (Prof. Pasquale), The Barbarian Invasion of Italy. 2 vols	32/0
Deasy (Capt. H. H. P.), In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan	21 0
FitzGerald (Percy), Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress under the Rule of Cardinals Wiseman, Newman, Manning, and Vaughan. 2 Vols.	21/0
<i>"Story of the Nations" Series:</i>	
Barry (Dr. William), The Papal Monarchy: From Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII.	5/0
Shuckburgh (Prof. E. S.), The Story of Greece from Earliest Times to A.D. 1453. 2 vols.	5 0
McLaughlin (Prof. A. C.), The United States of America (1783-1900). 2 vols.	5 0
Lilly (W. S.), Renaissance Types	16 0
Jessopp (Rev. Dr.), Before the Great Pillage, and other Essays	

Tuin (W. J.) and Nieuwenkamp (W. O. T.), Old Dutch Towns and Villages of the Zuider Zee.....	21/0
Taylor (Dr. C. L.), Masters of Medicine: Andreas Vesalius	3/6
Evans (W. S.), The Canadian Contingents and Canadian Imperialism	6/0
Selby (Rev. T. G.), As the Chinese See Us	6/0
Humphry (Mrs.), Beauty Adorned, and Manners for Girls	1 0

FICTION.

Sutcliffe (Halliwell), Mistress Barbara Cunliffe.....	6/0
Pryce (G.), John Jones, Curate: a Welsh Story	6 0
Hobbes (John Oliver), Love and the Soul Hunters	6 0
Outhwaite (R. M.) and Chomley (C. H.), The Wisdom of Esau: an Australian Story	6 0
Becke (Louis), Yorke the Adventurer, and Other Tales ...	6 0
Barr (Amelia E.), The Lion's Whelp: a tale of Cromwell and his Times	6 0
Alexander (Mrs.), The Yellow Fiend	6 0
McAulay (Allan), Black Mary	6 0
Moore (George), Sister Theresa	6/0
Mann (Mrs. Mary E.), Among the Syringas	6 0
Kiesow (Mrs.), Margaret Hetherington.....	6 0
Lambe (J. L.), By Command of the Prince	6 0
Nesbit (Mrs.), The Wouldbegoods.....	6 0
Arnold (S. G.), Two Busybodies	6 0
"Rita," A Jilt's Journal.....	6 0
Wylwynne (Kythe), The Dream Woman	6 0
Barr (Amelia E.), Souls of Passage and the Maid of Maiden Lane	each 6/0
Smith (F. Clifford), A Daughter of Patricians	6 0
Turnbull (A. R. B.), Tales from Natal.....	3 6
"Waldo Gray," The Young Squire's Resolve	6 0
McMahon (M. T.), Four Ounces to the Dish	6 0
Pain (Barry), Another Englishwoman's Love Letters	1 0
Molesworth (Mrs.), The Blue Baby, and other Children's Stories.....	2 6

Messrs. H. Virtue & Co.

Macmillan (Hugh), The Highland Tay. Illustrated by the Drawings of A. Scott Rankin	15 0
Shoemaker (Michael Myers), Palaces, Prisons, and Resting Places of Mary, Queen of Scots	net 42 0 and 105 0
Monkhouse (Cosmo), The Art Annual, 1901: The Life and Work of Sir John Tenniel	2 6
Art Journal Academy Pictures, 1901	1 0
Sandeman (Ernest Albert), Notes on the Manufacture of Earthenware	net 7/6
The Paris Exhibition, 1900.....	21/0
Foster (Albert J.), Bunyan's Country: Studies in the Bedfordshire Topography of the Pilgrim's Progress	6/0

Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

Laity in Council: a Volume of Essays by Prominent Lay-Members of the Anglican Communion, dealing with matters intimately connected with the English Church	10 6
Winnington-Ingram (Right Rev. A. F.), The Afterglow of a Great Reign: Four Readings on the Life of Queen Victoria	1 6
Our Reasonable Service: Helpful Readings selected from the Writings of the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, Canon of Worcester	2 6
Vernon (Rev. J. R.), Old and New Century Bells: Six Addresses	net 2 6
Verse Memories. By the author of "For Ever With the Lord"	
A Memoir of the Rev. H. Twells, Canon of Peterborough	
Reminiscences of Jean Ingelow. By a Life-long Friend .	
Play and Politics in Malaya: Reminiscences of an Old Resident.....	3/6
Edward VII., King and Emperor	leather, 2/6; cloth 1 0

NEW EDITIONS.

How (Right Rev. W. Walsham), Plain Words to Children	2 0
Davidson (Arthur F.), Spiritual Letters of the Rev. J. P. F. Davidson.....	6 0

DAVID NUTT, 57-59, Long Acre.

THE ANCIENT EAST.

Under this title will be issued a series of short, popular, but thoroughly scientific studies, by the leading scholars of Germany, setting forth the recent discoveries and investigations in Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian History, Religion and Archaeology, especially as they bear upon the traditional views of early Eastern History. The German originals have been appearing during the last eighteen months. The English translations made by Miss Jane Hutchison have been submitted in each case to the Authors, and will embody their latest views. Short, helpful bibliographies are added. Each study will consist of some 64 to 80 pages, crown 8vo, and will cost 1s. sewed, or 1s. 6d. cloth.

The following will be issued in 1901:

THE REALMS of the EGYPTIAN DEAD.

By Professor ALFRED WIEDEMANN.

[Ready.

THE TEL-EL-AMARNA PERIOD.

By Dr. C. NIEBUHR.

[Ready Immediately.

THE BABYLONIAN and the HEBREW GENESIS.

By Professor H. ZIMMERN.

THE BABYLONIAN CONCEPTION of HEAVEN and HELL.

By Dr. ALFRED JEREMIAS.

THE POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT of BABYLONIA and ASSYRIA.

By Professor H. WINCKLER.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

THE HIDDEN SERVANTS, and other Very Old Stories. Told over again by FRANCESCA ALEXANDER, Author of "The Story of Ida," "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," &c. Crown 8vo, 231 pages, printed on Hand-made paper, Title in red and black, etched Frontispiece, cloth gilt, gilt top, edges trimmed, 6s. net.

A GARDEN of SIMPLES. By Martha Bockée Flint. Crown 8vo, 307 pages, Title in red and black, art linen and boards, top gilt, edges trimmed, 6s. net.

TOWN and COUNTRY POEMS. By A. E. J. Legge, Author of "Sunshine and Smoke," "Wind on the Harpstrings," &c. Crown 8vo, 101 pages, cloth, top gilt, uncut, 3s. 6d. net.

HEARTSEASE: a Cycle of Song. Crown 8vo. Printed at the Constable Press. Parchment, uncut, 2s. 6d. net; also 12 copies on Japanese vellum and bound in fine vellum, of which 8 are for sale at 10s. 6d. net.

THE LAWS and PRINCIPLES of VINT STATED and EXPLAINED and its PRACTICE ILLUSTRATED. By E. HOFFMAN and A. VON RENNENKAMPFF. Edited by F. W. HADDAM. Square 16mo, 160 pages with numerous Diagrams, cloth, 2s. 6d. * Vint is the Russian national card game, and is held by many competent judges to be superior to either Whist or Bridge.

"THE ONLY EFFECTUAL MEANS OF COMBATING HOOLIGANISM."

THE BOYS' CLUB in THEORY and PRACTICE. A Manual of Suggestions for Workers. By P. PAUL NEUMAN. With Supplementary Chapters by A. F. JENKIN, President of the Amateur Gymnastic and Fencing Association; E. M. S. PILKINGTON, Manager of the St. Andrew's Boys' Club, Westminster; and T. E. GRAY, Instructor to the St. John's Gymnasium, Holloway. Crown 8vo, 180 pages, cloth, 2s. 6d.

* Contents:—Existing Organisations (Continuation Schools, Boys' Brigades, &c.); The Theory of the Boys' Club (Membership, Government, &c.); The Cost of the Boys' Club (Maintenance, Premises, &c.); How to Secure Workers; How to Start a Club.

A WOMAN TENDERFOOT. By Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson. Square crown 8vo, 355 pages, 7 Full-Page Plates, and over 150 Marginal Illustrations by Ernest Seton-Thompson, G. Wright, E. M. Ashe, and S. N. Abbott. In art linen cover, specially designed by Author, top gilt, edges trimmed, net 6s. (6s. 1d. post free).

* Of the above work, issued in the United States a month ago, a First Edition of 5,000 Copies has already been sold out. Mrs. Thompson has accompanied her husband, the Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," in his explorations of the wildest districts of North America.

TO BE PUBLISHED IMMEDIATELY.

THE DAY of the SUN. By Conrad Noel, Curate of St. Mary's, Paddington. Crown 8vo, sewed, 1s. (1s. 1d. post free). * A demonstration that the extreme Sabbatarian view of Sunday observance is warranted neither by Scripture nor by Church tradition.

POPULAR STUDIES in MYTHOLOGY, ROMANCE, and FOLK-LORE. No. 10. THE ROMANCE CYCLE of CHARLEMAGNE and HIS PEERS. By JESSIE L. WESTON. 6d. net (7d. post free).

* A full prospectus of the "Popular Studies" Series will be sent on application.

STUDIES on the LEGEND of SIR LANCELOT du LAC. By JESSIE L. WESTON, Translator of Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival," of Gottfried von Strassburg's "Tristan," Author of "Legend of the Wagner Drama," &c.

* The above will form Vol. XIII. of the Grimm Library. A full prospectus, with order form at Subscription price before publication, will be sent on application. [Ready in May.

T. & T. CLARK'S LIST.

A NEW WORK OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE.

Just published, in One Large Volume, 8vo, price 16s.

THE HISTORICAL NEW TESTAMENT: Being the Literature of the New Testament, arranged in the Order of its Literary Growth and according to the Dates of the Documents. A new Translation, Edited, with Prolegomena, Historical Tables, Critical Notes, and an Appendix, by JAMES MOFFATT, B.D.

"The most important book on the credentials of Christianity that has appeared in this country for a long time....A work of extraordinary learning, labour and ability."—Prof. DENNEY in the *British Weekly*.

IS CHRIST INFALLIBLE AND THE BIBLE TRUE? (Giving the Teaching of Jesus on the Holy Scriptures.) By Rev. HUGH MINTOSH, M.A., Brockley. Post 8vo, 9s.

BIBLE STUDIES. Contributions chiefly from Papyri and Inscriptions to the History of the Language, the Literature, and the Religion of Hellenistic Judaism and Primitive Christianity. By Dr. G. ADOLF DEISSMANN. Authorised Translation (incorporating Dr. Deissmann's most recent changes and additions), by Rev. A. GRIEVE, M.A., D.Phil. 8vo, 9s.

A STUDY of SOCIAL MORALITY. By W. A. WATT, M.A. Post 8vo, 6s.

JUSTIFICATION AND RECONCILIATION. By ALBRECHT RITSCHL. Edited by H. R. MACKINTOSH, D.Phil., and A. B. MACAULAY, M.A. 8vo, 14s.

"Dr. Mackintosh and his coadjutors have earned the gratitude of all theological students in this country....The present translation meets one of the most urgent wants of the hour. Now the great systematic work of Ritschl is open to all."—Prof. J. DENNEY, D.D.

THE MIRACLES of UNBELIEF. By Rev. FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc. (Lond.). Post 8vo, 6s.

"We very heartily recommend Mr. Ballard's work, not only for its extremely well-reasoned arguments, but for its admirable notes and its useful list of books upon various branches of the subject....It is Mr. Ballard's crowning merit that he proves this with triumphant logic to the uttermost." *Church Quarterly Review*.

TRUTH and REALITY, with Special Reference to Religion; or, A Plea for the Unity of the Spirit and the Unity of Life in all its Manifestations. By JOHN SMYTH, M.A., D.Phil. (Edin.). With Introductory Note by Prof. R. FLINT, D.D. Crown 8vo, 4s.

"It seems to me admirably adapted both as regards contents and form—thought and style—to interest and profit not only all philosophical readers, but thoughtful and educated men in general....I am deeply convinced of the value of its central thought, and rejoice to see it set forth so comprehensively and effectively."—Prof. FLINT.

THE RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY. Critical and Constructive: an Exposition and an Estimate. By Rev. A. E. GARVIE, M.A. (Oxon.). 8vo, 9s.

"The weightiest, warmest, and fairest work in English on its subject."

The Speaker.

THE RELATION OF THE APOSTOLIC TEACHING TO THE TEACHING OF CHRIST. By R. J. DRUMMOND, D.D. Second Edition. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"A strong book, the book of a scholar and thinker, fearless yet reverent, new and yet built on a solid foundation of faith and experience."

Expository Times.

"THE WORLD'S EPOCH MAKERS."

Edited by OLIPHANT SMEATON.

In crown 8vo, 3s. each Volume.

"We advise our readers to keep a watch on this most able series. It promises to be a distinct success. The volume before us (Cranmer) is one of the most satisfactory books of the sort we have ever read."—*Methodist Times*.

BUDDHA and BUDDHISM. By ARTHUR LILLIE, M.A.

LUTHER and the GERMAN REFORMATION. By Prof. T. M. LINDSAY, D.D.

WESLEY and METHODISM. By F. J. SNELL, M.A.

CRANMER and the ENGLISH REFORMATION. By A. D. INNES, M.A.

WILLIAM HERSCHEL and HIS WORK. By JAMES SIME, M.A.

FRANCIS and DOMINIC. By Prof. JOHN HERKLESS, D.D. [Nearly Ready.

DR. HASTINGS' DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE

"It is hardly possible to over-estimate the value of the vast and varied amount of well-digested information contained in these volumes....We are struck with the fair-mindedness and width of learning displayed almost everywhere in this important work....The present dictionary is endowed with the utmost freedom that the human intellect has a right to claim."—*Athenæum*.

Vols. I, II, and III, now ready. Vol. IV, in the press. Price per Vol. in Cloth, 28s.; in Half-morocco, 34s. (from which Prices the usual Discount is given for Cash).

Full Prospectus, with Specimen Page, free on application.

Detailed Catalogue of Publications free on application.

Edinburgh: T. & T. CLARK, 38, George Street.

TO BE HAD FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS.

GEORGE ALLEN'S LIST.

JUST OUT.

THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK, 1901.*An Indispensable Book of Reference for all those concerned in Literature.*

FIFTH YEAR OF ISSUE.

Edited by HERBERT MORRAH, with Articles by Messrs. ANTHONY HOPE, EDEN PHILLPOTTS, and other well-known Writers.

Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 3s. 6d. net.

THE "GOOD MAN" of the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A Monograph on its Didactic Literature. By CHARLES WHITTUCK. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. [Just out.]

The SPECTATOR—"Of all this volume it may be said that it is just and sensible ... always sane and instructive."

The ACADEMY—"This book stands very much by itself. Not often nowadays do we find an original idea worked out with such intellectual zest ... No student of the eighteenth century ought to be a stranger to it."

THE REIGN of WOMAN UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA.

Dealing with the ART, FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, and PHILANTHROPY of the Reign. Fully Illustrated. Price 1s. LITERATURE—"The issue is a great artistic success." The GUARDIAN—"Well written and well got up." The CHRISTIAN WORLD—"A superbly produced memorial."

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.**THE BELIEVING BISHOP.** By HAVERGALL BATES.

LITERATURE—"For sense and sanity and sincerity we should not hesitate to say that Mr. Havergall Bates's 'The Believing Bishop' beats them all."

The OUTLOOK—"There is a certain charm and freshness in 'The Believing Bishop.'"

The BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE—"One of the cleverest and most entertaining novels we have read for some time."

NORTHBOROUGH CROSS. By L. COPE CORNFORD, Author of "Captain Jacobus." [Next week.]

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, Charing Cross Road, London.

*New Volumes Now Ready.***WHYTE-MELVILLE'S WORKS.**

An Edition de Luxe.

Edited by the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P.

Printed from new type on hand-made paper, specially manufactured for this edition, and handsomely bound in buckram, with gilt tops. Demy 8vo. Coloured Frontispiece on Japanese Vellum, and Full-Page Illustrations by well-known Artists.

Vol. XIV., DIGBY GRAND. Illustrated by H. M. BROCK. [Ready.]

Vol. XV., SARCHEDON. Illustrated by HARRINGTON BIRD. [Ready.]

TO BE FOLLOWED BY

ROSINE and SISTER LOUISE. CERISE.

QUEENS MARIES. HORNBY HOUSE.

GENERAL BOUNCE. GLADIATORS.

GOOD for NOTHING. THE INTERPRETER.

Vols. I.-XV., £7 17s. 6d. net. Complete Sets, 24 Vols., £12 12s. net.

MODERN HINDUISM: The RELIGION

and LIFE of the HINDUS in NORTHERN INDIA. By

W. J. WILKINS, Author of "Hindu Mythology, Vedic and Puranic." Second Edition, revised and partly rewritten.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. [Ready.]

CLOWES' NAVAL POCKET-BOOK, 1901.

Edited by L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.

The most valuable Work of Reference now available, containing a full List of Battleships, Ironclads, Gunboats, Cruisers, Torpedo Boats, a List of Dry Docks, and other valuable information concerning all the Navies of the World. Sixth Year of Issue. Cloth, 16mo, 5s. net. [Shortly.]

W. THACKER & CO., 2, Creed Lane, London, E.C.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.**CELTIC FOLK-LORE: Welsh and Manx**

By JOHN RHŶS, M.A., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, 21s.

BAGHDAD DURING the ABBASID

CALIPHATE. From Contemporary Arabic and Persian Sources. By G. LE STRANGE. 8vo, gilt top, buckram, with 8 Plans (and Keys), 10s. net.

SEVENTEEN LECTURES on the STUDY

of MEDIAEVAL and MODERN HISTORY and KINDRED SUBJECTS. With Two Addresses given at Oxford and Reading. By WILLIAM STUBBS, D.D., Bishop of Oxford, &c. Crown 8vo, half-roan, 8s. 6d.

AN ENGLISH MISCELLANY PRE-

SENTED TO DR. FURNIVALL in honour of his Seventy-fifth Birthday. Containing Contributions from Fifty Scholars. With Portrait of Dr. Furnivall and 10 Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 21s.

MARLOWE'S TRAGICAL HISTORY of

DR. FAUSTUS, and GREENE'S HONOURABLE HISTORY of FRIAR BACON and FRIAR BUNGAY. Edited by A. W. WARD, Litt.D. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, GRACE

ABOUNDING. Relation of the Imprisonment of Mr. J. H. BUNYAN. Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by E. VENABLES, M.A. Second Edition, Revised by MABEL PEACOCK. Crown 8vo, cloth with Portrait, 3s. 6d.

A CONCISE FRENCH GRAMMAR. in-

cluding Phonology, Accidence, and Syntax, with Historical Notes for Use in Upper and Middle Forms. By ARTHUR H. WALL, M.A., Assistant Master in Marlborough College. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.

HISTORICAL PRIMER of FRENCH

PHONETICS and INFLECTION. By MARGARET S. BRITTAIN, M.A. With Introductory Note by PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A. Extra fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK to the

UNIVERSITY and COLLEGES of OXFORD. Fifteenth Edition. Revised to January, 1901. Crown 8vo, stiff boards, 2s. 6d. net.

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY on

Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Imperial 4to. Edited by J. A. H. MURRAY, LL.D., and HENRY BRADLEY, M.A.

Single Section, L-Lap (commencing Volume VI.), 2s. 6d. By Mr. HENRY BRADLEY. [Ready on April 1st.]

*ALSO PUBLISHED BY HENRY FROWDE.***AT THE GATES of SONG: Sonnets. By**

LLOYD MIFFLIN. With a Portrait. Small 4to, cloth, 6s.

ANTHOLOGY of FRENCH POETRY, 10th

to 19th Centuries. Translated by HENRY CARRINGTON, M.A., Dean of Bocking. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

SPEECHES of OLIVER CROMWELL,

1641-1658. Collected and Edited by C. L. STAINER, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

STUDIES in JOHN the SCOT (ERIGENA),

a Philosopher of the Dark Ages. By A. GARDNER. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Complete Catalogue Post Free on application.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, E.C.

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
 „ Quarterly 5/0
 „ Price for one issue /5

Mr. Swinburne.

MR. SWINBURNE has outlived the fiery controversy aroused by his earlier work, and settled into a position of poetic security—however, the precise nature of that position may still be matter of dispute. A *Study* of him, therefore, such as that just published by Mr. Theodore Wratislaw through Messrs. Greening, is no less in the fitness of things than a study of Tennyson or Browning. Yet we would that Mr. Wratislaw's taste were not so flamboyant as it obviously is, for then he might have given us a book less calculated to challenge protest from those who regard a poet something this side idolatry. Much more than protest is Mr. Swinburne's due, and with much more we mean to end; yet it is largely challenge that such manifestoes force on us at the outset. A poet of redundant fantasy and redundant passion—unrestrained, over-running, fire-hot; a metrical musician without superior, perhaps without peer, in English song; a copious fountain of splendid diction, a cataract of jewelled words; a craftsman incomparable; a born lyrist of the first order—such, we gather, is Mr. Wratislaw's conception of Mr. Swinburne, and were it not in many respects a still prevalent conception, it would less seriously concern us. All these praises need at least a footnote. Fantasy (shall we say?) redundant in expression and iteration rather than in substance, insistent rather than fecund; emotion voluble and feminine rather than deep and true; metre perfect only in a kind; a rich diction, the lavishness of which disguises its serious limitation of range; craftsmanship undeniable, which has covered more than charity.

Mr. Swinburne is an exceedingly seductive poet. If he does not allure and fascinate you, his poetry has failed of its chief aim. For he lays himself out to delight and seduce. As deliberately as the “shocker” aims to make your nerves shudder, he aims to make them melt. It is the very gravamen of the objection to him that he is all seduction. The great poets entice by a glorious accident. They aim to utter truth, and she fascinates us because she fascinates them. Their beauty is the effluence of their delight in her, the visible good of truth. But allurements, in Mr. Swinburne's poetry, is the Alpha and Omega; it has no aim beyond. “And a very good aim, too,” you may say. Well, it might be. But the result of this research of pleasure for its own sake, in poetry as in life, is that the pleasure attained proves, in the issue, of a lower kind. The seduction of Mr. Swinburne's verse, after it has been embraced and submitted to, is felt after all to be the seductiveness of a dancing-girl—a marvellous mistress of her trade, if you will. For sheer beauty it cannot compare with the splendid luck of the great masters who take beauty as their native handmaid, needing no solicitation or call. In any sort of substance surely no poetry in the language—of anything like equal rank—is so deficient as Mr. Swinburne's. The passion with which he is credited is limited to erotic passion of the most elementary kind. Even thus, it is singularly feminine—garrulous, violent, crying itself aloud to the uttermost

pulsation and word; all which are scarce received signs of strength in passion. Even in his imagery—deservedly accounted to him for a strength—he is less fertile of idea than is generally supposed, or than appears on the surface. He is really rich in imagery, and lavish as he is of everything in his poetic equipment. But he repeats himself in more than Shelleian degree, which makes it appear more abundant than it really is. He does this with certain images the reverse of original. “Flower-like face,” “flower-face,” *etcetera*, have become terribly familiar through his own insistence and that of his imitators, though nothing in the image belongs to him but the somewhat affected hyphenated form. Stars and flame and fire and other cheap “cinders of the elements” he peppers hot over all his verse. These things are always capable of fresh combination to form new imagery, but *an naturel* they are intolerably hackneyed since Shelley. Nor at its best is Mr. Swinburne's imagery observed directly from Nature. It is generalised; drawn, one thinks, rather from books than the fresh Creation. But the brilliance of its use is beyond question.

He appears to us, if we may borrow an image from a sister-art, in most of his poems rather a great *virtuoso* than a great composer. He can *execute* anything, given a suggestion of theme and manner. We compared his Muse, in a certain point, to a dancing-girl. It would be nearer to call it a pantomime in the Roman sense, capable of enacting anything with a seductive and fluent saltation that is verily art, if not of the higher kind. It is an old story how his poetry has reflected now the Greek drama, now Shelley, now Baudelaire, and that the pure Swinburne of the later work has been comparatively weak. But in the individual poems one never feels sure that he sings to utter himself, and not rather because a theme suggests possibilities to the craftsman. If anything may be supposed void of aught but an æsthetic hold on Mr. Swinburne, it is the Bible. Yet sandwiched among the “Faustines” and “Fragolettas” of *Poems and Ballads* one finds a “Litany,” in which the note of the Hebrew prophets is caught with no less mastery than that of the “Fleurs de Mal”:

FIRST ANTISTROPHE.

All the bright lights of heaven
 I will make dark over thee;
 One night shall be as seven,
 That its skirts may cover thee;
 I will send on thy strong men a sword;
 On thy remnant a rod;
 Ye shall know that I am the Lord,
 Saith the Lord God.

SECOND ANTISTROPHE.

All the bright lights of heaven
 Thou hast made dark over us;
 One night has been as seven
 That its skirts might cover us;
 Thou has sent on our strong men a sword,
 On our remnant a rod;
 We know that thou art the Lord,
 O Lord our God.

Echo though they be, the iron and ominous toll of the stanzas from which these are taken is unquestionably fine. And thus it is, when all influences are discounted there remains something which is Swinburne; and when all limitations are discounted, that something (at its best) is the note of a poet with his own arresting individuality. His place may not be the place claimed for him by his more fanatical admirers; we have shown reason against believing it; but that Mr. Swinburne will live seems to us assured. Like Tennyson, he has never surpassed his early work. “Atalanta” is not only full of rich fancy, but the Greek influence gives to it a touch of nobility its author did not retain. He has there achieved the rare

feat of stamping blank verse with an individual and cunning rhythm. Who can forget the boar hunt?

But the boar heaved half out of ooze and slime,
His tense flank trembling round the barbed wound,
Hateful; and fiery with invasive eyes
And bristling with intolerable hair
Plunged, and the hounds clung, and green flowers and
white
Reddened and broke all round them where they came.

Sprang straight and roaring with no lesser cry
Than thunder and the roar of wintering streams
That mix their own foam with the yellower sea;
And as a tower that falls by fire in fight. . . .
So through crushed branches and the reddening brake
Clamoured and clashed the fervour of his feet.

To the praised music of this poet's lyrics, here and elsewhere, we have our word of exception. Perfect it is, in its kind; but that kind is inferior, a declension from the great metre of the elder masters, and even of Shelley. The metronomic beat of the emphatic rhythm is too insistent. It imposes its law on the sense, instead of being swayed by it. The poet seems to run his substance into the set mould of the form, instead of the substance creating and moulding the form, as with the great poets. But granting the kind, his mastery is unquestionable. The lyrics move light as a southern wind, with the smoothest lisp and lapse of vowels. Were metre but to titillate the ear, a pair of castanets for the feet of the muse, this would be supreme metre. Who does not remember "Itylus," light and swift as the swallow it sings?

Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?
O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
The soft south whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

Perhaps this and "A Leave-Taking" may be held to represent the most sweet and clear lyric vein of the poet; certainly such lyrics are an addition to the treasures of the language. In the more elaborate poems, the allurements of the metre, the aromatic choiceness of a diction drawn with fastidious care from the old riches of the language and the new, the moth-like dyes of the imagery, the exotic strangeness and heaviness as of autumnal vapours laden with rich decay that hang over all, make a scented bath for the spirit. But these fresher and more translucent lyrics are of finer breath and more enduring. "A Leave-Taking" has, besides, the note of personal emotion so rare in Mr. Swinburne; perhaps, alone of his poems, it touches.

Here and there, indeed, one finds a line which of itself is poignant. So in the "Triumph of Time":

I shall never be friends again with roses,

I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

But the author is too busy with his splendours to keep the note.

From the time of the first *Poems and Ballads* Mr. Swinburne seems to us steadily to have weakened in power. In the second series there are but few poems, such as "A Forsaken Garden," or the ballade beginning,

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,

which have the old measure of fascination. He has gained in clarity and purged the old riot, but the tropical efflorescence has died away with the tropical heat. Yet one poem there is which combines all his best qualities with a luminous restraint in a way unmatched by him elsewhere, as we think—"A Vision of Spring in Winter." Upon two stanzas from this truly beautiful poem our brief reflections may well come to a final pause. They describe the wraith of Spring waiting for birth:

Sunrise it sees not, neither set of star,
Large nightfall, nor imperial plenilune,
Nor strong sweet shape of the full-breasted noon;
But where the silver-sandalled shadows are,
Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar,
Moves with the mild gait of an ungrown moon:
Hard overhead the half-lit crescent swims,
The tender-coloured night draws hardly breath,
The light is listening;
They watch the dawn of slender-shapen limbs,
Virginal, born again of doubtful death,
Chill foster-father of the weanling spring.

As sweet desire of day before the day,
As dreams of love before the true love born,
From the outer edge of winter overworn
The ghost arisen of May before the May
Takes through dim air her unawakened way,
The gracious ghost of morning risen ere morn.
With little unblown breasts and child-eyed looks
Following, the very maid the girl-child Spring,
Lifts windward her bright brows,
Dips her light feet in warm and moving brooks,
And kindles with her own mouth's colouring
The fearful firstlings of the plumeless boughs.

These lovely verses do, indeed, seem to float "in a serene air purely"; flute-soft in syllables, silver and tender-toned in their enchantingly gracious diction, fair in imagery. They give the world assurance of a distinguished poet, and leave us—our little cavil made—shut up in content.

Things Seen.

Anticipation.

THEY do not light the lanes in the Downs country: so when I stepped out of the darkness into the tiny booking-hall of the roadside station, with its glowing fire and flaming gas-jets, I saw nothing but a dazzle of shooting lights. But soon the room composed itself into its normal colour-scheme, and I perceived that I was not the only wayfarer waiting for the night train. She was a middle-aged woman of the peasant class, intelligent, dressed in correct mourning, and her shining eyes and flushed, rosy cheeks shimmered with joyous excitement. Sitting on the bench by her side was a large collie dog. She had removed one woollen glove to pat him, and to run her hand caressingly through his brown coat. The dog shared her excitement: he nuzzled into her black dress, and made ineffectual efforts to lick her cheek. "No, I can't nurse you," she said, "you're too big to be nursed. But it's all right, my pet. Master's coming soon. Master's in the train." That was the burden of her talk for the half-hour that we waited. Whenever the dog looked up into her face, trying so hard to share in human intercourse, she would soothe him with caresses, and say: "Master's in the train. It's all right, my pet. Master's coming soon." Life for these two during that half-hour was poised at the highest point. They were on the tiptoe of expectation, and joy would crown their waiting. When the train was signalled she lit the small lantern that was to light them home through the dark lanes: when the lamps of the train gleamed through the night, and the porter stumped out on to the platform, she hung the lantern round the dog's

neck, and, covering his eyes with her hand, said: "Don't you look, dear, don't you look. It's all right, master *will* come this time."

The train drew up at the platform, but nobody alighted. I entered my carriage. She was no longer hiding the dog's eyes, and, as the train slid from the station, I saw her remove the lantern from the collie's neck and blow out the flame.

Yet she was not unblest. For she and the dog had known half-an-hour of intense happiness, and, if you come to consider that will-o'-the-wisp, which is a foolish exercise, is not much of our happiness founded on the anticipation of joy that never becomes a reality—or on an illusion?

The Rider.

THE rain had ceased, and a gleam of sunshine drew the air-seekers and the nursemaids into Hyde Park. There was only one horseman in the whole length of the Row, but, as I leaned against the railing, five others came pricking towards the tan. A riding-school, obviously! The master, on a big, loose-limbed, black animal, rode in front, and behind him came his pupils, plainly tyros, one on a chestnut, two on roans, and the fourth—an awkward rider he—on a flea-bitten grey. The master spoke a few words—probably an instruction to prepare to canter, for the next moment his horse was kicking and plunging, till a touch of the spur sent him along in a magnificent canter. The others followed, with set faces, clinging to the reins, feet digging at the stirrups, and behind came the man on the grey, looking about as comfortable as a cat on a see-saw. They pounded past me, the master turning in his saddle to shout: "Grip by your knees, and let the stirrups hang." But he might as well have told a sandstorm not to be so sandy, and, gazing after them, I saw their swaying backs disappear in the distance amid a splatter of mud kicked up by the horses' hoofs.

Under a quarter of an hour they were back again. This time the man on the grey was leading, involuntarily, I am sure, for the riding master was close behind him urging the astonished grey to unparalleled efforts of speed, and still shouting instructions at the bewildered rider. As they approached the pathway that runs diagonally across the Row a party of two nursemaids in animated converse, wheeling two perambulators, three small children, and a St. Bernard dog meandered on to the tan and prepared to cross. The man on the grey shouted, with what breath he had left, the nursemaids screamed, huddled their charges about them, and gazed wild-eyed at the oncoming tornado. All would have been well had not the St. Bernard dog chosen that moment, of all moments in his life, to spring forward and bark furiously.

The apparition was too much for the grey. It shied, swerved, reared, and bolted at a tangent towards the railings where I was standing. How the rider kept his seat I shall never understand. He bobbed like a cork on a toy water-spout, he flung this way and that way like a rat in the mouth of a terrier, but he was able, by some chance access of presence of mind to pull in his steed, and so prevent the frightened animal from jumping the railings. I managed to seize the bridle, and clung on to it. The dishevelled rider, who looked as if he had been on a voyage with Ulysses, brushed the wind tears from his eyes, gasped his thanks, and then catching sight of the comfortable omnibuses ambling so pleasantly and sedately down Knightsbridge, said: "It's the right thing to do, I know, but I'm much happier on a 'bus.'" I let go the reins to laugh, and—there the grey was off again, head down, at a wild gallop. The man's hat flew from his head, he lost a stirrup, and that was the last I saw of him—being carried at an incredible pace towards the Albert Memorial.

Real Conversations.*

Recorded by W—m A—r.

CONVERSATION II.—With WILLIAM HARRIS, the Sausage King.

SCENE.—Mr. HARRIS's office.

TIME.—The other evening.

Discovered.—W. H. and a pet hog. To them enter W. A.

W. A. [*stroking the hog*]: What! Is this Francis Bacon? And still living?

W. H.: Still living.

W. A.: When I was last here I was afraid to ask for him. I thought he was probably in the machine.

W. H.: I have, of course, my temptations; but I could not permit that to happen. No, dear old Francis [*patting the hog*]:—not that, not that!

W. A.: Then you are a Baconian?

W. H.: Absolutely. How could I be otherwise? But won't you take a chair?

W. A. [*seating himself*]: And now to business. The late Ignatius Donnelly, you will remember—

W. H.: But you must be hungry. A snack of something? I cannot take any refusal. A sausage?

W. A.: No, thank you. I never eat sausages in this country.

W. H.: I am shocked to hear such iconoclastic sentiments from your lips. Then where, pray, do you eat them? In Norway?

W. A.: No. Only in Germany.

W. H.: In Germany. But isn't a sausage in Germany too often only a museum of highly spiced fossils?

W. A.: Not at all, my dear Harris. The German sausage is the perfection of the article. Why is it, I wonder, that we don't seem to produce the right type of sausage here—the sausage of refinement and edibleness? Such sausages abound in Germany—why have we none here?

W. H.: Oh, I know when you get to Germany there's no holding you! Haven't you been dinning it into our ears of late that the Germans are the only people who can build theatres, and act in them, and write plays? And now it's their sausages. What is the matter with our sausages? With mine?

W. A.: They are too rich, too satisfying, too gross.

W. H.: You overlook one element in the problem. You forget that German eaters don't mind dullness in a sausage. Now our people demand a certain suavity and unexpectedness in their sausages which the Germans entirely dispense with.

W. A.: Have you tried them with anything better? Do you not rather pander to their tastes and make no higher effort?

W. H.: On the contrary, my dear A—r, I have tried more than once—the medium being the polony. But they will have nothing but the old brand. Sausages they insist upon. "Sausage us as much as you like," they say, "but don't polony us."

W. A.: Polonius! That reminds me, we have been digressing from Shakespeare and the stage; on which I am, of course, expected to say something. The higher—

W. H.: Won't you take anything before you go—a ten-ounce chop?

W. A.: No, thank you. The higher—

W. H.: Good night, then, and thanks for your company.

[*Curtain.*]

To follow: Conversation with Mr. Henry J. Wood on the Superior Merits of German Bands; and Conversation with H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall on the Advantages of German Measles.

Correspondence.

Theocritus.

SIR,—In the character of an humble admirer of Theocritus, I venture to address to you a few remarks about Mr. Hallard's letter in a recent ACADEMY. Unfortunately, I did not see the review in the previous number, so I am not quite *au fait* as to the point about "delicate masquerades"; but I fail to see how the Seventh is more of a masquerade than, *e.g.*, the Eighth, in which the contest of amoræan song seems just as artificial—if artificiality in the extreme sense of the word there be in Theocritus—as the similar scene in the Thalsia, where Lycidas and Simichidas sing of their loves. Indeed, we are distinctly told of Lycidas that not only did he look exceedingly like a goatherd, but that he was a goatherd.

It is undoubtedly impossible to deny that Theocritus had, as Mr. Hallard says, "all the *morbidezza* of dwellers in towns and courts in his keen love for the woods and hills and sea-waves of his island," and the same holds good of all his imitations from Virgil downwards; but, after all, is not such a circumstance inevitable? Poetry in civilised ages and countries is, with practically negligible exceptions, the trade of a few—of a few men of special temperament and culture; and to call Theocritus' idyllic pictures of rusticity "masquerades" appears to me no more equitable than to apply the same epithet to the *Iliad* just because it is not on record that Homer could vie with Achilles or Diomedes in the dexterous slaughter of their foes, or to, say, "Enoch Arden," because the late Lord Tennyson had never undergone the dangers of shipwreck. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold was not, perhaps, so far wrong as some critics have judged when he described poetry as a "criticism of life." It is a criticism of life in the same way as Mr. Walter Pater's Essay on Lionardo da Vinci is a criticism of the latter's paintings—that is to say, in some sense an expository idealisation of it. And we can hardly believe, for instance, that even the sunburnt herdsmen of Sicily's adust soil were in the habit, or were capable of, *motu proprio*, and for their own solace and emolument, of idealising their milk-pails, their goatskins, and their sometimes chilly nights *al fresco*.—I am, &c.,

CELT.

A Hit.

SIR,—You said "distinctly clever," meaning "decidedly clever," though but last week you praised Mr. Somebody who condemned the phrase. See "Our Weekly Competition: Result of No. 77 (New Series)."—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

Still you said "distinctly clever."

An Explanation.

SIR,—The passage you quote from the *British Weekly* in your issue of March 16 does Mr. Churton Collins a grave injustice. There are, indeed, many errors in the edition of Tennyson to which reference is made, but they are, we think, all printers' errors, and in no way derogate from the editor's scholarly qualities. For them the printers must bear the blame, and with them,—Yours faithfully,

METHUEN & Co.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 78 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the most interesting piece of heterodox criticism of a work of established merit. Without endorsing his views, we award the prize to Mr. Herbert Jamieson, The Lothians, Hadley Wood, for the following:

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Of all usurpers to the title of standard work, surely Oliver Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* merits instant decapitation. Wherein

consists the charm of this pompous and tiresome book? Does it possess a single positive quality entitling it to its niche in the temple of fame? Written with that fatal glibness, which in some quarters passes for style, it never stirs to thought, never arouses emotion. As a novel, it is *nil*; a transpontine melodrama could show it points in the conduct of seductions, whilst the episode of Olivia's restoration after her supposed death transcends the wildest improbabilities of a Criterion farce.

Artistic shortcomings might be forgiven did the book reveal a personality, but weakness of character and lack of individuality mark it throughout. Worst of all, the book is so appallingly insincere. Dr. Primrose himself is an unreal, inflated humbug, disgracing the cloth he represents, and the members of his family are the merest cyphers. Feeble characterisation, stilted dialogue, want of backbone, a total absence of atmosphere, and the irritating, persistent presence of that slobbery (it is the only word) old Vicar—whatever were the mid-nineteenth century critics about when they raised such a puerile production to the rank of literature?

Other replies are as follows:

GEORGE ELIOT.

It is a thousand pities that George Eliot was never set, as we are, to write within a word limit.

Together with her almost masculine intellect, as some man handsomely calls it, she had all a woman's garrulity, and the combination resulted in heaviness; her satire is heavy and insistent; her humour almost flattened by its own weight—the Dodson family, for instance, ought to be entertaining, but are they not wearisome?—her characters are unhumanly intense; but, worst of all, the action of her books is enfeebled by prolix commentary and indiscriminate detail. The instinct for selection, the restraint, the power of indicating things without stating them, which belong to the artist in story-telling, are altogether outside her world. Genius she may have been, but no born novelist.

[J. K., Highgate.]

RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSES.

It is against the acceptance of Kipling as a poet rather than as a novelist that the seeker after right—yolept the heretic—should kick. Fortune has rarely bestowed her favours so lavishly upon so undeserving a writer. Of his prose it is unnecessary to speak. It is justified by the fact that it has individuality—it is Kipling. The "poetry" is Kipling also; but poetry necessarily makes a bid for higher honours than prose, and it is inevitable that its defects should be the more glaring.

Kipling is not a poet. He sings of things that true poets shudder at. For instance, he counts the horrid circumstance "sublime" when cannon-limber wheels are wet with human blood. The quality of patriotism—which, after all, is but glorified selfishness, and which has caused more bloodshed than even religion—he places far above fraternal or filial affection. He is the upholder of brute force, brutality, of matter rather than of spirit. The delineation of vice in literature is always legitimate when it repels; Kipling's delineation of it is invariably attractive and inartistic. Furthermore, his writings are entirely in opposition to the doctrines of Christ—doctrines against which no great poet in the world's history has ever preached.

His influence is, therefore, the most dangerous that could possibly fall upon a nation. He preaches Imperialism—that death-knell of empires. Imperialism entails militarism, and militarism entails conscription, a disease which rots the very vitals of a people.

[A. C. A., London.]

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I cannot read him. I utterly broke down over *Diana of the Crossways*, which is considered. I believe, one of his simplest. On the whole, I should prefer *The Differential Calculus Cross!* The story did not influence me in the least (should not this be an essential trait in a novel?).

I kept wondering what the author meant, and, boylike, found myself almost spelling out each sentence. Bacon's *Essays* and Browning were jokes to it, and at last I flung away the book in disgust. Now I maintain that a novel should stimulate and interest the brain, titillate it pleasurably, instead of muddling it, as *A System of Ethics* might.

And the same with Mr. Meredith's poetry. "Love in a Valley" is exquisite, but most of his poetry to me is unintelligible.

"In a Wood," for instance, is as tortuous in its inversions and intricacy of thought as the windings of the said wood's paths might be.

Once more. The province of poetry is to elevate the soul and delight the imagination, not to perplex it. When Mr. Meredith wants to take us from A to C, he does not take us through B, but round and beyond by D, then doubling back to C. There would really seem to be a love of complexity for its own sake, as there is no earthly cause for it. Not only are his *conclusions* arrived at *circuitously*, but the language itself—or, rather, the phrasing of his thought—is often obscure to a degree.

[F. B. D., Clifton.]

GEORGE BORROW.

Amidst the books on my shelf which I have been at various times deluded into buying by the absurd overpraise of some recent literary essayists, those by George Borrow give me peculiar exasperation. The amiable gush I had read expended upon them made me imagine that their possession would be a joy for ever. But instead I find them a mere heaviness to the spirit. *The Bible in Spain* would read like an elaborate hoax, if its author had possessed sufficient humour to execute it in that spirit. *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* are wearisome nightmares.

There is not a genuine touch of mature observation in all his pages. Borrow's characters speak a melodramatic jargon that never was on sea or land; his gypsies bring the hot whiff of the footlights across the hayfield and the heath. His knowledge of their tongue, like the rest of his pretended philology, was pure superficial bluff. He was incapable of even spelling correctly the scraps stolen from the great feast of languages—Irish, Armenian, and Hindustani—with which he bespattered his pages. His long-winded iterations, like his affected trick, borrowed from Sterne, of writing all round some subject which he never names, becomes insufferably tedious. The man was a born gangrel, physical and mental, and through all his works and life are found the stigmata of an inflated egotism and a bitter and cantankerous temperament. [C. H. D. M., Durham.]

Other replies received from: A. G., Cheltenham; E. T. W., Leytonstone; F. B. S., Birmingham; E. A. B., Derby; K. de M., London; M. E. K., Dublin; H. H., Teddington; J. Q., London; H. E. M., Glasgow; H. R. C., Egham; A. E. W., Greenock; A. S. H., Dalkeith; L. M., Weymouth; H. P. B., Glasgow; Miss H. Batt; Mrs. E. T., Bexhill-on-Sea; E. R. B., Sheffield; E. H. B. S., Leigh-on-Sea.

Competition No. 79 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the titles of the twelve most interesting books (*excluding novels*) announced in our Supplement this week. A plébiscite will be taken of all the lists sent in, and the competitor whose selections most nearly answer to the general opinion will receive the prize.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, March 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., Ltd.

Two Sides of a Question.

By MAY SINCLAIR. 6s.

"Belongs to a high order of fiction based on the realities of life.....The characterisation is admirably clear and delicate.....For many readers, and perhaps for the readers best worth having, these excellent stories will be inspiring as well as convincing."—*The Athenaeum*.

That Sweet Enemy.

By KATHERINE TYNAN. 6s.

"Another delightful story of Irish life.....beautifully written, and it displays a wise but unaggressive philosophy of life."—*Morning Post*.

The Ship's Adventure.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 6s.

"Contains really stirring passages, the interest never halting for a moment and being maintained to the end. The fortunes of brave Julia Armstrong and gallant George Hardy will be followed, we venture to believe, with almost breathless interest."—*The Globe*.

The Sin of Jasper Standish.

By "RITA." 6s.

"'Rita' is a past mistress in the craft of story-making.....This story goes 'goes'."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"What more could one desire?"—*The Globe*.

Ephemeræ Critica.

By CHURTON COLLINS. 7s. 6d.

"There are not many points connected with the well-being, the interests, and independence of literature more important than those raised by Mr. Collins."—Sir WALTER BESANT in the *Author*.

Through Siberia.

By J. STADLING.

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 18s.

"One of the best books that have appeared for many a year about Siberia, especially about those parts which are least known, yet possess an interest all their own."—*Morning Post*.

"The observations on the country are very valuable.....The present volume deserves a position distinct and distinguished."—*The Academy*.

2, Whitehall Gardens, Westminster.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., PUBLISHERS.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

FIRST on the ANTARCTIC CONTINENT:

Being an Account of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1898-1900.

By O. E. BORCHGREVINK, F.R.G.S., Commander of the Expedition. With Portraits, Maps, and 193 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

OUR NEIGHBOURS.

FRENCH LIFE in TOWN and COUNTRY.

By HANNAH LYNCH. With 12 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

"We like the scheme of 'Our Neighbours on the Continent,' a series of volumes which the firm of George Newnes has projected. Each volume of the series is to be written by an English author who has lived long enough with a Continental people and made a study of them sufficiently exact to warrant the author in passing judgment upon them."—*Daily News*.

GERMAN LIFE in TOWN and COUNTRY.

By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON. With 19 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

ODDLAND, and other FAIRY TALES.

By HARRY A. JAMES. A Collection of New and Original Stories of the Fairy Folk and their Doings, with an abundance of beautiful Pen-and-Ink Drawings. Crown 8vo, 352 pages, 3s. 6d.

"FOR BRITISH BOYS."

WIDE WORLD SEA ADVENTURE.

Thrilling Tales of the Sea, Ships, and Sailors.

A unique Selection of True Stories of Peril and Adventure at Sea. Uniform with "Wide World Adventure." Crown 8vo, 236 pages, 2s. 6d.

HOCKEY FOR LADIES.

THE HOCKEY ANNUAL, 1900-1901.

Compiled and Edited by "DIANA," of the *Ladies' Field*. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

"The above volume forms the first of a Series of Handbooks to be devoted to the interests of ladies' pastimes. They will all be issued under the supervision of the Editor of the *Ladies' Field*."

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE. Vol. VI.

(October, 1900, to March, 1901.) With upwards of 650 fully illustrated pages. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 6s. 6d.

THE CAPTAIN. Vol. IV.

(October, 1900, to March, 1901.) With upwards of 600 fully illustrated pages. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S TRIP.

THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY

Contains full particulars of all the Colonies and Continents which will be visited by the Duke of Cornwall on his forthcoming Empire Tour.

An Invaluable Book of Reference. 1,090 pages. 15s. Edited by Dr. HUGH ROBERT MILL.

By GRANT ALLEN.

IN NATURE'S WORKSHOP.

A Series of Chapters on Animal and Vegetable Life. By the late GRANT ALLEN. With 100 Illustrations by Frederick Enock. Crown 8vo, gilt top, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

"Characterised by a freshness and liveliness seldom met with in books of this sort."—*Glasgow Herald*.

By the "CAREFUL COOK" of the "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

EASY FRENCH DISHES for ENGLISH COOKS

By Mrs. ALFRED PRAGA. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Mrs. Praga's instructions are simplicity itself."

Manchester Evening News.

THE LIBRARY OF USEFUL STORIES.

THE STORY of ART in the BRITISH ISLES.

By J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN, Extension Lecturer in Art, Oxford and Victoria Universities. With 28 Illustrations. Small 8vo, 1s.

By Mrs. L. T. MEADE.

DADDY'S GIRL.

By Mrs. L. T. MEADE, Author of "Daddy's Boy," "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor," &c. With 37 Illustrations by Gordon Browne. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

"Charmingly told, and we put it down with a feeling of affection for 'Daddy's Girl.'"—*Hospital*.

"PUNCH" SINCE 1840.

A PEEP into "PUNCH."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING. With nearly 500 pictures from *Punch*. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. net.

"A delightfully amusing book."—*Spectator*.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THE WAR.

GOLDEN DEEDS of the WAR.

By ALFRED THOMAS STORY. With 160 Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt leaves, 6s.

"A rare gift book for British boys."—*Daily Express*.

7 to 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Just Published.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

AN ORIGINAL CHARMING NOVEL,

ENTITLED

HIS LORDSHIP'S WHIM

BY

GORDON CUMING WHADCOAT.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"It is a beautiful romance, and will probably be one of the best discussed books of the season."—*Sunday Special*.

"We are not going to spoil the reader's enjoyment by summarising the story. It is a fantastic enough notion which Mr. Whadcoat has evolved: this method of dealing with it is refreshingly original. That part of the story in which the meeting of the girl with the man as related is exceptionally well done. If this is his first attempt at fiction, he is to be congratulated upon a very promising debut."—*St. James's Budget*.

"An extraordinary work."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"The story is pleasantly written, and we congratulate Mr. Edingham Wilson upon so auspiciously breaking a ground untrodden by him for a quarter of a century."—*Bookseller*.

"There is an air of dainty romance, an inexpressible optimism about this novel... A really delightful idyll. The author's lightness of touch and general cheerfulness are quite welcome adjuncts to a modern story, and from them the reader will benefit as much as from the interest in the Arcadian pair of lovers and the Adelphi villain."—*North British Daily Mail*.

"A clever story.... The reader will find in this vigorous story exciting entertainment."—*Lloyd's*.

"Continues to yield amusement to the end."—*Scotsman*.

London:

EFFINGHAM WILSON, 11, Royal Exchange;
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., Stationers' Hall Court.

In cloth gilt, 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 9d.

BRIDGE WHIST: Its Whys and Wherefores. The Game clearly explained and taught by *Reason* instead of by Rule alone. With Illustrative Hands printed in Colours. By C. J. MELROSE. Also by the same Author (and uniform with "Bridge Whist" in size, plan, and price), "Solo Whist" and "Scientific Whist."

"For simplicity of statement, for lucidity of exposition, and for completeness of instruction, it would be difficult to find an equal to this work."

"Written extremely well."—*Literature*. *Westminster Budget*.

"A volume which is second to none."—*Sporting Life*.

"The best book on the subject that we have seen."—*Full Mall Gazette*.

"A Bridge 'Cavendish'."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"A work like this will help the foundation of a sound code."—*Scotsman*.

"Just what such a book should be."—*Topical Times*.

London: L. UPCOTT GILL, 170, Strand, W.C.

T. NELSON & SONS, PUBLISHERS.

NELSON'S NEW CENTURY LIBRARY
OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

For Pocket, Library, or Knapsack.

Printed on Nelson's extra thin "Royal" India Paper.

THE MOST READABLE.—THE MOST HANDY.—THE MOST COMPACT EVER PUBLISHED.

"A marvel of compactness and neatness."

The volumes are only HALF-AN-INCH thick, and weigh only about seven ounces. They are printed in the LARGEST TYPE used for standard works, and each volume is complete and unabridged.

"Never were books produced in a more attractive, handy, and readable form."—Publishers' Circular.

New
VOLUMES
JUST
READY.

SCOTT

DICKENS

THACKERAY

3. The Antiquary.
4. Rob Roy.8. David Copperfield.
9. American Notes, &c.
10. Bleak House.11. Catherine, Lovell, &c.
12. Barry Lyndon, &c.
13. Essays, &c.
14. Contributions to "Punch".ALREADY ISSUED.
THE NEW
CENTURY
SCOTT.

The Complete Novels of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., in 25 volumes.
Vol. 1. Waverley. 2. Guy Mannering. The Series to be completed within a year.
Prices: 2s. net, 3s. net, and 3s. 6d. net.

ALREADY ISSUED.
THE NEW
CENTURY
DICKENS.

1. Pickwick. 2. Nicholas Nickleby. 3. Oliver Twist and Sketches by Boz. 4. Old Curiosity Shop. 5. Martin Chuzzlewit. 6. Barnaby Rudge. 7. Dombey and Son.
Prices: 2s. net, 2s. 6d. net, and 3s. net.

ALREADY ISSUED.
THE NEW
CENTURY
THACKERAY.

1. Vanity Fair. 2. Pendennis. 3. The Newcomes. 4. Esmond. 5. Paris Sketch Book, &c. 6. The Book of Snobs, &c. 7. Burlesques, &c. 8. Men's Wives. 9. The Virginians. 10. Philip, &c.
Prices: 2s. net, 2s. 6d. net, and 3s. net.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF THACKERAY.

14 volumes are supplied in various styles of binding, in a handsome Box Case. Price from 31s. 6d. net.

Full Prospectus with Specimen Pages on application.

London: THOMAS NELSON & SONS, 35 & 36, Paternoster Row, E.C.;
Parkside, Edinburgh; and New York.

DIGBY, LONG & CO.'S
LIST.NEW BOOK BY ALPHONSE DAUDET AND
SHERARD.

MY FIRST VOYAGE. Cloth

gilt, 3s. 6d.

Athenæum.—"The tale is one of those pretty fragments of autobiography seen through the blazing mirage of Provence, which Daudet touched with so great a charm. Mr. Sherard has rendered the story into excellent English, and it is a pleasant memorial of Daudet's lively imagination and warm heart."

County Gentleman.—"A delightful book. M. Daudet's description of scenery and of the people he met on this up-Rhône expedition are most felicitously expressed."

Globe.—"Very charming is this 'Reminiscence of an Imaginative Childhood'.... the story is so admirably told that one reads it with very keen enjoyment."

J. MACLAREN COBBAN'S NEW NOVEL.
THE GOLDEN TOOTH. Bythe Author of "The Angel of the Covenant," &c.
Cloth, 6s.

Morning Post.—"An exciting bit of fiction.... the tale holds the attention of the reader from the beginning to the end."

AS the TWIG is BENT. By

LUCAS CLEEVE, Author of "The Woman Who Wouldn't," "Lazarus," &c. Cloth, 6s.
Glasgow Herald.—"A strong story admirably told."G. BERESFORD FITZGERALD'S STRIKING
NOVEL.

THE MINOR CANON. Cloth,

6s. Second Edition just ready.

Athenæum.—"This book might well attract attention."
Westminster Review.—"The Minor Canon" is one of the best novels that Mr. Beresford Fitzgerald has written."

St. James's Gazette.—"The characters in the book are cleverly drawn."

Daily News.—"We can recommend 'The Minor Canon' as an interesting variation of an old theme."

Glasgow Herald.—"The story is well written. The portrait of the Canon himself is drawn with considerable strength and skill."

DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18, Bouverie Street, London.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S
LIST.

SIX POPULAR NOVELS.

Price 6s. each.

THE CAREER OF A BEAUTY.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

THE SECRET OF THE DEAD.

By L. T. MEADE.

WHAT MEN CALL LOVE.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

THE MIDNIGHT PASSENGER.

By RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

MAY SILVER.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A SOLDIER FOR A DAY.

By EMILY SPENDER.

F. V. WHITE & CO.,
14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

SANDS & CO.

MARY I, QUEEN of ENGLAND.

An Important Historical Work. By J. M. STONE. With 8 Full-Page Illustrations from Old Engravings and a Facsimile Letter by Queen Mary. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d. net.

THE LAND of the AMAZONS.

Translated from the French of Baron de SANT'ANNA NERY. By G. HUMPHERY, F.R.G.S. Demy 8vo, illustrated, 16s. net.

THE SIEGE and RELIEF

of KUMASI.

By Lieut.-Colonel A. F. MONTANARO, R.A., and Captain ARMITAGE, D.S.O. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE ARMY from WITHIN. By

the AUTHOR of "AN ABSENT-MINDED WAR."

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MILITARY DIALOGUES

on ACTIVE SERVICE.

By Lieut.-Colonel N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

NEW NOVELS.

TAKEN BY ASSAULT. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE HERITAGE. By Edwin Pugh and GODFREY BURCHETT. Crown 8vo, 6s.

NEW YORK. By Edgar Fawcett. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PRINCE CHARMING. By Rita. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE PLACE of DREAMS. By Dr. W. BARRY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

London: 12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND.

Digitized by Google

NOW READY.—No. 3. One Shilling Monthly.

The April Number of

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.Edited by { CECIL B. HAMSWORTH.
HILDEBRAND A. HAMSWORTH.

Contains an important article entitled "THE REAL LESSONS OF THE WAR"—traversing some of the statements made by Sir Charles Dilke in the first number of the Review—from the pen of His Excellency JEAN DE BLOCH, whose work on *Modern Warfare* has been a little understood in this country. Mr. J. A. SPENDER (Editor of the Westminster Gazette) deals with Foreign Policy under the heading of "BUSINESS-LIKE REALISM," and MR. TIM HRALEY, M.P., presents the case for Ireland in his most vigorous manner. On the Literary side there is a new poem, "THE HUSSEY LOVE," by MR. GEORGE MEEDITH, and the QUEEN OF BOUMAVIA sends to the Review her poetic tribute to the memory of the late Queen.

Other Contents as follows:—

The Decay of Parliamentary Oratory. ALFRED KINNEAR.
Our Navy: Is Unprepared for War. G. HALLIDAY.
Newfoundland or France? The Peril of the French Shore. H. W. WILSON.
The Imperial Liberal Council. HERBERT HART, LL.D.
The Impressionist. WILLIAM SHARP.
The Glasgow Exhibition. DAN SCOTT.
Wanted: An Imperial Policy in Education. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P.
A Family of Poets. STEPHEN GWYN.
In Praise of April. WALTER RAYMOND.

Books Worth Buying.

Publishing Offices: 33, Temple Chambers, E.C.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S WORKS.

FIRST PRINCIPLES. Finally Revised, with Portrait. 11th Thousand ... 16s.
PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY. 2 vols., Revised and Enlarged. 6th Thousand ... 36s.
PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY. 2 vols. 5th Thousand ... 36s.
PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. Vol. I. 4th Thousand ... 21s.
PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. Vol. II. 3rd Thousand ... 18s.
PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. Vol. III. 2nd Thousand ... 16s.
PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS. 2 vols. 2nd Thou. 27s. 6d.
JUSTICE. (Separately) ... 8s.
THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY. 21st Thousand 10s. 6d.
EDUCATION. Library Edition. 7th Thousand 6s.
Ditto Cheap Edition. 41st Thousand 2s. 6d.
ESSAYS. 3 vols. 5th Thousand ... Each vol. 10s.
SOCIAL STATISTICS and MAN v. STATE. ... 10s.
MAN v. STATE (Separately). 14th Thousand 1s.
WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1026.—APRIL, 1901.—2s. 6d.

DIES IRÆ. BY LINESMAN—SOME EDITORS—AND OTHERS.—THE HAMIES IN THE BUSH. BY HENRY LAWSON.—THE FOOTBALL NATIONS. BY HAMISH STUART.—DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE. BY NEIL MUNRO.—THE JEOPARDY OF GREEK. BY H. W. AUDEN.—AMONG THE MIGRANTS. BY ERNEST ROBISON.—A DEFENCE OF LITERATURE.—RUSSIA'S AIMS.—MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD? LITERATURE AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.—UNTAUGHT AND UNTEACHABLE—CHEAP CULTURE AND FLAGRANT SENTIMENTALISM.—THE FUTILITY OF MODERN CRITICISM.—THE DISCIPLINE OF THE CLASSICS—THE BEST SCHOOL FOR AMBASSADORS.—THE POSITION OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND ARMY REFORM.—ANTI-ENGLISH SENTIMENT IN GERMANY.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Demy 4to, price 15s.

A BINARY CANON.
Showing Residues of Powers of 2 for Divisors under 1,000, and Indices to Residues. Compiled by Lieut.-Col. CUNNINGHAM, R.E., Fellow of King's College, London. Under the auspices of a British Association Committee.

TAYLOR & FRANCIS, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

In cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 9d.

BRIDGE WHIST: Its Whys and Wherefores. The Game clearly Explained and Taught by Reason instead of by Rule alone. With Illustrative Hands printed in Colours. By C. J. MELROSE. Also by the same Author (and uniform with "Bridge Whist" in size, plan, and price). "SOLO WHIST" and "SCIENTIFIC WHIST."

London: L. UPCOTT GILL, 170, Strand, W.C.

"THE EAGLE and the SERPENT": A Journal for Free Spirits. The only Journal in existence expressly devoted to the exposition of Nietzsche's Teachings. Price 3d.—Published by WATTS & Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Demy 8vo, 332 pages, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, 10s. 6d.

A HANDBOOK TO OLD TESTAMENT HEBREW.

CONTAINING

An Elementary Grammar of the Language, with Reading Lessons, Notes on many Scripture Passages, and Copious Exercises.

Edited by

SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.,

Author of "A Handbook to the Grammar of the Greek Testament."

An extract from Dr. GREEN'S Preface ably outlines the scope and character of the book. The following work is intended to introduce the learner to the Hebrew of the Old Testament; affording all necessary help to the knowledge of words in their various forms and inflections, as well as of elementary syntax. Such an outline will, it is hoped, prepare the way for study, in longer and more elaborate works, of a language some competent knowledge of which ought to be regarded as essential to candidates for the Christian Ministry, as well as to those other students—a happily increasing class—who desire to learn for themselves what the Bible really is.

It may appear a truism to say that those who would understand, much more expound the Scriptures, should be able to read them; and though a profound knowledge of their original languages may be obtainable only by the few, the ability to study critical and exegetical commentaries with intelligence, is, of itself, no mean acquisition.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A HANDBOOK TO THE GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT.

Together with a Complete Vocabulary, and an Examination of the Chief New Testament Synonyms. Illustrated by numerous Examples and Comments. By the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. Revised and Improved Edition. 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth boards.

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO NEW TESTAMENT GREEK.

By the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D., Author of "The Handbook to the Grammar of the Greek New Testament." Present Day Primers, No. 4. 1s.—KEY to the above Book. By Professor S. W. GREEN. 1s.

PUBLISHED BY
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
INCORPORATED,
56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

JUST PUBLISHED.—Demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

THE SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT BEFORE THE UNION OF THE CROWNS.

By ROBERT S. RAIT,

Fellow of New College, Oxford.

London: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, Old Bailey.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

No. 290.—APRIL, 1901.

OUR LAST EFFORT for a VOLUNTARY ARMY—

(1) A CIVILIAN VIEW. By HENRY BIRCHENOUGH.

(2) A MILITARY VIEW. By Major-General FRANK S. RUSSELL, C.M.G.

SOME SUGGESTIONS for ARMY REFORM—

(1) MILITARY TRAINING SCHOOLS for LADS. By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.,

(2) A MILITARY PROVIDENT FUND. By Captain the Right Hon. the EARL of ARKAN. [M.P.]

(3) ARMY NURSING. By Miss ETHEL McCALL.

THE MODESTY of ENGLISH WOMEN. By Mrs. WILLIAM MUHOOD.

EMIGRATION for GENTLEWOMEN. By ARTHUR MONTEFIORE BRICE.

DOCTORS in HOSPITALS. By H. BUCKFORD RAWLINGS.

THE BACTERIA BEES of MODERN SANITATION. By LADY PRIENTLEY.

BRITISH COMMUNICATION with EAST and SOUTH AFRICA. By EVELYN OGCIL, M.P.

COMPANY LAW REFORM. By R. GERVASE ELWES, M.L.S.C.

ROBERT BROWNING the MUSICIAN. By Miss A. GOODRICH-FREER.

ENCYCLOPEDIA MAXIMA. By HERBERT A. GILES, LL.D., Professor of Chinese at the University of

THE FIRST QUEEN of PRUSSIA. By W. H. WILKINS.

AN "ADVANCED" VIEW of the "CHURCH CRISIS." By the Rev. W. J. SCOTT.

AUGUSTIN RODIN. By the Count de SOISSONS.

THE KING'S TEST DECLARATION. By Sir GEORGE SHERSTON BAKER, BART.

LORD CURZON in INDIA. By STEPHEN WHEELER.

LAST MONTH. By Sir WENDELL RAIT.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., L

SECOND THOUSAND.
THE COLUMN:
A NOVEL.

By CHARLES MARRIOTT.
Crown 8vo, 6s.

Mr. W. L. Courtney, in *Daily Telegraph*:
"Whoever Mr. Charles Marriott may be, he has written a very remarkable novel. Let us be thankful to Mr. Marriott. He has written a book, very fresh, very original, very interesting and suggestive. He has handled situations and problems in the true spirit of an artist. His style is careful. Above all, he thinks for himself."

"A notable book...an important book. A novel which brings together strong and subtle powers of suggesting character, remarkable humour and all the best faculties of the writers known to everyone. Some of his dialogue is as humorous as anything recently written; and his characters have stepped from life into his pages to be turned about and displayed by a mind which lets nothing escape."—*Daily News*.

THE COLUMN.
THE COLUMN.

FRESH FICTION.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. By
FREDERICK BARON CORVO, Author of
"Stories Told Me."

"Exquisitely delicate fantasy. It has flashes of tender poetry, and there is in it a rollicking hilarious wistfulness which is curiously new and strange."—*Star*.

SECOND EDITION.

A YEAR OF LIFE: a Novel. By
W. S. LILLY.

"We are disposed to rank this book as one of the best of the season. Mr. Lilly is in many respects a truer artist than either 'Ouida' or Mr. Benson."—*Standard*.

SEVENTIETH THOUSAND.

THE CARDINAL SNUFF-BOX.

By HENRY HARLAND.
A book among a thousand."—*Times*.

THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

SENATOR NORTH. By Gertrude
ATHERTON.

"A great and notable success."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE DISSEMBLERS. By Thomas
COBB, Author of "The Bishop's Gambit."

"Mr. Cobb deserves very high praise for his achievement."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE NEW POCKET LIBRARY.—Vol. I.

ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot.

Large Type Edition. Printed on a specially thin, opaque paper. Size, 6in. by 3½ in. 776 pages. In cloth, gilt top, 1s. 6d. net; in leather, gilt top, 2s. net.

Prospectus, showing Specimen Page, post free.
"A charming edition."—*Morning Post*.

THE LOVERS' LIBRARY.—Vol. IV.

The LOVE POEMS OF TENNYSON.

Bound in cloth, 1s. 6d. net; bound in leather, 2s. net. Printed in Two Colours, with Ornaments, Borders, and Decorative End papers.

Prospectus, showing Specimen Page, &c., post free.

ARCHITECTURAL REMAINS OF

OLD RICHMOND, PETERSHAM, TWICKENHAM, MORTLAKE, and KEW. Drawn in Lithography by T. R. WAY. With an Introduction and Notes by FREDERICK CHAPMAN. Demy 4to, cloth, with 24 Full-Page Lithographs, 21s. net.

This Edition is limited to 400 Copies (365 of which are for sale), uniform with the "Reliques of Old London."
"The book is one that all lovers of Old London and its suburbs should own."—*Daily Chronicle*.

SLEEPING BEAUTY, and other

Prose Fancies. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Uniform with "Prose Fancies." Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"Delightfully written throughout."—*Daily Chronicle*.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD: Parodies

By ANTHONY C. DEANE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

WAR: a Play in Three Acts. By

WM. HEINEMANN, Author of "Summer Moths." Pott 4to, 3s. 6d. net.

FOR LOVERS OF GARDENS.

THE CHRONICLE OF a CORNISH

GARDEN. By HARRY ROBERTS. With 7 Illustrations of an Ideal Garden by F. L. B. GRIGGS. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

JOHN LANE, Publisher, London and New York.

NEW BOOKS
FROM MR. MELROSE'S LIST.

At 5s.

THE MAGIC MIST,
And other Dartmoor Legends.

By EVA C. ROGERS.
Profusely Illustrated. Imp. 16mo, cloth boards.
"Of intense interest. The volume is beautifully got up, and will form a choice present."—*Perthshire Advertiser*.

At 1s. net.

FOURTH EDITION. 20th THOUSAND.

FIELD MARSHAL

LORD ROBERTS, V.C., K.P., G.C.B.

A Biographical Sketch.

By HORACE G. GROSER.

Author of "The Kingdom of Manhood," &c.

The *Morning Post* says: "The author traces the military career of this famous General in an attractive manner, every care apparently having been taken to make it accurate."
The *Academy* says: "So clear a narrative of so fine a life can be welcomed as something better than a piece of book-making."

JOHN RUSKIN,

A Biographical Sketch.

By R. ED. PENGELLY.

With a Reproduction from a Water Colour Portrait of Ruskin, by himself, and with Original and hitherto Unpublished Letters.

The *Sword and Trowel* says: "Modestly described as a sketch. But, though only a sketch, a very graphic one, giving us an admirable idea of the great master of art criticism and English prose, from the inside. Everywhere it breathes the warm sympathy that alone can interpret any man's life and ideals. The writer keeps a sane and sound judgment, he does not worship his hero; but, all the more, he commands our respect as he attempts to depict him, and expound his teachings. We have much enjoyed every page of the sketch, even the orderly disorder with which it is planned. It deserves to run into many editions."

At 3s. 6d.

WESTWARD HO!

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.
Imp. 16mo, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top.
Illustrated by Ayton Symington.

At 3s. 6d.

FROM THE SCOURGE
OF THE TONGUE

By BESSIE MARCHANT (Mrs J. A. COMFORT).
Imp. 16mo, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top.

"It is refreshing to come across so healthy a book, in which there is, moreover, a pure religious tone."—*Western Mercury*.

At 2s. 6d.

BARFIELD'S BLAZER,

And other School Stories.

By W. E. CULE.

"A splendid collection of school stories. The book deserves a place in every school library."—*South Devon Journal*.

At 2s.

THE SCHOOL'S HONOUR

And other Stories

By HAROLD AVERY.

New and Enlarged Edition.

At 2s. 6d.

BOOKS FOR THE HEART.

Edited, and with an Introduction, by
ALEXANDER SKELLIE, M.A.
Fcap. 8vo, printed on antique wove paper, cloth boards, gilt top, price 2s. 6d. each volume.

NEW VOLUME.

THE HEIDELBERG
CATECHISM

A NEW TRANSLATION.

"We rejoice in the possession of the little book. Most catechisms are for the head, but this is really 'a book for the heart.'"—*Expository Times*.

Uniform with "Books for the Heart."

QUIET HOURS

SECOND SERIES.

By JOHN PULSFORD, D.D.
Price 2s. 6d.

THE SUPREMACY
OF MAN.

By JOHN PULSFORD, D.D.,
Author of "Quiet Hours," &c. Price 2s. 6d.

"It is a wonderful little volume, written in numbered paragraphs, every paragraph being packed with thoughts and suggestions."—*Guardian*.

16, PILGRIM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

MACMILLAN & CO'S
LIST.

READY ON TUESDAY.

A YEAR IN CHINA.

1899-1900.

By OLIVE BIGHAM, C.M.G.,

Late Attaché to H.M. Legation at Peking.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

BOOKS BY

MAURICE HEWLETT.

EARTHWORK OUT OF
TUSCANY.

Being Impressions and Translations of MAURICE HEWLETT. Third Edition, Revised. Globe 8vo, 6s. [EVERLEY STAINES.]

70,000 copies have been sold of

THE FOREST LOVERS.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

55,000 copies have been sold of

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

Illustrated Presentation Editions now ready.

58,000 copies have been sold of

ELIZABETH AND HER

GERMAN GARDEN. Extra crown 8vo ILLUSTRATED EDITION, white buckram, gilt edges, 8s. 6d. net. ORDINARY EDITION, 6s.

27,000 copies have been sold of

THE SOLITARY SUMMER.

By the AUTHOR of "ELIZABETH and her GERMAN GARDEN." Extra crown 8vo, ILLUSTRATED EDITION, white buckram, gilt edges, 8s. 6d. net. ORDINARY EDITION, 6s.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s. Contents for APRIL.

IN THE ADVANCE. By ERNEST DAWSON

(Lumsden's Horse).

LITERATURE and DEMOCRACY.

THE SECRET OF IRELAND. By STEPHEN GWYN.

STUDIES in SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY. By J. L. ETT. IV.—Henry the Eighth.

THE CENSUS-SCHEDULE. By GEORGE BIZET.

SCARNING HOUSE.

THE ISLAND of the CURRENT. By CHARLES

EDWARD.

BOOK-HUNTING.

THE SINKER and the PROBLEM. By ERIC

PARKER. Conclusion.

THE MAN in the BANKS. By ONE WHO HAS

SERVED.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, post free, 16s.

The APRIL NUMBER contains:

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES of QUEEN VICTORIA.

D'RI and I.—II. By IRVING BACHELLER.

DOWN the RHINE.—III. Koblenz to Rotterdam. By

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C. Pictures by André

Castaigne.

THE CRACK in the HEADBOARD. By EDWIN ASA

DIX, Author of "Deacon Bradbury."

OLD MANOR HOUSE GARDENS. By ROSE

STANDISH NICHOLS.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of general interest.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1508. Established 1869.

30 March, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE ACADEMY next week will be published on Thursday, instead of Friday.

AN extraordinary state of things is revealed in the government of the Boston Public Library. The admission of new novels to the library is controlled by a committee of ladies, whose refusals have of late been based on a criticism so finely meshed that many excellent novels have been excluded. Actually Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor* has been rejected, on the extraordinary ground that girls of to-day would "cast about for Manistys as girls of a bygone day did for Rochesters." The following are among the novels recently banned:

Henry James's *The Two Magics*.
Edith Wharton's *The Touchstone*.
Jules Verne's *An Antarctic Mystery*.
Mary E. Wilkins's *The People of Our Neighbourhood*.
Sir Walter Besant's *The Changeling*.
Maria Louise Pool's *Friendship and Folly*.
Lillian Bell's *Instinct of Step-fatherhood*.
Captain Charles King's *A Wounded Name*.
Amelia E. Barr's *Trinity Bells*.
Egerton Castle's *Young April*.
R. W. Chambers's *The Conspirators*.
John Kendrick Bangs's *Idiot at Home*.
Molly Elliot Seawell's *The Loves of the Lady Arabella*.
Robert Barr's *Jennie Baxter, Journalist*.
Maarten Maartens's *Her Memory*.
Kate Upson Clark's *White Butterflies*.

SOMETIMES the lady-censors have given their reasons for rejecting well-known books, and evidently they enjoy this part of their work. Of Mr. Henry James's *The Soft Side* they report:

An interesting puzzle for one who cares to see how a clever writer can hide plot, expression, style, clearness, and force under a rubbish-heap of senseless words. Mr. James's recent work has dealt with an unworthy society, the class which makes one constantly doubtful of their intentions to fill their moral contracts and obligations. They are people one gains nothing by knowing, and one feels disgust at the waste of so much literary skill, while admiring the ability which makes the characters themselves show forth their sordid qualities. It is not diamond cut diamond. It is rather a flashing diamond used to cut muddy crystals which are full of flaws.

D'Annunzio's "glorified sensuality" and "wearisome rhapsodies" and Miss Corelli's "turgid literary style, interlarded with poor French and Italian," are duly condemned. But if Boston permits books to be intercepted in this way we shall be surprised. It is the work of criticism to clear and analyse the stream of literature, not to dam it up.

THE first of the "Carpet Plays," edited by Mr. L. Oldershaw, and published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, is *Cranford at Home*. As the characters in this welcome little play are nine women and a dog, the motto on the title-page, "A man is so in the way in the house," is apt.

The stage directions are clear, the dialogue is well chosen, and families in search of a play to occupy an hour and a half might well turn their attention to this dramatic form of Mrs. Gaskell's inimitable novel.

EVER since Mr. William Archer delivered a lecture before the Society of Women Journalists on certain poets of the day he has been engaged upon a volume, which will be published shortly by Mr. Lane, under the title *Poets of the Younger Generation*. Mr. Archer's list of names is catholic. It is:

H. C. Beeching.	Alice Meynell.
Arthur C. Benson.	E. Nesbit.
Laurence Binyon.	Henry Newbolt.
Alice Brown.	Stephen Phillips.
Bliss Carman.	Dollie Radford.
A. T. Quiller-Couch.	Charles G. D. Roberts.
F. B. Money Coutts.	Duncan Campbell Scott.
John Davidson.	Dora Sigerson.
Louise Imogen Guiney.	Arthur Symons.
Katharine Tynan Hinkson.	John B. Tabb.
A. E. Housman.	Francis Thompson.
Laurence Housman.	Rosamund Marriott Watson.
Richard Hovey.	William Watson.
Rudyard Kipling.	W. B. Yeats.
Richard Le Gallienne.	Margaret Woods.

MR. A. STODART-WALKER, author of *The Struggle for Success*, has written a volume indicating "the significance of Robert Buchanan as a poet, in the sense of the poet defined as an impassioned philosopher." In the course of his preface Mr. Stodart-Walker remarks:

It may be of interest to the reader to know that this book is written by one who has sought far different solutions for most of the problems of life, from those that have appealed to the poet. But even a scientific man can view with sympathy one who seriously aspires to reach Truth, in a fashion and in a medium foreign to his own particular methods and teaching. Though the mystic realism of the poet be anathema to the point of view of the scientific parist, yet the latter may allow himself to be carried from the solid ground of Nature, to which the mind which builds for aye must for ever trust, to the more shadowy land where the dreamer loves to dwell, and see mirrored in the eyes of the poet the vista of newer worlds and newer hopes, without in any way blurring the face of his philosophy.

"THE missions" of the *Rambler*, which, as we have already stated, is to be resuscitated by Mr. Herbert Vivian, "are manifold." The new series, we are informed, will include:

(i.) The revival of Toryism, which has now nearly passed into a Memory; (ii.) a free criticism, even of the idols of the hour; (iii.) an exposition of foreign politics, hitherto so gravely misunderstood; (iv.) a return to those literary graces which Johnson adorned in the *Rambler* and Disraeli on the hustings; (v.) an apotheosis of brevity, which an hurried age has contrived to disembody from wit; (above all) a reverence for old ideals and a contempt for the superstitions of Democracy.

No. 209 will contain an attempt by Mr. W. H. Helm to express Dr. Johnson's greetings from "Elysium-in-the-Fields" to the new *Rambler*.

MISS CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE, who died at Otterbourne, near Winchester, last Sunday, established her fame as a writer in very different times from these. The best of her innumerable stories, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, appeared in 1853, and it may be that we have among our readers a few who remember the spell it threw over many minds. At Oxford this book came into the hands of William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, and their undergraduate set, at Exeter College. Its effect on these ardent young men is described by Mr. Mackail in his *Life of Morris*. The book exercised "an extraordinary fascination over the whole of the group," a fascination which Mr. Mackail explains as follows:

In this book, more than any other, may be traced the religious ideals and social enthusiasms which were stirring in the years between the decline of Tractarianism and the Crimean War. The young hero of the novel, with his overstrained conscientiousness, his chivalrous courtesy, his intense earnestness, his eagerness for all such social reforms as might be effected from above downwards, his high-strung notions of love, friendship, and honour, his premature gravity, his almost deliquescent piety, was adopted by them as a pattern for actual life, and more strongly perhaps by Morris than by the rest, from his own greater wealth and more aristocratic temper. Yet Canon Dixon, in mentioning this book as the first which seemed to him greatly to influence Morris, pronounces it, after nearly half a century's reflection and experience, as "unquestionably one of the finest books in the world."

MISS YONGE was a staunch Churchwoman, and carried her faith and her zeal into her literary work, which preserved its singleness of aim to the last. Indeed, as a handmaid of the Church of England she had no equal. Part of the profits of the *Heir of Redclyffe* were spent in fitting out Bishop Selwyn's missionary schooner, the *Southern Cross*; and with the £2,000 she made out of her *Daisy Chain* Miss Yonge helped to build a missionary college in New Zealand. At her native village of Otterbourne, near Winchester, Miss Yonge was associated with Kettle, who was greatly aided in the building of the village church by her father. There never was anything in the least flamboyant about Miss Yonge's literary character. She lived for her work, her faith, and her Church interests; she knew her rôle and kept to it. To awake religious feelings and to implant safe knowledge in the minds of well-brought-up young people was her consistent aim, and her constituency was large and loyal. A single anecdote throws a good deal of light on her literary character. She once wrote—so a *Daily News* writer states—four pages to a distinguished woman of letters solely to inquire whether her visitor had dropped a button from her glove.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN asks us to correct our statement that Mr. Barry Pain's *Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters* is as long, if not longer, than the *Englishwoman's Love-Letters* of which it is a parody. It appears that Mr. Pain's book contains about 27,000 words and the *Englishwoman's Love-Letters* 63,000. Evidently our reviewer's mensuration was at fault, but we do not think that his remarks on the undue length of the parody are really affected by the correction; still less his general estimate of the book.

Harper's Magazine for April contains a characteristic, a very characteristic paper, by Mark Twain, called "Extracts from Adam's Diary, translated from the original MS." At the top of the first column the reader is informed, in a note signed "M. T.," that "I translated a portion of this diary some years ago, and a friend of mine printed a few copies in an incomplete form, but the public never got them. Since then I have deciphered some more of Adam's hieroglyphics, and think he has now become sufficiently

important as a public character to justify this publication." Here is a passage from the Diary:

TUESDAY.—She has taken up with a snake now. The other animals are glad, for she was always experimenting with them and bothering them; and I am glad, because the snake talks, and this enables me to get a rest.

THIS is, however, not Mark Twain's first dealing with Adam. When Bartholdi's statue of Liberty was the talk of America, Mark Twain was asked to contribute an autograph letter to an album that was to be raffled for in connexion with the Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition. The *American Literary Era* has just printed this letter. We are not certain whether it will be new to our readers. Mark's idea was that a statue to Adam would be much more to the purpose than the statue of Liberty. The gist of his entertaining argument is as follows:

What has Liberty done for us? Nothing in particular that I know of. What have we done for her? Everything. We've given her a home, and a good home, too. And if she knows anything, she knows it's the first time she ever struck that novelty. She knows that when we took her in she had been a mere tramp for six thousand years, Biblical measure. Yes, and we not only ended her troubles and made things soft for her permanently, but we made her respectable—and that she hadn't ever been before. And now, after we've poured out these Atlantics of benefits upon this aged outcast, lo! and behold you, we are asked to come forward and set up a monument to her! Go to! Let her set up a monument to us if she wants to do the clean thing.

But, on the other hand, look at Adam. What have we done for Adam? Nothing. What has Adam done for us? Everything. He gave us life, he gave us death, he gave us heaven, he gave us hell. These are inestimable privileges—and remember, not one of them should we have had without Adam. Well, then, he ought to have a monument—for evolution is steadily and surely abolishing him; and we must get up a monument, and be quick about it, or our children's children will grow up ignorant that there ever was an Adam. With trifling alterations, this present statue will answer very well for Adam. You can turn that blanket into an ulster without any trouble; part the hair on one side, or conceal the sex of his head with a fire helmet, and at once he's a man; put a harp and a halo and a palm branch in the left hand to symbolise a part of what Adam did for us, and leave the fire basket just where it is, to symbolise the rest. My friend, the father of life and death and taxes has been neglected long enough. Shall this infamy be allowed to go on, or shall it stop right here?

THE April instalment of "At the Sign of the Ship" finds Mr. Lang in an amiable and confidential mood. We envy him his light, detached heart, but are not these love affairs with heroines of fiction a little one-sided? The least a man can do who falls in love with a woman in a book is to buy one hundred copies of her. Says Mr. Lang: "My own heart, 'The Senile Heart,' is lost to the most delightful of modern heroines. This lady is Celia in [Mr. we should have written Mrs., did we not know that Mr. Lang never makes mistakes] Alfred Sidgwick's novel, *The Inner Shrine*. . . . If a reader wants to be honestly in love, now is his opportunity." And yet, in the next paragraph, so fickle are literary lovers, the author of *The Making of Religion* says: "Perhaps we never do see an absolutely beautiful face, like that of the mutilated Psyche of Naples." And a few lines further down we read: "The finest head and most intellectual that I ever saw was that of a girl of fourteen looking over a gate."

THE action which a Mr. Robert White brought against Messrs. Constable, last Friday, in the King's Bench, produced some interesting and amusing evidence. Mr. White had written a novel called *The Mac Mahon*, which he had arranged should be published by Messrs. Constable as far back as March, 1898. The subject being Irish, Mr. White stipulated that the book should be out by March 17, St. Patrick's Day; but, as a fact, it did not appear until April 18, and the plaintiff considered that the delay was detrimental to his book. It appeared, however, that he had himself contributed to this delay by passing the proof of the title-page with the pseudonym "Blayne," and the cover with the pseudonym "Blaney." Several publishers and booksellers were called to give evidence, and Mr. Justice Darling, who tried the case without a jury, was in rather merry pin. From the *Times* report of the case we make a few extracts:

The witness [Mr. White] said that a contract was entered into providing for the publication of the book by March 20, as he had not been particular to a day or two. It was not published at the proper time. The spring publishing season was very short. The book was not published till April 18. The war between America and Spain broke out on April 22 and filled the newspapers, and his book was not reviewed by any London daily paper till August. He had sent a copy to President McKinley. There was in the book a character called McKinley, belonging to a Scotch family settled in Ulster. Three-fourths of the American Presidents were descended from Ulster families. The book was directed against religious bigotry on both sides. He thought it would interest those who kept St. Patrick's Day.

The Judge: Do the Irish spend St. Patrick's Day in reading? (Laughter.)

Mr. Doubleday [of Messrs. Constable] stated that of novels of merit by unknown authors about one in ten succeeded.

The Judge: And in the case of known authors it makes no difference whether they have any merit or not?

The Witness: That is so, my lord. (Laughter.)

Apparently no one took the case very seriously.

If you would win fame at a gallop, write a good book about your native county. This maxim is suggested by the dinner given, last Monday night, by the London Society of East Anglians to Mr. William A. Dutt, in acknowledgment of his recent book, *Highways and Byways of East Anglia*. A large party sat down at the Trocadero Restaurant. The feature of the evening, apart from its immediate purpose, was an address by Mr. Clement Shorter on "The Literary Associations of East Anglia." Mr. Shorter, who is developing into a very successful speaker, found plenty of material in his subject. Whether it was altogether kind to East Anglia to recall the fact that it had produced a poet laureate in Thomas Shadwell we leave East Anglians to decide. But Mr. Shorter's speech easily bristled with names. He reminded his hearers that their part of England had produced "the most remarkable letter-writers in the English language—Margaret Paston, Horace Walpole, and Edward Fitzgerald; and in William Cowper and George Crabbe the two most natural and the two most human poets in the English literature of two centuries, only excepting the favourite poet of Scotland—Robert Burns." Lord Lytton and Captain Marryat, he reminded his audience, were East Anglians.

Among the illustrations in the new number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* are reproductions of portraits of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, drawn by Mr. Field Talfourd in 1859. The portrait of Robert Browning is strangely unfamiliar. As Mr. Wilfrid Meynell says, in an interesting short article on "The Brownings," "one is face to face, not

merely with an extra two inches of hair, afterwards sacrificed, but with another aspect, another temperament, another manner—of the manners that make the man." Certainly Browning looks more the poet here than in his later portraits. Mr. Meynell tells a good story: "The first time I met Mr. Browning there was present the Chinese Minister, a member of whose suite was introduced to the poet as a brother author. Browning asked him what sort of work his was. He answered: 'Enigmas.' 'A brother indeed!' was Browning's aside."

WE are in entire sympathy with Mr. Edmund Gosse's article, in the same Review, called "The Custom of Biography." In, and out of, season, we have protested against the lawlessness which reigns in the biographical field. Mr. Gosse is unsparing as he is amusing in his condemnation of the "big-biography habit." It is not only the bigness of biographies that is objectionable. Their number is alarming. As Mr. Gosse says: "They rise behind the glass fronts of our bookcases in funereal splendour, serried, undisturbed, making of this portion of the library a sort of solemn Kensal Green." And still the greatest evil is not in the size or number of biographies, but in their incompetence. Mr. Gosse thinks that the notion (undoubtedly in existence) that anyone can write a biography is a survival of the old ignominy under which biography suffered when it was considered the work of a hack. Of all incompetent biographers, Mr. Gosse considers the widow to be the worst:

She is the triumph of the unfittest. Others have little art, little experience, little sense of proportion; but she exceeds them, for she has none at all. Her object is to present to the world an image of the deceased, which shall be deliberately, though unconsciously, false. The man had his humour, his eccentricities; he had a rough side to his tongue; he had frailties; he was a picturesque and human being. It is the determination of the Widow to hide all this. . . . It is to the Widow that we owe the fact that a very large section of recent biography might pass for an annex to Madame Tussaud's gallery. For, it must be remarked, the Widow does not always boldly appear on the title-page: she often lurks behind the apparently unprejudiced name of some docile author. Her function, however, always is to stultify and misrepresent the life and character of the deceased; and the more devotion she thinks she is paying to his memory, the more completely she carries this out. I know only one instance in modern biography where the influence of the Widow has not been disastrous.

NOR are Mr. Gosse's remarks less interesting when he deals with certain widely read biographies of recent years. Even in so good a work as Mr. Basil Champneys's *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore* he finds "much of a subsidiary and therefore superfluous character." The *Life of Archbishop Benson* has already had to be reduced to half its original size. Then there is the question of reticence. It may be laid down, we think, that if a man is worth a biography he should have an honest biography or none. Something must be kept back, but not the little touches which make up the man as he lived and as he was seen and felt by his friends. Mr. Gosse complains:

The best anecdotes, the most illuminating traits, are never recorded in print at all. Tennyson, for example, was, in real life, infinitely more racy and reckless than the authorised portrait gives the public the slightest reason for supposing. Is this wonderful figure of a wayward genius to be successfully hidden from posterity by a misplaced and too-cautious piety? Why should we not be permitted to know Tennyson as we know Pope and Burns and Byron? Why should not we possess of nineteenth-century worthies such seed-pearl of portraiture as Aubrey set down so unreservedly in his invaluable *Minutes of Lives*? But, when a really sincere biography, like Purcell's *Cardinal Manning*, manages to be written, the welkin rings with

screams of "disloyalty" and "sacrilege." One of the most perfect pieces of biographical art issued in our time was the *first* edition of Mr. Baring Gould's *Memoir of Hawker of Morwenstow*; but it was both candid and humorous, and therefore had to be withdrawn.

FROM THE "ACADEMY" OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

MARCH, 1871.

"Mr. Charles Reade's new serial in *Cassell's Magazine* settles a difficult question which had troubled his readers in the *Cornhill* and elsewhere. His melodramatic situations are *not* meant for burlesque. It remains to be seen whether his undoubted literary dexterity will enable him to supplant the novelists of the *London Journal* in the favour of the peculiar public which he is stooping to conquer."

Bibliographical.

IN response to my correspondent of last week, who had seen the lines beginning "O for a booke and a shadie nooke" attributed to Eugene Field, but could not discover them in either of Field's books of verse, another correspondent writes to say that they are included in Field's *Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*, which was published over here in 1896. Well, this is quite true; but the lines are given simply as a quotation—Field does not lay claim to the authorship. On this point Mr. Austin Dobson writes to me: "I cannot believe that Eugene Field wrote the lines. I clearly remember that Mr. John Wilson, the bookseller, of 12, King William-street, Charing Cross, who died in 1889, told me that he made them up as a motto for one of his second-hand catalogues, and he was rather amused by the vogue they obtained. He was a most intelligent man, very widely read, and I fully believed him. I wrote all this in the *ACADEMY* a few years ago." A third correspondent mentions that the lines are in Ireland's *Enchiridion* (1883), and there described as "Old English Song." As such, I may add, they figure in Mr. W. Roberts's *Book-Verse* (1896); but I agree with Mr. Dobson that "Mr. Wilson should have the credit of them, unless anyone else can prove the authorship."

Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller, who is about to give us a book on *Alfred Milner and His Work*, was last heard of, I fancy, in connection with London journalism. He first swam within my ken in the days when he was writing for the *Shotover Papers*, one of the best of such 'Varsity productions. For that sprightly publication Mr. Iwan-Müller composed, in particular, some excellent parodies of Tennyson (notably "Rise up, cold reverend, to a see"), and one parody of Swinburne, "Procuratores," which good judges rank high in its *genre*:

O vestment of velvet and virtue,
O venomous victors of vice,
Who hurt men who never have hurt you,
O calm, cruel, colder than ice;
Why wilfully wage ye this war? Is
Pure pity purged out of your breast?
O purse-prigging Procuratores,
O pitiless pest!

These outbursts of Mr. Iwan-Müller's muse had a wide circulation when reprinted, by permission, in *Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century* (1876).

Miss Yonge's always busy pen was at work up to the last. It turned out two books last year—*Modern Broods*, a six-shilling novel, and *The Making of a Missionary*, a book for the National Society. At least one of her stories has of late years been included among the popular sixpenny-

worths—*The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, which came out in that form in 1898, in which year she also brought out an account of *John Keble's Parishes*. She did not often indulge in literary criticism, but to the volume entitled *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* she contributed sympathetic notices of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Mrs. Stretton (author of *The Valley of a Hundred Fires*), and Anne Manning (author of *Mary Powell*). This was in 1897. A complete list of her published works would occupy more room than I can spare. Perhaps it will be made one of the features of the *Memoir of Miss Yonge* which, I should say, will almost certainly appear before long.

One cannot be certain, however. We are still without any biographical record of Jean Ingelow, who surely deserved one. I see some one promises a book of *Reminiscences* of that lady, and there was matter of that kind in the paper on Miss Ingelow which Mr. Mackenzie Bell wrote for one of the reviews. But we could have done, and could yet do, very well with a memoir (not too bulky) of the poet-novelist.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and the article on Crabbe in the recent *Quarterly* presaged a new edition of the poet's works. (I use the word poet in the conventional sense of verse-writer, for, in my humble opinion, Crabbe was not a poet at all.) We are to have, it seems, a reproduction of the edition of 1834. A *Selection* from Crabbe's ver-e-work appeared two years ago, and I should have thought that that would have met all ordinary demands—the more especially as Henry Morley edited a volume of the *Tales* (reprinted in 1898), and Messrs. Walter Scott have included a selection from Crabbe's verse in their "Canterbury Poets." I fancy it is Edward FitzGerald's fondness for Crabbe which has brought the latter somewhat into vogue again; and, of course, we shall all be glad to possess a library edition of his writings.

Another book for the library will be Sir Walter Sendall's promised edition of *The Complete Works of C. S. Calverley*. That there will be a good demand for this we may take for granted. Only four or five years ago the publishers (Messrs. Bell) were encouraged to bring out new editions of the *Verses and Translations*, of the *Translations into English and Latin*, and of the *Theocritus*, as well as of the *Life and Literary Remains*. A still better proof, perhaps, of the popularity of Calverley is to be found in the publication last year of an edition of the *Verses and Translations* at a shilling net.

Welcome, again, will be the announced new edition of Thomas Henry Dyer's *History of Modern Europe*, on which so many of us nourished ourselves for a time when we were young and curly. The work came out originally, I think, just forty years ago. It had been preceded by Dyer's *Life of Calvin*, and was followed by his books on the *City and Kings of Rome*. Of the *City of Rome*, by the way, there was a new edition in 1883. The *Modern Europe* has waited long for the distinction it is now about to receive.

It is quite right to describe Mr. Charles Kent (as he was described last week) as an "authority on Dickens," but his friends might well urge that he is a good deal more than that. Perhaps he would himself like to be classed with the poets on the strength of his early volumes—*Aletheia; or, the Doom of Mythology* (1850) and his *Dreamland; or, Poets in their Haunts* (1862). I fancy, too, he published a volume of lyrics a few years ago. Then his little book about Leigh Hunt, issued only ten years since, deserves to be remembered. His *Charles Dickens as a Reader* dates back to 1872. Mr. Kent's full name, by the way, is William Charles Mark Kent; but there is a strong tendency nowadays, especially among literary men, to cut down the baptismal appellation for professional use. Mr. Gosse, for example, long ago discarded his second Christian name.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West!"

My Autobiography: a Fragment. By F. Max Müller.
(Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

All I could say was that each man must find his own way in life; but if there was any secret about my success, it was simply due to the fact that I had perfect faith, and went on, never doubting, even when everything looked grey and black about me.

Thus this learned, kindly, ingenuous man, curious compound of vanity and modesty, answered the question that the weak are for ever asking the strong: "Will you who have arrived show the way to me?" In this volume he re-travels the road that led a poor German boy to an Oxford professorship, and to membership of the Privy Council. Planned to contain the full story of his life, it is, unhappily, incomplete. He was at work upon it within nine days of his death, "lying in bed, far too weak to sit up in a chair." It ends with the first part of his Oxford period, and has been edited modestly, capably, and with affection by his son.

The autobiography is easy reading. The personality revealed in these rambling pages—his whole-hearted interest in himself, his pride in what he had achieved, his delight in the important friends he made, his vivid memory for the little material hardships of his youth and early manhood—wins the reader's sympathy by its very frankness and naïveté. Max Müller's life was a slow march towards success. Nothing particular happened to him. Yes: fate decreed that he should be the first to bring the news of the French Revolution to London. He tells the story twice in these pages. We quote the longer of the two. Note the characteristic tag:

In March, 1848, I had to go over to Paris to finish up some work there, and just came in for the revolution. From my windows I had a fine view of all that was going on. I well remember the pandemonium in the streets, the aspect of the savage mob, the wanton firing of shots at quiet spectators, the hoisting of Louis Philippe's nankeen trousers on the flag-staff of the Tuileries. When bullets began to come through my windows, I thought it time to be off while it was still possible. Then came the question how to get my box full of precious MSS., &c., belonging to the East India Company, to the train. The only railway open was the line to Havre, which had been broken up close to the station, but further on was intact, and in order to get there we had to climb three barricades. I offered my *concierge* five francs to carry my box, but his wife would not hear of his risking his life in the streets; ten francs—the same result; but at the sight of a *louis d'or* she changed her mind, and with an "Allez, mon ami, allez, toujours," dispatched her husband on his perilous expedition. Arrived in London I went straight to the Prussian Legation, and was the first to give Bunsen the news of Louis Philippe's flight from Paris. Bunsen took me off to see Lord Palmerston, and I was able to show him a bullet that I had picked up in my room as evidence of the bloody scenes that had been enacted in Paris. So even a poor scholar had to play his small part in the events that go to make up history.

Only son of the poet Wilhelm Müller, he was born at Dessau, "a little oasis in the large desert of Central Germany." His memory was prodigious, and he delights to recall the ephemera of his days. He remembers that at Dessau the lowest price for salmon was twopence-halfpenny a pound; that game was sometimes given away; that the inscription over the churchyard gate was "Death is not death, 'tis but the ennobling of man's nature"; that steel pens came in when he was in the lower school; that paper was so dear that he chose a set of copy-books as a birthday present; that he was a martyr to headaches; and that the great Hahnemann failed to cure him,

although "I swallowed a number of the silver and gold globules given me by the founder of homeopathy . . . a powerful man, with a gigantic head and strong eyes, and a most persuasive voice."

The Dessau period over, he went to Leipzig, to school and the University, where he "got a taste of prison life for the offence of wearing the ribbon of a club which the police regarded with disfavour." Then to Paris, to live the life of the poor but happy student. "Often did I go without my dinner, being quite satisfied with boiled eggs and bread and butter." In Paris he began the work of his life in earnest. "On the third day after my arrival I was at the Bibliothèque Royale, armed with a letter of introduction from Humboldt, and the very next day was already at work collating the MSS. of the *Kathaka Upanishad*." Refusing an invitation to St. Petersburg to prepare, in collaboration with Prof. Boehtlingk, a complete edition of the Rig-veda, a gigantic task, to which his brain was already tuned, the day came when he found it necessary "to run over" to London to collate and copy certain MSS. That journey opened the door of his career. In London he was befriended by an unknown, who proved to be William Howard Russell of the *Times*, and was soon at work among the dusty archives of the East India Company in Leadenhall-street. While engaged on this congenial task it occurred to him that "I ought to call and pay my respects to the Prussian Minister, Baron Bunsen." His good fairy was still amiable, for it happened that the work to which the industrious German student proposed to devote his life, an *editio princeps* of the Rig-veda, was the very work to which Baron Bunsen, long before, had proposed to devote his life. The elder man gave his sympathy and help—invaluable help—for he persuaded the Directors of the East India Company to bear the cost of printing the Veda. The Company has gone the way that Little Nations go, but that generous action endures. The edition was printed at the Oxford University Press, and in setting up the type a curious thing happened.

In providing copy for a work of six volumes, each of about 1,000 pages, it was but natural that *lapsus calami* should occur from time to time. What surprised me was that several of these were corrected in the proof-sheets sent to me. At last I asked whether there was any Sanskrit scholar at Oxford who revised my proof-sheets before they were returned. I was told there was not, but that the queries were made by the printer himself. That printer was an extraordinary man. His right arm was slightly paralysed, and he had therefore been put on difficult slow work, such as Sanskrit. There are more than 300 types which a printer must know in composing Sanskrit. Many of the letters in Sanskrit are incompatible, i.e., they cannot follow each other, or if they do, they have to be modified. Every *d*, for instance, if followed by a *t*, is changed to *t*; every *dh* loses its aspiration, becomes likewise *t*, or changes the next *t* into *dh*. Thus from *budh + ta*, we have *Buddha*, i.e., awakened. In writing I had sometimes neglected these modifications, but in the proof-sheets these cases were always either queried or corrected. When I asked the printer, who did not of course know a word of Sanskrit, how he came to make these corrections, he said: "Well, sir, my arm gets into a regular swing from one compartment of types to another and there are certain movements that never occur. So if I suddenly have to take up types which entail a new movement, I feel it, and I put a query."

The centuries have toyed with India. Dynasties have risen, crumbled, and fallen, wars have swept and blasted her; but through battles, social cataclysms, and changes imposed by arrogant conquerors the Brahmins, unheeding of material things, have lived quietly on, "thinking and dreaming in their forests, satisfied to rule after the battle was over." A man cannot give his life to peering into the secret, spiritual history of that strange land which this nation has touched only on the material side without taking colour from its persistent, secret curiosity to know the meaning of man's brief day of being; and

when that man happens to be a poet and a dreamer, as Max Müller was at heart, he follows the way of a quiet child with a revered parent. So we are not surprised, indeed it is with sympathy, that at the close of his life we find Max Müller expressing his innermost self thus :

The "know thyself," ascribed to Chilon and other sages of ancient Greece, gains a deeper meaning with every year, till at last the I which we looked upon as the most certain and undoubted fact vanishes from our grasp to become the Self, free from the various accidents and limitations which make up the I, and therefore one with the Self that underlies all individual and therefore vanishing I's. What that common Self may be is a question to be reserved for later times, though I may say at once that the only true answer given to it seems to me that of the Upanishads and the Vedanta philosophy. Only we must take care not to mistake the moral Self, that finds fault with the active Self, for the Highest Self that knows no longer of good or evil deeds. Long before I had worked and thought out this problem as the fundamental truth of all philosophy, it presented itself to me as if by intuition, long before I could have fathomed it in its metaphysical meaning.

This Autobiography, the *Auld Lang Syne* volumes, and the profoundly suggestive *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*, with its pleasant, garrulous episodes of self-revelation, compose into a picture of Max Müller that remains. Not often does a scholar draw so near to the humanities. Life was his friend; he was always curious. It is the eternal child in Max Müller that draws us to him. By that he kept young to the end; and it is just that companionship of the eternal child in the grown man that the average Englishman with his reticence, his sullen clinging to convention, resents, because he does not understand it. Max Müller had his desire. "The life of a quiet student had been from my earliest days my ideal in life," he once wrote. That by his own efforts was granted to him, and the world shares—that world which to him was always fresh and alluring whenever he lifted his eyes from his dateless documents.

"Thin Partitions."

A Song to David. By Christopher Smart. With an Introduction by R. A. Streatfield. (Mathews.)

IF Lombroso or Max Nordau wished a case made and provided for the express support of their theory—and Dryden's—that "Great wits are sure to madness near allied, And thin partitions do their bounds divide," they could not light on one more beautifully typical than the man whom Dr. Johnson called "poor Kit Smart," except, indeed, that Kit Smart was not a great wit, but a very small one. Nevertheless, the conditions are so framed to their hands that they might disregard this. For, after all, what they want to prove is that genius is a disease, allied more or less obscurely with insanity, and tending towards it. Now Christopher Smart was a very beggarly poet of the eighteenth century, one who had known Addison and Gray, and lived to know Johnson, but had not the smallest claim to rank with those great men beyond their common trade of the pen. Kit Smart, in fact, though he wrote a pestilent deal of verse, could not write poetry—nor anything else. He was a very barren rascal, given to taverns and gambling and profligacy and "pibbles and prabbles" (as Fluellen says), with a redeeming passion for saying his prayers—when he was mad. Legally mad, that is; for he appears to have been very mad in his senses, and a decent citizen out of them. He went mad—legally and medically—once, and nothing came of it, perhaps because he was not mad enough. Then he went mad again, and being duly shut up in Bedlam wrote one of the finest outbursts of lyric genius in the eighteenth century—perhaps the finest—before the advent of Blake. Blake,

you will remember (who would highly have approved the *Song to David* had he known it, as he probably didn't), was a little mad too, so that altogether it is a "find" which Nordau may weep he did not know. Smart regained his senses, and therewith his hopeless inability to write poetry. And he never did anything after.

Mr. Streatfield and Mr. Elkin Mathews may be thanked for putting this fine poem at last within cheap and easy reach of all. Up to now it has been inaccessible in a complete form, only visible in the British Museum, or by fragments in anthologies. And what a poem it is to have been written in that dearest time of the eighteenth century! Of course it is not the sustained piece of sublimity you might think from the accursed modern trick of hyperbolic enthusiasm: it soars, and drops, and flaps, and pitches skyward again; there are plenty of sufficiently tolerable stanzas, which are not more than terse moralities, and come with a shocking anti-climax after some burst which takes you off your feet like a waterspout. It is far too long and go-as-you-please, in fact. But the best is great, and there is so much of it! Yes, Browning was right when he waxed glorious over this Bedlam masterpiece, at its best so sane and strong. Every here and there a bit like this flashes on the eyes:

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheathe;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp
Among the mines beneath.

"Their darts of lustre sheathe" might be Crashaw, not a mad Georgian poet. Perhaps it needed nothing short of insanity to break through the grave-clothes of that age. Then you have such felicities as:

The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes
And quick peculiar quince.

How that phrase gives the flavour of the fruit to the palate—"And quick peculiar quince!" Then for grandeur take a handful of passages strung together from various parts:

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise,
Commences, reigns, and ends.
The world, the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.
Till them, I AM, Jehovah said,
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature without voice or sound
Replied, O LORD, THOU ART.

For final dainty, listen to this splendid stanza:

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His strength against the foe:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges, as he goes.

But quotation is too seductive. Yet let not the delighted reader shed idle tears over "neglected genius." Neglected geniuses there have been—too many; but Smart was not of them. It took many years of exceedingly bad living to make him mad to any purpose; and society could not be expected to pay for the process. Burning down a house for roast pig would be comparatively cheap and economical.

A Supplement to "Hansard."

A Diary of the Unionist Parliament, 1895-1900. By Henry W. Lucy. Illustrated by E. T. Reed. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

HERE we have reprinted in a handsome volume, and congenially illustrated by pictures drawn by Mr. E. T. Reed for the "Diary of Toby, M.P.," the impressions with which from day to day during the last five years Mr. Lucy instructed and entertained the readers of the *Daily News*. Year by year the tendency to curtail the formal report of Parliamentary proceedings is growing more marked, and in strict proportion the importance of the descriptive reporter has waxed. We want to know, not merely what honourable members laboriously or volubly say, but a little also how they look; not merely the figures of a division, but the moods and moments of the House, the unexpected things it laughs at, the waves of passion that from time to time break through the stiffness of traditional reserve. It is for the descriptive reporter, also, to arrest the moments in which great and good men have looked silly.

By an Elian paradox, it is the dullest members who are the most amusing. Here is a passage from the adventures of Mr. Caldwell, who has been known in Committee to speak forty-one times in one day. Desiring to know why—something, he interposed on a point of order and was "peremptorily but politely shut up by the Chairman":

He left the House—in dudgeon, as some superficial observers thought. But Mr. Caldwell is not the man to flee in the face of Providence, and chuck away the opportunity of talking by the yard. . . . He returned presently with a volume of *Hansard* under his arm. Sir William Wedderburn was still on his legs. . . . Once he hesitated and studied his notes. Mr. Caldwell saw his opportunity.

"On a point of order, Mr. Chairman," he said, and opening the volume he proceeded to read extracts from a former debate which, according to his contention, showed that the Chairman's ruling was indefensible.

It is one of the fundamental rules of Procedure in the House of Commons that no one may argue with Chair. Mr. Caldwell was running counter to this principle, and was rebuked by some cries of "Order!" But when the Member for Mid-Lanarkshire has once started to speak, you may as well try to stop the rainfall in Glasgow as shut him up. . . . Mr. Lowther moved uneasily in the Chair. As for Sir William Wedderburn, who had resumed his seat when Mr. Caldwell interposed, he sat in pained amazement.

Mr. Caldwell, though keeping one eye on the Chairman, paid no heed to signs of impatience from other quarters. Impressively beating the open book with his right hand, he expounded the passage, and was approaching his fifthly when the Chairman of Committees, recovering from the paralysis into which he had temporarily lapsed, interposed and, with some show of sternness, expressed the hope that the hon. member would not further pursue the matter.

Pre-eminently that House's member *pour rire* was his fellow Scot, Mr. Weir.

Whilst Mr. Caldwell sped along gabbling at the rate of two hundred words a minute, Mr. Weir, hampered by the hydraulic machinery which brings his voice up from his boots, moved laboriously in the rear.

His progress is further weighted by difficulties with his pince-nez. Last night Mr. Chamberlain, making a sudden onslaught on Mr. John Burns, bad his eye-glass fixed and removed with the rapidity and precision of a shuttle in action. When to-night Mr. Weir was indicting the First Commissioner of Works for complicity in the plunder of visitors to Holyrood Palace the arrangement of his pince-nez was as serious a matter, and almost as prolonged, as the installation of a bishop.

You will probably search in vain among Sir John Brunner's speeches in Hansard for a reference to Bootle; the descriptive reporter has nailed it. It was 1 o'clock p.m., the House had been in continuous session twenty-two

hours, and five Irish members had been suspended; the committee stage of the Agricultural Rating Bill was the occasion. Business was almost finished. Clauses 7 and 8 were passed as rapidly as the Chairman could put the question, and Clause 9 seemed destined for an equally happy fate.

It was at this point that Sir John Brunner loomed casually from Bootle shore. . . . It occurred to him that if . . . he were to make a speech of considerable length the President of the Local Government Board and the House generally might have an opportunity of thinking over his amendment and reaching a deliberate conclusion. Then it was that Bootle occurred to him. . . .

"I remember very well," he said, "when Bootle was a locality almost—"

What it was no man, not even members seated on either hand of the chronicler, knoweth. There arose from the benches opposite an angry shout of "Divide! Divide!" amid which the conclusion of the sentence was driven into space as by a whirlwind. But Sir John was determined that the House should know all about Bootle.

When the roar had subsided he opened his mouth again. "Boot—," he said, and no more. The final syllable of the word was lost in a roar of angry howling. Again and again he strove. Once, apparently changing the subject, he was heard to say, "I could tell a story." This the House felt was worse than Bootle. The roaring grew incessant, and Sir John, with [a] despairing gesture, resumed his seat, like

Him who left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold.

There is a highly coloured description of the "buck from Tralee" who in these last days, contemning the effeminate traditions of the House of which he is an unwilling member, has revelled in the fierce joys of a battle with the police.

In his speech he affirmed that Colonel Kirkwood, deputed by the Irish Office to look after Kerry, did not live in the district. Mr. Gerald Balfour rose and quietly, but firmly, observed that that was not the case. Flabbergasted for a moment by this denial, and feeling that in his Sunday clothes he could not meet it with the rejoinder that naturally leaped to his lips, F. L. Flavin said: "Mr. Lowther" (it was really Mr. Ellis who was in the Chair. Mr. Flavin, by way of giving variety to his speech, alternately addressed the Chairman as "Mr. Ellis" and "Mr. Lowther"), "Mr. Lowther, I was born in Kerry, I have lived there all my life, and I never met Colonel Kirkwood." Mr. Flavin . . . returned triumphantly to the pasture of his notes.

From Tralee to Bodmin is a far cry, but even Mr. Leonard Courtney is not found invulnerable. Or was it conscious humour that prompted him, as he held the scales between Sir William Harcourt and the Colonial Secretary, to protest: "It is just to this certainty of conviction that we are always in the right, and that the other side is always in the wrong that I demur." The titter, at any rate, died down under his flashing eye. Finally, here is a picture of Mr. Rhodes before the South African Committee:

The general idea out of doors is that Mr. Rhodes, if not exactly in the dock, is in the witness-box, where he is expected to make humble response to the cross-examination of honourable gentlemen clustered round the outer rim of the horseshoe. In theory that may be accurate. In practice the reverse is the fact. What really happens is that Mr. Rhodes, taking his luncheon about his accustomed hour, is good enough to allow a number of members of the House of Commons to cluster round him. These he, in the intervals of munching sandwiches and imbibing stout, lectures on Constitutional Law, International Relations, and the curious resemblance between the late situation in Crete, *vis-à-vis* English opinion, and the state of affairs in Johannesburg that led to the Jameson Raid.

Mr. Lucy's narrative is so full of humour, that we soon got tired of dabbling at the misprints with a pencil. Besides, there were too many.

The Demolition of Rome.

The Destruction of Ancient Rome: a Sketch of the History of the Monuments. By Rodolfo Lanciani. (Macmillans.)

THE student would be convinced of the continuity of the onward flowing of European opinion as far as the estuary of the nineteenth century, but for one incident in the past—the Renaissance. That seems—has seemed to all historians—to be a pause, a conscious act of self-distrust and appeal to the past, a recantation, a revocation, checking the impetuous course of things; checking also our instinctive conviction that European thought moved forward and never backward until the French Revolution. Then, indeed—and in the whole century now just closed—there was a pause and a revision. Then, indeed, the onward running river met a tide that made it flow upwards, backwards; but otherwise, from Jason's day to Horace Walpole's, there had been continuity, evolution, and a long road without a turning. And now we are confirmed that there never was an age of regret until the nineteenth century, nor an age of self-distrust before it; no other century was ever in this sense modern; we alone restored, we alone preserved, ancient buildings. For the one exception to that long, old course and march of movement, which seemed to be the Renaissance in Italy, is proved to have been no exception whatever, by the fact that the men of the Renaissance demolished ancient Rome.

They loved to put on the manners of Antiquity, but they did not love Antiquity; they loved and trusted themselves and their own To-day. Botticelli was not a belated Greek, but essentially a Florentine. The work of Greece came into Tuscany, but it came by the hands of veritable Greeks, and when Tuscans followed what they did was Tuscan. As to the classic architecture of a later age, the building that has the whole of Rome in possession, it was done by tearing down, burning to lime, hewing to pieces, grinding to powder, melting and crushing the miraculous marble city of the ancients; a city overthrown, indeed, but not destroyed by sack and siege. The ages of the "revival of learning," the ages of the "return to Antiquity," never paused for a single year in their havoc. We are too apt to think of the classical architects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as destroyers indeed, but as destroyers of the work of the Middle Ages only—work that they had taught themselves to hold as barbarous; they were this; they abolished old St. Peter's, the old Lateran, the old Santa Croce, they gave priceless mosaics and exquisite and noble constructions to the pick-axe. But it was not by effacing the Middle Ages that they made Pontifical Rome what it is—a city stamped everywhere with the seal of a single age. They brought about this gaudily dull monotony by making an incessant war upon Antiquity. The sixteenth-century "classical" never was Greek, never was Roman. The very hand of Michael Angelo is to be traced at this business. Tons of Greek statuary turned into lime for plaster for the stucco of the classical ceilings, 250,000 running feet of marble benches in the Coliseum, 30,000 seats of a stadium, 11,500 of one theatre, 18,000 of another, 12,000 of yet another, and columns of rare marble by the hundreds—these are but specimens of the marbles that were used for the transforming of Rome by an age that believed in itself, or were sold for the value of the stone, and scattered—a little Roman marble is worked up in Westminster Abbey.

Prof. Lanciani has made his researches during many years past, as an eye-witness. His book is of first-hand importance and interest, and is so primarily because it is a book of details. His business is with the single and separate documents of this history. We have but used his invaluable material as one of the strongest of proofs of the present thesis—that the Renaissance never interrupted the march of European thought. The check, the retrospection, began in 1789, and produced that "bore" of waters which has not yet fallen calm.

A Real Hamlet.

Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. (Longmans.)

THE Duke of Brunswick figures vaguely upon the stage of English history as the husband, not too fond, of a daughter of George the Third, and the father of the indiscreet and ill-starred Queen Caroline. But in the Continental politics of the Napoleonic period he played a notable and, indeed, a tragic part. His is a somewhat enigmatic personality, which the vigorous character-study before us, originally contributed by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice to the *Edinburgh Review*, and now republished at the suggestion of Lord Rosebery and Sir George Trevelyan, may help to put in a clearer light. The Duke had the splendid and sad career of an Icarus. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice sums it up as follows:

His life is the record of abrupt transitions. One-half consists of great and continuous good fortune; the other, of terrible and ruinous failure. Born in 1735, his sun rises in youthful splendour amid the most brilliant glories of the Seven Years' War; it disappears in the gloom of disaster and defeat in 1806. Just before his death Kalckreuth declared him to be responsible for every coming misfortune; yet Rückert made his death the subject of one of those lyrics which aroused Germany against the conqueror; and Byron included him in the splendid tribute which immortalised his son who fell at Quatre-Bras.

Charles William Ferdinand of Brunswick was the favourite nephew and pupil of Frederick the Great. At Crevelt, Minden, and Kirch Denkers, and by the brilliant capture of Fulda, he won the reputation of a dashing and successful general. He was also a man of varied accomplishments, who made Lessing his librarian at Wolfenbüttel, and a statesman of enlightened intelligence and progressive instincts, who held a high place among the political reformers of Germany. Destiny seemed to mark him out to be the effective, if not the dynastic, heir of the glories and position of his uncle. Then came the thunder-clap of the French Revolution. Charles William Ferdinand was engulfed in the deluge. At one moment in 1792 he was on the point of throwing in his lot with France; at the next he signed the challenge of Europe to the new-born state, and took the command of the allied army in the campaign that followed. The retreat before Dumouriez after the capture of Verdun was his first great disaster. But his star had set. Before long he was caught in a net of military incapacity and political intrigue, was matched against Napoleon, and lost life and reputation with one crash at Auerstädt.

It is the object of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice to disentangle and lay bare the fibres of weakness in the Duke's own character which contributed to his failure. He was not wholly to blame. The stars in their courses fought against him. The allied sovereigns who championed him were self-seeking, or inept, or both. In the unequal struggle against Napoleon he was in the position, as Lord Fitzmaurice points out, of another Pompey pitted against the audacities of another young-blooded Cæsar. Nevertheless, he had more than one opportunity to be great, and he consistently fell just short of greatness. He had Hamlet's fault, of will overborne by too subtle intellect; of an imperfect resolution to carry into effect, and to make others carry into effect, his own sure and far-sighted judgment. Even in his brilliant heyday during the Seven Years' War the military scientist, Gaudi, prophesied that in a great crisis he might lack decision. Mirabeau wrote of "the superabundant circumspection which his great distrust of mankind, and his chief foible—his dread of losing his reputation—incessantly inspired. Nor is the deliberate judgment of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice materially different from Mirabeau's.

There are mental conformations which are rendered faulty by a marked disproportion between the ingredients of

intellect and will, of mind and of moral force. A less penetrating and perfect intelligence, under the driving power of a more powerful will, often produces greater results than a broader intelligence moved by a comparatively weak character. So now, when the decisive moment arrived, which Mirabeau had indicated must sooner or later come, when the Duke would have to decide if he would act with authority or not, it was proved that the early suspicions of Gaudi and Westphalen were true; and that, while nature had granted him every faculty of the intellect with an unstinted hand, circumstances, if not Nature herself, had deprived him of the equally necessary quality of moral determination. Hardenberg is said to have once implored him, if he disapproved the proposals put before him, at least to say "No" to them in a determined manner. It was his want of power to do this, his lack of civil as distinct from military courage, which gave so Protean an aspect to his career, and account for the opposite verdicts of his contemporaries.

Other New Books.

THE SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. EDITED BY PROF. SIR MICHAEL FOSTER AND PROF. RAY LANKESTER.

This third volume of an elaborate work is quite equal to its predecessors in printing, plates, and interest of contents. Huxley's activity was incessant, and, besides his books, he left a mass of articles embedded in various periodicals. To collect and edit these is a labour of great value, and no more competent editors could have been chosen than Sir Michael Foster and Prof. Ray Lankester. If the main interest of the present volume be for scientists, there are some papers with a wider appeal. The paper on "Yeast," for example, marks a date. It was among the first revelations to the public of the new science (as it then was in popular estimation) of biology in its aggressively revolutionary aspects. Taking the simple ferment known to every housewife, Huxley showed that it was fermenting other things besides bread or beer—to wit, a whole new conception as to the nature of physical life. The turbidity it produced in fluid, he showed, was due to the presence of innumerable little plant-forms, which took the shape of a speck of viscid, semi-fluid substance called protoplasm, enclosed with a utricle or sac, called the cell-wall, while the organism itself was called a cell. These cells propagated by protruding a portion of their substance, which gradually nipped itself off, and grew to be a fresh cell—the process of *budding*. The action of these living cells on the saccharine fluid containing them brought about its decomposition and started its alcoholisation. Moreover, from cells just like these, essentially, the human body was built up, exercising a similar activity on the matter permeating it. The principle of the basic resemblance between the origins of plant and animal life was started—a resemblance so close that no certain test is known which can establish a fixed boundary-line. The whole germ-theory, and the terrible microbe himself, lay in the egg of that little paper, waiting for Time to hatch them. Such reminiscences give the volume an interest to all. (In 4 vols. Vol. III. Macmillan. 30s. net.)

BALLADS OF DOWN.

BY G. F. S. ARMSTRONG.

The Downshire dialect, as exhibited in these poems, is the most curious development of *patois* it has been our lot to meet. It might be described as Scottish with the chill taken off it by an Irish mouth. With more prose and precision, it is a Scots dialect with a peculiar and seemingly capricious admixture of Irish pronunciation, most of the words being pronounced Scots fashion (if we are to trust Mr. Armstrong's spelling), while here and there a word comes out in right Irish fashion—in fact, the original dialect was brought from Scotland, mostly by settlers from Ayrshire, in the time of James I.—so the author tells us

in a note prefixed to the glossary, which he charitably adds. Not that much glossary is requisite. Here is how the tongue goes:

Och, it's plesant to be greeted by a bright wee face
As ye're gaun doon a-looin' in the murnin', O,
Ro-y lips that, smilin', show little pearly te-th a-row,
An' a forehead white as curdies frae the churain', O!

Och, it's plesant in the sayson whun the green l'aves
turn,
An' yer days o' love an' co'rtin' lang ir ended, O,
Tae hear a wee-bit lass bid ye welcome as ye pass,
An' see her wee white hand til ye extend-d, O!

The poems themselves, as may be seen from this specimen, are musical, unaffected, direct, and with a certain prettiness. The feeling is true, if there be no special originality in them. Here and there, as is the case with most writers of this class of verse who are not from among the peasantry, the mask of dialect falls aside—in the third line of our quotation, for instance, which is just literary English, from no peasant-mouth. The book is pleasant reading, and the dialect interesting. Not all, however, is dialect. (Longmans.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A LIFE-

STUDY IN CRITICISM. BY H. BELLYSE BAILDON.

"He was undoubtedly slovenly," said Stevenson of Scott; "he makes me want to box his ears—God bless him!" And that is rather how we feel about Mr. Baidon. For just that disorder of words which it is one of Stevenson's merits to have disallowed, is in these pages so frequent that we may fairly call it characteristic of the writer's style.

This weakness apart, we find Mr. Baidon's essay eminently readable and reasonable, and with his judgments we are generally in agreement; only we should be inclined to rate more highly than he Stevenson's dramatic work. He finds in the plays little merit or beauty. This verdict he illustrates with what we take to be the worst similitude in the world: "They had to me," he writes, "as literature a bare and homeless air, as of an oil painting out of its frame. The glamour, the brightness, the colour, that make Stevenson's other works so friendly, so warm and so inviting, seemed to have entirely evaporated." It had not occurred to us to attribute to its frame the colour and warmth of "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus."

There are people who will hold Mr. Baidon no true Stevensonian (is not that, by the way, already a rather old-fashioned label?) because his judgment of *Prince Otto* stops short of supreme eulogy. "In detail," he writes, "the book is one of the most brilliant he ever penned, as it is the one on which he bestowed the most pains, and yet as a whole it seems ineffective." This failure of effect the critic attributes to the lack of nerve and decision in Otto and Seraphina. On the other hand, perhaps, it would not have been possible to find better foils than this Dresden china pair to the delightful von Rosen; in whom, after all, all the strength and undisputed charm of the book resides. Indeed, it would seem that Mr. Baidon's real quarrel with the prince is his exasperating indifference to this fascinating lady. He refrains with difficulty from calling him outright a prig. (Chatto & Windus.)

IN NATURE'S WORKSHOP.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

This is a very characteristic bit of the late Mr. Grant Allen's work, the work that he did best of all—viz., simplifying and popularising the doctrine of evolution. Most of the material is collected from book and museum, very little has been gleaned from observation, but the facts are in themselves interesting, and they are set out and illuminated by the author's wide knowledge. Briefly enumerated, the several chapters are on Nature's sextons and scavengers, mimicry, the torpor of plants, masquerades and disguises,

nurseries and curious defences. The vein of thought that was evidently running through the mind of the writer is the close relationship between all kinds of organic life. One finds in nature nothing that is isolated. Mr. Grant Allen is fond of such comparison as that between the stickle-back tricked out in the gaudy ornaments wherewith he charms his mate, and the rural swain in his best dress and gaudiest necktie showing off before the girls at a fair. He shows you the grass of Parnassus "displaying and advertising its imitation honey," with more than a suggestion of the dishonest tradesman going through a similar operation. When introducing his discourse on "plants that go to sleep," he cannot forbear drawing parallels with the squirrel hibernating in the tree-trunk, the dormouse asleep in his grass cradle, the lizards, newts, snakes, and adders dreaming away the winter months, till you feel how very much alike they and we all are, the principle of life ever the same though developed into innumerable forms. It is charming reading even for those more or less familiar with the facts, and must be exceedingly delightful to those who are forming a first acquaintance with them. The only thing that a captious critic might object to is that he seems to endow (or at least uses language that so might be construed) the various creatures with too much consciousness and knowledge of the effort of their action. We open the book at random, and find a caterpillar "pretending" to be a thorn, as if it saw the thorn and deliberately imitated it, which is absurd. Most of the actions of a similar kind are performed as it were automatically. A frightened rabbit will crouch among grey stones and look so like one of them as to deceive any but a very keen eye, but it will do the same on a coursing ground where it is as conspicuous lying as running. The principle of that runs through nature, and it is not brought out in the book before us. (Newnes.)

THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK, 1901. ED. BY H. MORRAH.

This is, we believe, the fourth issue of *The Literary Year-Book*, and we think it time for the editor to abandon apologetics and references to the kindness of critics, the suggestions of readers, and what not. It is time, in short, that this annual knew its mind, and took a practical and final shape. We are disappointed with this new edition, because it does not seem to us to fulfil the obvious purposes of a year-book. It contains useful matter, but, as a whole, it is not useful. A literary year-book should at least present the literary annals of the year which it is supposed to cover. But here we find no such performance. The chapter devoted to "The Year's Work, 1900," is a tissue of general reflections, original and quoted, on "The Prospects of Poets," "Instructive Books," "Copyright," "The Novel," &c. As an account of "the work of 1900" it hardly begins to be serviceable. For any large criticism pertinent to the literary developments of the year we look in vain. There are twenty-eight pages of cuttings, of the chopped straw type, from reviews of books published in 1901, but this is mere paste and scissors work. The Obituary is, in our opinion, too short and cut and dried, and should have been given some of the space allotted to the long article on second-hand book sales. Why, moreover, is the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore given an additional appreciation in another part of the volume in distinction from Ruskin and G. W. Stevens and R. A. M. Stevenson and Ernest Dowson, who get only "Obituary" notices? Then there is the Directory of Authors, filling more than one hundred pages. The endless names and addresses of obscure writers, whose lines of work are not indicated, are sorry ballast. They can be of little use to anyone, for an author's address is easily obtainable by those who require it. The best thing in the book is Mr. Warwick W. Draper's article on the state of Copyright legislation.

No, let Mr. Morrah beware of smooth words. *The Literary Year Book* halts ever between two, or twenty,

opinions. No useful, masterful conception governs it, and, as we have tried to indicate, some of its most obvious tasks are left undone. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

One day we shall all wake up and find that the persistent word is "Newfoundland." For the Newfoundland question has to be settled in peace or war, and already publicists, amateur and professional, are anxious to understand its bearings. They will find real assistance in Mr. Beckles Willson's *The Truth About Newfoundland* (Richards), originally published four years ago and now revised and enlarged. It is an admirable little book, as lively in tone as it is solid in information. Mr. Willson, as most people know, is one of the rather numerous historians of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The North-American Indian has been the subject of endless study, and works dealing with his tribal varieties and origins are almost legion. In *The North Americans of Yesterday* (Putnam's, 21s.) Mr. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh adopts the theory of the ethnic unity of the race, and supports his conclusions with a great deal of learning united to a moderate statement of his convictions. It is not, however, necessary to weigh the author's larger conclusions against those of other authorities in order to enjoy his clearly written and beautifully illustrated pages. There can be nothing dry about a work in which the origin, habits, and abilities of a dying and inarticulate race are investigated. The publishers have given to the book a handsome dress which accords alike with its scholarship and its romance. The illustrations number about 350.

Mr. Punch has issued a delectable album (at half-a-crown net) of the cartoons which Sir John Tenniel contributed to its pages during fifty years. The first in the collection is called "May Day, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-One." A more delightful book to "lie about" cannot be imagined. We had hardly thought that these old cartoons, remarkable as works of art, could still open the springs of laughter so freely as they do. But turn to the cartoon of February, 1891, called "Retire!—What do You Think?" in which Mr. Gladstone utters the words with an indescribable wink and wearing his hat at a rakish tilt, and you will find it hard to leave the page. Or look at Mr. Chamberlain rehearsing a speech to his looking-glass. From such comical summaries of a situation you may turn to austerities like "On the Trail" done after the Phoenix Park murders, or the splendid "Too Late" on the death of Gordon.

To the "Heroes of the Reformation" series Messrs. Putnams have added a volume on Zwingli, by the editor of the series, Mr. Samuel Macauley Jackson. Mr. Jackson is much in love with his subject, on which he has spent manifest care. Maps, illustrations, and a good index are among the equipments of the volume, and we note that the author made a special journey from America to Switzerland in order to obtain local colour and photographs. The book is crowded with facts, and with notes and *excursus* for the more serious student.

Winsome Womanhood: Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct, by Margaret E. Sangster (Oliphant), is very charmingly produced, and, as a manual of good advice, in which the Christian standpoint is taken, it makes an excellent gift-book. But some will consider its matter much too religious, and will be inclined to smile at the photographs of girls of beautiful and subdued mien which are thrust here and there, without explanation, between the pages.

A new edition of the late Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's *History of the Mathersons*, enlarged and brought up to date by Mr. Alexander McBain, will be welcomed by students of the history of the Scottish clans. Since Mr. Mackenzie's work appeared, in 1882, much important new material has come to light. The present enlarged edition is issued by Mr. Eneas Mackay, of Stirling.

Fiction.

The Church of Humanity. By David Christie Murray.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

It speaks well for Mr. Murray's individuality that after a quarter of a century or so of the literary market-place he should be able to produce this original and powerful novel. *The Church of Humanity* is not only constructed with fresh dramatic skill, but it has some genuine imaginative force, and imaginative force is precisely the quality least often discoverable in current fiction. It is the story of an uneducated travelling actor who, having drunk himself into *delirium tremens*, "got religion" at an open-air meeting held opposite to his own booth, and became a famous revivalist. The episode of John Manger's parting from his manager, after the oath of temperance, shows observation:

"John," said Cleckett, "I've been a good friend to you in my time—you can't deny it. It's only a year since I saw you through the 'orrors, when you wouldn't have another creature by you. I let you off your contract now, though I might go agen you. But if you part with me without one good-bye drink, I've done with you, and you've done with Edward Cleckett."

A sick tide of craving shook John Manger from head to foot.

"I'll take a final glass, Edward," he said; "and it shall be the last, so help me God!"

"Not it!" Cleckett answered, with a hand upon the bottle.

"There's a tanner," said John Manger, fumbling in his pocket, and laying the coin upon the table. "That'll pay for breakage. I'm going to smash this tumbler, and I pray the Lord may break my soul in pieces like I break this glass if ever I touch it any more. Touch! Good-bye, Edward."

They touched glasses and they drank together. Then Manger dashed his glass upon the floor, and the two men parted.

The next morning, however, Manger began to drink again, and in the result, since he could not preach without alcohol, he tumbled in order to save souls. Then a hypnotist established an influence over him and cured him; and John Manger, now renowned in every ranting conventicle throughout England, married and was happy. But his wife happened to be a fallen woman, and, to cut the tale short, Manger finished at the gallows for murder. Mr. Murray has not been afraid of "strong" incident, and he has handled his incident with strength and with a surprising freedom from sentimentality, that besetting sin of the melodramatist. The psychology of Manger's extraordinary soul is analysed with an insight and a rough mastery that amount to distinction. Mr. Murray cares little for style, but nevertheless he achieves an absence of style which is better than some styles.

The Frobishers. By S. Baring-Gould.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. BARING-GOULD is apparently making a perambulation of England in quest of local colour to diversify the monotony of his innumerable romances. He has now got as far as the Staffordshire Potteries—a district of great psychological and sociological interest which still awaits its novelist. One may perceive everywhere in *The Frobishers* that the author has studied his country on the spot—"crammed" it, indeed, for the particular purpose of this story; he has utilised even his hotel experiences. Lead-poisoning and all the potter's diseases loom large in the tale, which contains a *précis* of the history of a notorious trade dispute carried down to the Home Secretary's Order of January, 1899. Also the fact that electric has recently superseded steam traction in the thoroughfares of the Potteries has not escaped the observant eye of Mr. Baring-Gould.

As for the story, Joan Frobisher, the heroine, belonged to a county family. Meeting with a mishap to her horse while hunting she met a good Samaritan, and shortly afterwards her father died, and she was left a beggar. That Samaritan was the Heir-at-law. Naturally she marries him in the end; but meanwhile her adventures as a "paintress" on a "potbank" fill a couple of hundred pages. The philosophic schemes which she adumbrates are far wilder than those of Angela Messenger; and as a picture of "operative" manners the whole book may be called wild in the extreme. Hasty, superficial, and pervaded by inaccuracy under a pretence of documentary exactitude, *The Frobishers* is just an average specimen of Mr. Baring-Gould's productivity—equal in value, say, to his studies of Dartmoor.

Duke Rodney's Secret. By Perrington Primm.
(Jarrold. 6s.)

FROM some information facing the title-page of this book we learn that a Scottish paper said of the author's previous novel: "Anyone with a few idle hours to spare deserves little sympathy if he cannot pass the time pleasantly in its company." We venture to use the remark of the Scottish paper in respect to *Duke Rodney's Secret*. The hypothetical person "deserves little sympathy," but he does deserve a little; not because the workmanship of the tale is very clumsy, but because Perrington Primm's outlook upon life is so artless, and her reliance upon the truth of other people's fiction so child-like. We have here, indeed, yet another example of an unpretentious story fairly well contrived and executed, of which the human nature from beginning to end is "fiction-nature." Marmaduke Rodney, his oppressed step-daughter, her dissolute husband, and the rest of the crowd, are all of them descendants of fictive creatures—a breed weakened and decadent by reason of generations of close inter-marriage. Even the untamable sea, in such books as this, is a fictive sea, guaranteed to perform certain feats at the word of command.

One of the worst storms of the year raged in the English Channel that night, and soon the papers were teeming with the news of shipwrecks and disasters, giving in gruesome detail the death of many a gallant sailor.

An American liner reported having run down a yacht at midnight, but of her crew or name she knew nothing. Two days later a lifebuoy, bearing the name of the *Dawntless*, was picked up. That was the last they ever heard of Maurice's yacht. The rolling, hissing waves of the Channel had closed over the head of the only man who could have divulged Mrs. Helton's sin. But as one wipes a sum from off a slate with a wet sponge, so had the Channel removed all trace, all record, of what she had done. Connie alone knew, and she would keep silent.

It would be easy to invent phrases of ridicule for the extinction of *Duke Rodney's Secret*, to take any given page and riddle it with the ordnance of literary superiority. But to what end? The book is not bad; it is merely feeble, conventional, and innocuous. It has unity and form. It is not stilted nor insincere nor misleading. And so let us tolerate it.

According to Plato. By Frank Frankfort Moore.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

GLANCED through at intervals, *According to Plato* might serve for a diversion. The tragedy of the situation is that it must stand or fall by its verbal smartness. It has no emotion, and the plot, melodramatic, unoriginal, and based on coincidence, is very weak indeed. We have found one somewhat witty saying. In her essay on Platonic affection, Amber says: "It is the theory of a Greek Sophist to define the attitude of a sculptor in regard to his marble. It also defines the attitude of the marble in regard to the sculptor." Digitized by Google

The Redemption of David Corson. By C. F. Goss.
(Methuen. 6s.)

It is a safe rule always to mistrust a novel whose title is "The something of somebody": such novels are almost invariably tenth-rate. *The Redemption of David Corson*, however, shows signs of having been written with joyful care by a writer with an instinct for words. The place and time of the story are Ohio and the fifties, and the descriptions of nature in an apparently delightful region are done with much effectiveness, and, moreover, they disclose some true feeling. The rural hero is conventionally conceived. We have met him many times, especially in American novels:

But however limited his knowledge of men and affairs, the young mystic had acquired an extraordinary familiarity with the operations of the divine life which animates the universe. He seemed to have found the pass-key to nature's mysteries, and to have acquired a language by which he could communicate with all her creatures. He knew where the rabbits burrowed, where the partridges nested, and where the wild bees stored their honey. He could foretell storms by a thousand signs, possessed the homing instinct of the pigeons, knew where the first violets were to be found, and where the last golden-rod would bloom. The squirrels crept down the trunks of trees to nibble the crumbs which he scattered for them. He could . . .

And so on. The story of his "redemption" is serious but clumsy; a striking example of its solemn awkwardness is the incident of the justice and the alleged false marriage on p. 182. Mr. Goss will probably do a much better book in the future. In the meantime he should avoid prose like this:

The day had died regretfully upon a couch
O'erhung with gorgeous canopies
And the ensanguined bier still seemed -
To tremble with his last sigh.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

BABS THE IMPOSSIBLE. BY SARAH GRAND.

Babs is like this. When she makes General St. Lambert kiss her (he is one of many) she says to him: "How nice you smell! What sort of soap do you use?" Between the pages of *Babs* we find a booklet containing an interview with the gifted authoress, who remarks therein: "I have taken a countryside denuded of its men, with its consequent waste of women, and played with the preposterous comedy of life that is being lived under the unnatural conditions." In former books Mrs. Grand "exposed" (we believe that is the right word) Man. In *Babs the Kisser* she "exposes" Woman. What is left for Mrs. Grand's old age? we ask anxiously. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

PRO PATRIA. BY MAX PEMBERTON.

This is another of the England invasion stories, written with a sense of conviction that is uncommon in such yarns. The attack was to have been made through a secret Channel tunnel, and one of the pictures shows "a lonely house . . . and from a great shaft a silent army emerging" But it was only a dream of the narrator's, "a simple soldier stumbling blindly upon the heart of the nation's peril." (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE. BY GRAHAM HOPE.

A historical novel by a new writer, dedicated "to all who have helped me, especially to my aunt." The story begins in 1563, shortly before the outbreak of the civil war in France. The hero is Charles de Guise, Cardinal of

Lorraine, one of the leaders of the Catholic faction; the heroine is Renée de Beauvoir, whose brother is a fanatical Calvinist. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

AMONG THE SYRINGAS.

BY MARY E. MANN.

Mainly about Barbara. Among the other characters are "several new specimens of the genus country clergyman." The motto on the title-page is—"Who is born a woman is born a fool." Possibly this applies to Barbara who marries a man she had never seen. But he wrote rather nice letters, and Barbara was satisfied. "I prefer the man I don't know," she said. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

TAKEN BY ASSAULT.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Love and adventures in South Africa during the early part of the war before the relief of Kimberley, with chapters called "Ho! for Krugerland"; "In Oom Paul's Stronghold"; "I Escape"; "The Veldt," &c. (Sands. 6s.)

THE CAREER OF A BEAUTY. BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Her name was Geraldine, and of course she was the youngest of the family. Geraldine "didn't begin as a beauty," and for some time she thought she would never marry, but in Chapter X. "a most curious feeling came over me when I realised that my marriage ceremony had come to an end, and that I had taken the irrevocable step which had transformed me from Geraldine Piercy into Lady Squire." An unaffected, somewhat amusing story. (White. 6s.)

A SOLDIER OF THE KING.

BY DORA M. JONES.

Being some passages in the life of Mr. John Clifford, sometime major in the service of King Charles I. "It was about six o'clock in the evening, in the middle of February, 1648, and a wild night was coming on. . . . About the solitary horseman nothing definite could be asserted. . . . As the two travellers neared him—"Good sirs, I am a stranger in these parts. Of your kindness, let me know how far I am from Maidstone." (Cassell. 6s.)

A DAUGHTER OF MYSTERY.

BY R. N. SILVER.

A sensational story of modern life. "For certain professional details in Chapter XLIII. the author is indebted to the kindness and expert knowledge of Mr. —, the well-known scientific instrument-maker of — street." The author is also indebted to the X rays. When the X-ray record stole into sight "oh, so slowly," the operator remarked: "'Got 'em, my boy. An old separation of the great tuberosity of the humerus, with some slight permanent displacement. You shall smite the Philistines hip and thigh.'" (Jarrold. 6s.)

HIS FAMILIAR FOE.

BY E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

A military narrative telling (we quote the author's words) "the story of the degrading inheritance of Captain Robert Ducie, of H.M. Silver Lancers, his struggles, defeats, victory, his marriage, fatherhood, and love." The Silver Lancers was a decidedly "good" regiment. "The guinea fine for mentioning a lady's name at mess was strictly enforced," and "Shams of any kind, from shirt-fronts and button-holes upwards were discountenanced." (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

BY T. R. THRELFALL.

"I, Joseph Goodburn, of the parish of Martindale, in the county of Westmoreland, England, being a prisoner and an exile in an unknown corner of Africa, am constrained to narrate my strange adventures in the hope that my friends in the old country, who have perchance sorrowed for me as for one long dead, may know that I still live and am possessed of the wherewithal to keep me from starving." (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
 „ Quarterly 5/0
 „ Price for one issue /5

The Philosophy of the Short Story.

IN a tiny volume, *The Philosophy of the Short-story* (note well the hyphen, for it has a significance), by Prof. Brander Matthews, D.C.L., of Columbia University, published by Messrs. Longmans, the whole question of the short story is critically and historically "raised." The Professor is known in this country as an amiable *flâneur* of letters, and in America not only as an expert on dramatic literature, but also as a contributor of short stories to the magazines; it will be seen whether or not the present book is likely to substantiate the fabric of his reputation. His aim appears to be threefold: to define the short story, to give an outline of its history, and to prove that it differs essentially from the novel. "I have written 'Short-stories' with a capital S and a hyphen," he says, "because I wished to emphasise the distinction between the Short-story and the story which is merely short. The Short-story is a high and difficult department of fiction. The story which is short can be written by anybody who can write at all; and it may be good, bad, or indifferent; but at its best it is wholly unlike the Short-story." From this we must infer that every Short-story is good, and yet that it resembles the story which is short only when the latter is indifferent or bad. A Short-story, we are told, deals with a single character, a single event, a single emotion, or the series of emotions called forth by a single situation. "No one has ever succeeded as a writer of Short-stories who had not ingenuity, originality, and compression," and the successful have usually also had "the touch of fantasy"; by which Prof. Matthews means the supernatural. But "the successful novelist may be common-place." In the matter of form the Professor is somewhat vague. "The Short-story should not be void or without form, but its form may be whatever the author please." It is true that three pages later he says that the Short-story is "one of the few sharply defined literary forms," but he omits to define that form, sharply or otherwise. As regards subject, however, our philosopher hits the nail on the head with absolute precision: "The Short-story is nothing if there is no story to tell." Here is perhaps the sole incontrovertible statement in the book, and one regrets that its effectiveness should be impaired by another remark on the same page, "The Short-story, far more than the Novel even, demands a subject." As an example of a good subject, the Professor summarises "one of the very finest Short-story ideas ever given to any mortal," in the following words: "The startling and fascinating fantasy that by sheer force of will a man might have been able to draw down from the depths of the sky a lovely astral maid to share his finite human life." This idea occurred to Hugh Conway, but poor Hugh "fails from sheer deficiency of style." Prof. Matthews wonders what Théophile Gautier would have made of it. We wonder, too. Lastly, "the sense of form and the gift of style are essential to the writer of a good Short-story" (then after all there are bad), and "the construction must always be logical, adequate, harmonious."

So much for what the Short-story is and the Short-story-writer must have. Turning to history, "from Chaucer and Boccaccio we must spring across the centuries until we come to Hawthorne and Poe." "In these five hundred years there were great novelists not a few, but there was no great writer of Short-stories." (What cheer, shade of Balzac, with your *Grande Brétèche*?) "A little later than Hawthorne and Poe . . . are Merimée and Turgenev. . . . Now at the end of the nineteenth century we find two more that no competent critic would dare to omit—Guy de Maupassant and Rudyard Kipling." The history of the Short-story, *la voilà!* Toward filling up the gap between Hawthorne and Kipling, the Professor remarks that "for fifty years the American Short-story has had a supremacy which any competent critic could not but acknowledge." (It is good to note that the Professor silently disdains the incompetent critic.) Here we begin to arrive at the point, and the point is that the American Short-story is supreme, partly because Jonathan has more "fantasy" than John Bull, and partly because "in the British magazine the serial Novel is the one thing of consequence, and all else is termed 'padding.'" Among a list of the "ten best short stories" are:

"My Double and how he Undid Me," by Edward Everett Hale.

"Devil-Puzzlers," by Frederick B. Perkins.

Other masters of the form, we are told, are Mr. Bunner. Mr. Aldrich, Colonel De Forrest, and Miss Sarah O. Jewett.

Still, "I do not say, of course, that the good and genuine Short-story is not written in England now and then, for if I were to make any such assertion some of the best work of Mr. Stevenson, of Mr. Besant, and of Mr. Anstey would rise up to contradict me; but this is merely an accidental growth." And in continental Europe "it would be difficult to commend too warmly" the Short-stories of Turgenev, while "the best work of Merimée has never been surpassed," and de Maupassant's Short-stories "are masterpieces." But let not these writers unduly plume themselves. With the two former "compression was almost a mania," and "Turgenev carried his desire for conciseness so far that he seems always to be experimenting to see how much of his story he may leave out." As for the third, "In *Le Horla* . . . we find Maupassant taking for his own Fitzjames O'Brien's uncanny monster. . . . O'Brien's very startling tale, *What Was It?* is to be found in the volume of his Short-stories called *The Diamond Lens*." Certainly it speaks well for the amiability of O'Brien's character that he has never publicly complained of that atrocious plagiarism.

With only one portion of this careless and absurd compilation is it possible to deal at all seriously. In his appendix the Professor writes with naïve complacency: "So far as the author is aware, he had no predecessor in asserting that the Short-story differs from the Novel essentially—and not merely in the matter of length. So far as he knows, it was in the present paper the suggestion was first made that the Short-story is in reality a *genre*, a separate kind, a genus by itself." No doubt it was the obsession of this theory which caused him, after stating it briefly in an English weekly in 1884, to restate it at greater length in an American monthly in 1885, then to include that second statement in a volume of essays in 1888, and, finally, to issue it, revised and enlarged, as a separate brochure in 1901. The Professor says: "The difference between a Novel and a Novelet is one of length only: a Novelet is a brief novel; but the difference between a Novel and a Short-story is a difference of kind. A true Short-story is something other and something more than a mere story which is short. A true Short-story differs from the Novel chiefly in its unity of impression. In a far more exact and precise use of the word, a Short-story has unity as a Novel cannot have it." All this is wrong, a negligent utterance of negligent thought. How

can a Short-story be "something other than" a short story? The answer is that it cannot. All that can be usefully asserted is that a *précis* of a long novel might make a bad short story. The whole difference between the Novel and the Short-story arises from the difference of length. It is because the short story is short that it usually deals with "a single episode," &c. But some short stories deal with many episodes; for instance, de Maupassant's *Odyssée d'une Fille*. If Prof. Matthews says that the *Odyssée d'une Fille* is not a Short-story, or is a bad Short-story, or is an inferior "mere" short story, or is a *précis* of a long novel, he is mistaken: that is all. It is an ancient game to fit facts into a theory by the device of arbitrarily limiting the significance of everyday words, but a very tiresome game; and no one will follow the Professor in his attempt to lay down a rule that short stories are not short stories unless they happen to be short stories of a particular sort. There is no difference whatever of *kind* between a Novel and a Short-story. The latter relates an episode, the former a succession of episodes: each is self-complete. "Of a truth," the Professor says again, "the Short-story is not only not a chapter out of a Novel . . . but [*sic*] at its best it impresses the reader with the belief that it would be spoiled if it were made larger, or if it were incorporated into a more elaborate work." Here is a platitude: every art work should be alterable only at the cost of its perfection. Not even in technique is there a difference between the two forms; the methods of narrative are the same for one episode as for a chain of episodes. And touching that alleged more absolute "Unity of impression" of the Short-story, what the Professor ought to mean is that the impression made by the Short-story is less complex, simpler (he might have added, less powerful) than that made by the Novel. But complexity does not exclude unity, nor need simplicity include it. The truth is that the Professor has excogitated this part of his theory from the well-known paradoxical essay in which Poe tries to demonstrate that there can be no such thing as a long poem, and that every so-called long poem is, in fact, a series of short ones. But perhaps the most astonishing of all the Professor's assertions is that "the difference in *spirit* and in form between the Lyric and the Epic is scarcely greater than the difference between the Short-story and the Novel."

For years past it has been a fashion among prattlers to prattle about "the art of the short story," as though it were something apart, high, and of unique difficulty. The short story is a smaller, simpler, easier, and less important form of the novel. Other things being equal, a short story can never have the force of a novel. As to the comparative difficulty of the two, ask any author who has written both fine novels and fine short stories.

Things Seen.

The Bankrupt.

"ISRAEL GOTTLEIB!" called the crier. There was a slight shuffling of feet, and the ideal Semitic head appeared above the witness-box: the crisp, black hair and full beard; the thick, sensuous lips; and the dark, tired eyes of one who had been a bond-slave and had wandered in the wilderness. It was in the Little Shodley bankruptcy court; a fussy solicitor rose to examine him as to his trading accounts. Israel had been defrauding his creditors; that was clear as the noonday sun. But the thing had been done legally and in due form of law. Ten short years ago he came from Russian Poland, and arrived penniless in Shodley, where he began making slippers, and apparently prospered. His business grew, and he employed many workmen, also from Russian Poland; and

he had many transactions in cottage property. His increase was a delusion. All the cottages were bought on behalf of his wife, Rebecca, who had purchased them out of her savings as a housekeeper, and the profits accruing from the taking in of lodgers. He was not to blame if the ignorant Gentiles of Shodley gave him extensive credit, in the belief that he was a property owner.

Evil times fell upon the slipper business; thieves broke in and stole scores of dozens of slippers, of which no trace was ever found. Fire consumed, and he was not insured. Thus it was that his liabilities were six thousand pounds sterling, and his assets nil. The solicitor for the creditors was the descendant of Gurth the swineherd; and Israel looked at him out of the tired eyes that were weary with the wisdom of the ages and the whole art of double-dealing. What were the wits of this keeper of pigs against his whose fathers had spoiled the Ptolemies, and beaten Greek and Venetian in the game of bluff long before the swineherd had left off painting himself blue. The leather and slippers had all been stolen or burned. The diamond rings, the scarf-pin, the watch and chain he used to wear belonged to Rebecca; she had only lent them to him. He was a broken man who had nothing. That was all the solicitor for the creditors could extract, and he of the weary eyes looked pityingly at us all as he turned to leave the box when the Registrar ordered the examination to be closed.

Khaki Clad.

THE day was the first of spring. On the platform of Charing Cross District Station men waited for their homeward trains with overcoats unbuttoned. I, too, had followed their example, but found no relief thereby, till I turned towards the bookstall and saw a man hotter than myself. A man, I say, and I pay him a compliment which his bragging walk would fain have made a reality. He wore the uniform which stands for patriotism and wore it all—even the big overcoat which stood out like a crinoline over his bulging pockets and all those extras which are the joy of a newly-enlisted soldier. And as he paced up and down his heavy brown boots creaked so that a Boer might have received ample warning of his near approach. He walked in all the glory of his new clothes, looking as if he had fallen into a pot of badly-mixed mustard. Suddenly he stopped to read the news: "Why Botha Refused our Terms." He read it on the various newsboards and walked away, swinging his brilliantly new "swagger" with an air of strong conviction that the great Botha would be brought to terms when he arrived at the seat of war. His face was growing purple with the effort of seeming at ease in his cavalier hat and heavy coat while the crowd turned to watch his hasty impatience. He turned his kit-bag round with his foot and stood for a moment in deep thought. But it was not for long—the newness of his grandeur made him uneasy and he recommenced his creaky march. Again he stopped before the stall, re-read the news, and his crimson face grew fixed with a manly determination. He changed his "swagger" from one hand to the other, threw back the flap of his coat, dived deep, and with much action, into the pocket of his riding breeches and drew out a brand-new purse; from this he took a halfpenny, which he threw to the newsboy. He turned over the paper, and read. Then he started on his march to and fro with a swing which set the skirts of his coat swaying from left to right in true martial rhythm.

Close by me, and watching, too, stood a "regular" with bronzed face and an air of meeting everything stoically—he turned to me with a twinkle in his eye: "We've all been boys like that," he said.

Some Translators and Job.

LET it be set against the tribulations of Job that he was spared the knowledge of his translators. By a regrettable fate, even our Authorised Version has sinned gravely in its rendering of this Biblical book. It is nowhere a guide blindly to be trusted by the blind; but if its language is nowhere grander than in this grand book, it has outdone itself in mistranslation. At every turn the student trips over the oddest phrases or sentences that ever (to use its own word) "darkened counsel." The wise thinks himself unusually dull or dyspeptic; the unwise grumbles at Eastern obliquities of speech. A glance at the Revised or some other modern version certifies that for once the wise is as "out of it" as the unwise. It is sheer bungle of the translators. Sometimes these blunders are ludicrous; occasionally they hit on mistaken sublimity; often they are exasperating obscurations of important points. When the Jacobean translators were "out," they seem to have "made a shot" at the meaning with all the happy-go-lucky audacity of schoolboys—schoolboys of genius. From the poetical standpoint nothing can replace the Authorised Version. But there is unusual room for modern translations which shall illuminate the sense.

Two such attempts now lie before us, supplements to the Revised Version. One is of American birth, and may be briefly dismissed. It is nothing less than a metrical version of the Book of Job, and only the jaunty American spirit could have conceived its jaunty pretensions. These are: "To get the actual text in its purest form, and in its original sequence. To translate literally, so as to give each word and phrase its usual meaning at the date of its authorship, while carefully endeavouring to provide its exact modern equivalent. To preserve, in every instance, the characteristic and peculiar style of each of the sacred penmen. To give the poetical writings in verse form, line for line, and in the original metre, or at least rhythm. To bring into view the peculiarities that occur in the wording of the text. To translate it into a living language—the English as it is spoken to-day. To make the book pleasantly readable, so far as the printer's art can make it." The italics, which are our own, emphasise the bold assumptions of the original. Can you believe that the "original metre, or at least rhythm," was Swinburnian anapaests (the anapaests of "Dolores") without rhyme? The "English as it is spoken" is like this—at times:

"Why, to try for him would be in vain!
One drops, if but looking at him!"

Or this:

"Can you play with him, as with a bird?
Or put in a cage for your girls?
Can your friends make a feast off of him?
Or can he to merchants be sold?"

You have, in fine, all the ignobilities of a modern "literal translation" without its literality—its precision. If very small type can make a book "pleasantly readable," then the "printer's art" is successful. Authorial modesty has valued the work at sixpence, and we will not dispute it. Further than that the translator is Mr. Ferrar Fenton and the publishers Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son we need not go.

Translated by Mr. F. H. Wilkinson, and issued by Messrs. Skeffington & Son, Piccadilly, the other book is a contrast in modern versions of the much tried Patriarch. It gives the text clearly and faithfully, with as much of literary instinct (aided by the Authorised Version) as can perhaps be expected from a modern translator; it makes the *schema* of the poem (for such it is) as plain to the eye as arrangement can make it; the notes are excellent and very helpful; and the preface gives an admirable exposition of Job. Yet we have against him that he copies the American-born device of printing the lines in fancy

arrangements to look like English metre. This is the kind of thing:

If thou in earnest would'st turn unto God,
And address thy prayer to the Almighty,
If only thou wast pure and upright,
He surely would stir up His might for thee,
And restore thy righteous dwelling.
Thy former state would seem but small
Compared with the greatness of thy latter end.

There is nothing in the original to correspond with this quite arbitrary form, which pretends to be a complex stanza and is not—having neither rhyme nor metrical length to differentiate it. To understand what the author gains and loses, compare with the Authorised Version his description of the horse:

Didst thou bestow might on the war-horse?
And clothe his neck with a flowing mane?
Didst thou teach him to leap like a locust,
And neigh in his terrible pride?
He paws in the valley—exults in his strength,
Boldly he charges the armed warriors;
He mocks at fear, and is not affrighted,
He turneth not back from the sword;
Upon him rattleth the quiver,
The glittering spear, and javelin.
He frets, and impatiently paws up the ground,
And will not be still at the sound of the trumpet,
At the trumpet's blast, he cries Ha! Ha!
And scenteth the battle afar.

Beside this put the magnificent recognised translation:

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted: neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

You grieve at once (as with all modern versions) for the disappearance of the rhythm in Mr. Wilkinson's passage; wherewith goes its fitness as a vehicle for the poetry. It gains by correcting several mistranslations, notably the absurd "neither knoweth he that it is the sound of the trumpet," and "canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?" But there are needless displays of petty originality. What is gained by the modern form in "mocks at fear"? And it becomes intolerable when it is immediately followed by the archaic form in "turneth." But note that in other passages the corrections are far more important, since they affect total intelligibility. On the whole, Mr. Wilkinson has done valuable work.

For the Book of Job cannot be too much read or understood. In that element of power which we English love so well, it is probably the world's greatest poem. You may believe, if you will, that it is an actual record, or accept the generally held view that it was a work perhaps about the period of the Captivity, founded on facts. Job, there is little doubt, was an historical person, whose wealth and calamities were a tradition, like those of Cræsus among the Greeks. But all this does not affect the form and aim of the work. Obviously, to all intents and purposes, it is what may be called a dramatic poem, using the Patriarch's story as a setting for a solemn consideration of the problem of Evil. For this reason, like *Ecclesiastes* (so different in tone), it will be read while there is evil in the world.

How great and symmetrical is the treatment when it is properly grasped! After a brief prefatory account of Job, the poem opens with what is virtually a prologue, setting forth the "argument" of the action. By a sublime invention, the prologue takes place before the Throne of God, where Satan is introduced, mocking at the untried

the true of Job, which he sceptically affirms would give way before misfortune. He is accorded permission to afflict the hero, and when Job's virtue still survives, is allowed to increase his calamities, bringing him to the state of a leprous pauper, cast forth from all. Goethe seized the idea of this opening for his own *Prologue in Heaven* to *Faust*; the argument being similar—that a good man, however tempted,

Has still an instinct of the one true way.

Job's three friends then come on the scene, and sit by him in silence—a finely natural stroke. A lesser master than the nameless author would have made them break forth at once in lamentation. Job first speaks, to curse his birth in imprecations fine as those different curses of Simon. That he is meant to blaspheme should not be judged. It is but the hyperbolic Eastern parallel to an Englishman's lamenting his unlucky star—the grief-stunned heart awaking with cries of pain which says more than it really means. Only in Burger is such excess punished by a demon ride and ridiculous *can-can* of skeletons. Job's friends increase his misery by Pharisaic application of the Hebrew notion that calamity is a punishment for sin. Under the Old Law, men whose understanding was still childlike were led by the child's way of present reward and chastisement. Job is a token that the higher way of the New Law was casting its shadow before.

It is a point worth notice that one of the friends is a Temanite. Teman was the home of a philosophic sect, like the Magi; and the "wisdom of Teman" is as Scripturally renowned as the wisdom of the Magi. Job's reply denies that he has sinned so as to deserve his punishment, and impeaches the justice of God in his regard. When the friends repeat their contention with emphasis, he points to the frequent prosperity of the wicked in refutation. Finally a fourth speaker, Elihu, advances a fresh view—that calamity is a merciful warning to the sinner to repent. Job does not even answer him; and Elihu (a young man) characteristically loses his temper, tells Job he is "full of the judgment of the wicked," and prophesies new punishment in the approaching storm.

But it heralds the coming of Jehovah, who decides the controversy, and gives Job the vindication he demanded, but which he thought would only come with death. It was a magnificent idea to make the Creator the judge of the contention, and let the poem end with Him from whom it started. The poetry rises to the height of the daring demand, and the two speeches of Jehovah are the greatest in the book. Rebuking Job's questioning of Providence, he passes in review all the vastness and might of creation; then, when Job abases himself before the awful idea, and confesses his fault, by a magnificent figure Jehovah bids him clothe himself with Omnipotence, and rule the world of which he had impugned the rule. The elemental grandeurs of imagery, the amplitude of survey, the primal sublimities of conception in all these portions are beyond belief. It is truly speech of thunder, as worthy the mouth of the Deity as human powers and human symbols could make it. The lightnings, that start forth like servants to God's bidding, and answer "Here we are!" the treasure-houses of the snow; the sea, swathed in darkness and cloud as in swaddling-bands, the wonderful descriptions of the horse, Behemoth, and Leviathan—all these images hang incumbent over the mind with firmamental awe. The final solution of the poem's problem is that of all believing minds—the one alternative to scepticism—"Trust." The physical universe itself is too vast for your understanding; no marvel that the Evil and Good in it should likewise pass your understanding: trust Him (therefore) who, having made, does understand. Trust the Creator with His creation, the all-seeing Ruler with His rule, the Father who framed with His children whom He framed. On this note, with the restoration to Job of his prosperity, the most stupendous of poems rumbles away like failing thunder.

The New Advertising; or, The Dignity of Letters.

Now ready.

THE LOVE TELEGRAMS OF ELIZABETH.

By a Nameless Author.

Six Shillings.

THE LOVE TELEGRAMS OF ELIZABETH.

A New Novel of the Emotions.

Dedicated to

All who prefer a smart novel to a Society scandal.

THE LOVE TELEGRAMS OF ELIZABETH.

The publisher is confident that in this remarkable novel he has secured the sensation of the season. It combines all the desiderata of the moment: love, anonymity, and a heroine named Elizabeth. Publishers may not be the best judges of their own publications, but in this case there is no doubt whatever. Even when he read it in MS., and before the author insisted on a 25 per cent. royalty, the book moved him to tears. Since then he has shed them continually.

Read the book that makes its publisher weep!

THE LOVE TELEGRAMS OF ELIZABETH.

Readers of the First Large Edition entirely Exhausted.

A Second Large Edition in Preparation.

Subsequent Editions will follow with ghastly alacrity.

THE LOVE TELEGRAMS OF ELIZABETH.

First Notice in London.

"... altogether ... we make bold to say ... *The Love Telegrams of Elizabeth* is ... the ... most interesting ... novel ... that has appeared this week." *Evening Post*.

First Notice in Provinces.

"This wonderful novel. ... Laying it down we ask, Where is Marie Corelli now? Where is Charles Dickens? ... Epoch-making book."—*East Anglian Sentinel*.

THE LOVE TELEGRAMS OF ELIZABETH.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., writes: "I have rarely looked forward with more seriousness to reading a book."

Mr. George Meredith writes: "A revelation to me."

Mr. F. T. Bullen writes: "The wonders of the deep are not in it with this stupendous writer."

The Archbishop of Canterbury writes: "Your kind present."

THE LOVE TELEGRAMS OF ELIZABETH.

None genuine unless bound in wash-leather with sarcenet bows. See that you get it.

When you have read it use the cover for cleaning the silver.

THE LOVE TELEGRAMS OF ELIZABETH.

At all Booksellers and Drapers.

Price Six Shillings.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 79 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the titles of the twelve best books announced in our Spring Supplement. The winning list was to be identified by a plébiscite of all the lists sent in. We find that the prize is due to Mr. B. Hooke, 39, Cathles-road, Balham Hill, London, S.W., to whom a cheque has been sent. Out of the twelve books collectively chosen by about 150 competitors Mr. Hooke names eight. Three competitors named seven, six named six, and a great many named four or five.

The twelve best books as determined by plébiscite are these:

Bismarck's Love-Letters.....	50
Max Müller's My Autobiography	36
Maeterlinck's The Life of the Bee	33
Besant's East London	25
Dreyfus' Five Years of My Life	24
Lady Hodsou's The Siege of Kumassi	24
Stevenson's In the South Seas	21
Saintsbury's A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe	19
Allen's The Siege of the Peking Legations	19
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters	18
Times History of the War in South Africa	16
The Francis Letters	16

The prize-winner's list is as follows:

Whiteing's The Life of Paris.
A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe.
Major Pond's Eccentricities of Genius.
The Love-Letters of Prince Bismarck.
The Francis Letters.
Max Müller's My Autobiography: a Fragment.
Times History of the War in South Africa.
Scientific Memoirs of T. H. Huxley.
The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa.
An Englishwoman's Love Letters.
Lady Hodsou's The Siege of Kumassi.
Maeterlinck's The Life of the Bee.

Below we print a list of books which in order of popularity stand next to those which secured admission to the plébiscite list:

Archer's Poets of the Younger Generation	14
Doyle's The Great Boer War	14
Layard's Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton	13
Balidon's R. L. Stevenson	13
Holmes's Queen Victoria	13
Pond's Eccentricities of Genius	13
Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff	12
Whibley's W. M. Thackeray	12
Foster & Lancaster's Scientific Memoirs of T. H. Huxley	12
The M. Carthy's History of the Four Georges, &c.	12
Myers's Human Personality	12
Stoddart-Walker's Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie	12
Craig's A Century of Scottish History	10
Mowbray's Seventy Years at Westminster	8
Grogan & Sharp's Cape to Cairo	8
Cairnes's Earl Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War	7
Whiteing's The Life of Paris	7
Stevens's Cape Town to Laysmith	7
Nansen's The Norwegian North Polar Expedition	7
Ellis's Life of Richard Wagner	7
Mrs. Oliphant's Queen Victoria	7
Martin's Helena Faucit	7

Competition No. 80 (New Series).

IN Mr. Charles Marriott's novel, *The Column*, which we reviewed last week, there occurs a mysterious reference to Antwerp in connexion with some past incident in the life of Cathcart, the sculptor. What had happened to Cathcart at Antwerp we do not know. The author says:

The story cannot be told here; it is one of those stories that a man thinks about when there is only one thing left for him to do, and that to blow out his brains. Perhaps it explains Cathcart's genius; but it is also why his friends never allow him to see white lilac.

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best theory of Cathcart's association with white lilac based simply on the above extract.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, April 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months, and 12 Months
CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS of the SEASON
ARE NOW IN CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE
(Second-hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS

SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street,
E.C., LONDON;
And at 10 to 12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK

6s., claret roan, gilt, illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. Llangollen: DARLINGTON & Co.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from
His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor
JOHN RU-KIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE;
and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORFOLK BROADS. THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
BOSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
{ LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, }
{ LLANFAIRFE'RHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON. }
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.
CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELL.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the
leading Hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers'.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS

2%

on the minimum monthly balances, when not
drawn below £100.

2%

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

2½%

on Deposits, repayable on demand.

2½%

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.

Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

Digitized by Google

JOHN LANE,

The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W.

In cloth binding, 2s. 6d.

A BIRTHDAY BOOK

From the Writings of

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

Selected and Arranged by ZOË PROCTER.

"As a rule, a birthday book is a rather inept production with quotations neither valuable in themselves nor *à propos* of anything in particular. The epigrams which Miss Zoë Procter has gathered from the works of 'John Oliver Hobbes' have, for the most part, the merit of being witty and displaying a keen and satirical outlook upon life; while a considerable portion of the amusement, somewhat malicious it may be at times, which the little volume will afford, will be due to appreciation of the aptness of some of the more biting sarcasms to the victim whose name will appear on the opposite page."

Daily Telegraph, March 13, 1901.

"Birthday Books composed from the published works of popular authors have been the fashion for some time. It is not every writer whose books lend themselves to successful treatment on such lines.....The Birthday Book which takes its name and wisdom from the author of 'The Gods, some Mortals and Lord Wickenham,' 'The Ambassador,' 'Robert Orange,' and other volumes, is rather better than most books of the kind. Of course, a great deal depends on the arrangement and selection, and in this case the work has been creditably performed."

Morning Post, February 22, 1901.

"Mrs. Craigie is exactly one of the authors who show to advantage in a selection of *bonnes bouches* from her writings because she is so very witty and epigrammatic.....Readers will be very grateful for having them collected together, for they form such a storehouse of wit, wisdom, and pathos.....'John Oliver Hobbes' is a writer of exceptional brilliance.....She is also wonderfully observant of the common rounds and trivial tasks which are being performed by ordinary mortals all round her, and translates them into literature with much humour and humanity."

DOUGLAS SLADEN, in the *Queen*, March 16, 1901.

"It is made up of extracts from the works of 'John Oliver Hobbes,' and is issued by Mr. John Lane in that publisher's usual tasteful fashion. If a writer's work is to be chopped up into little bits.....there are few authors who could come out of the ordeal so well as Mrs. Craigie. And for this obvious reason—that what is most characteristic in her novels and plays is their wealth of aphorism, of comment upon life and nature which readily admit of being taken out of their original setting and being made to stand alone."

Globe, February 27, 1901.

"There should be a wide circle to welcome this interesting and discreetly compiled collection, by Miss Zoë Procter, of wise and witty things from the plays and stories by clever Mrs. Craigie. The 'John Oliver Hobbes' Birthday Book is prettily got-up, and will be a source of endless interest and amusement."

Lady's Pictorial, March 16, 1901.

"Both the selection and the arrangement have been admirably done. The 'Birthday Book' bristles with the best epigrams of the distinguished writer, and the arrangement shows judgment and care. In a great many of the quotations there is a leaven of cynicism; but, as a rule, the cynical touch makes the epigram sparkle all the more brilliantly. The publication is a very interesting one."

Irish Independent, March 7, 1901.

"An epigrammatic writer like Mrs. Craigie furnishes a book of this kind well, and the volume will, no doubt, prove popular....."

Scotsman, February 25, 1901.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W.

WINDSOR CASTLE An original etching by Mr. AXEL H. HAIG, appears in the April number of *THE ART JOURNAL*. Now ready, price 1s. 6d. "The effect is excellent. The etching should become popular, as there is no better picture of the Royal Castle in the print shops."—*Pall Mall Gazette*. Artist's Proofs signed by Etcher and limited to 100 copies, price £2 2s. each.—London: H. VIRTUE & Co. Ltd., 26, Ivy Lane, E.C.

Now ready, Second and Cheap Edition, 6d. net. **LAYS of ANCIENT GREECE**, including Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea. By Endymus.

"The hum and strife of battle, the cries of the stricken, the hush of night, as the opposing legions withdraw from the field, are all sung in stirring verse, truly heroic."

ARLISS ANDREWS, Publisher, 31, Museum Street, London. W.C.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

Price 2s.—Contents.—APRIL.

SOUTH AMERICA: an Outline of its Physical Geography. By Colonel GEORGE EARL CHURCH, Member of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society.

NOTE on TOPOGRAPHICAL WORK in CHINESE TURKESTAN. By Dr. M. A. STRIN.

CAN HAWKINS'S "MAIDEN LAND" be IDENTIFIED as the FALKLAND ISLANDS? By Commander B. M. CHAMBERS, R.N.

SEBASTIAN MÜNSTER. By C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY. THE MONTHLY RECORD.

OBITUARY—GEORGE MERCIER DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S.

CORRESPONDENCE—The Rediscovery of Bariloche Pass. By ALEJANDRO BERTHOLD.

MEETINGS of the ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, Session 1900-1901.

GEOGRAPHICAL LITERATURE of the MONTH. Numerous Maps and Illustrations.

EDWARD STANFORD, 12, 13, 14, Long Acre, W.C.

ROYAL BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION.

The present Modern Languages Headmaster having resigned on appointment as chief Lecturer in Modern Languages at McGill University, Montreal, the Governors are prepared to receive applications for the HEADMASTERSHIP of the DEPARTMENT, for 1st September. Salary will commence at £250 per annum.

Applications, with statement of age and copies of testimonials, will be received up to the 10th May.

E. J. DOWDALL, Secretary.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

ENLARGED AND CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

(Over 500 pages, 8vo, bound in green cloth).

All the Principal Works in Circulation at the Library

ARRANGED under SUBJECTS.

Forming a Comprehensive Guide to Notable Publications in most Branches of Literature.

Books of Permanent Interest on POLITICAL and SOCIAL TOPICS, the ARMY, NAVY, ARTS, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, SPORT, THEOLOGY, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, and FICTION. Price 1s. 6d.

Also a FOREIGN CATALOGUE, containing BOOKS in FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, and SPANISH.

Price 1s. 6d.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY,
30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road; and
49, Queen Victoria Street, London.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

LECTURE ARRANGEMENTS AFTER EASTER, 1901.

LECTURE HOUR, 3 o'clock p.m.

ALLAN MACFADYEN, M.D., B.Sc., Fulleren Professor of Physiology, R.I. Six Lectures on "CELLULAR PHYSIOLOGY" (with special reference to the Enzymes and Ferments.) On Tuesdays, April 16, 23, 30, May 7, 14, 21. One Guinea the Course.

Professor WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of St. Andrews. Two Lectures on "THE PHILOSOPHICAL UNDERTONES OF MODERN POETRY." On Tuesdays, May 28, June 4 (The Tyndall Lectures). Half-a-Guinea.

ROGER FRY, Esq. Two Lectures on "NATURALISM IN ITALIAN PAINTING." On Thursdays, April 18, 25. Half-a-Guinea.

Sir ALEX. CAMPBELL MACKENZIE Mus. Doc. M.R.I., Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Three Lectures on "ARTHUR SULLIVAN" (with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations). On Thursdays, May 2, 9, 16. Half-a-Guinea.

Professor DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., M.R.I., Fulleren Professor of Chemistry, R.I. Three Lectures on "THE CHEMISTRY OF CARBON." On Thursdays, May 23, 30, June 6. Half-a-Guinea.

JOHN Y. BUCHANAN, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., M.R.I. Three Lectures on "CLIMATE: ITS CAUSES AND ITS EFFECTS." On Saturdays, April 20, 27, May 4. Half-a-Guinea.

Professor W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. Three Lectures on "THE RISE OF CIVILISATION IN EGYPT" (Illustrated by Lantern Slides). On Saturdays, May 11, 18, 25. Half-a-Guinea.

McGILL UNIVERSITY, Montreal, Canada.

CHAIR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Governors of McGill University are prepared to receive Applications for Appointment to the newly-founded Professorship of Political Economy. Salary, \$2,500 per annum. Candidates are requested to forward applications, with any testimonials and references they may desire to submit, on or before May 15th, to

W. VAUGHAN, Secretary,
McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The SUMMER SESSION will begin on MAY 1, 1901.

Students can reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the Collegiate regulations.

The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds. Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of nearly £900 are awarded annually.

Special Classes for the Preliminary Scientific and the other London University Examinations, for the F.R.C.S., and for other Higher Examinations.

There is a large, thoroughly well-equipped Cricket Ground.

For further particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

"THE EAGLE and the SERPENT": a Journal for Free Spirits. The only Journal in existence expressly devoted to the exposition of Nietzsche's Teachings. Price 3d.—Published by WATTS & Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Professor J. B. FARMER, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Botany, Royal College of Science. Two Lectures on "THE BIOLOGICAL CHARACTERS OF EPIPHYTIC PLANTS." On Saturdays, June 1, 8. Half-a-Guinea.

Subscription (to Non-Members) to all Courses of Lectures (extending from Christmas to Midsummer), Two Guineas. Tickets issued daily at the Institution, or sent by post on receipt of Cheque or Post-Office Order.

Members may purchase not less than Three Single Lecture Tickets, available for any Afternoon Lecture, for Half-a-Guinea.

The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will be resumed on April 19th, at 9 p.m., when Prof. J. J. THOMSON will give a Discourse on "THE EXISTENCE OF BODIES SMALLER THAN ATOMS." Succeeding Discourses will probably be given by Dr. HANS GADOW, Mr. CHARLES MERCIER, Professor J. C. ROSE, EARL PERCY, M.P., Dr. R. T. GLAZEBROOK, Mr. A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, and other gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

Persons desirous of becoming Members are requested to apply to the Secretary. When proposed they are immediately admitted to all the Lectures, to the Friday Evening Meetings, and to the Library and Reading Rooms; and their Families are admitted to the Lectures at a reduced charge. Payment: First Year, Ten Guineas; afterwards, Five Guineas a year; or a composition of Sixty Guineas.

First Editions of English Authors.

MESSRS. BANGS & CO. will SELL by AUCTION, without Reserve, at their Rooms, 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, May 7 and 8, BOOKS and LETTERS, collected by Mr. William Harris Arnold, including sixty volumes of English Poetry printed in the Seventeenth Century, of which the most important is "Paradise Lost," 1667, in the original sheep binding; several rare volumes of the Eighteenth Century; first editions of the Brownings, including "Pauline," 1833, "The Battle of Marathon," 1820; the privately printed "Sonnets," 1847, and proof copies, with the Author's manuscript changes and corrections, of "Dramatis Personae," and "The Ring and the Book"; first editions of Keats's "Poems" 1818, presentation copy, "Endymion," 1818, original boards, uncut, and "Lamia," 1820, original boards, uncut; Shelley's "Adonais," 1821, in the original paper covers, uncut; Tennyson's "The Falcon," 1879, and "The Promise of May," 1882, both privately printed for the Author's use; a set of the books printed at the Kelmscott Press, including the unique Trial Page of the projected Kelmscott folio "Shakespeare"; and many others too various to be indicated here.

The letters—for the most part by American Authors—include three by the Brownings, one by Cowper, one by Keats, three by Shelley, and two by Wordsworth. There are also the original manuscript, signed by Addison, of the Transfer of Copyright of a volume of "The Spectator," and—most important of all—the complete holograph manuscript of Keats's poem "To Charles Cowden Clarke."

Catalogue, now ready, to be had of the Auctioneers, Messrs. Bangs & Co., of the leading London dealers; or of Messrs. B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.

CASSELL & COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

READY on APRIL 10, price 6s.

MR. FRANK STOCKTON'S NEW STORY.

AFIELD AND AFLOAT.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," "Adventures of Captain Horn,"
"The Girl at Cobhurst," &c.

With 12 Illustrations.

A NEW AND ENGROSSING HISTORICAL NOVEL.

JUST PUBLISHED, price 6s.

A SOLDIER OF THE KING.

Being some Passages in the Life of Mr. JOHN GIFFORD, sometime Major in the service of His Majesty King Charles I., and afterwards Minister of a Congregation of Christ's people at Bedford.

By DORA M. JONES.

"It is a real pleasure to get an honest, healthy, bracing story like this, full of incident and character, and pervaded with deep human interest. Miss Dora Jones is a capital story-teller."—*Irish Times*.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

FIVE BEAUTIFUL REMBRANDT PHOTOGRAPHURE PLATES of representative pictures in the Royal Academy (in place of the single Plate hitherto given) will be issued with

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1901.

This work will include 200 Exquisite Reproductions, and will be published in Five Parts, price 1s. (each containing a Rembrandt Photographure); or in one volume, cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

A NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

READY SHORTLY, price 6s.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

By Rev. A. J. HARRISON.

A book which will arouse great interest and some little controversy in religious circles is the Reverend Alexander Harrison's autobiography. The author, a greatly respected and well-known clergyman at Newcastle-on-Tyne, entered upon young manhood as a sceptic, and it was some time before he was attracted to any religion. Then he joined the Methodists, eventually becoming a minister of that sect. After many years, he was driven by force of circumstances to give up Methodism, and took orders in the Church of England. The book is written in a clear direct style, and is full of anecdote.

NEW SIXPENNY EDITIONS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE SEA WOLVES.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

READY SHORTLY.

THE SPLENDID SPUR.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ("Q").

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, London;
Paris, New York, and Melbourne.

THE EDINBURGH WAVERLEY.

In 48 volumes, at 6s. net the volume.

THE Publishers have the honour to announce that they have commenced the issue of an edition of SIR WALTER SCOTT'S Novels, uniform (in every particular except binding), with

"THE EDINBURGH STEVENSON,"

than which no more distinguished *format* has been achieved in book production.

The features of THE EDINBURGH WAVERLEY are as follows:—

Text.—The text adopted will be that of the last edition revised by the Author, with all Sir Walter Scott's Notes and Introductions. Neither Notes nor Introductions by any other hand will be included. A carefully prepared Glossary of Scots Words will be given at the end of each volume.

Type and Printing.—The type—a new fount—will be of the same bold and beautiful cut as that used for "The Edinburgh Stevenson." The printing, to secure the clearest impression, will be direct from the type, which will afterwards be distributed. The execution of the letterpress has been entrusted to Messrs. CONSTABLE.

Paper.—The paper, as in "The Edinburgh Stevenson," is made of pure rag, remarkably light in weight, and bears on each page as a watermark "The Edinburgh Waverley."

Portraits.—A portrait reproduced in photographure (printed from the plate) will form the frontispiece to each of the 48 Volumes. These plates will be a feature of peculiar interest. They will comprise:—

- (1) A very complete series of about 20 *Authentic Portraits* of Sir Walter Scott, some of them reproduced here for the first time.
 - (2) Portraits of the prototypes of some of the best known characters in the Novels.
 - (3) Portraits of some of the historical personages portrayed in the Novels.
- In most cases photographs have been specially taken for this series direct from the paintings, not from engravings.

The whole series has been selected by and executed under the supervision of Mr. JAMES L. CAW, Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The photographure plates will be made by Messrs. T. and R. ANNAN.

Binding.—The volumes will be bound in buckram, with red morocco label. Particular attention has been given to the style and workmanship, so as to ensure a binding both beautiful and durable.

LIMITED AND NUMBERED ISSUE.

Only 1,000 copies for sale, and 40 for the Press and presentation, will be printed. Each volume will be numbered, and the first volume in each set signed by the Publishers. Two volumes will be issued every month, beginning 5th April, 1901.

Edinburgh: T. & E. C. JACK; and Booksellers.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1509. Established 1869.

6 April, 1901.

Price Threepence

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

WE observe with pleasure that the Society of Authors' Pension Fund is making very good progress. The donations approach £1,500, the donors including Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Walter Besant, Mrs. Craigie, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Gilbert Parker. All these have given £100 and upwards. The subscription list, on the other hand, strikes us as rather short, but the vigour and discretion with which the Fund is being managed augur well for its success. The first grants of pensions will be made in April.

THE English translation of the book by Captain Dreyfus will be called *Five Years of My Life*, and will be published on May 1 by Messrs. George Newnes. Captain Dreyfus kept a diary during the whole period of his incarceration on Devil's Island, and some extracts from this will be given in an article that will appear in the May number of the *Strand Magazine*. The book itself, which will contain illustrations by the author, will be published simultaneously in France, Germany, and the United States. Captain Dreyfus describes from first to last the inner workings of the great events with which he was associated. Every incident is set forth in detail—his sudden arrest in November, 1894; his trial in secret; his public degradation; his conveyance to Devil's Island in a cage on the ship's deck; his years of life in exile; and finally his restoration to honour, liberty, and happiness at Rennes.

ON Easter Tuesday, the anniversary of Goldsmith's death, a company of enthusiasts will place flowers on his grave in the Temple. It is also proposed to hold an open-air recital of selections from his works at the tomb during the afternoon.

IN the *Plain Dealer*, Mr. Frank Harris's new paper, he hopes "to add to the amusement of readers by drawing attention to the little faults and failings of public men and public institutions, always remembering that complete knowledge, even of the worst of men, implies forgiveness." The *Plain Dealer*, we understand, is to be illustrated.

"BENJAMIN SWIFT'S" forthcoming work is a survey of modern knowledge with reference to conduct. It gives the inner experiences of a modern mind which has lost hold of the orthodox beliefs and has attempted to restate the problems of life in an unconventional way. This work will be published by Mr. Heinemann under the author's real name—W. R. Paterson.

MR. C. F. KEARY is one of the few writers whose work we would willingly see oftener. His *Wanderer*, a new edition of which has just been published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, was first issued thirteen years ago. We copy the elaborately mysterious editor's note:

Mr. H. Ogram Matusce, who, a matter of twelve years ago, wrote these travel-pictures, is now no more. I cannot

call him my friend—for one reason, that I have never seen him, but we have often been in communication. Wherefore to me has fallen the duty of editing these ten short chapters. I have heard it suggested that H. Ogram Matusce was but a shade, or *nominis umbra*; and some, seeing that he tells us how, before his manumission, he was a clerk in the city, have fancifully detected the mere title of a clerk (ὁ γραμματεὺς) in his name. Against which I can allege that, though I have not seen his face, I have been upon his tracks, and remember to have found this name "H. Ogram Matusce" written upon the wall of a tower hard by Dantesic. If my memory serves, it was on the Carlsberg. I am sorry to recall the shameful act; but there the writing was.

My task has been little beyond the inserting of corrections that I found in the author's hand in a copy left to me by him, and which I cherish for his sake. On the fly-leaf I found likewise the following quatrain—possibly the only thing he ever wrote beside these pictures of travel. He called it "Dust." Let it stand for us both as his epigram and epitaph:

"On the high-road how flit'st, O golden dust!
Time's wealth the Wanderer's and the Sun's art thou.
Him, whom all else have left, thou followest; so,
Turn where he may, still turn to thee he must."

"LIBRARIANS and their assistants," says the *Library World*, "are very frequently asked to recommend amusing novels for hard workers, invalids, and others, who desire a little light reading by way of relaxation from the stern business of life." Our contemporary has tried to compile such a list. It does not strike us as being very complete. But the list is offered "in the hope that more learned and better informed readers may be able to add to this scanty array of novels and short stories, which, in our opinion, may be regarded as humorous and funny":

ADELER.	HABBERTON.
Elbow Room.	Helen's Babies.
Out of the Hurly-Burly.	Other People's Children.
Random Shots.	JACOBS.
ALDEN.	Many Cargoes.
Among the Freaks.	Master of Craft.
Told by the Colonel.	Sea Urchins.
ALLEN (F. M.).	Skipper's Wooing.
From the Green Bag.	JEROME.
ANDOM.	Three Men in a Boat.
We Three and Troddles.	JERROLD.
Martha and I.	Caudle Lectures.
ANSTEY.	MARSH.
Black Poodle.	Amusement Only.
Tinted Venus.	PAIN.
Vice Versa.	In a Canadian Canoe.
BRADLEY.	SHANNON.
Verdant Green.	The Mess Deck.
BURNAND.	SMOLLETT.
Real Adventures of Robin-	Humphry Clinker.
son Crusoe.	STERNE.
COCKTON.	Tristram Shandy.
Valentine Vox.	THACKERAY.
DAUDET.	Yellowplush Papers.
Tartarin of Tarascon.	TWAIN.
Tartarin on the Alps.	Huckleberry Finn.
DICKENS.	Tom Sawyer.
Pickwick Papers.	ZANGWILL.
DRURY.	Celibates' Club.
Bearers of the Burden.	

THERE have been two literary lawsuits in the courts this week. Mr. Justice Kekewich gave judgment in the case of *Moffatt & Paige v. Gill & Sons and Marshall*, in which the first-named firm asked for an injunction restraining Messrs. Gill from issuing an edition of *As You Like It* edited by the Rev. Francis Marshall. It was alleged that Mr. Marshall's edition was a "colourable imitation" of an edition of the same play issued by them and edited by Mr. Thomas Page. The trial had occupied three days early in March, and Mr. Justice Kekewich's judgment filled nearly two and a half columns of Tuesday's *Times*. The learned judge went very deeply into the ethics of editing. He evidently relished the case, and his judgment shows that he had spent a good many hours among books before deciding it. He accepted the rules laid down by Mr. Scrutton in his book on copyright. These declare that an editor may:

- (1.) Use all common sources of information.
- (2.) Use the work of another as a guide to those common sources.
- (3.) Use another's works to test the completeness of his own.

He decided that Mr. Marshall had not exceeded these liberties, but he gave no costs to Mr. Marshall. He gave costs to Messrs. Gill, the plaintiffs paying their own.

THE second case, heard before Mr. Justice Lawrence, in the King's Bench, without a jury, turned not on any broad principle, but on what was said in an interview. Our readers will remember that in May, last year, Mr. Grant Richards issued a very clever novel called *Charlotte Leyland*. It was quickly withdrawn in consequence of the allegation that it contained a serious libel on the Women's Institute and its president. This week Mr. Grant Richards brought an action against the author, Mrs. Beresford Ryley, for the repayment of £112 12s. 10d., being the costs and expenses he incurred in producing this book. Mr. Richards's claim did not rest on the simple fact that his agreement with Mrs. Ryley had stipulated that her novel should contain nothing libellous and that if it did he should be indemnified. You do not know whether a book is really libellous until it has been made the subject of a libel action, and that unhappy species of litigation was avoided in this case by the calling of a council consisting of Mr. Richards, his solicitor, and Mr. and Mrs. Ryley. The position at this council was peculiar. Mrs. Ryley, naturally, would not admit that her book was libellous merely because it was said to be so; and she was unwilling to withdraw it just when its success seemed assured. Mr. Richards, though persuaded it was libellous, could not withdraw it without the author's permission, because to do so on the mere allegation of libel would be to forfeit his right to indemnification; and yet if the novel were not withdrawn he expected to have to face the music of a libel action. As it was to the interest of both parties to avoid the major risk, the book was withdrawn with Mrs. Ryley's consent; and the question to be decided by Mr. Justice Lawrence was whether in giving that consent she agreed to indemnify Mr. Richards as though the book had in fact been proved libellous. Mr. and Mrs. Ryley denied that a word was said about the expenses of the book under this arrangement; whereas Mr. Richards and the solicitor stated that there was a verbal promise to repay the money. We are not surprised that Mr. Justice Lawrence remarked that it was a case in which he would have liked the assistance of a jury—the more so as it is difficult not to feel sympathy with each party. The decision was adverse to Mrs. Ryley, and we can only hope that her second novel, which Mr. Heinemann will shortly issue, may obliterate by its success the fate of her first; for of her talent there is no doubt.

IN her article on "Plays of the Modern French School" in the new *Anglo-Saxon Review* Mrs. Craigie raises some

very interesting questions. Using modern French comedies as a touchstone, she shows where our own drama is weak and why it is weak. The following pronouncement strikes us as lucid and interesting:

No crude realism in the dialogue [of modern French comedies] is ever tolerable from a literary point of view; and the balanced phrases of Maurice Donnay, H. Lavedan, Hervieu, Hermant, and others, no more reproduce the inane slang and feeble, illiterate vocabulary of modern drawing-rooms than the divine verse of Shakespeare gives us the every-day conversation of the aristocracy of his time.

An artist aims at the spirit of things. He deals in symbols and diagrams. He is not a shorthand reporter: he does not hang about the law courts in quest of the "right word" and "the real thing." Any one scene in any one of the modern French comedies is a concentrated essence of many hundreds of conversations held by a great variety of persons. It is true that no author should make all his characters speak in precisely the same manner—the literary manner—but just as every portrait painted by any artist of distinction has a certain family resemblance in the matter of treatment, expression, and the like, so each character in the play of a genuine dramatist has the peculiar mould of its creator's workshop. Lavedan excels in his portraiture of men. They live in his pages: not at their most sublime, be it said, but certainly at their honestest. Donnay, on the other hand, draws the "external feminine" of rebellious heart, with far more knowledge than Ibsen; and we recognise a Donnay heroine, just as we know a Shakespeare woman, a Meredith woman, a Hardy woman, the immortal humanities of Tolstoi, and the Turgenev enchantress. They talk, that is to say, the way in which their authors chose to hear them; and until it is realised that language, no less than music, is a way of hearing, and the presentment of character a way of seeing, England will have no drama which it can offer in comparison with a similar branch of art on the Continent.

ON the subject of immorality in our modern plays, Mrs. Craigie has these caustic remarks:

A great deal of immorality, so-called, is highly acceptable in London plays, but on the understanding that all is to end happily and the piper must not be paid. When one is fortunate enough to find a story of this kind, either in real life or elsewhere, an excellent play, at all events a soothing one, may be made out of it; but no artist could undertake to invent such an unlikely adventure and treat it lightly as a sentimental farce. He might, if he chose, treat it fantastically as a purely artificial comedy, and bring about some such effects as Congreve sought. But Congreve, even at his most frivolous moments, was far too truthful to be popular, and, although he kept the piper and his wages well in the background, one was never permitted to feel that the pursuit of pleasure led invariably to its capture.

A sort of rickety sentimentalism broods over the growth of every imaginative work, and, whether the theme be, as a poet has said, "the recovery of a straggling husband" or the pursuit of an inconstant lover, we wait in vain for one moment of real passion, or, in default of it, one note of ironical sympathy. Remembering the shattered nerves of modern civilisation, one may, perhaps, be pardoned a certain tenderness for the young and old of both sexes who complain that tragedy gives them the "hump." Your heroine, nowadays, must die to bright music, and your hero must behave with a worldly wisdom given in more vigorous times to your out-and-out scoundrel. Moral seriousness, therefore, being denied us in the play-house, let us, at least, be frankly artificial, presenting life as a sort of shadow dance on satin sheets, with a good electric moon to assist the process. This false cheering up, by means of a patting on the back all round at the close of a mournful intrigue, is the sort of pious hypocrisy we descend to by hoping that our neighbour is better taken in than we are.

A FEW weeks ago we published a rendering of two of Heine's lyrics by Miss Ethel Mayne. This week we print

translations of two more of Heine's poems, sent to us by Miss Violet Hunt. They are as follows:

My Love, if thou wert lying there,
Down in the grave where no light goes,
Then I would come to thee, I swear,
And kiss and caress thee, and hold thee close.

Kiss and caress thee, dear, as I will
Quiet and cold and pale art thou.
Trembling and moaning and weeping still,
'Tis I am a corpse myself by now! . . .

The Dead arise as it strikes midnight,
And dance about in crazy swarms
The darksome vault where, out of sight,
Two lovers lie in each other's arms.

The Dead arise at the Trump of Doom
That calls to joy or sorrowing.
We two lie still in our little room
And take no heed of anything.

The stars in heaven looked closely down
The moonbeams bathed the earth in gray.
I dreamed I came to that other town
Many a hundred miles away.

And I dreamed I came to the door at last
Of the very house you lay within.
I kissed the steps that your feet had past,
And the hem of your dress as you went in.

The drear cold night, the livelong night
I lay at your door and held my breath;—
O'er the window bar, in the pale moonlight,
Your face leaned out as pale as death!

We had not space last week to quote some interesting remarks on George Borrow's connexion with East Anglia in Mr. Clement Shorter's address to East Anglians at the Trocadero. Coming to that writer, Mr. Shorter defended him against the serious charge of not being an East Anglian—brought against him by Mr. Watts-Dunton—with considerable skill.

"Not one drop of East Anglian blood," says Mr. Watts-Dunton, "was in the veins of Borrow's father, and very little in the veins of his mother." . . . There is virtue in that qualification of his, that there was "very little" East Anglian blood in the veins of Borrow's mother, and that she was "mainly" French. As a matter of fact, she is, of course, partly East Anglian—that is to say, she must have had two or three generations of East Anglian blood in her, seeing that it was her great-grandfather who settled in Norfolk from France, and he and his children and grandchildren intermarried with the race. But I do not pin my claim for Borrow upon that fact, the fact of three generations in his mother's family at Dimpling Green, or even on the fact that he was born at East Dereham. The impressions derived from environment are of the utmost vitality, and assuredly Borrow was an East Anglian, as Sir Thomas Browne, who did not reach Norfolk until he was over thirty years of age, was an East Anglian. In each writer can be traced the influence of the soil in a peculiar degree, and particularly in Borrow. Borrow was proud of being an East Anglian, and East Anglians were proud of him. In *Lavengro*, I venture to assert, we have the greatest example of prose style in our modern literature.

The opinion expressed in the last sentence does credit to Mr. Shorter's courage; but it is one of those matters on which discussion can but rage and exhaust itself.

In the *New Liberal Review* Mr. George Meredith has a poem in which there is nothing of obscurity though much of feeling. It is called "The Hueless Love," and describes the meeting of a man and woman in middle life. Of its eight stanzas we venture to quote three:

To them it was revealed how they had found
The kindred nature and the needed mind;
The mate by long conspiracy designed;
The flower to plant in sanctuary ground.

Avowed in vigilant solicitude
For either, what most lived within each breast
They let be seen; yet every human test
Demanding righteousness approved them good.

The man died, and the woman kissed his lips for the first time:

So has there come the gust at South-West flung
By sudden volt on eves of freezing mist,
When sister snowflake sister snowdrop kissed,
And one passed out, and one the bell-head hung.

It is a true poem. Were we supposed to be very critical we should suggest that the simile of snowdrop and snowflake, though apt and pretty, is too diminutive.

MR. ANDREW LANG is just now suffering the inconvenience of a literary "double," who writes poems and articles above the same signature. An author has unfortunately no copyright in his name. We sympathise with Mr. Lang, and to divert his attention from this troublesome circumstance we present him with the following verses, which we hope he will like:

Two men there are of our late day
To whom a fonder love I bear
Than others win, and these are they—
Dear Andrew with the brindled hair
Who doth his learning lightly wear,
From prehistoric man—to Greek,
And, dearer still, the wise, the fair
Dear Louis of the awful cheek!

The light verse, fairy tale, essay,
The bookish talk, the style, declare
Our shorter-minded Thackeray—
Dear Andrew with the brindled hair.
No novelist! he doth not share
HIS spell who made live, move and speak
Alan, Catriona, glorious pair—
Dear Louis of the awful cheek.

One with us yet, alert if grey,
Still casts a dry fly here and there,
Still tells his tale of ghost and fay—
Dear Andrew with the brindled hair.
But in an alien island where
Strange starshine lights Vaea peak,
His work accomplished, rests the rare.
Dear Louis of the awful cheek.

ENVOY.

Dear Andrew with the brindled hair
Write that Great Book before you fare
Along the darkened ways to seek
Dear Louis of the awful cheek.

J.

For refrains see *Underwoods* and *At the Sign of the Ship* (Longmans, 1887).

A FEW weeks ago a correspondent asked: "Can any of your readers tell me who originally compiled *The Child's Own Book*, which was issued about the middle of the last century?" Another correspondent kindly replies as follows: "I enclose the particulars of the fifth edition, a copy of which in the original cloth as issued may be seen in the Folk-lore Fairy Tale Exhibition now at Leighton House, Holland Park-road: *The Child's Own Book*, illustrated with nearly three hundred engravings. The fifth edition (vignette illustration here), 'The Fisherman and the Genii,' 'In mirth and play no harm you'll know When duty's task is done.' London: Printed for Thomas Tegg & Son, 73, Cheapside; N. Hailes, Piccadilly; Bowdery & Kerby, Oxford Street; R. Griffin & Co., Glasgow; Tegg, Wise & Co., Dublin. 1836. (16mo.) Pp. viii., table of contents 2 pp., and 568 pp., printed by Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars. The preface to the first edition is retained in this, the fifth, edition, and is signed 'J. M.' The editor speaks of 'her little friends.' I have little doubt but that Mrs. Jane Marcet was the editor."

THE old *Saturday Review* is worthy of a biography all to itself. Some stray materials for such a work will be found in the very interesting article in the April *Blackwood*, called "Some Editors and Others." Recalling his own first experiences as an early contributor to the *Saturday*, the writer says:

The pay did not approach that of present-day half-penny morning papers; but the editing was sumptuously done. The editorial and business departments were sundered by the distance between the Albany and the Strand. In the Albany the editor was supposed to be seated from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. There the articles were arranged for in cosy talk. Ushered into Mr. Cook's sanctum in some fear and trembling, I found the man in striking contrast to his surroundings. Nothing could be more suitably luxurious than the fittings of the room, with its thick carpets, its massive furnishing, and the usual literary litter of an editor's den. The veteran was then in his decay and drawing near to his end, but the old fire flickered up when he began to talk, and flashed out from under his shaggy eyebrow.

In those days the *Saturday* had an annual dinner at Greenwich.

The wines were unexceptionable; the burgundy with the haunch, and the aged port, came from the cellars of Marshal Beresford, a noted *bon vivant*. . . . It was a pleasant feature of those Greenwich dinners that there was no speechifying. A grace in two Latin words, and all was over. The invitations were miscellaneous, for many men of note were more or less in relations with the *Saturday*. Lord Salisbury was sometimes seated next to his brother-in-law, and their nephews, the Balfours, both promising young men, were generally present. Your place at the long table was a lottery: you might be in luck or the reverse. It was well to have a friend at court in Wilson, the editor's factotum—an invaluable man, who could have run the paper in case of need. I can see him now as he walked round, rubbing his hands, and bending over the shoulders of favoured protégés, with the suggestive whispers of a ministering angel. When he died, the *Saturday* had a heavy miss of him.

Bibliographical.

THE announcement of an anthology entitled *Songs of the Sword*, edited (*mirabile dictu*) by a Doctor of Divinity, is, I suppose, a sign of the times. For the moment Tommy Atkins (if, after recent protests, I may venture so to call him) is in the ascendant. Time was when things were all the other way—when it was Jack Tar who got all the rhythmical and musical celebration. *Songs for Sailors* (such as those by W. C. Bennett) were once a drug in the market; there was any amount of them. But of late the pendulum of popularity has swung in the other direction. Atkins is all the rage. Three years ago there was presented to the public a book of *Soldier Songs, for the March, the Camp, and the Barracks*—Mr. Charles Williams being the editor. Last year we had yet another volume, also entitled *Soldier Songs*, "containing the latest popular songs, added to the collection edited by J. E. Carpenter." There is, further, in the "Canterbury Poets" series, a little book of *War Songs*, in which, if I remember rightly, the military element is strong. Altogether, the Army cannot fairly complain that it is neglected nowadays by the bards.

The manifesto in regard to the new *Rambler* may perhaps have the good effect of turning people's attention to the old one. That work, I fear, is not a "common object" in libraries private or public. There has been no fresh edition of it during the last twenty years at least. The *Lives of the Poets*, either in the bulk or separately, are in continual demand, and *Rasselas* is not forgotten; but of Johnson's essays the reprints are very few. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in 1889, made a selection from them in which, no doubt, the *Rambler* was represented. In the previous year, too, Messrs. Walter Scott, Limited, issued a selection in which the *Rambler* was certainly drawn upon. Boswell

admits that there was in the work "such a uniformity of texture as very much to exclude the charm of variety," and that "the grave and often solemn cast of thinking made it for some time not generally liked." Nevertheless, the worthy Scot declared that "in no writings whatever can be found more bark and steel for the mind." Let us hope that it may be possible to say as much for the *Rambler* of to-morrow.

Two additions have been made this week to the history of literary pseudonyms. To begin with, Mr. C. F. Keary has acknowledged the authorship of a volume called *A Wanderer*, published by him in 1888 under the *nom-de-guerre* of "H. Ogram Matuce." The book, I believe, is one of travel-description, thus emphasising the versatility of its author. Hitherto Mr. Keary has been known chiefly as historian and as novelist. I fancy it was in the former character that he first appeared. Early in the 'eighties he produced *Outlines of Primitive Belief among the Indo-European Races*; and since then he has given us in succession *The Vikings in Western Christendom* and *The Dawn of History*. His first (acknowledged) novel—*A Mariage de Convenance*—appeared eleven years ago; then came *The Two Lancrofts*, *Herbert Vanlennert*, and *The Journalist*. Mr. Keary's *Norway and the Norwegians* came out in 1892, and was, therefore, his second travel-book.

The other pseudonym to which I refer is that of "Dick Donovan," a writer of detective stories, now identified publicly with Mr. J. E. Muddock, who during the last twenty years has brought out many a book. He, I believe, began as the producer of guide-books to Davos-Platz, Switzerland, and the Alps. That was in 1881, or thereabouts. The first work of fiction to be published under his own name appears to have been *From the Bosom of the Deep* (1886), which was followed by *The Dead Man's Secret* (1889), and *Stories Weird and Wonderful* (1889)—a description which might fairly be applied to most of his imaginative work. Last year Mr. Muddock published two stories with his own name on the title-page. The "Dick Donovan" series seems to have been started in 1888 with *The Man Hunter*. It has been steadily maintained, the latest addition to it being *The Adventures of Tyler Tatlock*, brought out last year. "Dick Donovan" has not had the vogue of "Sherlock Holmes," but must have had a very large number of appreciative readers.

Those who possess a copy of Mr. W. B. Yeats's poetic play, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, in the limp-cover edition published by Mr. Unwin in 1894, will not be altogether pleased to find that Mr. Yeats has made additions to the play, and will include the expanded version in the forthcoming volume of his poems. At the same time, much interest will always attach to the text of the little drama as it was performed at the Avenue Theatre in the above-named year. Interesting is the cast of characters, in which one notes the name of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who, like Mr. Stephen Phillips, has long surrendered the "boards" in favour of literature.

Someone has been complaining that the English literary world has not paid sufficient attention to Gerhardt Hauptmann and his works. So far is this from being true that four at least of his plays have been translated into English by English writers, while a fifth has been done into English twice by an American writer. The four to which I allude are—*Hannale*, translated by William Archer, and published in 1894 (and in cheaper forms in 1898); *Lonely Lives*, translated by Mary Morison (1898), and performed at the Strand Theatre last Sunday and Monday; *The Weavers*, translated also by Miss Morison (1899), and *The Coming of Peace*, translated by Janet Achurch and C. E. Wheeler (1900). *The Sunken Bell*, translated by C. H. Meltzer, of the United States of America, has been circulated over here in 1899-1900, in a literal prose rendering and in a free verse rendering. It cannot be said, therefore, that we have neglected Hauptmann.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Some Eighteenth-Century People.

Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century. By George Paston. (Grant Richards.. 10s. 6d.)

COMPARISONS are reputed to be odious, but they are often useful, and sometimes they are inevitable. One cannot read this book without bringing its merits to the touchstone of Mr. Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*. Mr. Dobson is the master of this kind of writing, and has set a standard which it would be affectation to ignore. But it is a standard to which no other writer can fairly be expected to attain for many a year; and, therefore, it should be used to describe, not to decry or depress, efforts in the same school. "George Paston" has not Mr. Dobson's playful, endlessly flickering and hide-and-seek humour, lighting every page and persuading the reader to be interested in little complex by-gones. But this is not the root of the difference: "George Paston" has, at least, a sufficiency of style and humour. The root is in Mr. Dobson's completeness of knowledge, his titillating unexpectedness of erudition. The reader of the *Vignettes* soon finds that though he is nominally engaged with the topography of a novel or the catalogue of a pedant's library, yet, in fact, he is seeing the eighteenth century pieced together by a master of its detail, and he is as easily fascinated as if he were watching the reconstruction of a Roman pavement by a British Museum expert. The portion reconstructed under his eyes may be small, but ever and again fragments are planted out for later inclusion in the scheme, and the whole is predicated in every inch of tessellation. That feat is Mr. Dobson's, and it were almost vain to hope for it elsewhere. In "George Paston's" pages it is rather wanting. We do not leap squirrel-like from bough to bough, there is not that legerdemain of connexion and infallibility of association which we know of old. Thus, in 1773, Mrs. Grant of Laggan (then Miss Macvicar) voyaged from America with her father, who had held commands at New York and Albany, to Scotland, and took up their military home at Fort Augustus. Now 1773 was the very year in which Dr. Johnson came to Scotland, and it seems strange that "George Paston" should not have noticed the fact, nor, in conveying to us Miss Macvicar's lively impressions of the Highlands, have connected them in any way with Dr. Johnson's. Yet to do so would have been at once to lighten up and associate her theme. Here and there in the other papers—which deal with Lady Pomfret, Lady Craven, Richard Cumberland, and James Lackington the bookseller—we are conscious that a little more might have been done in this way. But the book is full of meat, and it ensures its own welcome. We are specially interested in the sketch of Lackington, the eccentric and colossal bookseller of Finsbury-square.

There is now no bookselling business in London so large and general in its operations as Lackington's "Temple of the Muses." The present writer has long preserved, he knows not why, a view of the interior of that imposing book-shop, dated 1809, when, by the way, James Lackington had retired from business. The ground floor was occupied by an immense room, in the middle of which, within a circular counter, clerks in bottle-green coats and white chokers sold books to the *élite*. Above this counter a circular aperture in the ceiling affords a view of the second floor, and tiers on tiers of books fading upward. This print agrees very well with "George Paston's" description of the "Temple": "Over the principal entrance was the inscription, 'Cheapest Booksellers in the World.' In the interior was an immense circular counter, while a broad staircase led up to the lounging rooms and a series of galleries round which books were displayed, growing gradually cheaper and shabbier in appearance as

they neared the roof. If there was any chaffering or haggling about the cost of a work, the shopman merely pointed to a placard, on which was printed 'The Lowest Price is marked on every book, and no abatement is made on any article.'" The man who had created this great emporium, and whose profits from it in one year were £4,000, was so uneducated that he could not write a decent letter, yet so well read that he could advise his customers on any book or class of books. A journeyman shoemaker for years, Lackington began to sell books along with leather, and mainly because he wanted to read them. He was a hot Methodist, off and on, and seems to have received a certain amount of "backing" from the sect. But his passion for books and his shrewd observation of men were his real assets first and last. "George Paston" tells us that he maintained that a bookseller's shop was a centre of human nature, and there is something in the alert searching face and wiry-looking form preserved for us in Keenan's portrait which enables us to see Lackington whisking around that circular counter in Finsbury-square, pleasing everyone by his briskness and information. Probably the man's foolish vanities did him no harm with his customers. A bookseller has all the world's leave to be eccentric, if he only knew it. Lackington liked the pomp of wealth. The ex-shoemaker's chariot was a wonder, and at Cambridge an ostler charged sixpence to the townspeople for a sight of it, until Lackington, hearing of the show, insisted that all the town should view it in the coach-house for nothing. When he came from his country house at Merton to his town house a flag was hoisted on the City roof and was lowered when he departed. When it was desired to place a statue in Finsbury-square, James Lackington offered to bear the expense of a statue of James Lackington—an offer which was promptly declined. Not less amusing were Lackington's religious experiences. With his first wife he was a ranting Methodist. With his second he was an insatiable novel reader, and played cards on Sunday. His third wife was a blameless woman who had no religion. As such she seems to have offended her husband's sense of fitness, and to remove the paradox he plunged again into divinity, and read theology to his wife so incessantly that at last she said she preferred it to fiction. Some of Lackington's trade *dicta* are interesting. He used to say that he could fortell how much money he would make in the course of the year, basing his estimate on the state of politics and his stock-in-trade; and he said: "If there is anything of consequence in the newspapers it draws men to the coffee-house, where they chat away the evenings instead of visiting booksellers' shops, or reading at home. The best time for bookselling is when there is nothing stirring, for then many of those who for months have done nothing but talk of war and peace, revolutions or counter-revolutions, will have recourse to reading." The experience of last year bears out the truth of this unmistakably.

"Londonarians" would probably have liked more information about the end of Lackington's book-mart. We are only told that it was being carried on in 1822, but a little later was removed to Piccadilly, and the name of Lackington disappeared from the firm. As a matter of fact, the name was changed to Jones before the removal, and the business flourished under that name as late as 1828, if not several years later. The Joneses, we fancy, issued a series of English classics under the patronage, or at the suggestion, of Lord Brougham.

The best paper in the volume—and it is very good indeed—is the one devoted to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, to whom we have already referred. Robert Louis Stevenson had a great mind to write the life of this brave mother and accomplished woman, the author of *Letters from the Mountains*. Stevenson found her writings very pleasant, and in all the extracts from them given by "George Paston" there is the literary touch. Even as a girl

in her teens she wrote well in her letters. Here is one of her first encounters with a Highland dame; it was near Fort William:

We were received with a kind of stately civility by a tall, thin person, a widow—pale, wan, and woe-begone. She never asked who we were until a good fire and most comfortable tea-drinking put us in humour to make replies. She then asked my mother if we were connected with the country. Now, we had just left my father's country, and entered my mother's. She told the good lady her whole genealogy, by no means omitting the Invernahayle family, on which the old lady rose with great solemnity, crying, "All the water in the sea cannot wash your blood from mine," and a tender embrace was followed by a long dissertation on the Invernahayle family.

Nor did Miss Macvicar fail in original literary taste. She cared nothing for the gaieties of fort life, nor felt its tedium like the military people, who, she said, "always speak well of the place where they have been, or are going, but are never satisfied where they are." Among the books she read was *The Vicar of Wakefield* as a new novel. And the girl's judgment on that story is as shrewd and adequate as it need be:

Goldsmith puts me in mind of Shakespeare; his narrative is improbable and absurd in many instances, yet all his characters do and say exactly what might be supposed of them, if so circumstanced, that you willingly resign your mind to the sway of this pleasing enchanter, laugh heartily at improbable incidents, and weep bitterly for impossible distresses. . . 'Tis a thousand pities that Goldsmith had not patience or art to conclude suitably a story so happily conducted; but the closing scenes rush on so precipitately, are managed with so little skill, and wound up in such a hurried and really bungling manner, that you seem hastily awakened from an affecting dream. Then miseries are heaped on the poor Vicar with such barbarous profusion that the imagination, weary of such cruel tyranny, ends it by breaking the illusion.

This accomplished woman's full life began with her marriage to a zealous and refined young clergyman who shepherded souls in a glen so remote that even modern railways and tourist-tracks have not passed through it. We wish we could quote Mrs. Grant's description, in a letter to a London friend, of a summer day on the little farm which her husband held on easy terms from the Duke of Gordon, or her praises of the country folk, who soon accepted her, and were by her loved for a dignity and courtesy which she never ceased to declare could not be found in the Lowlands, much less in England. Of twelve children whom she reared, ten were taken from her; and she was early a widow. Her position forced her to give to the public what she had intended only for her friends—first her poems, then her letters. Her letters she took, with infinite reluctance, to Messrs. Longmans & Rees, who at once agreed to publish them, and treated her with a delicacy and generosity of which she makes grateful mention. These *Letters from the Mountains* were a great success, inasmuch that Dr. Porteous, Bishop of London, rushed in where a bishop should have feared to tread, and edited them for a second edition. His method was to take out trifles and chit-chat, an absurd and priggish amendment which Mrs. Grant disapproved but bore with meekness. From this moment Mrs. Grant of Laggan was a celebrity, and the friend of celebrities. Some amusing femininities immediately followed her success: "Mrs. Hook, wife of the Dean of Worcester, and sister-in-law of Theodore Hook, though unknown to Mrs. Grant, wrote to offer herself as a friend and correspondent. A kinswoman, Mrs. Peter Grant, whose husband was minister of Duthill and Rothiemarchus, at once turned blue-stockings, and thenceforward had but one aim in life—to rival the fame of Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Mrs. Peter wrote two volumes full of heather and sunsets, grey clouds and mists, which had no success, although the clan loyally bought up half the edition."

Mrs. Grant's later life in Edinburgh brought her into the familiar circle of Scott and the Edinburgh Reviewers. Of Scott she was the most devoted admirer in the world; and was so sure, from the first, of his authorship of the "Waverley" novels that in sheer strength of conviction she would speak of it as a fact—to Scott's no little embarrassment. Few women have combined the efficiency of a mother with the success of a writer as did Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Bereavement was her almost yearly portion at home, as flattery was in the world; but her heart and head remained sound. A very fine old lady she made, and a champion of the old simple Highland life such as one likes to remember. "Woe be to you," she said to a friend, when the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was out, "if you ever apostasise from the land of cakes, which is indeed the land of social life and social love, and lies in a happy medium between the dissipated gaiety and improvident thoughtlessness of the Irish and the cold and close attention to petty comforts and conveniences that absorb the English mind."

For a book which freshens up such portraits we are very grateful.

The Head Master—Old Style.

Education in the Nineteenth Century. Edited by R. D. Roberts. (Cambridge: University Press. 4s.)

THIS book is made up of thirteen lectures, almost all of which were delivered at Cambridge to University Extension students in the summer of last year. We may say at once that it forms a very valuable statement, terse, accurate, and suggestive, of educational progress during the period set forth. The whole region of the subject is traversed, each department by an expert guide to his own particular tract of country. Thus Sir Philip Magnus discourses on Industrial Education; Miss Hughes explains what has been done for the training of teachers; Sir Joshua Fitch brings to bear on Primary Education his full knowledge and scholarly ease of style; while the general development of educational ideas is traced by Prof. Rein of Jena, the greatest authority of the day on formal pedagogy. The circumstances under which the addresses were given have caused them to be clear and popular in form; so that the collection will be serviceable not only as a book of reference for schoolmasters and other educators, but also to instruct and quicken the non-professional reader. In the hope that both parents and teachers will consult it for themselves, we abstain from any summary of its contents, or detailed analysis.

One lecture, the first, seems to call for comment, inasmuch as it deals, unfruitfully, as we think, with a topic of wide interest. "Christian Work in Public Schools" is the title of a paper by the Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D., formerly Head Master of Harrow and now Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose experience might have helped him to some vivid narration. Unfortunately he puts us off, as far as the past is concerned, with a sleepy recital of well-known facts. Arnold, the two Wordsworths, Vaughan and Woodard, these are names that were necessary to his subject; but stale biographical scraps make a very unsatisfying meal. Considered externally the essay is naught. But the main fault of it is not on the surface, but deep in the structure. With Dr. Butler the archaic conception of the head master has grown inveterate and is not to be eradicated. "A Head Master, whether lay or clerical, is a Pastor, or he is nothing," is the thesis that he lays down with all the emphasis that capitals can bestow. A Head Master must preach, though other utterance were denied him. Besides the desk he arrogates the pulpit; and not content with the ferule would dispense the thunders of heaven. A predicator autocrat at the head of the school state;

a score of ill-paid ushers (shepherd lads, in the metaphor not of our choosing) obeying his absolute commands; a few hundreds of boys (the sheep, munching their food, penned, or freed to wander) as the further objects of despotic government; such was the old order of the school. The ideal of modern pedagogy is widely different. We believe it claims that every schoolmaster shall be, in some humble degree, a divine teacher, working, as much as may be, by his individual character, and influential not by delegated authority, but through sympathy with his pupils; while to the head master shall belong as his lowest function that of organisation and control; as his highest, that of inspiring the whole body politic. He loses, it is urged, the power to inspire in proportion as he assumes the right of sacerdotal domination; his best weapons are his personal gifts and graces, and the subtle charm of radiant virtue; he is doing his work ill when he climbs a height remote from those committed to his charge. Some such doctrines we have heard talked, and we submit them for what they are worth.

It might be supposed from what we have said that Dr. Butler, in regard to the vexed question of clerical head masters, holds a brief on their behalf. Far from it. He has a way of deciding this educational quarrel which we think is novel, and which we are sure is amusing. It is becoming more and more difficult, he tells us, "to secure as a Head Master a man who is at once in Holy Orders and also in the very front ranks of University distinction." Yet it must be one of the recognised duties of a head master to speak to his boys "constantly, if not weekly" (the language is his) from the Chapel pulpit. Sermons being indispensable, if you cannot get a clergyman fit to teach you must make your layman preach. The objections to this proposal lie near at hand. The reason that keeps the distinguished University graduate from taking orders might haply deter him from usurping the office of one who has received them. Most men who are prepared to mount a pulpit would elect to do so with episcopal sanction and in the appropriate garb. Moreover, while so many assistant masters are clergymen it would be, at least, indelicate for a secular chief to ply them with pious exhortations. It would be worse than indelicate. Fancy the lay head master floundering amid religious platitudes before the compassionate theologians of his staff. No. For ourselves, we doubt the efficacy of homiletic discipline; but if it is to be retained, let it be administered by authorised persons. Surely a lay head master might, on Sundays, listen to his chaplain without waste of dignity, and indeed get spiritual profit by sitting once a week in the second place. It is not without significance, by the way, that of the two head masters hailed by universal consent as now the greatest, one does not preach at all, and the other very badly. Let us part, however, from the book before us not with words of censure, but with a hearty commendation of its general merits to all who are interested in the fascinating work of education.

An Academic Critic.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The Three Literary Letters.
Edited, with English Translation, by W. Rhys Roberts,
Litt.D. (Cambridge: University Press. 9s.)

THIS is an excellent edition of a Greek author "caviare to the general," rather by want of celebrity than through any inherent difficulty or unfitness for popularity, as far as popularity can be talked of in the case of a classical writer. It embraces the three letters on literary subjects—namely, the two to Ammæus and the one to Cnæus Pompeius Geminus. It has a most useful glossary of rhetorical and grammatical terms, a bibliography, copious indices, and a facsimile of part of the MS. of the second

letter to Ammæus, from the Codex Parisinus. The translation which accompanies the Greek text in parallel pages is very excellent, both faithful and idiomatic; while the introductory essay is scholarly, unassuming, and replete with all necessary information. Altogether, the editing leaves nothing to be desired.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus had a great name among Greek critics, and so justly as certainly to deserve the introduction to English readers provided by Dr. Rhys Roberts's translation. We really know little more of him than that he was born at Halicarnassus, like his idol Herodotus, and spent the best twenty-two years of his life in Rome as a teacher of rhetoric. The period of his activity was that following the end of the third Civil War and the triumph of Augustus over Mark Antony. Greek literature had degenerated into a following of florid Asiatic models; but about this time a great reaction set in towards the style of the earlier and classic Greek writers, largely promoted by the influence of educated Roman nobles. It is a curious thing—as if French conquerors should stimulate a revival of Elizabethan models in a degenerate England. Dionysius was a foremost and zealous champion in this return towards classic taste. He was something more; he may almost be called a founder of Greek criticism, as we understand criticism now; he was, more than previous critics, an *appreciator*, using the method of comparison. To the abundant illustration with which he reinforced his critical doctrines we owe the preservation of Sappho's great *Ode to Aphrodite*, and to him also we owe at least:

One precious tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides,

of whom Wordsworth desired yet more. At the same time he is, to our thinking, largely an academic critic, though an excellent academic critic. He desiderated measure, restraint, purity, lucidity—always the pet virtues of academic critics. He worshipped Herodotus, the model of delightful simplicity, grace, and lucidity. But from the loftier and bolder kinds of style he shrinks, as the academic critic ever does. He detests daring figures, pregnant licenses of language. Shakespeare would have set his hair on end, with nouns boldly doing duty as expressive verbs, and the like. It is not surprising that the two chief of these letters are animadversions respectively on Plato and Thucydides. A passage on Plato, from the letter to Pompeius, shows his own style, together with his merit and limitation as a critic, to advantage:

When it [the language of Plato] uses the plain, simple, and unartificial mode of expression, it has an extraordinary charm and attraction. It is altogether pure and translucent, like the most transparent of streams, and it is correct and precise beyond that of any other writer who has adopted this mode of expression. It pursues familiar words and cultivates clearness, disclaiming all extraneous ornament. The gentle and imperceptible lapse of time invests it with a mellow tinge of antiquity; it still blooms in all its radiant vigour and beauty; a balmy breeze is wafted from it as though from meadows full of the most fragrant odours; and its clear utterance seems to show as little trace of loquacity as its eloquence of display. But when, as often happens, it rushes without restraint into unusual phraseology and embellished diction, it deteriorates greatly. For it loses its charm, its purity of idiom, its lightness of touch. It obscures what is clear and makes it like unto darkness; it conveys the meaning in a prolix and circuitous way. When concise expression is needed, it lapses into tasteless periphrases, displaying a wealth of words. Contemning the regular terms found in common use, it seeks after those which are newly coined, strange or archaic. It is in the sea of figurative diction that it labours most of all. For it abounds in epithets and ill-timed metonymies. It is harsh and loses sight of the point of contact in its metaphors. It affects long and frequent allegories devoid of measure and fitness.

Nothing could be better than the appreciation of Plato's more level style. But he might have supposed that a writer capable of such exquisite lucidity and taste, when

he rose to a more difficult and remote style, had his reasons for keeping to it, and was not "obscure" for lack of expressional power. Far from "obscuring what is clear," Plato's raised and figurative style is the only method of suggesting what is too remote for direct expression. But the academic critic always prefers to accuse the elevated writer of clouding the obvious, rather than confess that he cannot apprehend his subject-matter. Plato's philosophy often enters the region where allegory or figure is the only way of adumbrating truths beyond direct statement or analysis. Thucydides or Plato finds Dionysius' weakness; Herodotus or Demosthenes his strength. But let it be admitted his point of view was that of the rhetorical specialist rather than the general critic.

Furthest South.

First on the Antarctic Continent. By C. E. Borchgrevink. (Newnes. 10s. 6d. net.)

SIR GEORGE NEWNES's expedition went and returned; and here, from the pen of its Commander, is an account of its faring. The first impression of a reviewer who seems hardly to have arisen from his chair since writing his impression of the narrative of the *Belgica's* hibernation in the region in which mystery has entrenched herself before taking flight for the new star in Perseus is that we have heard all this before; which is an ungracious attitude towards brave men whose only fault it is that they are not contemporaries of Franklin or Cook. Not only has polar exploration in general lost most of the fascination of novelty, but the justification of a purpose seems to be in the case of Antarctic adventure wanting. Northern exploration, in its most romantic phase, had a particular end to gain. Every hardship, every cruel death in combat with the foreign forces and ambuscaded perils of the titanic Frost was a vicarious sacrifice on behalf of the race which sent thither its willing pioneers. The fancy of a North-West Passage, which was to do one can hardly conjecture what wonders, was the impulsive force. In the South we explore out of mere *amour propre*, lest it should be said—by some contemptuous angel perhaps—that, being gifted with so little a globe to enterprise, we stopped short of subduing it to the uttermost. Well, if you come to think of it, that even is not quite ignoble. But, further, we are so sadly well prepared. We know just what sort of ship it is that is impregnable to the violence of the ice, just the food that will preserve us healthily alive; the instruments, the explosives, that will be of service against every emergency. Of what we see nothing is left in the vague: we eke out execrable literature with excellent photographs; and, in general, we equip ourselves in the light of the stored wisdom of the conquerors of the North even to the traditional contrivances of the Finns and Laps, their snow shoes, and a pack of their intelligent dogs. However, we have no wish to belittle the achievement of Mr. Borchgrevink and his enthusiastic crew who, in spite of every prevision, did undergo considerable hardship and escape importunate danger.

Of the positive results of their work, the location of the magnetic pole is of extreme importance to people who perfectly understand what it is and its influence on things in general. It was located. Very well. Also, to the mind of the Commander was proved "the existence of bi-polarity." What that means may be discovered from the following passage (no doubt, but we confess that we quote it in part for the sake of its style):

It is important and curious that in both the marine fauna collection and in the Algae collection specimens are found proving the existence of bi-polarity; while in the land fauna, as far as we know, such do not exist. The existence of organisms does not develop from the presence

of the possibility of existence for these, but because the element necessary for the development of these organisms was brought into conditions which favoured its development into a complete organism. It seems thus that the fount whence the element of these organisms rises exists both within the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, apparently without any communication through the intermediary zones.

For us in the gallery the most flagrant achievement is the penetration "Furthest South." There you have for confirmation a truculent photograph of it, with a pipe in its mouth for greater verisimilitude. (A century ago it would have been on its knees to the Father of (Southern) Lights.) But not to leave the impression that this triumph was quite easily won, here is an incident that gives a grim impression of the remorseless primæval forces at work in this bitterly hostile zone:

Suddenly a roar started overhead—tremendous, overwhelming, terrible. In a second the thought passed through my mind that the overhanging rock was coming down upon us. In the next I realised . . . that the glacier immediately to the west of our little beach was giving birth to an iceberg. . . . With a deafening roar a huge body of ice plunged into the sea, and a white cloud of water and snow hid everything. . . . Here were absolutely no resources, and we both foresaw what immediately afterwards followed. . . . A raging, rushing wave rose like a wall from the plunge of this million of tons of ice mass. It seemed rapidly to grow as it hurried towards our ledge. . . . We instinctively rushed to the highest part of our beach, and stood close to the perpendicular wall of the mountain. The time seemed long before the wave reached us, and when it came it must have been from 15 to 20 feet in height. . . . The wave struck me first, lumps of ice dashed against my back, and I stuck to the rock until I felt that the blood rushed from beneath my finger-nails. I had just time to call out to Capt. Jensen to stick to the rock also when the icy water closed over my head. . . .

Of living creatures that delicate monstrosity the penguin is the most characteristic, clustering upon the ice mountains as it were a swarm of curates:

The penguins seem very vain birds, and if one had a soiled spot on its white waistcoat, were it ever so small, it was at once noticed by the others, and made the most of in their small way. It was very funny to see them criticising each other.

The expedition set out in August, 1898, and returned in the earlier part of last year. It did to admiration the work it was given it to do; and the wide tables of the figures that are the result of its labours bear witness to the enthusiastic diligence of its staff. When the first explorers of Mars are fired away from the Crystal Palace the crew, or some of them, deserve to be of their number.

Partial Biography.

John Knox. By Marion Harland. (Putnams. 5s.)

THIS book, which belongs to a series called "Literary Hearthstones," is very frankly of the class which we might call biographies for domestic reading. It is the work of a woman, writing with single-hearted enthusiasm for her hero, and with as simple a thoroughness of partiality as a woman can well compass—which is much. You do not expect the average Christian biographer, writing of St. Paul, to show much impartiality towards the pagans; you know that if there be a possible doubt or question of conduct, he will give it on Paul's side as naturally as he breathes, and with the serenest conviction: for Paul was a man of heroic sanctity, and that *parti pris* quietly, unconsciously, but effectually, settles all beforehand—in the biographer's mind. Now Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Harland

regards Knox with all the reverence she would bestow on an apostle—is he not the Scottish apostle of the Reformation?—and with all the enthusiasm of a Caledonian woman for her national heroes. You know, therefore, that the attitude of a Lecky is not to be expected from her; and you do not get the unexpected.

A much more serious matter, however, is the cheerful and light-hearted neglect of the ordinary precautions in writing history—even history as a hero-worshipping biographer writes it. This gay method starts on p. 2. She says, in quotation marks, "The kingdom (we are told) swarmed with ignorant, idle, and dissolute monks, who, like locusts, devoured the fruits of the earth and filled the air with pestilential infection"—which may be a citation of unimpeachable authority, but no authority is given for it. On page 8, "a Scottish biographer makes this careless summary of the first twenty years of Knox's life"; while on p. 9, "a more careful writer fills up a palpable hiatus in the foregoing sketch"; but careful and careless biographer are alike unnamed. Again, on the same page, "it is affirmed by those whose habit it is to speak advisedly," &c.; but these advised persons are unadvisedly nameless. One gradually finds that this principle is carried throughout the book. Of course, these quotation-marks without appended authority are as valueless for serious history as if the statements were frankly made on the author's own responsibility. But she can quote authority with somewhat amusing effect. "A grateful pupil of Wishart" (the reformer) is cited on p. 11, in the customary anonymous fashion; and the writer subjoins: "Dr. McCrie corroborates and adds to the above statement"! It is as if you said that a "grateful pupil" of Chaucer was "corroborated and added to" by Prof. Skeat. That the ancient authority should be left nameless, while the modern authority who "corroborates" him is scrupulously nominated, is in key with the whole happy-go-lucky method of the book. Wishart, we are told, was banished from Scotland for "teaching the Greek Testament." This curiously vague statement surely needed a little specification; but none is afforded. Miss Harland's attitude towards mediæval Scotland is very modern. Knox's religious tuition of the Langriddie family gradually grew into "a large Bible-class." One is almost surprised not to find some of the gatherings described as a Y.M.C.A., or its Scottish equivalent. Of course, we know her meaning: Knox taught the Reformed doctrines, with the Bible as text-book; it is only the phrase which is so incongruously modern in its associations.

For the rest, Miss Harland's narrative has a pictorial clearness, if the picturesqueness be a little feminine and effusive. The figure of the great Reformer comes out boldly. It could not well do otherwise. Boldness, even to rashness, was the keynote of the man's character. It was this, with his powers of rugged, forthright eloquence, which marked him out to the Lords of the Congregation as, above all men, fitted to play the part of Aaron to their Moses. From the day when, in besieged St. Andrew's, after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, he boldly struck at the root of Roman Catholicism by denying its pure succession from the Apostles, and flung the gage to his enemies while he was surrounded by their forces, this was his chosen task. The Lords of Congregation planned and took counsel; to Knox fell the task of launching the bolts they forged. And in his hands they shattered the ancient tree of the Scottish Catholic Church and State.

Other New Books.

HARVEST TIDE.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Sir Lewis Morris's "Apologia" might well disarm the "carping critic" who approached this volume on "venal blame" intent. He boldly sings: "Be failure mine, not fame; I alone know the goal I strove to win. How strait the gate, how few may enter in. . . . Brief is our road, evil and few our days. Spare them the insult of unworthy praise!" But praise, worthy or unworthy, has fallen in no small measure to the poet's share. This second edition of his latest volume, which includes among other new pieces some pathetic verses on Queen Victoria, contains excellent specimens of Sir Lewis Morris's characteristic and felicitous style. The longest poem is entitled "A Georgian Romance," and tells in smoothly flowing blank verse a true tragedy of the Caucasus. It would be interesting to imagine this theme treated by another poet. Some, it is probable, might have moved us to a greater passion of horror and dismay, but hardly to such feelings of compassion for these creatures of an inevitable doom as are aroused by the very simplicity of Sir Lewis Morris's version. Many graceful lyrics are contained in this collection, such as "Ver non semper viret," which has a peculiarly charming melody. This poem also expresses what is the dominant note of all the poems—Hope. For that alone we might be grateful. Among the poets and chroniclers of the day few seem endowed with the gift of seeing sunlight, even where it exists. They study the whole of life, as it were, through a November fog. Sir Lewis Morris will have none of this mood; the tenor of his thought is attuned to the more sanguine possibilities of existence. In "The March of Man" we find:

Nay, oh man, though vainly it seem, still aspire, struggle onward and upward!

In the Future live, not the Past, trample down the inherited brute. . . .

Give ear to the clear voice calling with mystical accents unceasing,

That bids thee aspire and ascend in the faith of an ultimate Good.

We cannot help regretting that among so much that is good such verses as the following should be allowed to remain:

Again the hopeful, youthful heart

Throbs high and fast;

Again the joy, sometimes the smart

Of the dead past,

and that the word "secular"—not especially beautiful—should be reiterated on so many pages. We have "A gnarled tree of secular strength," "the secular misery," "Love . . . hid 'neath secular trees," and "thy secular praise." (Kegan Paul.)

LE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS ET ANGLAIS.

BY CHARLES HASTINGS.

M. Hastings's new book is best described by its full title: "Le Théâtre Français et Anglais: Ses Origines Grecques et Latines"—for in those five italicised words lies the main feature of the author's plan. His account of the French and English drama is preceded by two sections, running to about 100 pages, in which he sketches the characteristics of the drama of Greece and Rome, with a conciseness, and yet with a lucidity, which distinguishes his method throughout. With the French and English stages he deals alternately in chapters devoted to well-marked periods in their history, special attention being given to what the writer calls "the liturgical drama" of both countries, the Miracle and Mystery plays, and so forth. M. Hastings's narrative proper ends with the year 1640, or thereabouts, his final chapter (a short one) being devoted to an "aperçu général" of the French and

English theatre from 1640 to 1900. This is necessarily superficial, and to that extent inadequate; but M. Hastings promises to treat the period more fully in a forthcoming volume. Meanwhile, the book before us shows every sign not only of wide reading, but of careful and intelligent assimilation, the results of which are set forth in the most orderly and intelligible fashion. To criticism M. Hastings gives little space. He figures here mainly as historian, expounder. M. Sardou says to him, in a prefatory letter: "Vous savez dire beaucoup de choses en peu de mots"; and that is true. He knows, too, how to be exact. Undoubtedly the book contains some unfortunate misprints, especially in the matter of English names and titles. This, however, detracts only slightly from the trustworthiness of the work as a whole. To the English student of the history of the drama the outcome of M. Hastings's labours may be heartily commended, for though in what is said of the Greek, Latin, and English theatre that student may find nothing entirely novel, he will find it useful for purposes of reference, while in the pages given up to the French theatre he will discover a mine of information not to be obtained so readily and pleasantly elsewhere. French readers will be similarly enlightened by the chapters on our native drama. Altogether, M. Hastings has, by the production of this book, done a distinct service to the educated public on both sides of the Channel; and it is to be hoped that it will some day reappear in an English translation. (Paris: Firmin-Didot.)

THE ALDERMEN OF CRIPPLEGATE. BY J. J. BADDELEY.

This book of City records is issued under the full title of *The Aldermen of Cripplegate Ward from A.D. 1276 to A.D. 1900.* Mr. Baddeley's collections throw interesting and varied light on the office of alderman, which carried with it in bygone days more of responsibility for the good government of the City than it does now. Dealing, as it does, with only one ward, yet covering six centuries, the book is a striking monument of the ancientness and power of the City of London. The first known alderman of Cripplegate Ward was one Henry de Frowyck, Pepperer, who held office in 1276; and the first recorded election occurred in 1375, from which date, with only two exceptions, the records of appointment are complete. Apparently there was every willingness to serve as alderman for two and a half centuries. The first case of avoidance occurred in 1624, when John Hudson, Upholder (*i.e.*, upholsterer), paid £500 rather than serve—an enormous fine in those days. Yet a week later, Thomas Overmair, Leatherseller, being the next to serve, avoided the office by paying a fine of £700. In 1657 there was such general distaste for the office that Samuel Langham, Grocer, and seven others paid, between them, fines amounting to £3,246. The duties of aldermen were such as to make these sacrifices worth while. Aldermen were virtually chief constables, responsible for the good conduct of inns and taverns, the raising of train-bands, the guarding of the City gates day and night (every night each gate by twenty-four men), and the closing of the gates at sunset. Moreover, by an Act of Edward II., two hundred armed men, raised by the aldermen, were distributed over the City to preserve order. The protection of shipping also fell on the aldermen, four of whom were continually on the river with at least one hundred men-at-arms to guard the City from possible attack by water. They even acted as a pressgang on occasion, as in 1625, when by order of James I. the City provided a thousand men, the Lord Mayor issuing a "precept" (charming word) to the aldermen to seize in their beds, or otherwise, all able-bodied men, especially "all tapsters, ostlers, chamberlains, vagrants, idle and suspected persons," and to convey them to Leadenhall or Bridewell. What a night! We are not surprised that aldermen often betook themselves to the country. But, if they did so, they were ordered back under

penalties, and in 1649 the aldermen who had no homes within the walls were ordered to provide them, and not live without the walls. The early aldermen were supported in their dignities by very harsh applications of the law if a case that occurred in 1388 was typical. For mere impertinence to an alderman, a butcher named Richard Bole was sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for half a year, and on leaving prison "he should carry in his hand a wax torch, weighing one pound and lighted, from Newgate through the Shambles aforesaid, and so straight through Chepe, as far as S. Laurence Lane, and through that lane to the Chapel of the Guildhall, and there make offering of the same." The book is handsomely produced, and, as we have indicated, will repay study. (Baddeley.)

Messrs. Bell & Son's "Handbooks to Great Public Schools" now include *Harrow*, by Mr. J. Fischer Williams, who was a scholar at Harrow twelve years ago. The author modestly points out that most of his matter is second-hand, though to the earlier history of the school he contributes some new facts. The book is very pleasantly written and admirably equipped with illustrations, tables of school work, &c. The references to Byron, though familiar, are very interesting. We read:

The life of a master disliked by Byron cannot have been easy. The poet carried a loaded pistol, he tore down gratings, the Headmaster's property, "because they darkened the hall," he refused invitations to dinner, because "he should never think of asking Dr. Butler to dine with him at Newstead," in fact, he behaved in a rebellious, high-spirited, poetical fashion, but, through the excellent good sense of his master, he did little harm at the time, and he generously confessed himself sorry for it afterwards.

"It is . . . a rare Providence that has raised up the author of this little book [*With Christ in Sailor Town*, by Frank T. Bullen (Hodder & Stoughton)] to bring the tales of the sea and the toilers of the sea home to our hearts. Himself descended from great seamen, and yet compelled by the wheel of fortune to make acquaintance with the sufferings of the city and the hardships of the fo'c'sle, and, above all, gifted by God with powers of brain and heart which make him able to write, and make all that he writes delightful to read, Mr. Bullen seems appointed and ordained to be the Sailors' Advocate." Another example of the "distinguished preface." The writer is the Rev. Robert F. Horton. Mr. Bullen's five chapters describe the life of sailors in East London, and the book is an interesting and worthy appeal for assistance on behalf of the Seamen's Mission and similar organisations.

The *Psychology of Jingoism* (Richards, 2s. 6d.) is a vigorous and uncompromising denunciation of the Jingo spirit, particularly in its alleged manifestations in connection with the war in South Africa. The writer's main contention is that "the conjunction of the forces of the press, the platform, and the pulpit has succeeded in monopolising the mind of the British public, and in imposing a policy calculated not to secure the interests of the British Empire, but to advance the private, political, and business interests of a small body of men who have exploited the race feeling in South Africa and the Imperialist sentiment of England."

In *The Elements of Darwinism* Mr. A. J. Ogilvy has sought to give everyday people a grasp of the general principles of Darwinism. The book is clearly written in eleven short chapters, and it has had the advantage of some revision by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who, however, writes: "There are some things in it with which I do not agree."

In their charming "Bibelots" Messrs. Gay & Bird publish *Leaves from the Diary of Samuel Pepys*. The editor of the series, Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, contributes an introduction.

Fiction.

The Lost Land. By Julia M. Crottie.
(Unwin. 6s.)

IRISH fiction too often reminds us of almond-rock. The almond is faintly bitter, but the rock is very, very sweet. Ireland boasts many literary confectioners of no mean talent but little artistic sincerity. In Miss Crottie she has discovered no confectioner, but a sad-eyed ironist with a scarcely-repressed feminine desire to weep. The confectioners were a little alarmed by the undeviating addiction to the grim pleasantry and iron pathos of hard fact displayed in *Neighbours*. "Molly bawn" in all her mutations was, they felt, the making of Mudie's Ireland, and must not be allowed to deteriorate.

But Miss Crottie is inexorable. Happily *The Lost Land* goes back to 1780-97, and optimists may assume that the dingy souls which people it have no posterity. Dingy souls are but clods till one sees them operating against fine souls. Dinginess prospering meanly, like the black-beetle, deserves little of our hate till we see it basking in hypocrisy and thriving on ruin. And so Miss Crottie builds up a martyr to dinginess in the person of Thad Lombard, a young man who wastes himself in a hopeless conspiracy for the public good. We see him as father as well as brother to a family blighted by the mother's second marriage; and we follow him to the Munster town where, as a miller with impudent debtors and as a patriot on the wrong side of legality, his name is soon a mark of scorn. Without vulgar advertisement to aid us we perceive in Thad a Celtic Messiah.

The following is a specimen of the way in which his altruistic efforts are regarded. The speaker is a thin man in a flannel waistcoat mending a roadside gate with ropes. Thad's brothers are the immediate object of his remarks:

"I have a word to say to ye. I want ye to quit lending ye'er divilish ould raumaishes of books to my son Mickey. He has a gentleman's career before him in the master's office, an' 'tisn't throwing his time and understanding away on thrash o' that kind he'd want to be. Histories an' speeches and idle blaggard nonsense o' the kind, for a boy that's taken in hand by raison of his good headpiece by the Colonel's confidential agent!"

Our later Messiahs encounter plenty of religion. Thad, a good Roman Catholic, finds that the burning question in Curraglen is the beatification of Bishop Eithne O'Halley. Children distribute food to their unwashed contemporaries "in honour of the Infant Jesus."

And withal there is some real Christian feeling in Curraglen. The story is not entirely clad in black; it is relieved by grey and even by white. It is a praiseworthy work by reason of its sincerity and the poetic art which fuses its almost freakish humour and plaintive sadness into a homogeneous whole.

Quality Corner. By C. L. Antrobus.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THIS "study of remorse" is one of those books with which, while admiring the talent displayed in them, one can do little but find fault. Mrs. Antrobus has produced a rather effective picture of life in a small rural town situated near to a large manufacturing centre; and she has devised the material for a striking plot, arising from what was morally, though not legally, a murder. She has, however, been unable to realise her plot without the aid of utterly improbable coincidences. The tale begins with a mysterious and ominous incident between two men; and on p. 225 she tries to make a dramatic point by repeating the incident with the situations of the men reversed. This is futile. The following passage, with its *cliché*—"odd, elusive resemblance"—indicates the very atmosphere of

coincidence and puzzling suggestion which pervades the story:

"Listen!" said Thea.

A steady tapping sounded through the rustling of the leaves.

"A woodpecker," said Cassilis, looking up the smooth beech-boles for the bird.

"Not so. This is the castle of the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, and you hear the knocking at the gate: 'Wake Duncan with thy knocking? I would thou couldst!'"

This time the elf-arrow—sped so unconsciously—struck deep. The shaft was feathered by the memories that June Heald's words had aroused. Also Cassilis was again startled by that odd elusive resemblance of Thea to someone whom he had once known. The turn of the head, the way in which she uttered the words, whom did she resemble?

"Ah, yes," he said, and looking up into the beeches he repeated the quotation, "Wake Duncan with thy knocking? I would thou couldst!"

Further, Mrs. Antrobus is overburdened with fancy, or rather fancifulness—a fancifulness which is sometimes pretty, but too often strained and unnatural. Observe the effort after a vague "meaning" here:

The water in the canal shone glassy olive in the glare; while beyond the dazzled eye saw nothing save yet blacker depths of gloom. When the flames sank for a minute's pause, the lightning showed the surroundings with tolerable clearness; and it was noticeable how, of the passers-by, those who walked easily by the lightning stumbled when the furnace flames shot up; whereas those who stepped confidently in the red glare hesitated when only that unheeded Handwriting lit the air.

Lastly, the dialogue is too copious, and much of it renders no aid whatever to the story, being merely put in because the author enjoyed writing it. Nevertheless, *Quality Corner* is more than respectable in its failure.

The Royal Sisters. By Frank Mathew.
(Long. 6s.)

MR. MATHEW has worked hard to master the tangle of intrigues of which the throne was the centre when Edward VI. lay dying. The narrative he puts into the mouth of Howard of Effingham, a very honest old man, who changed sides less often than most of his peers in those troubled weeks. There is something that after a while strikes one as comic in the way in which on every other page someone arrests somebody in the name of Queen Mary or Queen Jane as a traitor, and particularly because in a few minutes they seem to have forgotten all about it, or cry quits upon a counter-arrest in the name of the other royal lady. It reminds one of an incident in the garden of the Queen of Hearts: "Bless you, it's only her nonsense; they never executes anybody." We have not the least disposition to make fun of Mr. Mathew's book, but only to indicate that the plots and counterplots with which the earlier part of it is mainly concerned are not so narrated as to catch the imagination, or even, apart from a considerable effort, to be intelligible. Moreover, the breathless manner of the snappy dialogue seems wholly alien from the deliberate manner of the sixteenth century, when words were not yet a halfpenny apiece. The presentment of the contrast between the two sisters—the good one whose life was shadowed by sorrows and humiliations, and the brilliant, unscrupulous Elizabeth in the heyday of her youth and beauty—is attended with better success. And in particular the scene in which Wyatt, having confessed under torture Elizabeth's complicity in his rebellion, is cozened by her into a retraction in the face of the Queen herself, is carried out with excellent spirit.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

HIS OWN FATHER.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

This is another of Mr. Norris's placid, polite, pedestrian, prettily-portrayed stories. Daphne is the heroine: her love affairs (with Mr. Norris love always ends in marriage) are the theme. Daphne had her own views, but the desire of her mother's heart was that "Jack Clough and her daughter should fancy one another; but she could not make them do that, and she was pretty sure that, so far as he was concerned, efforts were fruitless." Which showed the good sense of Daphne's mother. (Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.)

THE HERITAGE.

BY E. PUGH AND G. BURCHETT.

Mr. Pugh has written five novels. Mr. Burchett is responsible for two. In *The Heritage* they have collaborated. It is a powerful, somewhat sombre story of lower middle-class life. The chief character is William Gillies, an old soldier. "It was his hardy habit to begin the day by taking a cold tub in the scullery out in the yard; then he went through the broadsword exercises with an old cavalry sabre kept murderously bright and sharp, and hung for adornment on the wall of the bedroom." (Sands. 6s.)

FROM A SWEDISH HOMESTEAD.

BY SELINA LAGERLÖF.

Translations of twelve stories by this Swedish novelist, the author of *Gosta Berling's Saga*. The longest is called "The Story of a Country House," one of the shortest is entitled "Our Lord and St. Peter," from which we take a fragment of dialogue:

"You would not listen to the sermon, St. Peter?" said our Lord very kindly. St. Peter said nothing. The expression on his face seemed to say:
'Don't come near me! I would not touch You with the tongues.'

Our Lord still appeared as if He did not notice anything, and again asked St. Peter why he had not remained and listened to the beautiful sermon.

'It is not every day one has the chance of hearing such a preacher,' said our Lord." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES. BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

Another of Miss Gregg's strong, closely-packed stories of the Indian frontier. The book shows an intimate knowledge of frontier affairs in troublous times, and of that curious form of native superstition which Mr. Kipling has also treated.

"O brother," they said, 'we have heard that the famous general, Sinjäg Kilin Sahib Bahadar, is wont to ride abroad upon this border by night. Is this so?'

'It is true,' returned the old trooper, 'and I myself have heard him, not once nor twice. And, moreover, what these eyes of mine have beheld, it is not wise to relate.'" (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE ETERNAL QUEST.

BY JOHN A. STEUART.

A modern story, with a strong love interest and a military background. The hero is the son of a retired Anglo-Indian General, and the heroine is the daughter of an army chaplain. The last chapters take us to South Africa—to the fighting. "Isn't Archy splendid," said Coleena, after reading of heroic deeds. "They'll both have the Victoria Cross." "You silly girl," said Flora. "How can a civilian get the V.C., which is purely military?" (Hutchinson. 6s.)

PARLOUS TIMES.

BY D. D. WELLS.

The second volume in "The Dollar Library." Love, intrigue, and bribery to the tune of £40,000, with which a commercial company propose to purchase the rejection by a South American state of a treaty between the British Government and that State. The part of detective is played by a young diplomatist, one Alonysius Stanley, and it needs a clear head to follow the ramifications of the plot. (Heinemann. 4s.)

MOUNTAINS OF NECESSITY.

BY HESTER WHITE.

An Anglo-Indian story, with footnotes giving the English equivalent of words and phrases dear to the heart of Anglo-Indian story-tellers—such as *kuss-kuss tatties* (screens of kuss-kuss), *maidan* (level plain), *charpoy* (bedstead). The tender passion receives due attention, and in the end, "Love the eternal conquered once more . . . for better for worse they would be together." The title is from the Matthew Arnold mint:

the high
Uno'erleaped Mountains of Necessity.

(Blackwood. 6s.)

TANGLED TRINITIES.

BY DANIEL WOODROFFE.

The title was suggested by one of Mr. Kipling's lesser known stanzas:

Look, you have cast out Love! What Gods are these
You bid me please?
The Three in One, the One in Three? Not so!
To my own Gods I go.
It may be they shall give me greater ease,
Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities.

The story is by way of being a satire on those who profess and call themselves Christians. The heroine is Asta, daughter of a Kentish vicar with "a dash of the tar brush in his blood." (Heinemann. 6s.)

ANNA LOMBARD.

BY VICTORIA CROSS.

"I see in Victoria Cross the possibilities of a future Marie Corelli." So wrote the heady critic of a contemporary in reviewing an earlier story by the lady who writes under the pen-name of Victoria Cross. In this volume, the scena of which is laid in India, she imagines herself to be a man. "I was young—not yet thirty, though sometimes, possibly the result of much severe study, my brain and nerve having seemed singularly old—I had, some five years before, come out head of the list in the Indian Civil Service Examination." As a child, Anna Lombard, so she told the hero-lady, "had walked on the sea-beaten sands repeating her lessons in the Classics to the wild, wet winds that were busy blowing the colour into her exquisite skin." (John Long. 6s.)

QUEEN'S MATE.

BY MORICE GERRARD.

Here we meet distinguished folk. The book opens in the Royal Palace of Dettinen, and introduces us to the Emperor Franz Ferdinand of Gramand, "a man who was more in the world's eye than any other personage on the commanding stage of life." In a note the author gives the reader the useful information that though some of the characters that appeared in *The Man of the Moment* are to be met with in *Queen's Mate*, the latter can be read independently. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

DR. SOMERVILLE'S CRIME.

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

A shilling shocker that may be bought in a rush to the train this Eastertide. It is the story of a murder by a man who used mesmerism to cover his tracks. No space is wasted: incident crowds on incident. (Arrow smith. 1s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
 „ Quarterly 5/0
 „ Price for one issue /5

Poor Keats!

A KING'S BENCH judge has delivered this week an interesting judgment on the ethics of literary editing as between editor and editor. He has defined the limits within which one editor may use the work of another. But there is also room for discussion of the ethics of editing as between editor and author, and for a statement of the limits within which an editor ought to expound an author's text. Especially is this the case in an age when the editing of standard authors has become a great literary industry. The subject is so large, and presents so many niceties and exceptions, that we prefer to deal with one example rather than open up the subject widely. Mr. Buxton Forman's well-known edition of Keats is an example of editorial industry about which the most devoted student of poetry may feel qualms. It has hitherto been a "library" book, but it is now being issued in popular form by Messrs. Gowan & Gray, of Glasgow, with whose enterprise we have every sympathy, but whose choice of this work for a popular sale causes us surprise. It is obvious that much is to be said for the minute and relentless industry of an editor like Mr. Buxton Forman, whose ambition it has been to produce a veritable encyclopædic edition of a great poet. The doubt one feels is whether Keats ought ever to have been subjected to such a process. There are writers who gain by exhaustive editing, and there are writers who seem to be drowned by it. No one would contend that the classics of Greece and Rome have suffered by the editing they have received, whatever may have been the sins of individual editors. Their editors have been their saviours. Nor has Shakespeare suffered, nor can he ever suffer, by the mass of editorial attention he receives, whatever grievance he may have against incompetent critics, or against foolish readers who begin to read commentaries before they read his naked text. The golden rule for reading Shakespeare is to read the text for yourself again and again, extract from it all that you can of its significance, and then approach the commentators in a self-possessed manner. Chaucer, Dante, and Milton had, of course, everything to gain from judicious editing. But Keats? Is not Keats in the same category as Wordsworth, whose enthusiasts were so properly chidden by Matthew Arnold? Mr. Buxton Forman's treatment of Keats is the reverse of Arnold's treatment of Wordsworth: instead of winnowing the wheat from the chaff he mingles them inextricably. Mr. Forman seems to have lost, or never to have felt, this wish to differentiate and sift. Not that he has lost the power to distinguish between good and bad. On the contrary, he is keenly interested in doing so. The question is whether he ought to have made the task necessary. In his edition we have a poem of which these are representative stanzas:

Hush, hush! tread softly! hush, hush, my dear!
 All the house is asleep, but we know very well
 That the jealous, the jealous old bald-pate may hear,
 Tho' you've padded his night-cap—O sweet Isabel!
 Tho' your feet are more light than a Fairy's feet
 Who dances on bubbles where brooklets meet,—
 Hush, hush! soft tiptoe! hush, hush, my dear!
 For less than a nothing the jealous can hear.

No leaf doth tremble, no ripple is there
 On the river,—all's still, and the night's sleepy eye
 Closes up, and forgets all its Læthean care,
 Charmed to death by the drone of the humming Mayfly;
 And the Moon, whether prudish or complaisant,
 Has fled to her bower, well knowing I want
 No light in the dusk, no torch in the gloom,
 But my Isabel's eyes, and her lips pulp'd with bloom.

To Lord Houghton, by the way, is due the original credit of this resuscitation. Follow two stanzas from a skeleton unearthed by Mr. Buxton Forman:

O come, Georgiana! the rose is full blown,
 The riches of Flora are lavishly strown,
 The air is all softness, and crystal the streams,
 The West is resplendently clothed in beams.

And when thou art weary I'll find thee a bed,
 Of mosses and flowers to pillow thy head:
 And there, Georgiana, I'll sit at thy feet
 While my story of love I enraptur'd repeat.

After this it can scarcely be doubted that Matthew Arnold was right in recommending excision. The pruning knife will have to be used before we can hope to have a generous edition of Keats.

Mr. Buxton Forman's fetish seems to be Bulk. He gives it the place of honour in his scheme—"to gather everything which could be found from the hand of the poet." It is the reverse of sane editing, which under no conceivable circumstances can be distorted into a mandate to go into the highways and byways and compel every item in rags and tatters to come in. To leave the text as the author meant it to stand is a duty acknowledged by Mr. Buxton Forman. What right, then, has he to present Keats' poems as he most certainly did not mean them to be presented? The precedent established by an earlier editor is no justification for the perpetuation of errors of judgment. Mr. Forman, however, commits a more flagrant offence: not content with including many worthless poems in his edition, he prints some of the worst of them twice. These are the poems which occur in the letters, mere *jeux d'esprit*. In their proper places they are amusing and illuminative. Thrust into the collection of poems as entities they become unintelligible accidents. Even Mr. Forman recognises this, and to remedy an error of which he should never have been guilty he has to transpose no inconsiderable portion of the letters themselves. Then when we come to the volumes which contain the letters we have the whole of the transposed matter again.

Another fetish is the principle of elucidation, a pleasant euphemism for editorial intrusion. About one-third of the three volumes of this edition consists of extraneous matter. Perhaps one note in every fifty possesses interest or has some importance. Very few of them could be called necessary, for the text of Keats is not one that bristles with difficulties. They offer the editor an admirable medium for the display of erudition, but with full respect to Mr. Buxton Forman, the personality of Keats is, after all, the one in which we are interested and with which we are concerned. We could forgive a greater proportion of elucidatory matter if it helped us to a better appreciation of the poet and his work, but we cannot say that any such help is given. Leigh Hunt ("the good unscientific Leigh Hunt"), Lord Houghton, Rossetti, and a score of others, including Mr. Buxton Forman himself, take complete possession of the lower portion of each page, while above is Keats, beating out the music of his verse, almost disregarded.

One or two samples of the "elucidations" may with advantage be quoted. We take the first from "Endymion":

I, who still saw the horizontal sun
 Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world
 Out-facing Lucifer

Mr. Buxton Forman explains that Lucifer is the last of the stars to disappear before the rising sun.

The song resuscitated by Lord Houghton, and from which we have quoted two stanzas, ends thus :

The stock-dove shall hatch her soft brace and shall coo,
While I kiss to the melody, aching all through !

The comment on this is grimly curious :

The final couplet is wanting in the later MS., with which Lord Houghton's version corresponds in the main. Here, however, previous texts read "his soft twin-eggs and coo"; and I am compelled to revert to the reading of the only MS. I know of that couplet. It must be a later reading, because in those days Keats never damaged his work; and "his," if a correct transcript from a third MS., is poetically inferior to "her," while "soft" is inapplicable to eggs—applicable to the birds substituted.

The reference in the next passage (from "Hyperion") is to Asia :

Even as Hope upon her anchor leans
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.

The comment is in a lighter and a severer vein :

This is one of the few instances in this poem of wondrous firmness and security where one discerns in Keats the unschooled imagination of a boy—the inaptitude to reject an intrusive and inappropriate image. Up to this point there is the most complete reality of imagination, the most perfect earnestness in setting forth the titanic woes of *dramatis persone*; but here one is suddenly checked by the thought, "What! is he only playing at Titans after all? Hope with that essentially British anchor of hers in this company? Then why not Faith shouldering her cross? Why not Britannia with her trident transferred from one of George the Third's fine old copper pence? Why not that straddle-kneed Erin with her harp from one of George the Second's?"

It were incorrect to call this criticism. It achieves the grotesque. The mass of superfluous guidance which is crowded into his volumes, as now issued in pocket form, has reduced the type to a size equally trying to the temper and to the eyes.

Mr. Henry James and Matilde Serao v. The British Matron.

At intervals, whose periodicity might almost be calculated, the British novelist lifts up his voice in anger, scorn, or irony against that "convention" which forbids the British novel to be what the British matron calls "improper." The latest complainant is Mr. Henry James in the current *North American Review*, and it may be guessed that he uses the method ironic. It may also be guessed that he introduces the subject apropos of something quite else. This something happens to be the work of Signora Matilde Serao, the eminent Neapolitan disciple of Zola. Although we cannot pretend to Mr. Henry James's complete acquaintance with the Signora's work—we have read only *Fantasy* and *Farewell Love*—we find ourselves compelled to disagree with his estimate of her literary value. Serao is an industrious journalist in Naples, and if ever a writer reflected his environment, she does. Now Naples is probably the most rotten city in Christian Europe. True, it has its advantages: you can hire a cab there for sixpence; but you could hire a judge for not much more. The entire population is cankered by the lottery habit, "the craze for numbers," and the morally debilitating effect of this fatal obsession shows itself in a general licence, a general lack of restraint, unsurpassed even on the shores of the Mediterranean. At Naples, indeed, the second Latin decadence has reached its furthest development. All this is mirrored, as much unconsciously as consciously, in the novels of Serao. She may violently inveigh against the thousand social abuses of her town and country, but she is herself part of the fruit of them. Her own wild and formless outpourings, of which the deepest characteristic is a vehement desire merely to get rid of something, to get it

"off the chest," are as clearly a sign of decay as the almost incredible gambling mania of Southern Italy. Her two books which have appeared in English are positive proof that she has neither the instinct of the literary artist nor the intellectual capacity to view life as the novelist of manners must view it. She "sings" passion on a sustained upper C of feminine intensity which results merely in the absurd. She has no humour (what Latin has?). The notorious "cattle-show" scene in *Fantasy*, which might almost pass for a farcical elaboration of the opening of Zola's *La Terre*, would alone be sufficient to annihilate the reputation of a writer with ten times her talent. It is the *dernier cri* of that particular mode, and for ourselves we can never think of Serao without picturing the ineffable final catastrophic moment of her cattle-show.

Mr. Henry James, we admit, does not display any very warm enthusiasm for the raving erotics of Matilde Serao and her "exuberant victims of Venus," who invariably end in woe and desolation, but he appreciates her "facility and spontaneity" (qualities which cannot be denied to her), and discovers matter to praise in some of her slighter pieces. It is a pity that these, instead of verbal helter-skelters like *Fantasy*, have not been translated into English. His essay contains one really fine piece of criticism: that in which, after pointing out that the passions of Serao's puppets have neither time nor place nor any sort of background—nothing, indeed, but "convulsions and spasms"—he insists on the indubitable truth that passion "touches us just in proportion as we see it mixed with other things, with all the things with which it has to reckon and struggle."

This page justifies the whole essay, which, for the rest, is an implied defence of Serao before the tribunal of the British Matron. With Jamesian cleverness, Mr. James propounds an interesting question: "Is the English novel 'proper' because it is so largely written by women, or is it only so largely written by women because its propriety has been so massively established?" And with an aversion for the positive which is equally Jamesian, he leaves the question unanswered. The correct answer is, we imagine, "Neither the one nor the other." It is from causes that lie deeper than any literary fashion that women have taken up the novelist's pen. And, moreover, as Mr. James admits, if there has been of recent years any relaxing of the bonds of his postulated "convention," that easement is mainly the work of women. "It is the ladies, in a word, who would lately seem to have done most to remind us of man's relations with himself—that is, with women. His relations with the pistol, the pirate, the police, the wild and the tame beast—are not these, pre-vaillingly, what the gentlemen have given us?" We cannot here follow Mr. James into his ingenious but (we think) rather sterile subtleties about the differences between the male and female mind. Nor can we exactly coincide with his estimate of the height of the walls of the aforesaid convention by which the British novelist is hemmed in out of sight of real life. It appears to us that, at any rate, the coping stones of that bastion have lately been thrown down. And, to change the metaphor, surely some authors of the highest rank, including the author of *What Maisie Knew*, have prettily demonstrated that a coach-and-four can be driven through an Act of public opinion, and no one the wiser!

After all said, curiously enough, Mr. James is himself against "any considerable lowering of the level of our precious fund of reserve," finding in the productions of such as Serao some hint of the price we might have to pay for our literary freedom. The argument is an old one, especially in the mouths of Philistines, and to hear it from Mr. Henry James is distinctly a surprise. He concludes on a note of unashamed insularity. After Serao, "we turn round . . . unmistakably we turn round again—to the opposite pole, and there, before we know it, we have positively laid a clinging hand on dear old Jane Austen."

Things Seen.

When the Almond Buds.

WHEN the pink buds of the almond tree show against the spring sky, then the particular sorrow of a child's life comes back to me. For an almond tree grew just within the school playground gates, and this small boy's sorrow, an absurd sorrow it seems now, was as lonely as the attempt of the almond buds to brave the winds of March.

He was nine, and in the early spring his father had taken him to his first school—a boarding-school in the country. They had arrived in the late afternoon, and before the small boy had had time to distinguish one of his boisterous companions from another, he had been marched into the hall to supper. Friendless, a lump in his throat, the mist of controlled tears in his eyes, from his seat at the end of the long table, he saw far away on the dais, sitting with the supper master, his father, the one familiar figure in that huge, alien company. That comforted him, but before supper was half finished his father came towards him, patted him on the shoulder, told him the holidays would soon come, and disappeared. Then blankness and desolation. When supper was over the small boy escaped from his companions, lurked in the cloisters till the boys had all gone into their houses, and then making sure that he had the playground to himself, gave himself up to the pitiful comfort of an indulgence that was at once the pleasure and the pain of his first term at school. Beginning at the top of the playground he walked slowly down to the gates where the almond tree grew, persuading himself that he was walking in the footsteps that his father had taken a little while before. This he did every night. It was cheerless comfort, and the cup had its drops of bitterness that grew more pungent as the days passed. For soon he realised that his short legs could never take the long strides that his father took on that walk down the playground. I see him now, his little legs wide apart trying to balance himself, his anxious face, the tears in his eyes, making night by night that ineffectual journey. In other seasons the vision leaves me, but each spring when the almond tree buds I see him again. And I am glad that he is no longer a child.

The White Flag.

It was an untidy part of France. The hillside was scarred, rent, and disfigured, as if ancient miners had left their workings thus disorderly in sullen protest at their unfruitfulness. As I climbed, the sound of firing set me wondering, and near the top of the hill a mounted officer galloped furiously past me. He halted some fifty yards ahead, and when I reached him he was haranguing, with frantic gestures, a picket of soldiers, who had been strolling about on a patch of grass smoking cigarettes. At his words they shuffled to cover behind boulders, dwarf shrubs, and sand hills. Then the officer rose in his stirrups, pointed wildly down the hillside, and shouted to one of the soldiers. The man fired. Far below, from behind a tree, came the answering puff of smoke. I realised that the French were practising Boer tactics. The men on the other hill were storming our position. From bush to bush they ran, from boulder to boulder, always drawing nearer, while the valley was swept with their incessant fire. As I descended the hill, the one man of peace in the neighbourhood, it was impressed upon me that to reach my destination I must cross that valley. "The rifles are not loaded, silly," I said to myself, and yet I shrank from the ordeal. Then an inspiration came to my aid. I tied my handkerchief squarely to the top of my walking-stick, held it high above my head, and entered the valley. The firing ceased.

Halfway across I threw a rapid glance right and left. The army was no longer hidden. Above every boulder, every shrub, every sand hill appeared a head. It was as if all France was playing at Jack-in-the-box, except the officer, who came riding at a gallop down the hill. But I did not wait for him. Later, I wiped my brow with the flag of truce.

Friends that Fail Not.

II.—Henry Kingsley.

Of all the ghosts of old friends which I have called up in this quaint trade, called the writing of fiction, only two remain with me and never quit me. The others come and go, and I love them well enough; but the two who are with me always are the peaked-faced man Charles Ravenshoe and the lame French girl Mathilde.

THUS closes Henry Kingsley's novel of *Stretton*. The passage gives us, in some degree, that strongly personal note which is characteristic of the man. It needs no little courage, no small confidence, so to make an exit at a book's end; in effect, the author says: "Here you have not the best of me; if you wish to know me at my best, read *Ravenshoe* and *Mademoiselle Mathilde*." And he was right.

It is well for a writer, particularly for a writer of romance, that his readers should come to him when they are young. If his appeal have any power at all, it can never altogether fade; he will henceforth have champions quick to support his claims, eager to gather new friends to his name. I first read *Ravenshoe* at that period when absolute romance and absolute fact have to live together; and very turbulent partners they make. The appeal of the book was instant and permanent. Even now, after the lapse of a dozen years, I cannot read the story unmoved. Knowing, as I do, every incident and development of its somewhat laboured plot, yet each point holds me as of old by sheer force of its human presentation, its resourceful dialogue, its unwearied vitality. In a word, the book is alive—the expression of a man who worked both with heart and head. He had something to say, and he said it. To some extent he had the ear of his generation; only to a much smaller extent, I fear, has he the ear of this. One must hope—and personally I have little doubt—that the future may do him justice.

During the eighteen working literary years of Henry Kingsley's life he wrote twenty-one novels and a volume of studies, edited a newspaper (extremely badly, it must be confessed), and acted as war correspondent in the Franco-German War. He was not a successful man; but I cannot believe that he considered himself the failure which he was supposed to be by some of his friends, and particularly by his family. There is a spirit and confidence about his work which call to the time ahead. From his disastrous five years in Australia, and from every circumstance in a life otherwise little known, he drew material which, transfused with the fine glow of romance, may claim such justification as comes by fire and art.

His niece, the late Mary Kingsley, wrote of him:

Henry Kingsley won no prizes at Oxford save silver cups; he found no fortune in Australia; all his life long he seemed to those who loved him, as all did who had even the slightest personal acquaintance with him, to squander alike brilliant talents and brilliant opportunities without attaining happiness. Yet he wrote *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *Ravenshoe*; in these two great novels, and in all his subsequent writings, the current of action is less impetuous than in the works of Charles Kingsley, and they contain no descriptions of scenery that can vie with the glowing word-pictures of *Westward Ho!*

As to the word pictures, Miss Kingsley's statement may

be allowed to pass. But as to the current of action, it seems to me that Henry Kingsley's novels are as much greater than his brother's in that respect as they are in pure human interest and the broad use of his human material. In connexion with the first point it is interesting to note that Henry Kingsley was a painter of no small capacity; his descriptive passages, simple and unelaborated as they are, nearly always convey the definite visual impression of colour and contrast.

Of the twenty-one novels no lover of his work can desire that more than eight or nine should live. Of these, next to the two of his own choice, I should place *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *The Hillyars and the Burtons*, both books of a singular grip and breadth, both crowded with living figures set in the wide landscape and exhilarating atmosphere of the Australian bush or in a Chelsea fuller of violent contrasts than it can show now. The plot of neither is remarkable; indeed, as a mere constructor of plots, Kingsley was not great. Coincidence jostles coincidence, people meet apparently from the ends of the earth, doors are opened upon crucial scenes by individuals who should have been, according to all the rules of life and art, attending to their business elsewhere. But you forget all this in the reading; you are led from scene to scene with no consciousness of unreality; you admire or laugh or weep under the spell of an enchanter who is never base in suggestion or mean in conception. He did not shrink from reality. There are scenes in *The Hillyars and the Burtons* which have a tang of truth, a vigour of definition, which I seldom find equalled in his greater contemporary, Charles Dickens. He avoided no aspect of life which might aid the honest development of his story, but he never grovelled in the easy sensationalism of the stew. He was a sentimentalist, no doubt, but in the manner of Balzac and Thackeray, not of Sterne or Pierre Louÿs. No reader of *Ravenshoe* is likely to forget that chapter called "The Bridge at Last," in which Charles Ravenshoe follows the tawdry sister of the little shoeblack to Marquis-court, Little Marjoram-street. "It was as still as death, but it was as light as day, for there were candles burning in every window." The illumination was for one of those terrific general fights in which I believe the inhabitants of Marquis-court no longer indulge.

Henry Kingsley's great power is concerned with two things—a lucid delineation of character and an absorbing main idea. Few writers, working in so broad and full a medium, have presented their types with such ease, with such consistent appropriateness of action and speech; few have more definitely kept in sight the objective of converging ways. Charles and Cuthbert Ravenshoe, Lord Saltire and old Lady Ascot, the rascal Lord Welter who discovered, to his wife's anger and surprise, that "there are some things that a fellow can't do"—these people have in them the breath of life. It may be said that the story of *Ravenshoe* is melodramatic. It is. But the impression left by the book is not one of violent contrasts, of crude effects; it is an impression of reality rendered in terms of compassionate insight and noble dignity. And if this may be said of *Ravenshoe*—and, as I think, also of others of the novels—it may be asserted with still greater confidence of *Mademoiselle Mathilde*. The turmoil and terror of the French Revolution have made a background for countless romances, and in most of them, even when essayed by the strong, the background has shadowed the little actors out of life. Not so in *Mademoiselle Mathilde*. Mathilde herself, almost deformed, clumsy in gait, opinionated, who "did not want a reason for everything," glows through the pages with a wonderful grace and womanliness. Hardly less effective is her sister Adèle, the shallow and petulant, the sweet and the well-beloved. About these two, first living in Kingsley's favourite West of England, afterwards tossed hither and thither in the flood of the Revolution, gathers a drama having for end the glory of sacrifice and the sacrament of reconciliation. The gradual bringing together

of the estranged parents of the girls, the precisian D'Isigny and his uncontrollable and teragant wife, forms, as it were, the thesis of the story. By degrees almost imperceptible, through ways made terrible by calamity and death, they approach each other for that final understanding. It comes with the murder of Mathilde by the butchers outside the Abbaye.

Henry Kingsley was a writer of the broadest sympathies. Even when an aspect of thought or life clashed with his personal predilections—and his father's son was bound to inherit prejudices—he was never grossly unfair. Thus, he was never unjust, as the author of *Westward Ho!* was persistently unjust, to the Roman Church. To a man of his experience and faculty of realisation the narrower view was impossible. He was neither a preacher nor a partisan. Yet I know no books which breathe a healthier atmosphere, none which I would put more gladly into the hands of boys who are beginning to understand that the world is not a mere entertainment for those who can afford to pay for seats. All his novels, even the worst of them, are what I should call brave books. There is no puling, no heightening of tragedy or pathos by means which are as easy as they are false. Some of his sentimental passages are overdone, but, on the other hand, he never assails high heaven with nonsense, or makes his readers ashamed for themselves or him. His joy in youth and in the true youthful spirit saved him from the morbidity of those, and they are not few, who are snared into obliquity of vision by contemplation of their own uncollated past. He delighted in the portrayal of young people, and wrote with unmistakable zest many passages of the most boisterous and boyish comedy. The scene in *Stretton* in which the five boys going up from Gloucester to Oxford first appear at lecture, is irresistibly absurd. No wonder the Dean said, "In the whole course of my experience I never saw anything like this."

And if he was in acute and eager sympathy with the young, he was no less so with the old. This, surely, is a sufficient test of a man's conception of values. His old people are always good, sometimes superb. Also, and this is worth noting, he elevated the office of those who serve. His faithful family servants take their places honestly in the involved schemes of his plots, a fact which must have been vastly refreshing to readers who may have wearied of the backstairs scandal of Thackeray. One need not inquire here which was the truer presentation, but it is worth while to remark that the kindlier view, and I think not without deliberate purpose, was set down by a less brilliant, though not a less honest, pen.

In some respects Henry Kingsley was one of the most faulty writers of eminence who ever lived. His casual carelessnesses are innumerable; sometimes his grammar is preposterous and might even be corrected in the nursery. It is a pity, I think, that they were not corrected in the latest edition of his works. Such lapses have little value, even to the critic, and when a writer has been dead for a quarter of a century so small a kindness to his memory might count for righteousness. But even in this respect he sinned in good company, and need crave no absolution at the hands of his lovers. It may be that these lovers are more numerous than I suppose; it would be pleasant to find that they were. Here was a writer of brave ideals, of a sympathy never at fault, of an intuition marvellously keen; moreover, having a narrative gift lavish in expenditure and alive with the means of expression, and yet—who reads him? I am not exploiting a forlorn hope, for I cherish the belief that in literature there are no forlorn hopes.

C. K. B.

Correspondence.

Some Curiosities in Works of the Old Masters.

SIR,—A friend of mine in Boston, Mass., possesses a portfolio containing a large number of careful line-tracings made from the paintings of the old masters. On looking over these, last autumn, I was surprised to find that the aureoles round the head of a king, and round that of the Madonna, in Gentile da Fabriano's "Adoration of the Magi," in the Academia dei Belli Arti at Florence—a picture which must date from the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century—were decorated with Arabic letters, or imitations of them. The style reminded me strongly of the old lettering to be seen on Arab vases and lamps, or on dishes, such as are collected in the mediæval Muhammadan museum at Cairo. I should be glad to know if anyone else has observed this curiosity.

I also observed that the edges of the (probably) silk robes of several of the principal figures in some pictures were adorned with what looked, in the tracings, curiously like lettering in Indian characters. These are to be found in the following cases: the robes of the Madonna and angel in a picture, by Perugino, in the Pitti Gallery at Florence; on another of the Madonna in the Uffizi Palace by the same; in a picture, by Francesco Fiorentini, in the church of San Agostino at St. Gemignano; on a dress of two monks in a picture in the church of the Ogni Santi in Florence; also on some scrolls in the hands of two priests in a picture, by Giovanni di Milano, in the Uffizi. (This list has been sent to me.)

Silken stuffs sent to Europe from the East in those days might well have had lettered borders to them. The wearers might have been careful to let the borders be seen, in proof that the stuff was genuinely Oriental, as well as because the lettering was quaint and ornamental. And the painter might have copied what he saw, or what he himself had exposed to view in draping his model.

It would be interesting to know whether the borders are really lettered, and, if so, in the characters of what alphabet; or whether the appearance of letters is only due to the folding and creasing of the borders represented?

ROBERT SEWELL.

Sir W. Besant's "East London."

SIR,—In Sir Walter Besant's *East London*, just published, the purchasers of this work are expected to put up with such mutilations of the English language as "labor," "honor," "theater," "traveler," "harbor." As this book is both published and printed in London, and as the author is an Englishman, such spelling should be considered an unpardonable fault, and I, sir, for one, much regret that you did not comment upon it in your review of the work.

—I am, &c.,

DOWNING.

The Union Society, Cambridge: March 26, 1901.

[We are in agreement with our correspondent. We had noted the defect, but it escaped our memory in writing of an interesting book.]

"To All Whom It May Concern."

SIR,—A memoir of the late Prof. Blaikie is advertised, the biographer being Dr. Norman Walker. I have already received three communications with regard to this work, and would like to point out through you that I am concerned only with Prof. Blackie.—I am, &c.,

A. STODART-WALKER.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 80 (New Series).

LAST week we set the following Competition:

"In Mr. Charles Marriott's novel, *The Column*, which we reviewed last week, there occurs a mysterious reference to Antwerp in connexion with some past incident in the life of Cathcart, the sculptor. What had happened to Cathcart at Antwerp we do not know. The author says:

'The story cannot be told here: it is one of those stories that a man thinks about when there is only one thing left for him to do, and that to blow out his brains. Perhaps it explains Cathcart's genius; but it is also why his friends never allow him to see white lilac.'

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best theory of Cathcart's association with white lilac based simply on the above extract."

We cannot say that the replies in this Competition excite our admiration, as those in some recent ones. We award the prize to Miss Eva Lathbury, Gladysholme, Lapwing-lane, Didsbury, Lancashire, for the following:

At that early time in his career—viz., at Antwerp—Cathcart was engaged upon a representation of Innocence, embodied in the fragile form of a very beautiful little girl, possibly six years of age and bearing a startling likeness to the sculptor himself. He might have been aware of the fact or he might not, and the dual method of procedure he adopted towards the child was a puzzle to theorists. Out of work hours he was gentle, even affectionate towards her; while his artistic demands upon that frail physique were a scandal for his neighbourhood and friends.

One morning, on re-entering his work-room after a much-grudged interval for relaxation, he found his "Emblem of Innocence," in her scanty white concession to civilisation, transformed into the realistic, yet ideal, "Vision of Longing" that so many an artist has sighed to evoke from its secretion. A giant bowl of white lilac, breathing almost poisonous sweetness on the air, stood on a marble bracket, high above the little creature's head, and the curved body, the up-raised arms, and the clean, speaking lines of cheek, throat, and breast, were the finest feast ever proffered to a hungry sculptor's eye.

The immature and certainly unconvincing form of innocence was destroyed, and Cathcart set deftly to work upon the imprisonment of that ravishing pose chance had flung him. He had provided himself with remarkably intricate machinery for the convenience of his models, and, in a few minutes, the patient child was supported in so complete a manner that no lapse of strength in any limb or muscle could effect and destroy her inimitable posture.

How long the man toiled and the child endured, how much the scent of the white lilac acted and counteracted on the senses of the pair, must be unknown; but it was not until the sculptor's own exhaustion grew insistent that he paused to realise that there was flesh, as well as the slowly materialising spirit he sought to fetter, between his four work-room walls.

Still little more than half awake, he crossed the room and approached his pale colleague. He reeled a little as he wrestled with the silk ropes and props, for the flowers, at close quarters, were almost overwhelming. As he released the up-raised arms and took his "Vision of Longing" into his arms, he understood the extent of the misfortune that had befallen him.

Only once did he speak voluntarily of the incident—when he told a friend that he was perfectly well aware of the danger in the child's attitude. "I gave it no thought," he added, "for my artistic rapture usurped my thoughts for the time."

If what he felt were remorse, it took a peculiar and defiant shape, marking his features and his subsequent work with melancholy audacity.

Other replies are as follows:

In Antwerp Cathcart had his first inspiration. It came in an old garden, with a sudden glimpse of a girl reaching up her arms to a spray of blossoms: in a flash he saw her as the incarnation of the grace, the fragrance, the haunting charm of the white lilac that she was gathering.

Later, he came to know her and to wonder at the strange blending of a Greek sense of beauty and joy in life with English frankness, in a personality derived from Huguenot ancestors.

She lived much alone, for her father was a scholar who spent day and night over old texts; and in her studio dreamed and strove to put into form and colour her phantasies of beauty. In time Cathcart was admitted as a friend; and as he grew to understand her exquisite sincerity in seeing and feeling, so she came to know his strength in handling the gross materials. When at last he took courage to tell her of his inspiration, she understood, and offered what he had not dared to ask, offered herself as model, as frankly and simply as a Greek maiden might have done to Praxiteles.

Within the year the work in clay was practically finished. On the day of the last sitting she went up to her studio before Cathcart arrived, with a spray of white lilacs to show him; and found her

father there with a look that made her soul shrink away from him with vague terror. She stammered under his rain of questions until he mistook her entirely, and in the white heat of Huguenot passion struck her down, and killed her there.

There Cathcart found her, and awoke to the knowledge that he loved her; and in his first madness dashed to the earth his figure of clay. And when reason came back, and he had outfaced the shadow of death, there grew in him a willingness to live, to make his life an offering to her, by using as most he might the gift she had called forth.

His work had the strength that comes through sorest travail of spirit; but his friends never ceased to guard him from white lilac. [K. A. P., London.]

Cathcart was staying in Antwerp with his sculptor-friend Adrian, to whose sister Alice he was engaged. They were all three in the studio one morning examining a great bronze figure that Adrian had recently bought at a sale, when somehow or other Cathcart stumbled against one of the temporary supports on which it was standing, and the statue fell, pinning his *fiancée* to the ground. It was impossible to release her without further assistance, which, accordingly, Adrian rushed off to procure, whilst Cathcart remained behind. Alice had not uttered a sound since her first agonising cry. Cathcart took one of her hands which, convulsively quivering, was partly free, and bent down over her. The mist of death already veiled her eyes, the grayness of the great unknown was already shadowing her face. She was wearing a large sprig of lilac in the bosom of her dress; its white blossoms were flecked with blood, and its sickly perfume seemed to Cathcart to mock him, half stifling and choking him. Her lips moved, and he bent lower to catch her words: "— your work ——" They were all he could distinguish. Then the great Unknown had claimed her.

Perhaps those two words saved Cathcart's reason. They certainly made him the greatest sculptor of his day.

[B. H., London.]

In London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, he had seen her—always just for one moment, never face to face. She symbolised all that he held dearest: purity, strength, delicacy; but, above all, purity. He used to dream of her at night, and all his created women were of her pattern. In his hotel at Antwerp he met her, and, without hearing her name, or uttering a single platitude about the weather, he proposed marriage. She laughed lightly, and pouted full, red lips.

"My husband will be at the Dance to-morrow; he shall wear white lilac for your recognition."

Cathcart went, determined to be reconciled with himself if only her husband should prove worthy. The hall was full of cosmopolitans—young, gay, handsome. Near at hand he saw a little, cunning-eyed man sidling along with shambling footsteps. In every gesture, in every movement, shameless vulgarity was revealed. His eyes were bloodshot, and his mouth hung loosely with a vacant lascivious smile on its lips. Priceless rings glittered on his fat, stumpy fingers; his wealth was aggressively insistent. Cathcart looked, and could scarcely check the sneer which his lips were beginning to shape. And then, with a sudden start, his eyes caught a white flower in his coat, and he saw that the flower was lilac.

The thought of her in that man's arms was to mean madness through the coming years, and his heart's sudden contraction was his only warning. [C. F. K., Eccles.]

Cathcart had been smitten by the heroine of *A Branch of Lilac*, who had made a deep and lasting impression on him, and who, as may be remembered, ended tragically.

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

White lilac is an omen of death or some dire calamity, so, if Cathcart had seen this flower, he might, knowing this fact, have been impelled to commit suicide under the impression that some awful thing was going to happen to him.

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Twenty other replies received.

Competition No. 81 (New Series).

As an exercise both in observation and in writing, we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best "Thing Seen," based on some characteristic or humorous incident of the forthcoming Easter holiday in its popular aspects. Not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, April 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.

SIX POPULAR NOVELS.

Price 6s. each.

THE CAREER OF A BEAUTY.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

THE SECRET OF THE DEAD. By L. T. MEADE.

WHAT MEN CALL LOVE. By LUCAS CLEEVE.

THE MIDNIGHT PASSENGER.

By RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

MAY SILVER.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A SOLDIER FOR A DAY. By EMILY SPENDER.

F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the 'Crimean War..... The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK

6s., claret roan, gilt, illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO. Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE of LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORFOLK BROADS. THE ISLE of WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
BOSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
{ LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, }
{ LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON. }
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVY.
CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, and FESTINOG.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, ORICIEITH, and PWLLHSELI.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—**THE HOTELS of the WORLD.** A Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

J. NISBET & CO.'S LIST.

TREASON and PLOT: Struggles for Catholic Supremacy in the Last Years of Queen Elizabeth. By MARTIN HUME, Author of "The Great Lord Burghley," &c. Demy 8vo, 16s.

BOLINGBROKE and his TIMES. By WALTER SICHEL. With Portraits. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM: Work and Life. By J. A. HOBSON, Author of "John Ruskin, Social Reformer," &c. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

**VENGEANCE as a POLICY in AFRIKAN-
DERLAND: a Plea for a New Departure.** By FRANCIS J. DORMER. Demy 8vo, 6s.

"In a trenchant style Mr. Dormer, with a brutal and incisive frankness, lets in the light on the dark places of South African Policy. To the serious student of recent South African history it is indispensable."—*Speaker*.

F. G. TAIT: a Record. Being his Life, Letters, and Golfing Diary. By J. L. LOW. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG. Illustrated, and with a Photogravure Frontispiece. 6s.

"Mr. Low's record of Tait's Life is no unworthy monument to the gallant young soldier who fell at Koodoosberg."—*Full Mail Gazette*.

STUDIES by the WAY. By the Right Hon. Sir EDWARD FRY, F.R.S., &c. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.
"This is a volume of unusual interest and value."—*Globe*.

THE JOURNAL of a JEALOUS WOMAN: a Novel. By PERCY WHITE, Author of "The West End," &c. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.
"One of the cleverest works of fiction of recent years."—*Yorkshire Post*.

J. NISBET & CO., LTD., 21, Berners Street, London, W.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. HEINEMANN begs to announce that on Tuesday, April 16 he will publish

THE LOVE LETTERS OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

Edited by PRINCE HERBERT BISMARCK.

With Portraits. 2 vols., demy 8vo, £1 net.

"In these Letters the 'man of blood and iron' appears in a strangely unfamiliar but deeply interesting aspect—as the tender husband, the anxious father, the country squire, and, above all, as a man with a deep religious feeling, amounting at times to an almost superstitious belief in the Divine direction of his small private affairs. The correspondence covers the whole term of Bismarck's betrothal and marriage, and continues throughout his campaigns, his many diplomatic missions, and his absences as Ambassador in the principal capitals of Europe."

Mr. HEINEMANN will publish on Friday, April 19, a new and remarkable novel, in one volume, price Six Shillings,

VOYSEY. By R. O. Prowse.

Mr. HEINEMANN has recently published, in one volume, price Six Shillings, a new novel by DANIEL WOODROFFE,

TANGLED TRINITIES,

of which Mr. W. L. COURTNEY writes in the Daily Telegraph:

"It is a sad, bitter, poignant story, powerful and well written."

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of
all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA
per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Book
at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS
per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUB-
SCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.
Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis
and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

Now Offered at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)
Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in
TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SUR-
PLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

80-84, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C., LONDON;
And at Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

SELECTIONS FROM ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 3s. 6d., post free.

ILLUSTRATIONS from the SERMONS
of ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Edited
and Selected by JAMES HENRY MARTYN.
Containing over 500 beautiful and suggestive
illustrations. With a Textual Index and Alpha-
betical List of Subjects.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"THINGS THAT ARE MADE." Devotional
Meditations in the Haunts of Nature. By
Rev. A. J. BAMFORD, B.A., of Royston.

The *Freeman* says: "Preachers and teachers will
find in them many helpful suggestions."
The *Glasgow Herald* says: "They will probably
interest and instruct many who would an ordinary
sermon flee."

Now Ready, Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth
boards, 1s. 6d., post free.

THE CHARTER of the CHURCH.
Lectures on the Principle of Nonconformity. By
P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D.
"Explains the position of religious dissent with
great force and eloquence."—*Manchester Guardian*.
"Nothing could be more timely than these
learned and suggestive lectures."—*Christian World*.

Crown 8vo, illustrated, price 2s. 6d. post free.

CONVICTED OF HEROISM. A Tale of
John Penry, Martyr, 1559-1593. By HERBERT
M. WHITE, B.A. Illustrated by Frank H.
Simpson.

"Excellent, unusual grasp of events, nobility of
ideal, vividness, and grace of style."
Rev. ARCHIBALD DUFF, D.D.

Twenty-first Thousand. Limp cloth, price 6d.,
post free.

OUR PRINCIPLES: a Congregationalist
Church Manual. By G. B. JOHNSON.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Limited,
21 and 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, W.C.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S WORKS.

FIRST PRINCIPLES. Finally Revised. 11th Thou.	s. d.
PRINCIPLES of BIOLOGY. 2 vols. Revised and	16 0
Enlarged. 6th Thousand	36 0
PRINCIPLES of PSYCHOLOGY. 2 vols. 5th Thou.	36 0
PRINCIPLES of SOCIOLOGY. Vol. I. 4th Thousand	21 0
Ditto. Vol. II. 3rd Thousand	18 0
Ditto. Vol. III. 2nd Thousand	16 0
PRINCIPLES of ETHICS. 2 vols. 2nd Thousand	27 6
JUSTICE. (Separately.)	8 0
THE STUDY of SOCIOLOGY. 2nd Thousand	10 6
EDUCATION. Library Edition. 7th Thousand	6 0
Ditto. Cheap Edition. 41st Thousand	2 6
ESSAYS. 3 vols. 5th Thousand	Each vol. 10 0
SOCIAL STATICS and MAN v. STATE	10 0
THE MAN v. THE STATE. (Separately.) 14th Thou.	1 0
VARIOUS FRAGMENTS. Enlarged Edition	6 0
London: WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14, Henrietta Street, W.C.	

In cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 9d.

**BRIDGE WHIST: Its Whys and Where-
fores. The Game clearly Explained and
Taught by Reason instead of by Rule alone.
With Illustrative Hands printed in Colours.**
By C. J. MELROSE. Also by the same Author
(and uniform with "Bridge Whist" in size,
plan, and price). "SOLO WHIST" and
"SCIENTIFIC WHIST."

London: L. UPCOTT GILL, 170, Strand, W.C.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

TO

"THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and
New Celebrities in Literature, may still be
obtained, singly, or in complete sets for
3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43,
Chancery Lane, W.C.

Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd.

TWO SIDES of a QUESTION.

By MAY SINCLAIR. 6s.

"Belongs to a high order of imaginative fiction.... For many readers, and perhaps for those best worth having, these excellent stories will be inspiring as well as convincing."—*Athenæum*.

"Two stories of undoubted power.... clever and adroit.... abounds in a felicity of phrase for the most part humorous, that we dwell on with much pleasure, merely for the method itself."—*Weekly Register*.

"In Miss Sinclair we have that pleasing phenomenon, a woman who is an artist, pure and simple.... she is besides a story-teller.... Hers is withal an essentially feminine charm."—*The Outlook*.

"A volume we are glad to have read."—*Daily News*.

THAT SWEET ENEMY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s.

"This is Mrs. Hinkson's best novel."—*The World*.

"Another delightful story of Irish life."—*Morning Post*.

"This is the most vivacious of her stories."—*The Bookman*.

THE SHIP'S ADVENTURE.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 6s.

"The story is emphatically good reading, and there is no falling off in the imitatively fresh and vigorous description of the high seas by fair and foul weather."—*Saturday Review*.

"Mr. Russell has done nothing better."—*The World*.

"Let us thank Mr. Russell for another rattling tale."—*Daily News*.

THE SIN of JASPER STANDISH.

By "RITA." 6s.

"Who shall describe the skill of 'Rita,' and who shall set it down?"—*Hearth and Home*.

"'Rita' is a past mistress in the craft of story-making..... This story 'goes.'"—*Manchester Guardian*.

"What more could one desire?"—*The Globe*.

THROUGH SIBERIA.

By J. STADLING.

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 18s.

"Interesting and instructive in the highest degree, and we cordially recommend it."—*The Outlook*.

"One of the best books that have appeared for many a year about Siberia."—*The Morning Post*.

"The present volume takes a position distinct and distinguished."—*The Academy*.

THE LETTERS of T. E. BROWN,

Author of "Betsy Lee" and "Fo'e'sle Yarns."

Crown 8vo, 2 vols., 12s.

"A delightful, hearty book of letters by a scholar, a humorist, a man full of noble qualities. The book is a book to be read, and many of its finest things are too long for quotation."—*Daily News*.

Mr. Andrew Lang in the

KALHANA'S RAJATARANGINI.

A Chronicle of the Kings of Kashmir.

Translated, with an Introduction, Commentary, and Appendices, and 3 Maps.

By M. A. STEIN. 2 vols., £3 3s. net.

EPHEMERA CRITICA.

By CHURTON COLLINS. 7s. 6d.

"There are not many points connected with the well-being, the interests and independence of literature more important than those raised by Mr. Collins."—*Sir Walter Besant in the Author*.

STUDIES in PEERAGE and FAMILY HISTORY.

By J. HORACE ROUND, M.A.

Demy 8vo 12s. 6d. net.

DANTE'S TEN HEAVENS:

A Study of the Paradiso.

By EDMUND G. GARDNER, M.A.

Demy 8vo, 12s.

Second and Revised Edition.

"Mr. Gardner's work is one of the most solid and, in a sense, one of the most original that the study of Dante has produced in England for a long time."—*Mr. A. J. Butler, in The Bookman*.

2, Whitehall Gardens, Westminster.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers.

EAST LONDON. By Walter Besant.

Author of "London," "Westminster," and "South London." With an Etching by F. S. Walker, and 55 Illustrations by Phil May, J. Raven Hill, and Joseph Pennell. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 18s.

"This 'East London' of Sir Walter Besant is not merely far more interesting and various than any of its author's previous works on London: it is a great book absolute.... It is admirably illustrated."—*Outlook*.

"Sir Walter Besant knows London as no one has known it since Dickens.... A masterly book."—*Literary World*.

"The best general description of East London that has yet been written, or that is likely to be written for years."—*Academy*.

"Written with the bracing vigour and the broad-minded and tolerant sympathy that one expects from the writer."—*Scotsman*.

A HISTORY of the FOUR GEORGES

and of WILLIAM the Fourth. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY and JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY. Vols. III. and IV. (completing the Work), demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each.

"A picturesque and noteworthy history."—*Outlook*.

"The last two volumes testify that the hand of this journalistic historian has lost none of its old cunning nor its sympathies their breadth and discernment. The volumes will be read by a multitude of readers with an interest as eager as any pages Mr. McCarthy has penned. For he knows his craft well. A literary artist and an old Parliamentary hand, Mr. McCarthy has chosen to write history as a great novelist would write it."—*Daily News*.

POPULAR SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN'S New Story,

RUNNING AMOK.

"Plenty of wild fighting and desperate hazards, all vividly told."—*Morning Leader*.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S New Novel,

MONONIA: a Love Story of "Forty-eight."

WILLIAM WESTALL'S New Novel,

HER LADYSHIP'S SECRET,

will be ready on April 25.

THE LONE STAR RUSH. By

EDMUND MITCHELL. With 8 Illustrations by Norman H. Hardy.

"A story of the good old Ballantyne and Kingston kind.... A realistic, exciting, and well-written tale.... sure to be eagerly read."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE CHURCH of HUMANITY. By

CHRISTIE MURRAY. Author of "Joseph's Coat."

"In this book he gives us a new and better story. So instinct with tragedy—growing in acuteness and force until the climax—that once begun it will be read with increasing interest to the last page.... Mr. Murray keeps his position as one of our ablest writers on the unconventional side of life."—*Athenæum*.

QUALITY CORNER. By C. L.

ANTROBUS. Author of "Wildersmoor," &c.

"Mrs. Antrobus has given us another remarkable story in 'Quality Corner.'.... Mrs. Antrobus writes well. She can select the picturesque word and give it a proper setting. She has a fine eye for effect, and an imagination that gathers heat and grows more intense. Best of all, perhaps, she has a sense of humour.... 'Quality Corner' is a notable book."—*Morning Post*.

THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSING-

HAM. By HERBERT COMPTON.

"The characters are singularly 'alive' and the setting is convincingly real.... Bob Borradaile and his sweetheart, known to stage fame as Mrs. Massingham, deserve to live long beyond the span allotted to most heroes and heroines, and Mr. Compton's picture of the old convict days is masterly."—*Literature*.

THE BLUE DIAMOND. By L. T.

MEADE. Author of "The Voice of the Charnier."

"Stirring in subject and pleasant in style.... A very pretty and engrossing story."—*Truth*.

THE LESSER EVIL. By Iza Duffus

HARDY. Author of "The Love that He Passed By."

"A tale by which the authoress should somewhat enhance her reputation as a planner of readable fiction.... The tender love-story of Kenneth Mainwaring and of Beryl is told with pleasing crispness."—*Scotsman*.

A PATH of THORNS. By Ernest A.

VIZETELLI. Author of "The Scorpion."

"His knowledge of French life has before now stood him in good stead in original fiction. We cannot recall, however, a more entertaining romance of his than 'A Path of Thorns.'.... It is ably constructed and easily written."—*Speaker*.

MAX THORNTON. By Ernest

GLANVILLE. Author of "The Fossicker." With 8 Illustrations by J. S. Crompton, R.I.

"Max Thornton stands out head and shoulders above any novel dealing with life in the southern states of Africa which we have read for many a year. The air of the veldt pervades the book, and the characters stand out true and distinct.... The story of 'Max Thornton' is both exciting and dramatic."—*Empire*.

A MISSING HERO. By Mrs. Alex-

ANDER. Author of "The Waving of the Flag." THIRD EDITION.

"Mrs. Alexander has not devised a more ingenious plot, in all the long succession of her novels, than that of her latest, 'A Missing Hero,' nor can we recall one more cleverly worked out.... The girl is one of the very best of Mrs. Alexander's English girls, with a heart worth winning. The author of 'A Missing Hero' has had considerable success with her girls always; we like 'Sissy' as well as the earliest of them."—*World*.

ECCENTRICITIES of GENIUS. By

Major J. B. POND. With 91 Portraits. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s.

"Major J. B. Pond has compiled a most entertaining volume. He has 'run' more celebrities than any man of his age, and toured with more bright, particular stars.... The fund of anecdote he has at disposal is unfailing.... The book.... contains much that is amusing and droll. It is, moreover, excellently illustrated with photographs of illustrious men and women."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE DEATH SHIP. By W. Clark

RUSSELL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S
NEW BOOKS.

ON APRIL 15.

With a Portrait Frontispiece, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SOUTH AFRICA
A CENTURY AGO.

Letters written from the Cape of Good Hope, 1797-1801.

BY

The Lady ANNE BARNARD.

Edited, with a Memoir and Brief Notes, by
W. H. WILKINS, F.S.A.

ON APRIL 16.

With a Map and 10 Text Plans, large
crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE SIEGE OF
THE PEKING
LEGATIONS.

Being the Diary of the

Rev. ROLAND ALLEN, M.A.,

Chaplain to the Right Rev. C. P. Scott, D.D.,
Lord Bishop in North China; for five years
Acting Chaplain to H.B.M.'s Legation in
Peking.

NEW-NOVEL BY S. R. CROCKETT

ON APRIL 18.

With 12 Full-Page Illustrations, crown 8vo, 6s.

THE

SILVER SKULL.

BY

S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "CLEG KELLY," "THE RED
AXE," "LITTLE ANNA MARK," &c.

RODNEY STONE.

New and Cheaper Illustrated Edition.

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The White Company," "The
Great Boer War," &c.

With 8 Full-Page Illustrations, crown 8vo,
3s. 6d.

THE TIMES.—"Rodney Stone" is, in our
judgment, distinctly the best of Dr. Conan Doyle's
novels.... There are few descriptions in fiction that
can vie with that race upon the Brighton road."

A NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.

At all Booksellers' and Libraries, crown 8vo, 6s.

A CARDINAL
AND HIS
CONSCIENCE.

By GRAHAM HOPE.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO.,
15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1510. Established 1869.

13 April, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE literary world has received with sincere regret the news of the death of Mr. George M. Smith, the princely publisher of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Early in January Mr. Smith underwent an operation from which, unhappily, his strength did not permit him to recover. He died at Byfleet last Saturday afternoon at the age of seventy-seven. The vigour and brightness of those reminiscences which he had recently contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which he was the founder forty-one years ago, had in no way prepared the public for the termination of his fine career. We have again and again quoted his delightful memories of the early days of the firm of Smith, Elder, and of his first and spirited connexions with Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, Ruskin, the Brontës, the Brownings, George Eliot, and others. Of the munificence and splendid initiative and perseverance which went to the making and completion of the *Dictionary of National Biography* it is unnecessary to speak. It is passing strange that the honours paid to Mr. Smith, though many and public, did not include the bestowal of a title. However, the *Dictionary* is his splendid monument. By its very nature it must endure. Five centuries hence it will be consulted and quoted, and if other works may arise to bear its name, that of its founder will become only the more prominent and current among scholars. Mr. Smith was also the founder of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

A SINGLE anecdote often tells the most and best of a man's life and character. When Sir John Millais lay on his death-bed, and was unable to speak, he wrote on a slate these words: "I should like to see George Smith, the kindest man and the best gentleman I have had to deal with."

WE understand that the late Mr. John Henry Pease, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has left to that city his splendid collection of the works of Thomas Bewick, whose original workshop may still be seen under the shadow of the cathedral church of St. Nicholas, on the steep banks of the Tyne.

WE have received from Messrs. Jack the first two volumes of the "Edinburgh Waverley," bound in sage-green buckram, with gilt-lettered red labels. The page and paper of these handsome volumes are uniform with the "Edinburgh Stevenson," and each has a photogravure portrait, the first being an exquisite reproduction of Andrew Geddes's portrait of Scott. However ill-done some things in literature may be nowadays, it is at least an age of sumptuous editions. If Scott and Lamb, Fielding and Jane Austen, could see their works in the splendid garb given to them by modern publishers, they might surely exclaim: Even the Song of Solomon in all its glory was not arrayed like one of these.

FROM a society which has taken to itself the name of "The Guild of the Luscious Nectarine" much may be

expected in the way of unconscious humour, though a manifesto printed on yellow paper informs us that it is founded for the cultivation of poetry. Chelsea is its home, Chelsea that once produced—nectarines.

MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT's success with *The Column* has been won after about seven years' writing, which yielded, apparently, only three or four published short stories. In 1894 he had two stories in the *National Observer*, and in 1897 a story in the *New Review*. To the *Pall Mall Magazine* he quite recently contributed a short story called "Rosanna," of which several critics remarked the excellence. He is now launched as a novelist, and is sure of an audience. He has not yet, however, embraced fiction as a profession, and that is well.

LITERATURE as well as Art is interested in the extraordinary recovery of Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire by Messrs. Agnew twenty-five years after it was cut from its frame and stolen out of their Bond-street gallery. We are not concerned with speculations as to the manner of the picture's recovery, or the magnitude of the reward, but with the more interesting fact that the old babel as to the identity of the sitter has been revived. Even experts do not appear to know whether she was Lady Elizabeth Foster, who subsequently married the Duke of Devonshire, or Georgiana Spencer, the Duke's second wife, of whom Horace Walpole wrote: "The Duchess of Devonshire effaces all. Her youth, vigour, flowing good nature, sense, and lively modesty, and modest familiarity, make her a phenomenon." No doubt the point will now be cleared up. By the way, the Countess Granville, whose later memoirs we review this week, was the devoted younger daughter of Georgians, Duchess of Devonshire.

THE sixpenny reprint is much in favour with publishers, who now count it among their annual sources of profit. This summer we are bidden to expect a great many sixpenny reprints, and we suppose that the four which have come to us this week are the pioneers. They are Mr. Max Pemberton's *Sea Wolves* (Cassell), Miss Jane H. Findlater's *The Green Graves of Balgourie* (Methuen), Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *A Wild Proxy* (Newnes), and Mrs. Lovett Cameron's *A Difficult Matter* (John Long).

Adam's Diary from the Original Manuscript is to be Mark Twain's next book. It will, of course, be published by Messrs. Harpers, with whom he has entered into a general agreement. The *Diary*, indeed, will appear as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*. Commenting on the project, "O. O.," of the *Sketch*, says: "It is just as well that Mark Twain should return to his humour. His latest attempts at serious writing have exasperated the whole country. And his references to England and the war in South Africa are, to say the least of it, hardly generous to a country which has treated him with great generosity." We do not look at it quite in that way, but is it so certain that Mark is going to return to his humour? His earlier dealings with Adam were in a vein of rather keen satire, and certainly

Adam's Diary is a title that Swift might have chosen when he had rolled up his sleeves for a piece of artistic savagery. We shall read what we shall read.

Anna Karenina—to be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann—will form the first volume of a uniform edition of Tolstoy's novels, to be translated direct from the Russian by Mrs. Garnett, the translator of the complete edition of Turgenev. The translation could not be in better hands. Will this statement, we wonder, affect the two other complete editions of Tolstoy's which have been announced as being in preparation?

THE correspondent of the *Daily News* at Berlin has done his paper good service by telegraphing at this juncture the particulars he has gathered of Count Tolstoy's new novel. It is to be called *Who is Right?* and the Countess Tolstoy has been, so to speak, its first publisher, for she has read a portion of the book to an audience in Moscow in aid of a charity. The plot of the story, as detailed by the *Daily News'* correspondent, is as follows. We need not apologise for giving it in full:

Vladimir Ivanovitch Spessiwzeff, who is employed at the Ministry of Agriculture, has been spending some time abroad with his wife, Maira Nikolaievna, and his sixteen-year-old daughter Vera. In the autumn they return to Russia, and on the way to St. Petersburg visit a brother-in-law, Anatol Dimitrivitch Lischin, who is a district president in one of the Governments which have greatly suffered from bad harvests. The first conversation among the relatives does not prove altogether agreeable. The Liberalism of the sixties is touched upon superficially. Lischin feels insulted at the self-conscious, incautious tone of Spessiwzeff, and this meeting places their by no means friendly relations in a very glaring light. During this time a conversation is being carried on in the bedroom between the ladies, while in the nursery the eldest scion of the Lischin family is enchanted with his cousin Vera, a girl full of life, with sparkling eyes, and beautiful teeth. The youngest boy, of six years, red-cheeked and hearty, does not take part in the conversation. He is listening for the dinner bell, which will not ring. A neighbour, a prince, is expected for a shooting party, which has been arranged for the morrow. Men and women cooks are doing their best to catch the fowls, a difficult piece of work, but they succeed at last. In the yard stands a peasant offering for sale a sheep, which he at last parts with for one rouble eighty copecks, and which is destined to appear at table. During dinner the prince appears, and every endeavour is made to be pleasant to him. The next morning they set off on slippery roads for the shooting. On the way a conversation springs up about the conditions under which the peasant population lives, about bad harvests, and the organisation of relief. Vera, who is accustomed to having attention paid her on all sides, feels bored, the conversation does not interest her. Only when she hears that it is intended to organise help for the suffering peasantry, and that she can take part in it, does she become lively again. She finally receives permission to remain three weeks with the Lischins. The young and lively girl looks forward to her impending activity as to a *partie de plaisir*, and at the end of the three weeks, when her old nurse comes to fetch her, she will not return home at any price. In consequence, there is a scene at home between the parents, and the father tries to bring his influence to bear upon his daughter, but in vain. It appears that Vera's feelings and views—her whole nature, in short—have undergone a radical change. She refuses to leave people amongst whom she has an opportunity to work for to the good of her neighbour, and where she can prove herself to be a useful member of human society. Moreover, she repudiates the idea of returning to surroundings where she would be condemned to idle inaction and a mere vegetative existence. This transformation is said to be painted in a masterly way by Count Tolstoy, especially from a psychological point of view.

OUR Correspondence columns bear witness this week to the vitality of that movement which is known as Spelling

Reform. We have no wish to flout or minimise the views expressed by our correspondents, but we must point out that this is one of those cases where the owners of a grievance make themselves heard with a loudness that is really far less impressive than the silence of the many who, being satisfied, say nothing. During this very week the *Daily Chronicle* has taken our own view that Sir Walter Besant was ill-advised in introducing American spellings into his book on East London. The American origin of such spellings as *theater*, *meager*, &c., is to our mind a powerful objection to their adoption in England. Not that we despise the gifts and inventions of America. Far from it. But those correspondents who reason that because a man objects to write "theater" for "theatre" he should therefore, in logic, revert to "governour," and forget that the one change was evolved naturally within our gates, and that without violence or suddenness, while the other has been evolved three thousand miles away, under conditions which have imposed their own natural and local changes, not only on spelling, but on the very meanings of words. The Spelling Reform Movement is at present much more shrill than effectual; and it seems to us that it has by no means earned the right to be indignant when an English writer is respectfully told that he ought to spell words as English boys and girls are in these islands taught to spell them. To advocate *theater* is one thing; to introduce it is another.

We notice that the *Daily News*, which is laudably careful of the language, protests this week in a leading article against the introduction of American journalistic English. It quotes with approval a correspondent who writes:

In such a sentence as "He claimed that Lord Salisbury was a great Statesman"—a fair instance, I think, we are confronted with a monstrous perversion, involving a double misuse, inasmuch as: (1) "claim" is a transitive verb requiring a direct object after it; (2) you cannot "claim," i.e., demand, for yourself as due a truth about another person. The perversion would not be so bad if the sentence ran: "He claimed that he himself was a great Statesman," although, of course, it contravenes (1). The trail of the Transatlantic is over them all. We seem in many quarters to be adopting the language as well as the style of American journalism. Neither the one nor the other is admirable. We should be the teachers, not the pupils.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN has been asked to send the MS. of *Ships that Pass in the Night* to the Glasgow Exhibition, and this she will do. Meanwhile, in the *Bookman*, she tells the story of the publication of the book. It is the story of an enormously successful book from which the author has derived a very small profit. It was Miss Harraden's first book. She was shy and inexperienced, and had never realised that the Authors' Society was a father to young writers, or that Mr. A. P. Watt could possibly interest himself in a young and untried novelist. Nor did she dream that her book would have a large sale. So she sold the copyright outright for twenty guineas and the promise of more guineas if the book was a success. The book was a huge success, and the publishers sent four extra cheques of twenty guineas, making one hundred guineas in all. Baron Tauchnitz gave £40 for the Continental rights, of which sum the London publishers took £20, giving the other £20 to the author. £125 is the total sum that Miss Harraden has received in England for a book that has run into twenty editions, not counting the sixpenny edition, of which 160,000 copies have been sold. It goes without saying that no American copyright was secured, and that America has had its own numberless editions, from five cents a copy to a dollar a copy. One American firm gave Miss Harraden £5 for a preface and £25 as a courtesy fee. In

conclusion Miss Harraden makes these temperate and sensible remarks on her book:

It is obvious that I did not make a fortune by it, but I have had a harvest out of it which I consider altogether priceless—a harvest of friendships and fellowships with all sorts and conditions of men and women in many parts of the world. I myself have seen the French, German, Dutch, Norwegian and Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, and Hungarian translations; and I still continue to receive letters from unknown friends in New Zealand, Western Australia, India, South America, Canada, and the United States, and, before the war, I had many letters from South Africa also.

I have written down these few details chiefly that young authors may again be cautioned against parting with their copyright. But if they do part with it, I hope that they, like myself, will have the great pleasure of getting it back again—even at the eleventh hour—after eight years of separation. And since pleasures, like sorrows, do not come as “single spies, but in battalions,” I have lately received copies of a new illustrated American edition of *Ships*, in which the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., have generously given me an interest.

AMONG the things in our daily life which give us smiles is the insinuating book announcement. Our readers doubtless know the variety. Here are three choice examples from one type-written sheet sent to us this week by a well-known firm:

“Love is a mystery, the greatest of all mysteries, and the key to all mysteries, having itself no key.” Miss _____ has embodied this mystery in one of her most fascinating stories, entitled _____, to be published shortly by Messrs. _____.

Although the permutations and combinations of the words contained in the English language are practically illimitable, it nevertheless does sometimes happen that two authors clash in choosing the same title for their separate books. Such an instance has occurred recently, where Messrs. _____ published a story entitled _____, by _____, and Messrs. _____ have recently published one by Mrs. _____ under the title of _____. There, however, the resemblance ends, as the stories are quite distinct both in plot and characterisation.

Cadmus would have been very much astonished if he had found an imitator in a Cherokee Indian. Cadmus is credited with having invented the alphabet for the Greeks, and Sequoia invented one for his tribe of Cherokees. In his honour the tallest species of conifers in the New Continent has been called the Sequoia or Redwoods. It is amongst such majestic surroundings that _____ has laid the plot of his latest novel, _____, to be published shortly by Messrs. _____.

For Gallic nothingness of gesture and speech commend us to No. 2. For top-heavy *empressment* you shall hardly find a rival to No. 3.

BUT, of course, the rarer freak announcement is usually the best fun. Here is one which we have received on a post-card from over the Atlantic:

“EARTH'S EMPRESS AND VICTORIA.”

On April 15 The Guild Publishing Concern will publish at its New York branch *Earth's Empress and Victoria* that is supposed to embody the philosophy of Goethe, Carlyle, and Ruskin. In this book the members of the Guild and Anglo-Saxon League, organised in five hundred cities, will get their chief text-book. It is a Romance that embodies the figment of the Ruskin ideal of a divine order with a semi-divine personage “Earth's Empress” as the central figure. The American people, in giving back to England this acknowledgment for value received, gives also a tribute to her great dead queen, not the least part of whose greatness was a kindly recognition of that tremendous fact, the American People, and, with a few exceptions, every manifestation of the divine that came along. The author or authors of the book were intimate with

Carlyle and his friends on both sides of the Atlantic, and were the subjects of their fostering care.

The moving headquarters of the Guild are this year at 128, Huron-street, Toledo, O. Besides some hundred thousands of members it includes three hundred leading statesmen, governors, judges, presidents of universities, and great manufacturers, &c., among its elected vice-presidents. The coming book is said to be a very extraordinary blend of the marvellous with the summer lightnings of philosophy.

We do not entertain the least doubt of the extraordinary character of the “blend.” But what *does* it all mean?

Notes and Queries is making a collection of verbs formed out of proper names, like *boycott*. In last week's issue some interesting examples were given, of which these are the least familiar:

To gregory.—To gibbet, to hang, from three successive hangmen of the name of Gregory. Hence the “Gregorian Tree,” a name for the gallows.

To grimthorpe.—To restore an ecclesiastical edifice badly, e.g., the west front of St. Alban's Abbey and its window, when taken in hand by Lord Grimthorpe: a word first used in the *Athenæum* of 23 July, 1892.

To lush.—The slang word “lush,” meaning beer or other intoxicating liquor, is an abbreviation of Lushington, the name of a London brewer. Its adoption in this sense was perhaps facilitated by the fact of Shakespeare having used the old adjective “lush,” meaning succulent, rich, luxuriant:

“How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!”—*The Tempest*, II. i.

“They didn't look like regular Lushingtons at all.”—Mayhew, “London Labour and London Poor.”

To sandwich.—To place one object between two others of a different kind, character, &c. The Earl of Sandwich, a famous admiral who served under both Cromwell and Charles II., is said to have been the inventor of the sandwich composed of two pieces of bread and a thin slice of ham or other meat.

To simpson.—To adulterate milk by adding water thereto, from a dairyman of this name who in the sixties was prosecuted on this account.

MIXED metaphors are always amusing, and a contemporary has presented us with some good examples this week. “You are,” said a late Lord Mayor of Dublin, in opposing a municipal scheme, “standing on the edge of a precipice that will be a weight on your necks all the rest of your days.” And this, attributed to an English clergyman: “The young men of England are the backbone of the British Empire. What we must do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front.” A Member of Parliament was responsible for the following: “Even if you carried these peddling little reforms it would only be like a fleabite in the ocean.”

In the current number of the *Forum* there is an article entitled “The Search after Novelty in Literature.” We cannot find that the writer had anything particularly illuminating to say, his main contention being the old and unanswerable one that there is nothing new under the sun. We continually return to the past for old ideas, which are to be re-dressed and presented as new:

A phenomenon frequently met with is that, during an epoch rather barren of ideas, such as ours is, we eventually—and courageously—go back a few centuries in order to get new impressions. We become enamoured of an author or an artist to whom some critic calls our attention. There have been several striking examples of this within the last few years. Ten years ago, in Germany, we found the book, *Rembrandt als Erzieher*, which, for the time being, was very famous. In Italy, scarcely more than two years ago—at the end of the nineteenth century—D'Annunzio suggested Sophocles and the Greek stage as scenic models. At present, M. Brunetiere pro-

poses to France a man whose ideas are two hundred years old. Is it necessary to recall here the name of Omar Khayyám?

This is all perfectly true and equally obvious, though the same cannot be said of the following:

A literary school is practically dead the very moment it is recognised by the public as a school; for its fundamental principles have become familiar; judgment has been pronounced upon them; it has given everything of value that it had in its power to give; and subsequent works are only repetitions of what is already known.

We fail to see why a school must be considered dead because the public has become familiar with its fundamental principles; it might be asserted with at least equal truth that just at that point it began to be alive. The writer is inclined to indulge in such easy definitions as the following: "Literature is nothing more than philosophy put within reach of everybody"; and we can discover no natural sequence in this: "Zola . . . proceeded from naturalism to idealism in *Le Réve*; and, later on, having made the round of naturalism, he took up socialism in *Lourdes*, *Rome*, and *Paris*." Why should socialism necessarily follow naturalism more than the study of electrical engineering, or anything else?

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER sends us another parcel of that delicate biscuit literature whose manufacture is his own secret. Anything more dainty than his "Brocade" series we cannot imagine. It already includes twenty-four little volumes, of which Mr. Mosher sends us six: Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Lodging for the Night*, Dr. John Brown's *Rab and His Friends*, William Morris's *The Hollow Land*, Vernon Lee's *The Child in the Vatican*, &c.

THE second number of *East London Antiquities*, the new local monthly, is quite as interesting as the first. Among the subjects treated are: "The Ancient River Fleet," "The Site of East London Beyond the Border," "The Green-Goose Fair at Bow," "Ancient Advertisements," &c.

THE reasons for the printing of modern plays may be many and just, but we have never before encountered that given by Mr. Brotherford Frere. On the cover of *Phæbe's Failure* (Hammersmith Publishing Co.) is the following note: "The short letters from Theatrical Managers printed herewith will explain why I publish this play." The letters consist of rejections more or less in the usual form. If all rejected plays were to be therefore printed, there would be no end to the increased burdens of reviewers.

Bibliographical.

THE next addition to the series of "Westminster Biographies" will have John Henry Newman for subject, and be the joint production of Mr. A. R. Waller and Mr. George H. Burrow, who will not be embarrassed by lack of material. Apart from the *Apologia*, there are the two volumes of *Letters and Correspondence* edited by Miss Mozley in 1891 and re-issued in 1898. There are also R. H. Hutton's monograph (1890), and Dr. E. A. Abbot's book on Newman's Anglican career (1892). Short biographies of Newman appeared in 1881 (by Mr. H. J. Jennings) and in 1890 (by Mr. J. S. Fletcher); in the latter year another was published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. Newman as a musician was the topic of a book brought out in 1892. Nevertheless there is room for a concise, yet luminous, memoir of the great divine.

In Mr. Archer's list of *Poets of the Younger Generation* there is one name which, I fancy, will hardly be known, or, at any

rate, familiar to the general reader. I refer to that of Alice Brown. Nevertheless, several of that lady's books have been published in this country—to name only *The Road to Castaly: a Book of Poems* (1896), *By Oak and Thorn: a Record of English Days* (1896), *Meadow Grass: New England Tales* (1897), *The Day of His Youth: a Novel* (1897), and *Tiverton Tales* (1899). (*In the Days of His Youth*, by the way, is the title of a story by Mr. Sydney Grundy on which that playwright based his drama called "Sowing the Wind.") I am sorry to say I have not read a line of Alice Brown's work in verse, and I shall be glad to be enlightened by Mr. Archer on the subject.

The news of the death of Mr. E. E. Bowen, so distressing to all Harrow boys, old and young, will also have been received with great regret by all who are acquainted with his lyrics of school life, admittedly among the best of their kind. A certain number of them, happily, have got into the anthologies for young people. They were issued in book form, under the title of *Harrow Songs, and Other Verses*, in 1886, and, I suppose, are still in print. About ten years ago Mr. Bowen brought out a very different and (to boys) much less attractive work—*Sentences for Translation into French, for Middle and Upper Forms*. Meanwhile, the school lyrics will keep his memory green for many a decade to come.

The announcement of an edition of Browning's *Stratford* for the use of schools suggests that history might be pleasantly as well as usefully taught by means of judiciously selected specimens from our poetical drama. Of course, Shakespeare, with his series extending from "King John" to "Henry VIII." (if that play was Shakespeare's), is himself a liberal education in history; but why should not the *Harold*, *Becket*, and *Queen Mary* of Tennyson, for instance, be just as widely and closely studied by our boys and girls? Where the poets have gone wrong in the matter of strict accuracy, they could easily be put right by competent teachers.

Mr. James Mortimer, the translator into English of Captain Dreyfus' forthcoming book, is best known, perhaps, as having been at one time editor of the *London Figaro*, and as having written a considerable number of plays. I understand that he is an authority on chess, and that many who are ignorant of his dramatic and journalistic work appreciate highly his *Chess Player's Pocket Book and Manual of Openings*, of which a seventh edition came out in 1890, but which cannot, of course, be reckoned as an addition to English literature.

The late Mr. Irving Montagu found time to contribute a fair measure to the printed matter of his time. So long ago as 1889 he brought out his *Wanderings of a War Artist*, of which a new edition was issued in 1892. In 1890 came his *Camp and Studio*, in 1892 his *Absolutely True*, and in 1899 his *Things I Have Seen in War*. For the first, second, and fourth of these there should be a fresh demand just now. Of the fourth, Messrs. Chatto & Windus announce a new edition.

With reference to one of my paragraphs last week, Mr. J. E. Muddock writes to say that his first book was published very early in the 'seventies. After that came *A Wingless Angel* (written at the suggestion of the late Dr. B. W. Richardson) and *As the Shadows Fall*. The circulation of the "Dick Donovan" volumes, Mr. Muddock says, has run into "hundreds of thousands," and they have been translated into various foreign languages, European and Indian.

Alluding to some remarks of mine the other day about guides to the works of our great fictionists, a kind correspondent draws my attention, and that of my readers, to *The Waverley Dictionary*, a sort of Scott Cyclopaedia, compiled by May Rogers, and published originally at Chicago (second edition, 1885). Has the book been published over here? I fancy not.

Reviews.

A Book that Counts.

A Subaltern's Letters to His Wife. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

OUR surprise was great when we found that this modest volume of 228 pages contains, space for space, more variety of matter and more easy good sense and natural observation than almost any book about the Boer War that we have read. To the last the author hardly extends that knowledge of himself which you obtain from his title-page. He is a subaltern with a wife—a subaltern in Rimington's Guides—and a mighty letter-writer before the Lord. We remain doubtful whether the "Letters" are not a mere literary device, perhaps a publisher's device. It matters not; the book is excellent. It has that tendency to enlarge the significance of its subject which you find in all good work. Not that there is conscious effort to do so. But the mind it is that counts, and this subaltern's mind is very full and active. Whether he is describing the birds on the veldt, or conjecturing the feelings of a war horse, or drawing the Boer in the bosom of his family, or sketching human types in an irregular force, or delivering reasoned opinions on the British Army and its ailments, the "Subaltern" secures your close attention. You smell the veldt, you look the Boer in the face, you appreciate the heroic ineptitudes of the British, and you see, for yourself, the honest connexion between the author's facts and his outspoken opinions. But the crowning result is that, somehow, the whole subject has been lifted and universalised. It is less stuffy, less pettily political, than you have known it; and you are rejoiced to find that another strong brain is ours in a time of gloom and perplexity.

The weight of the book lies in the writer's formal and incidental treatment of the vexed and momentous Army problem. His simple, recurrently expressed opinion is that Drill is a mockery, and that our salvation lies in the citizen-soldier's knapsack.

Soldiers have for centuries relied on drill, pipeclay, and goose-steps, and all the rest of the "leather and prunella." This war has conclusively shown that all the time spent on such things is absolutely wasted. The Boers, the C.I.V., the Imperial Light Horse, all the Volunteer regiments at the front in short, have abundantly demonstrated that discipline can exist without drill, and that courage and military perception are not the exclusive possession of the much-drilled regular.

The universal recognition of the paramountcy of shooting, as opposed to the paramountcy of drill, foreshadows a revolution in military systems of which it is difficult to see the end. The bare truth is that nowadays the best shot is the best soldier. Nearly every Englishman has enough natural courage to enable him to face the dangers of the battlefield without fear. Drill and discipline appear to do little to create or increase courage. In the Boer war, despite the large number of raw and untrained Volunteers engaged, the only troops who ran away were regulars. Even supposing that the "shoulder to shoulder" method inspired bravery, modern extended formations have thrown the individual back upon himself.

These are strong words, and it cannot be expected that we should deliver an opinion on their precise value. The allied question of the courage of Volunteers as compared with the courage of regulars is very interesting, and the Subaltern returns to it in his chapter called "Boot and Saddle." He disputes the generally accepted notion that the first time of going under fire causes the young soldier to quail more than the veteran. This, he thinks, was true when armies faced each other at close quarters, and when cavalry hurled itself on cavalry.

But since the long-range rifle has commanded the situation the conditions have been radically altered. The chance of a bullet, though quite as real, is not nearly so well realised a danger as a hand-to-hand conflict with

perhaps a bigger man than oneself. In old days the neighbourhood of a strong and trusted comrade might avail a man's nerve much; to-day no man can avert from his friend the unseen, far-darting bullet. In short, the rationale of the old shoulder-to-shoulder discipline and moral is non-existent.

In support he quotes the answers he received from several men of tried courage in answer to his inquiries; and adduces the conduct of the Volunteers in South Africa:

My second argument is that, if many thousand irregular troops, few of whom have ever previously been under fire, go through a campaign without displaying the remotest affinity to panic on any occasion, the popular belief that more fear is felt during the first action may conceivably be a true belief, but certainly its importance as a factor in military discipline and organisation is destroyed. The Volunteers—raw civilians, remember—went through the war with a courage and a *sangfroid* under disturbing conditions which elicited the warm tributes of experienced fighting-men. If the point be proved, as I think it is up to the hilt, that under modern conditions previous experience of bullets and shells puts no premium on a soldier's efficiency, what a revolution may be safely made in our methods of training! The present drill system is based partly on the old need for shock and weight of impact on a similar body of the foe, and partly on the theory above alluded to, the necessity for providing each soldier with some moral support exterior to himself. To-day neither of these necessities arises. Consequently our drill system is antiquated, and the inordinate amount of time spent on drill is wasted. And yet regulars do very little else than drill. The whole tendency of modern warfare is to show that the non-professional soldier who can use a rifle is on a par with his professional brother.

From these considerations the Subaltern draws the conclusion that so soon as free countries like our own recognise these facts the standing army will be reduced, and will be kept merely as the nucleus of a great citizen army trained to shoot straight. How that citizen army is to be raised and constituted is a problem by no means shirked by the writer, who proposes that every man of us between twenty and twenty-five should serve one month a year as a soldier and practise rifle shooting at intervals during the remainder.

But we leave these grave proposals and arguments to the buying reader. It is necessary that we should indicate the lighter achievements of a book that does not contain a single dull page. Well read and well informed, our Subaltern is a delightful interpreter of the Boer and his country. The veldt, he says, "is to *Nirvana* in the natural world what the Sphinx is in the realm of art—illimitable, unfathomable, void." He describes the antbear, the seldom seen devourer of ants, and the pretty little mere-cat whose tail is a poem. He holds that nothing better was made at the Creation than the springbuck with his exquisite sloping quarters, his triple band of white, brown, and fawn, and his spinal ruff of white which bristles in the moment of alarm. One seizes much in the story of the great herd of springbuck that got hemmed in by troops in the battle of Driefontein. "Pitiable was their terror as shells hurtled above them and bullets sang about their ears. Two, if not more, received the missiles meant for the lords of creation." Hares, jackals, iguanas, the bull rat, the locust, the praying-mantis, the tortoise, all are hit off; birds and flowers are assembled to complete the picture; and we receive impressions of green and peopled solitude that are very grateful. Of the maiden-hair ferns we read: "The subtle variation of their serrations is marvellous. They poke their roots deep into the tortoise's quarters, under the black ironstone rocks, and peep out to view the world, sheltered by the taibosch and the olive. Those silent hill-sides where the ferns grow seem to me the fairyland of Africa. Blackness, greenness, silence, tortoises and stones, ferns and brilliant shrubs; only the ring-dove swishing through the brake understands how quiet life is there."

In the chapter on "The Boer's Life," the Boer woman is drawn in formidable outlines. Her actual and inspirational parts in the war have scarcely been appreciated. Her parasols and feathers strewed the laagers of Magersfontein, and at Paardeberg she had her shell-proof burrows into which she took even her children. A pretty Boer girl was found walking about at Paardeberg, after the surrender, with her arm in a sling. Asked what the bombardment had felt like, she replied:

"For your lyddite I care not at all: I shake my skirt, so; but to live the life of a mere-cat, *that* is horrible!" Those who witnessed the terrific howitzer bombardment of the laager are in a position to appreciate the bravery of that girl who despised lyddite; and it is certain that the Boer women are generally very courageous. A characteristic story is told of a *vrouw* who said to her husband, "Go and fight; I can get another husband but not another Free State." . . . There can be no question that the ignorant fanaticism of the women has done much to stiffen Boer aggression and Boer resistance. Where national success depends upon promptitude and boldness, the constant girdings of unlettered women are of more value than the reasoned counsels of statesmen. The Boer woman—strong, fierce, and uncompromising—is a force to be reckoned with in the future settlement of South Africa.

But for character sketches commend us to the chapter called "Ours and Others," in which the Subaltern describes his comrades, of every breed, caste, and calibre, from a cosmopolitan fighter who combined reckless wanderings over the world's battlefields with devotion to his native country, Wales, of which he was competent to write a scholarly history, to "Sancho Panza," a pure-bred Englishman who had spent thirty years in South America and insisted on fighting in a poncho, his Mexican saddle hung about with pots and mugs, his loose breeches descending into loose gaiters that dropped over loose boots, to which a pair of loose spurs hung like romance gone limp. But, indeed, portraiture and atmosphere are the stuff of this unusual book, and anecdotes pave every inch of the way. Some of these are gruesome enough. One such, and we end:

Some very curious accidents happened to those who acted under the prevalent impression that dead men, like dead lions, may with impunity be spurned by asses. At one of the battles on the western side, I forget which, a soldier tried to wrench a Mauser out of the hand of a Boer who had been killed in the act of pressing his trigger. The rifle went off and killed the man. Perhaps this may be a unique instance of a dead man killing a live one.

We can but advise the reader to possess a book so full of the matter and the intimacies of the Boer War.

A Manifesto.

Ideals in Ireland. Edited by Lady Gregory. Written by "A. E.," D. P. Moran, George Moore, Douglas Hyde, Standish O'Grady, and W. B. Yeats. (Unicorn Press. 25s. net.)

THE articles which comprise this volume have been printed in various Irish periodicals during the last two years, and Lady Gregory, who chose them from a larger mass of pugnaciously idealistic literature, has collected them into a book in order "to show to those who look beyond politics and horses in what direction thought is moving in Ireland." It is a pity that she should have included also the speech made by Mr. George Moore at a meeting of the supporters of the Irish Literary Theatre [why *literary*?] in February of last year. Mr. Moore is the best-known man in Lady Gregory's select band: his novels reach twenty editions, and thousands who have never heard of the Countess Kathleen have wept at the fall of Esther Waters. People are likely, therefore, to turn first to this speech—"Literature and the Irish Language"—as to an authoritative

utterance. They will find something ridiculous, and the whole volume will suffer accordingly. Mr. Moore is never at his best in polemics or in a speech or in criticism; there, his faults of temperament, hidden under the large contours of his novels, at once show themselves, and he is undone. What, indeed, is Mr. Moore doing at all in this galley? In middle life he seems suddenly to have discovered that he is a Celt, and must, therefore, go nap on the Gaelic League. We shall permit ourselves to say that when Mr. Moore cries out piteously "We want our language, we desire it with our whole heart and soul," he is deceiving himself. It is a psychological impossibility that Mr. Moore should desire the Irish language with his whole heart and soul. This yearning for the Irish language, so far as Mr. Moore is concerned, is a hobby on which he happens at the moment to be astride. If he had the Irish language he wouldn't know what on earth to do with it; he certainly could not use it. One suspects that, coming under the influence of the finest literary spirits of the "movement," Mr. Moore, being himself, threw himself into it with a tragic abandonment only less complete than his ignorance of the questions involved. The speech to which we have referred was printed in the *New Ireland Review*. It was then printed for the present volume, and at the last moment the editor had to insert a red-printed slip to the following effect: "Mr. George Moore wishes to add that . . . he did not know of the extraordinary revival of the Irish language in Dublin." Where had Mr. Moore been hiding, the passionately patriotic Celt, that he should be unaware of the one important and outstanding phenomenon of the movement which he essays to foster? Still more absurd is the conclusion of the speech. What, do you suppose, will Mr. Moore himself do in furtherance of the language movement? "I have no children, and am too old to learn the language; but I shall at once arrange that my brother's children shall learn Irish. *I have written to my sister-in-law telling her that I will at once undertake this essential part of her children's education.*" So much for the author of *Parnell and his Island*, who, by the way, cannot advocate Irish without asserting that English will shortly be "unfit for literary usage."

The remainder of the volume is clever, plausible, stimulating, and instinct here and there with a noble and generous spirit. True, some of the writers have not perceived the falsity of the deduction that because the Irish language is a beautiful language, and the medium of beautiful literature, and the inheritance of the Irish race, therefore it isn't dead. The English ought not to have killed it, but they *did* kill it. It ought not to be dead, but it *is* dead. No intensity of vague longing, no appreciation of its beauty, will revive it to any practical purpose—and unless a language is an instrument for practical purposes, it can never be anything finer than that. Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his plain and straightforward paper, "What Ireland is Asking For," does not insist so much on the Irish language as on Irish teaching:

There is Irish teaching wanted in this country, and the country itself has this long time been calling on the Board to give it. The Catholic Bishops ask for it, the managers of twelve hundred schools ask for it, the hundred and fifty branches of the Gaelic League ask for it, the County Councils and Rural Councils in their hundreds ask for it, but they have not got it. There is no free country in the whole of Christendom where, if the people of the country asked such a thing as this with one will and one voice, as has been done in Ireland, it would not be given at once as a matter of course. But it is not so in Ireland. If there is any little thing we want in this country we have to begin to wrangle and to make a disturbance and put fights and tumults on foot, much as the English would have to do if they wanted to disestablish the House of Lords. And yet people tell us that this is a free country! The National Board is not under the authority of Parliament itself, and the whole nation has asked it to give us sensible Irish teaching, and we are none the better off.

In a footnote Dr. Hyde pertinently quotes an egregious remark of Dr. Fitzgerald in refusing leave for a certain history to be read in schools: "No child reading this would gather that the Irishry spoken of were for hundreds of years before 1600 A.D. a pack of naked savages. . . ." No wonder that this sort of attitude towards the past of a great race arouses antagonism. "A. E." (Mr. George Russell), after echoing the desire to "keep in mind our language, teach our children our history, the story of our heroes, and the long traditions of our race," proceeds to draw a sinister picture of the results of the activities of the Irish Education Board:

A blockhead of a professor drawn from the intellectual obscurity of Trinity, and appointed as commissioner to train the national mind according to British ideas, meets us with an ultimatum: "I will always discourage the speaking of Gaelic wherever I can." We feel poignantly it is not merely Gaelic which is being suppressed, but the spiritual life of our race. A few ignoramus have it in their power, and are trying their utmost, to obliterate the mark of God upon a nation. It is not from Shelley or Keats our peasantry derive their mental nourishment, now that they are being cut off from their own past. We see everywhere a moral leprosy, a vulgarity of mind creeping over them. The Police Gazettes, the penny novels, the hideous comic journals, replace the once familiar poems and the beautiful and moving memoirs of classic Ireland. The music that breathed Tir-nan-og and overcame men's hearts with all gentle and soft emotions is heard more faintly, and the songs of the London music-halls may be heard in places where the music of fairy enchanted the elder generations. . . . Ireland, Limited, is being run by English syndicates. . . . It is the descent of a nation into hell. . . .

This is straight and fair hitting. The most brutally Saxon Englishman, if he have any trace of literary feeling, could not fail to sympathise with Mr. Russell's lament over the substitution of English "popular periodicals" for the folk-tales and folk-poetry of Ireland.

The "note" of most of the contributors is melancholy, but with a touch of hope. None of them attempts to blink the decadence of all things Irish during the last century. Mr. Moran attributes it to despair, or at any rate a temporary despair:

Ireland, because she has lost her heart, imports to-day what, on sound economic principles, she could produce for herself. She who once gave ideas to the world begs the meanest tinsel from that world now. She is out in the cold among the nations, standing on a sort of nowhere, looking at a civilisation which she does not understand, refuses to be absorbed into, and is unable to copy. She exports cattle, drink, and human beings; and she imports, among other things, men with initiative and heart. A dolt from England manages a naturally able man born of the soil because the dolt uses his head, such as it is, and the native of the soil has lost his heart. The great modern economic tradition of Ireland is simply this—Nothing Irish succeeds! We have not even heart to amuse ourselves, and our "humour" and our "drama"—God save us from most of both!—are imported, as well as our shoddy.

But—and hence springs the hope—there is the Gaelic League, with "its hundred and fifty branches." What has the Gaelic League done? Here is Mr. Moran's reply:

The League found Ireland wrangling over the corpse of Parnell. When A., who shouted one cry, called himself an Irish Nationalist, and declared with many strong adjectives that B., who shouted a different cry, was a West Briton, it began gradually to dawn upon the average mind that, as there was practically no difference between A. and B. but a cry, "Irish nationality" must be made of a very cloudy substance indeed. Under the inspiration of the new gospel of the Gaelic League, the common man, much to his surprise, was driven to the conclusion that A. and B. were after all a pair of ordinary, unmannerly politicians, and nothing else. And then the light dawned

upon him that politics is not nationality, and that the nineteenth century had been for Ireland mostly a century of humbug.

To have accomplished that "dawn" and that dissipation of humbug is something. It remains for the Gaelic League to proceed to more constructive measures.

His Kith and Kin.

Shakespeare's Family. By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. (Elliot Stock. Net 10s. 6d.)

CONSIDERING the immense amount of industry which for more than a century has been spent upon the endeavour to trace the family relations of Shakespeare, it is curious that so little solid result should have been arrived at. Shakespeare after Shakespeare is turned up in this and that village of Warwickshire; but each successive discovery tends rather to complicate than to solve the problem. We know all about Shakespeare's father, except (if recent disputants will permit it) his religion and the cause of his misfortunes. His father's father is identified, but by no means with certainty. His mother's family is known for two generations before herself. The name of his wife was probably Anne Hathaway, but may have been Anne Whately. The unwary biographer who attempts to stray beyond the limits of this narrow circle of facts speedily finds himself landed in the very quicksands of conjecture. Even Mrs. Stopes, who is for the most part exceedingly judicious, occasionally loses her way. The connexion of the Ardens of Wilmoote, from whom Mary Arden sprang, with the more important Ardens of Park Hall is, to say the least of it, highly disputable.

We are not always able to take Mrs. Stopes's view of most biographical points, but we have nothing but praise for the patient and minute care with which she has searched the records, not only for all possible traces of the poet's ancestry, but also for descendants and collateral Warwickshire Shakespeares and other provincial Shakespeares and London Shakespeares and Ardens, from the earliest days to the present time. The story of Shakespeare's descendants throws its sidelights on the frailty of human nature. They became, as a matter of fact, extinct in 1670, and of this strict genealogical proof can be given. Nevertheless, claims to lineal descent are constantly put forward by various persons bearing Shakespeare's name or that of some family into which one of his daughters married. Mrs. Stopes records a London alderman in 1767 who calmly adopted the coat of arms granted to the poet's father on the ground that there were no other Shakespeare arms known. She knows of a modern visitor to Verona who inscribed himself "Shakespeare, *descendent* of the poet who wrote the play," and of another impostor who claimed to have inherited "not only Shakespeare's dinner service, but his *teapot*." One William Smith, "descended from and next-of-kin to that immortal bard," kept the Shakespeare Inn at Gloucester during the present century, and the members of a family of Hammonds have at intervals advertised their deaths in the newspapers as of "one of the last lineal descendants of Shakespeare." Nevertheless, as Mrs. Stopes shows, Shakespeare's line ended with his granddaughter Elizabeth, Lady Barnard, in 1670, and "his poems alone are his posterity."

Mrs. Stopes approaches Shakespeare's life from a strictly genealogical and not a literary point of view.

Perhaps never before has anyone attempted to write a life of the poet with so little allusion to his plays and poems. My reason is clear: it is only the genealogical details of certain Warwickshire families of which I now treat, and it is only as an interesting Warwickshire gentleman that the poet is here included.

The limitation of scope is quite wise. Shakespeare's personal history has been told again and again, and the

genealogical material heré collected is quite full enough and interesting enough for separate treatment. Incidentally, however, Mrs. Stopes mentions one little detail of a literary nature which is worth quoting :

I was pleased to find that the first recorded student of Shakespeare was a woman. On January 21, 1638, Madam Anna Merrick, in the county, wrote to a friend in London that she could not come to town, but "must content herself with the study of Shakespeare and the *History of Women*," which seem to have constituted all her country library.

Mrs. Stopes's book is based upon two series of articles which appeared some years ago in the *Genealogical Magazine*. She is entitled to credit for a useful and sensible, if not an impeccable, book on a subject about which much ink has already been spilt.

The Origins of Civilisation.

Annual of British School at Athens, No. VI. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

THIS *Annual* contains important papers setting forth the results of the first year of archaeological exploration in Crete. It has long been felt that here, if anywhere, the beginnings of Ægean civilisation could most profitably be studied, and the desired opportunity was at last afforded by the surrender of the island out of the hands of the Sultan of Turkey to those of Prince George of Greece. The burden of the work has fallen on Mr. D. G. Hogarth and Mr. A. J. Evans. Mr. Hogarth contributes an interesting account of the Dictæan cave at Psychro, closely connected in Greek myth with the legend of Zeus, and in effect, as the excavations of last winter show, an important seat of the cult of Zeus Labraundos, lord of the *Labrys* or Double Axe. Even more remarkable were the discoveries of Mr. Evans on the site of Knossos, the traditional seat of the great maritime empire of Minos, where Dædalus is fabled to have wrought the labyrinth and Pasiphaë to have given birth to the monstrous Minotaur. The origin of such popular legends may perhaps be traced in memories of the prehistoric palace now unearthed by Mr. Evans, with its winding and intricate corridors and the figures of enormous bulls, raised in plaster or painted in fresco, which decorate its walls. In some respects the finds of Knossos are more interesting and important even than those of Schliemann at Mycenæ, or on the plains of Troy. Gold and silver, indeed, there is none, for the palace was evidently ransacked of valuables at the time of the overthrow of the dynasty to which it belonged. But, on the other hand, the site has never been again built upon, so that the architectural features are remarkably well preserved, and what the destroyer spared as valueless presents at least three points of the utmost interest to the archaeologist. In the first place there are the frescoes. These begin with a fragment of a great painted bull in the south-west portico. Then comes what Mr. Evans calls the "Corridor of the Procession," with the remains of a long series of figures which seem to represent the bearers of tribute from over seas. These, too, are but fragmentary, but in another corridor is a similar figure of which the head and face are well preserved. This, says Mr. Evans, is the first discovered portrait of a Mycænæan man :

The regular, almost classical, features; the dark eyes and black curly hair and high brachycephalic skull present close points of resemblance to certain types still to be found, especially in the highlands of Central and Western Crete. The profile rendering of the eye and the modelling of the face and limbs show an artistic advance which in historic Greece was not reached till the fifth century before our era, some eight or nine centuries later than the date of this Knossian fresco.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the Cup-bearer was probably a slave, and that the portrait does not therefore represent the physical type dominant in the Mycænæan

or any other civilised period. It is very unlikely that a brachycephalic race ever held sway in the Ægean. Among other remarkable frescoes found in various parts of the palace are one of a boy in a field of white crocuses, which he is gathering to place in a vase, and a number of *genre* pictures of peace and war in a singularly modern style :

At a glance we recognise Court ladies in elaborate toilette. They are fresh from the coiffeur's hands, with hair *frisé* and curled about the head and shoulders and falling down the back in long separate tresses. They wear high, puffed sleeves, joined across the lower part of the neck by a narrow cross-band ; but otherwise the bosom and the whole upper part of the body appears to be bare. Their waists are extraordinarily slender, and the lower part of their bodies is clad in a flounced robe, with indications of embroidered bands. In the best executed pieces these *décolletée* ladies are seated in groups with their legs half-bent under them, engaged in animated conversation emphasised by expressive gesticulation. In one scene the heads of a crowd of apparently standing women are seen beside a tree with a graceful olive-like foliage coloured pale blue, while above and below is a red-brown zone packed with smaller male heads, some of them evidently of children. In another design parts of two or more rows of female figures in yellow jackets and variegated skirts appear on a blue ground, standing, with a small interval between each, and raising their left arms as if in the act of salutation. On one fragment three ladies are seen looking out of a window.

Hardly less interesting than the frescoes are the relics of religious cult. These include a representation of the *façade* of a temple apparently designed for pillar worship, and some actual stone pillars with the double axe of the Cretan Zeus upon them. They will form the subject of a separate article by Mr. Evans in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. Finally Mr. Evans has been able to add largely to the material already collected by him for the study of early Ægean scripts. The treasure houses of the palace proved to contain vases full of inscribed clay tablets, which appear to be of the nature of inventories or archives. A few of these are hieroglyphic; the large majority present a form of linear script. Unfortunately they cannot be translated, for even the language in which they are written is not known. But the discovery of a bilingual inscription or even a process of scientific investigation such as that whereby a cipher is detected may at any moment break down the barrier. It is unlikely that the language is Greek, for it probably belongs to a people who ruled in the Ægean before the blonde Aryan made his way down the Balkan peninsula from the forests of Central Europe to the sun and the sea. Its affinities are rather to be sought in the Basque and Berber tongues of the Mediterranean peoples or in some of the northern precursors of Aryan speech which may themselves be akin to these.

In conclusion, it may be observed that the investigations in Crete are being renewed this spring ; that they are more likely than any other line of research to throw light on the origins of the common European civilisation ; that they are expensive, because you have to buy sites and pay native diggers ; that hitherto the burden of expenditure, as well as that of the scientific work, has mainly fallen upon one man ; and that there is a *Cretan Exploration Fund*, which is open to subscriptions from those interested.

"Une Femme Unique."

Some Records of the Later Life of Harriet, Countess Granville.

By her Grand-daughter, Susan H. Oldfield. (Longmans. Net, 16s.)

THIS is a sequel to that very delightful book, *Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville, 1810-1845*, which appeared seven years ago in two volumes, edited by Lady Granville's son, the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower. Those volumes abounded in happy studies of celebrities and great occasions. As the wife of Lord Granville Leveson-Gower the Countess

Granville was not only supremely happy in her home life, but her lot was cast in the most brilliant circles. Her husband was successively British Ambassador at the Hague and Paris. It was Lady Granville's distinction that she was in the great world though not of it. She brought to her high social duties the completest tact and spirit, yet her private longings were all for home life and the pleasures of reading. From the British Embassy at Paris, in 1825, she wrote: "The Duchesse de Maillé came to me yesterday evening and said: 'Mme. l'Ambassadrice, vous êtes une femme unique. Vous menez avec une grâce parfaite la vie du monde que vous détestez le plus.'" With the death of her adored husband a cloud of sorrow that never passed settled on Lady Granville's life.

The book before us is the record of that subdued widowhood. Entirely giving up the world, Lady Granville sought the consolations of religion, and devoted herself to her children and grand-children. She became a very dear old lady, wrapped in family life, interested in the poor, and finding a hobby in the keeping of commonplace books. Into these she copied with amazing perseverance extracts from the books she read, interspersing these with remarks on the circumstances in which they were written. A constant reader, her books became veritable companions, and she developed a belief that they yielded her the right word at the right moment. She often remarks on these coincidences, or "fittings-in," as she calls them. The book now offered us is a curious miscellany of these extracts and her own remarks and diaries, together with the comments of her editor. The book is not poignantly interesting, but it is a book in which you can interest yourself. It is so very unlike anything that one meets with to-day. The quaint unexpectedness and inexhaustibility of her quotations soon begin to amuse. She is staying with her daughter, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, at Wilbury, on Salisbury Plain, and throws upon paper a chance scrap from Dyer's "Fleece":

The spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like ocean's bound.

Her brother-in-law, Lord Morpeth, now Lord Carlisle, laments the fire which destroyed part of his famous Border seat, Naworth Castle. Quoting his words, Lady Granville adds: "1849. 'Thou shalt be called The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.'" A storm she witnessed at Scarborough is made the basis of a veritable anthology of storm and shipwreck, her extracts being taken from Genesis, the Psalms, Revelation, St. Luke, Jeremiah, Shakespeare, Donne, Byron, Barry Cornwall, Bernard Barton, Mary Anne Browne, Mrs. Van Hazen, and Eliza Cook. It must be confessed that Lady Granville was no severe critic (she would quote Shakespeare and "an author named Gaume" with equal zest), but as a judge of feeling and sentiment she did not err. How characteristic of fifty years ago is the explanation of a praying figure inserted in her book above the text, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise": "I recollect that she often used to say that she had never seen any representation of a kneeling figure that conveyed to her mind the real self-abandonment of prayer. This drawing may have been an attempt at this." From the records of visits, family affairs, and sermons very few public events stand out, and these never in detail. But the taking of Sebastopol and the opening of the Crystal Palace are dwelt upon; and of the Palace Lady Granville finds "prophecies" in Chaucer and Spenser! Of people more or less famous there are some lively and fleeting sketches. Mrs. Stowe comes in several times, as thus, in 1853:

Mrs. Beecher Stowe dined with seventeen Howards and Helps yesterday (a very extensive family, as her American friend observed). They say she is a pleasing, quiet

woman, perfectly impossible for any thing or any body to make a fuss about her, or any apparent impression on her, ready to listen or talk. Mary said to Helps: "I know there is genius, but one don't see it; she is absorbed and essenced into the great object of her life." Lady Dover said: "One should have taken her for a Scotch minister come up from his manse buttoned up to the chin in a shapeless black dress. She does not get up when spoken to or introduced to, most quietly puts out her hand, offends no one, but the pictorial and effect-seeking must be at a deadlock."

Once at Castle Howard Lady Granville met Macaulay, and, like others, found him a never-ceasing talker. She adds a good story: "Somebody asked the Duchess of Sutherland (after a dinner at Stafford House) if he liked the society of women, and whom he seemed to prefer. She answered: 'Oh, he only looks upon us all in the light of interruptions.'" As a record of a lady noble in birth and character, bowed by sorrow but bravely dutiful, this book will please many readers.

Other New Books.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF HENRY. BY J. K. JEROME.

Readers who are hoping for Mr. Jerome's peculiar vein of humour will go fruitlessly to *The Observations of Henry*, although its title seems to suggest something in the manner of "Idle Thoughts." The matter of the book is five short stories related to Mr. Jerome by Henry, a writer of varied experience, in the Riffel Alp Hotel—at least, so Mr. Jerome asks us to believe; but he has taken so few pains to make the thing credible that we must decline. If worth telling at all, the stories were worth thought and care; they were worth proving. But Mr. Jerome has slammed them down, so to speak, in a spirit of facile Dickensism, and we are none the better for a line of it. Whereas Henry might have been made quite a character, and Mr. Jerome's knowledge of life might have given us true things, instead of these old Adelphi conventions—the burglar who becomes a noble, self-sacrificing missionary; and the gutter-girl who becomes a successful music-hall dancer and singer, the rage of the town, a Marchioness, and then, feigning death, rejoins an old street friend and becomes his loving spouse. And so forth. Things as they are—unless an author has charm—are so much more valuable than things as an author would like them to be. But we must not take Mr. Jerome's little book too seriously. It will please many an easily-pleased reader. (Arrowsmith. 1s.)

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS. BY ISABEL FRY.

Among perhaps too many contributions to the psychology of childhood this book stands out as an authentic, almost inspired, record. Miss Fry's simple but penetrating stories of the triumphs and joys, humiliations and despairs of her little heroine have truth in every line: and they are moving little dramas too, although we fear that a taste for more highly-seasoned fare is likely to keep too many readers at a distance. To be reminded as intimately as in Miss Fry's pages of one's nursery days is not always a pure delight: there are persons who prefer to forget; but for those who can indulge without regrets in the backward glance, and who love the delineation of children's whims and humours, such a story as "The Great Renunciation" in this book will be a real discovery. In its way it is very high perfection, both as a quiet narrative and as a "document."

Miss Fry's immediate public is adult, as such a passage as the following, from another of her sketches, indicates:

I never feel myself in hearty agreement with those who treat a man's life as the standard measure for all that is brief and untimely in its ending. Fifty or sixty years are an immeasurable duration. They lie behind us in huddled

groups, the units of which are only rarely distinguishable, and would be distinguishable not at all but for the recurrence of things, which by our long experience of them make periods, and serve as footrules for our little eternities.

But before the rhythm of things had established itself in our thoughts, life seemed unendingly long. Then there were years whose beginnings were lost in mythical obscurity; there were summers, to all intents, the first of their kind that had ever visited the earth, and whose like might never again fall within the range of our knowledge. The pulses of time had been so few that one could establish no formula for their return, and there were days so long that one could only settle whether it were morning or afternoon by trying to remember what there had been for dinner.

"I believe it was mutton and rice."

"No, I'm sure that was yesterday."

"Well, then it must be the morning of to-day still, I suppose."

Life then was very timeless, partly because so much of it was dull. As a result, landmarks of any kind were scanty. "Before we were allowed to go in the garden by ourselves," "Since we've had knives and forks at meals," or "After we went to Sunningham"—by such incidents was our chronology determined.

With a few omissions of such reflections as these, Miss Fry's stories can also be made profoundly interesting to children. We have tried it. (The Unicorn Press. 6s.)

THE LAND OF THE MOORS. BY BUDGETT MEAKIN.

In this volume, which he calls "a comprehensive description," Mr. Meakin has returned once more to the country which he knows, and, with certain reservations, loves. The book is packed with information, presented with great clearness and in a form easy of reference. Separate chapters are devoted to the natural and physical features of Morocco, to each of the open and closed ports, to the three imperial cities and the three sacred towns. It is distinctly a book for the student rather than for the general reader; the author makes no attempt to visualise for us the curious medley and motley of the life of a people whose very name breathes romance. His is the part of the careful compiler, the observer with notebook in hand, the assiduous commentator. Within the limits of these characters he is markedly successful, and perhaps no more should be expected. Yet the glamour of such names as Tangier, Tetuan, Mazagan, Fez, Mequinez, and Morocco City cast a spell upon the reader which is not greatly aided by a perusal of these pages. Suggestion has hardly time to be conscious of itself before it is overwhelmed with a deadweight of fact and authority. Nevertheless, we cannot but be thankful to a writer who has laboured so constantly and faithfully in his chosen field. Mr. Meakin has the true adventurous spirit if he does not present his experiences with the touch of romance.

The book is fully and well illustrated from photographs, and has further an excellent map and three indexes. For the latter the student will be particularly grateful. (Swan Sonnenschein. 15s.)

THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTER. BY HAROLD OWEN.

Between Stafford and Crewe, on the thirty miles or so of quadruple highroad of the London and North-Western Railway, there is nothing but a few scattered villages of the tiniest size. No train of any importance ever dreams of stopping between Stafford and Crewe. Yet midway, only half-a-dozen miles to the east, lies the Potteries, for all practical purposes a single town, with a population of a quarter of a million—a population, that is, larger than the sum of all the principal towns on the main line between Euston and Manchester. Such were railway surveying and railway legislation in the primeval days! The North-Western main line, instead of going through Whitmore, should have gone through Stoke, and this inexplicable vagary explains why the Potteries to-day is so self-con-

tained, so "beyond the pale," so unexplored. True, the temptations of traffic have persuaded the North-Western to divert a few of its trains through the Potteries, and one of the fastest expresses on the system carries diners every night from Stoke to Willesden without a halt; but still the Potteries is off the track, and awaits discovery. Mr. Harold Owen (who, by the way, does not mention these surely important facts) has written an admirable account of the industrial inhabitants of the district and of their industry. As an historical outline of the economic progress of the most ancient of crafts during the present century, this book could not easily be improved upon. It is lucid and temperate, and it shows abundantly that the author possesses that necessary gift of the historian—imagination. From such material as this, laboriously gathered, crammed with detail, and, as far as we have tested it, accurate, some Sidney and Beatrice Webb of the future will construct a vast general history of labour—a history whose psychological interest will not be inferior to its economic interest. The Duchess of Sutherland's contribution to the book, dealing as it does with a burning question of local politics, is commendably fair and calm. (Richards. 6s.)

ALFRED THE GREAT: HIS ABBEYS OF HYDE, ATHELNEY, AND SHAFTESBURY. BY J. C. WALL.

This is one of half a dozen little volumes to which the millenary of King Alfred has already given birth. Mr. Wall writes lucidly and, as far as we can judge, accurately of Alfred's three great monastic foundations, but the absence of detailed references gives his treatise rather an old-fashioned, antiquarian air. We notice an interesting suggestion, to the effect that the well-known "Alfred's jewel" found near Athelney, and now preserved at Oxford, may have been the handle of an "æstl," or pointed book-marker, such as he presented, with a copy of his translation of St. Gregory's *Pastoral Instructions*, to every bishop in the kingdom. The book has the advantage of an eloquent preface by Dr. Kitchin, late Dean of Winchester, and now of Durham, in which he points out that some more worthy and characteristic memorial of the king might have been found than the "colossal statue with arm uplifted and bared sword" to be set up shortly in the streets of Winchester. For Alfred was a fighter perforce, but at heart a pioneer of civilisation, caring for nothing so much as "to secure good laws, good civil government, and good education for his people." (Elliot Stock.)

In dealing with Pintoricchio for the "Great Masters" series (Bell & Sons), Miss Evelyn March Phillips has found to her hand a subject on which little has been written. Vasari slighted this painter, and no separate English life of him exists. While not claiming great things for Pintoricchio, the author investigates his career and the qualities of his art with learning and sympathy.

The third divisional volume of Thompson's *Gardener's Assistant*, in its new edition revised by Mr. William Watson, of Kew Gardens, is issued by the Gresham Publishing Company. It is occupied with popular garden plants, greenhouses and conservatories, orchids and ferns. The drawings of orchids suggest that Nature has not been above taking a hint from the work of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

Mr. Lane's "Lovers' Library" is quite one of the daintiest of series. The books are so dainty that it is not necessary to read them. They are for fingering and giving away.

In the "Famous Scots" series (Oliphant) we now have a life of David Livingstone, written by Mr. T. Banks MacLachlan, who has already written for the same series a biographical sketch of Mungo Park.

A second edition of the "Amateur Angler's" *An Old Man's Holidays* (Sampson Low) has been called for, and is now issued in the same dainty format as the first edition.

Fiction.

The Wizard's Knot. By William Barry.
(Unwin. 6s.)

THIS is a beautiful and dissatisfying book—beautiful by its pervading poetry and its verbal charm, dissatisfying because of its feeble and inconstant dramatic quality. Dr. Barry has evidently written *The Wizard's Knot* under the influence of the "New Irish" literary movement. It is dedicated to Dr. Douglas Hyde and Mr. Standish O'Grady; most of the scene passes in an ancient Munster castle; Irish "character" and the vague, wistful poetry of the Celt abound. The whole substance and environment of the story are different from the author's previous fiction, and they prove a remarkable versatility. The tale begins with promise. The return of the adulterous mother of Sir Philip Liscarroll; his imprisoning of her in the sea-tower; his fever and miraculous recovery under the weird potion of Cathal O'Dwyer, the wizard: these things are related with a fine epical manner—a manner which comprises not only the elusive and disturbing fancies of Mr. Yeats's *Celtic Twilight*, but also the direct, physical Saxon force of, say, a factual romance by Wilkie Collins. The holding power of the early chapters is notable. Everywhere the Irish peasant, that folk-poet who literally always thinks and talks poetry, is rendered as he has rarely been rendered before. These people cannot open their mouths but poetry slips out—poetry born of ages of exquisite superstition. When Felim O'Riordan is hurt in the wrestling bout, Joan "came flying down the hill":

"You won't let him die here," she said with streaming eyes. "Oh, Felim, don't die on us!" and her face was turned to the lady, wild and pale.

There you have it—the unalterable attitude towards life of perhaps the most spiritual race in Europe. We must quote the poignant love passage between Sir Philip and Joan:

There is an hour in the wonder-working spell—Nature's supreme enchantment with man and maid—when trust is all in all, faith lives in the music of a voice, the miraculous blossoms. It stood shining above them. That day seas and skies, sun and clouds and spring, in its white glory, conspired against these two. Their souls melted into unknown tenderness, belief, worship of one another; and Iubdhan, the fairy minstrel, laughed and sang delicately, mockingly, as if to every note they must throb and shiver. He, the hero, not beautiful on vulgar lines, but a man that had sprung through fire, its ruddy light still on his brows, savagely earnest, his word a pulsing vein that would bleed were it cut into. Quite unsmirched by the world's dusty ways; shy and bold and passion-wrought to the highest he should ever attain; at this magnetic moment faultless. And she, not more innocent (believe it, though incredible), a flower like the Dark Roseen, some strange, rich light streaming along every fibre, dew on every petal sparkling, the life within one radiant blush, confessed and unashamed. "Will that satisfy you, Sir Philip?" said the lips, harmlessly, telling the whole tale.

They laughed; they were sad; they knew each other's heart; the hour had come of divine melancholy and rapture. In the shadow of death they laughed. Had she been a woman of his degree, Philip would have caught her hand, flung forth the decisive word—and they were pledged. But the most exquisite chivalry kept him at his distance. Faultless, and in love; such is heroic youth in the noblest.

It is a pity that Dr. Barry, capable of such flights, should not have kept a firm hand on his *fable*. The tale, indeed, after a hundred pages or so, hesitates, halts, vanishes, and fitfully reappears at a forced conclusion. Many characters causelessly impinge on it, moving about not at ease, as if in the effort to find it. We recognise the skill with which the atmosphere is suggested; but in certain parts there seems to be nothing but atmosphere. Even

Munster peasants cannot be allowed to chatter for ever. "Il y a des longueurs." Dr. Barry will doubtless acknowledge the influence of Mr. W. B. Yeats. Why has he not emulated Mr. Yeats's ever-watchful care to make the *fable* lucid and shapely, never to let the action stand still, to keep the subject always primary and the treatment secondary? Only so is the best work accomplished. And the rule applies to all art, to the *Antigone* and *The Shadowy Waters*, or to *The New Antigone*.

The Wizard's Knot decidedly places Dr. Barry higher than he stood before. It increases our expectations, while leaving the old and lesser expectations unrealised.

A Narrow Way. By Mary Findlater.
(Methuen. 6s.)

A STORY like this helps one to realise that Jane Austen is an abiding influence in English literature. The example of that mistress of the commonplace taught that nothing is too small to be made of interest if only it be sincerely treated. And though from Miss Austen to Miss Findlater is a far cry, this story of a young girl's life in the narrow way prescribed by the Scots Presbyterianism of a maiden aunt does, in fact, gently detain one's attention. Kitty's patience and good temper, her discreet little prevarications, and her consoling sense of humour, as exemplified in her passages with Horatio, the budding minister, make her a sympathetic and prevailing little heroine; she deserves to win her comfortable widower. In the subsidiary characters are found numerous touches that convict the author of real observation. But, lest what we have rather generously said should lead to disappointment, we must add that these plums are imbedded in such paste as this:

She felt very unhappy about Maude, all the more so that it was not in her power to do anything for her. Miss Cameron, too, was much concerned. She instructed Catherine to purchase immediately a supply of Shotland "spencers." Kitty packed the woolly things with pleasure, and sent them to Maude with a note endorsing her aunt's injunctions as to the necessity of being warmly clothed when she first began to go out.

The sub-plot, wherein the conventional young rake is exposed by a yellow-haired lady in time to frustrate his matrimonial project, and is slain forthwith in a carriage accident, is altogether too purple for its setting.

Tangled Trinities. By Daniel Woodroffe.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS story seems to have been written mainly for the sake of two of the subsidiary characters, and we are inclined to think that the Rev. Mr. Steele and the negress, Judith, were worth preserving. As we have them here they are clearly drawn from life (we expect to learn by the next post that this English parson, touched of the tar-brush and with a click on his tongue, and the dissolute, obi-worshipping handmaid are purely imaginary characters), and the simple vicar from whom parish and county stand aloof (he cannot think why, and moans that people are not more "hearty") is a truly pathetic character. Asta, his daughter, is the typical creole transplanted from St. Lucia to this English village, where she is discovered trying to assimilate her father's religious teaching. Asta, that delicate exotic, passionate, tender, and rebellious, is in the earlier part of the story well conceived, even if the epithets bestowed upon her have served before, and her troubled heart speaks now and then out of the pages arrestingly. Unfortunately, the story-teller's inspiration seems to have petered out too early. Upon her father's death we have a huddled finish, in which, having given a brief time to the careers of governess and nurse, Asta, frankly submitting to the lot that seems proper to her ill-fated strain, places herself definitively under the protection of a shadowy

archduke. A good deal of incidental fun is to be found not only in Judith's processes of philosophy, but also in the passages of parochial and domestic life to which already some allusion has been made; and, as a whole, the novel may be said to rank among the good ones of its kind.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

MONONIA.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

This is an elaborate love-story of the Irish upheaval of 1848. It is dedicated "To the Friends Who in My Spring-Time Knew Me." The political element is, of course, very strong, but the love-story has full play. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

PRINCE RUPERT THE
BUCCANEER.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE
HYNE.

Title and author's name promise a strong story, and certainly Prince Rupert's wild life in the West Indian seas after his service in the Civil War, and before his renewed service to the Crown under Charles II., is an admirable subject. The tale looks well knit, and its incidents include not only sea raids and land fights, but an *auto da fe*, with black-avised Inquisitors. Romance centres in Prince Rupert's young and gentle secretary, about whom there is a well-kept mystery. (Methuen. 6s.)

BY COMMAND OF THE PRINCE.

BY J. L. LAMBE.

Another Prince story. Its basis is the career of Detcho Boytscheff, the son of a notorious brigand, who was befriended by Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, whom he afterwards treacherously betrayed. The author makes a point of the fact that the story is true, but kindly permits his reader to skip Part I., containing 100 pages, if he finds it too historical. He has clearly taken great pains in the collection of detail, and his subject wants nothing of human interest. But the reader must be prepared for difficult proper names. "'And who is Kurtchi-Osman?" asked Dragana Boytscheff. . . . The boy smiled at her ignorance. 'He is the Bioulioukbashi of Kazanlik,' he replied, as he turned away and was lost in the darkness." (Unwin. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURE OF PRINCESS
SYLVIA.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

More royalty. The recipe of this story is easily divined. "'I'm dashed if I do!" said the Princess. 'My dear—if anyone should hear you!' groaned the Grand Duchess [of Elitzburg-Neuwald]." Sylvia will be put off with nothing less than an Emperor for her husband, and the Emperor of Rhaetia it is who has taken her eye. A Fritz-y Himmel-y, Hereditary Grand Duke-y story of a type now very familiar and surely nearing the end of its tether. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF
MR. VERSCHOYLE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

Mr. Verschoyle had learned from "a certain Brahmin" how to rid himself of his body and resume it again. Hence strange experiences came easily to him. Some of them are indicated in the chapter headings: "I Become Somebody Else," "I Witness My Own Funeral," "I Learn Who I Am," "I Again Become Another Person." At the last he becomes conventionally philanthropic: "I Help to Make Two Persons Happy." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE GAMBLERS.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Mr. Le Queux begins with his inevitable declaration: "The narrative is, to say the least, a strange one; so strange, indeed, that had I not been one of the actual persons concerned in it, I would never have believed such things possible." The story is told by the heroine, and it wanders about the Continent taking up incident and local colour and ingenuities of villainy. The letting out of the chief mystery is properly gradual. Chapter XXVI.: "Gives the Key to the Cipher." Chapter XXVII.: "Pieces together the Puzzle." Chapter XXVIII.: "Reveals the Truth." Chapter XXIX.: "Contains the Conclusion." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE LIFE STORY OF
DINAH KELLOW.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARE.

Quite antidotal to Mr. Le Queux's melodrama is this West Country story opening at Combe Dallwood. Dinah Kellow's story from childhood to courtship, motherhood, and death is told in a simple style and with obviously faithful reference to life. It is followed by some short stories, entitled "The Parish Councillor's Dilemma," "What Befell the Mole-Catcher," &c., &c. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE THREE DAYS' TERROR.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

Again the tide of melodrama rises. This is nothing less than the story of the blackmailing of the British Empire for a sum of £100,000,000 by a secret society, whose acting agent asks the Prime Minister to deliver his reply by an accredited representative at one hour after midnight on the centre arch of the east side of Westminster Bridge. Of course, the Prime Minister sends Graham to the Bridge. He, however, fails to square matters, with the result that in Chapter VI. Charing Cross is blown up—the beginning of sorrows. As we glance ahead our brain reels and our cheek blanches. (John Long. 6s.)

RUNNING AMOK.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

An honest, healthy tale of adventure for adventure's sake, laid in the Malay Peninsula. Fighting and sport by turns rule the roast. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE SECRET OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. L. T. MEADE.

Like the last novel this may be called the routine work of a practised writer of vivid stories. We are concerned with a fortune of £36,000, a stolen parchment, a miser, and things like that. The tale is entirely successful in its kind. (White. 6s.)

AFIELD AND AFLOAT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

A volume of short stories. "The Buller-Podington Compact" is the characteristic title of Mr. Stockton's first story. Others are called "Struck by a Boomerang" and "The Romance of a Mule Car," &c. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE
CLASPED HANDS.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

What the newspapers called [in the absence, we think, of their editors] *The Mystery of the Clasped Hands* is here unfolded. A police story of a rather unusually ghastly type. (White. 5s.)

We have also received: *Bunter's Cruise*, by Charles Gleig (Methuen, 3s. 6d.); *Devaytis*, by Marya Rodziewicz (Digby, Long, 6s.); *A Bear Squeezes; or, Her Second Self*, by M. McDonnell Bodkin (Ward, Lock, 2s.); and *Friend or Foe*, by Simonet Thompson (Drane, 3s. 6d.).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
 „ Quarterly 5/0
 „ Price for one issue /3

The Ineffectual How.

WE believe that few books are so futile as manuals of authorship. At the same time we are a little surprised that in an age when "everybody writes," or wants to write, they are not both more common and more efficient. That they are what they are goes to prove the easy proposition that the art of writing cannot be taught; that its principles cannot even be readily discovered, much less formulated. In this respect we suppose that Literature stands alone. In every other Art the ultimate teaching may defy utterance; it can at best be evoked in the pupil's own brain. Still the highest professors of music, painting, and oratory have considered it no foolish occupation to give elaborate teaching in these arts; whereas in Literature such teaching has rarely, if ever, emanated from a great mind. This is because Literature employs too many faculties, and has its root too deep down in the mind. Moreover, idiosyncrasy begins to count, not at the end but in the middle, nay even in the very outset, of a writer's career. No limitation he may have is beyond effacement, no eccentricity is quite beyond forgiveness. It is significant that those writers of eminence who have essayed with any success to expound the rules of literary art have been more distinguished for acquired and academic graces of style than for force of mind or glow of imagination. Horace, not Virgil; Boileau, not Racine; Pope, not Fielding. And yet, as we have said, we live in an age when, if ever, a really trained writer might with reason and acceptance put down in print a number of reflections pertinent to the wakeful literary effort of the time, addressing himself (the distinction is all-important) not to the mere beginner, but to those who have well begun the difficult practice of Letters. There are men who could produce a work on these lines that would be a welcome relief from the manuals which arrive with ineffectual periodicity. Such, at any rate, is the wish which we frame in reading a book like *How to Write a Novel*, just issued by Mr. Grant Richards. It is in the main a futile book, though we hasten to admit that it might have been worse, and that it is much better than its predecessor in the same series, *How to Write for the Magazines*. The main charge against it is that it is not a book at all, but an industrious compilation of the views of various novelists on their art. We have made no attempt at a precise estimate, but we are probably within the mark in saying that over half the letterpress is between inverted commas. The compiler has ransacked the archives of periodical literature at the British Museum with a rare and astonishing thoroughness, and his appendix of books and articles dealing with the subject is perhaps the most useful thing in the whole "guide." Even this, however, is not complete. For example, it gives Brunetière's *Le Roman Naturaliste* and de Maupassant's preface to *Pierre et Jean*, but makes no mention of either the de Goncourt *Journal* or de Maupassant's introduction to the works of Gustave Flaubert. The former of these two contains more, and more useful, "hints" to the novelist with a genuine vocation than any other book that we know of, and the latter is a masterly statement of some vital principles of narrative art. On the other hand, the would-be novelist

is surfeited with references to a periodical called the *Young Man*. Thus:

Interview in the *Young Man*, by Percy L. Parker.

Interview in the *Young Man*, by A. H. Laurence.

Interview in the *Young Man*, by Sarah A. Tooley.

Ibid.

Interview in the *Young Man*, by A. H. Laurence.

Interview in the *Young Man* [anonymous].

Since the compiler has included the whole of Poe's famous essay on "The Philosophy of Composition" among his appendices, we wonder that he did not also include full transcripts of all these illuminative interviews of young people by young people for young people. Further, some of his *dicta* upon his "sources" are scarcely just, and betray hasty perusal. He has not, for instance, discovered that the "Enquiries," which have been a feature of this paper for some years past, are not written in a spirit antagonistic to the subjects thereof.

A few sentences quoted from Sir Walter Besant, in the chapter "How to Begin," show at once the scope of the book and its limitations. The italics are ours.

Consider, say, a diamond robbery. Very well: then, first of all, it must be a robbery committed under exceptional and mysterious conditions, *otherwise there would be no interest in it*. Also, you will perceive that the robbery must be a big and important thing—no little shoplifting business. Next, the person robbed must not be a mere diamond merchant, but a person whose loss will interest the reader—say, one to whom the robbery is all-important. She shall be, say, a vulgar woman with an overweening pride in her jewels, and, of course, without the money to replace them if they are lost. . . .

Here is the point of view of the serialist, the magazine-furnisher, the beloved of Mudie's, the popular author, in short, whose prime aim is to arouse and keep the attention of a popular audience. To the aspirant towards a niche in the temple of notoriety, *How to Write a Novel* may, indeed, be fairly useful. For the rest, it contains a vast amount of information which could not possibly be information even to the veriest beginner; but here and there is a really useful hint, a hint which the most serious student need not despise. The following, despite its repeated emphasis and unfortunate phraseology, is such a hint:

The exercise of writing out a plain unvarnished statement of what you are going to do is one that will enable you to see whether your story has balance or not, and it will most certainly test its power to interest; for if in its bald form there is a real *story* in it, you may well believe that when properly written it will possess the true fascination of fiction.

The author's remarks on "observation" are curiously above the level of most of the book. He says:

Does it mean "seeing things"? A great deal more than that. It is very easy to "see things" and yet not observe at all. If you want ideas for stories, or characters with which to form a longer narrative, you must not only use your eyes but your mind. What is wanted is *observation with inference*; or, to be more correct, with *imagination*.

The man has a dry humour too. "Most authors," he says, "indulge in little eccentricities when working, and, if the time should ever come that your name is brought before the public notice, it would be advisable to develop some whimsical habit so as to be prepared for the interviewer."

Sometimes he reaches a truly high wisdom:

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: determine what your projected work is to do; if you are going to offer it in a popular market, give the public plenty for its money, and spice it well; if you are going to offer a sacrifice to the Goddess of Art, be content if you receive no more applause than that which comes from the few worshippers who surround the sacred shrine.

Observe: to the tradesman of fiction, definite instruc-

tions; to the artist, merely an exhortation to modesty. The very mark of the beast is found in this ever-recurring tale that the young writer must write in one way for money and in another way for "kudos." We do not believe that any writer who makes a fortune by inferior work could do better if he tried. The kind of bad writing that pays is honest bad writing, not the assumed bad writing of a master. A man's hope of making money by literature always lies on, or above, the level of his natural ability. Let him betray his talent and he will empty his larder. Moreover, what is the "popular taste"? It is merely the half-blind, docile acceptance of that which interests, and between human interest and excellence of style there is no contradiction whatever. A man may consider his audience and obey his conscience; indeed, it is a pitiful teaching that the literary conscience cannot be "applied." It can, as all experience testifies. At any moment men will rise to an author who can reach their hearts, though he write with the pen of an angel and not of a hack.

Things Seen.

The Sisters.

Two women sat at a window of a dingy house in a dingy street, in a dingy London suburb. They did not occupy the same room, though they were sisters. This was not because they failed to find pleasure in one another's society, far from it. They were all in all to one another in their middle age, as they had been from childhood upwards. It was the nature of their occupation that accounted for their separation. The one in the room above sat painting at her easel in a somewhat shabby studio that had little to recommend it but a north light. The one in the room below was writing busily; she was weaving a romance, working against time; the fountain-pen would not go fast enough, she flew to the typewriter, and the letters were clicked out with monotonous precision. She seldom paused, it did not do to spend much time over work that was paid for so very badly; she could only command a low price for her efforts. Both women laboured diligently and with determination, both with cheeriness. The times were hard; they had never had much luck; they were spinsters of an uncertain age, but they had their enthusiasms still. The artist backed from her picture, and looked at it with a kindling eye; the authoress smiled as she wrote a humorous paragraph, and looked all the younger for it.

But suddenly the sable brush was thrown down, the busy fingers slid from the typewriter and were tightly interlaced. Both women bent forward, listened and looked, and into their eyes tears crowded. Then the artist hid her face in her hands for a moment, and the authoress wiped away a tear that had fallen on her typescript, blurring the purple ink. She laughed a little hysterically. It was clearly a sound from the street without that had disturbed the workers so seriously.

The cat's butcher looked the little house all over; then he called out again. He was a burly man, who drove a smart cart with red wheels. The air of prosperity about him pointed to the conclusion that his trade was more paying than art or literature as practised by his customers. He smiled invitingly when he caught sight of the woman at the lower window. She rose and went to the door. For a moment she seemed to experience some difficulty in speaking; her lips trembled, and her face was pale.

"Our little cat is dead," she said at last; "it happened only yesterday. You need not call again."

The man in the cart observed her red eyes, they roused his ire. "Anyone would think she had lost her child," he said. "I ain't got no patience with women, they're ridiklis." He addressed his mate, who nodded assent. The woman he thus criticised ran swiftly up to the dull

bare studio. "I've done it," she said to her sister, choking back a sob. Then they kissed one another. A moment later each had resumed her task. And the cat's-meat man continued his round.

The Gloves.

He was a loiterer, and I was a loiterer; but there seemed more purpose in his loitering than in mine, and there was a look in his eye which suggested apprehension. We were both marching up and down between the steps of St. Martin's Church and Morley's Hotel—I for the purpose of getting such air as Trafalgar-square afforded; he, apparently, with some definite and almost sinister resolve. The square was in one of its golden moods; the pigeons about the National Gallery strutted and shone gallantly; the idle fountains looked as though they might have spouted golden rain. But these things were not for my fellow-loiterer. He sauntered along with that purposeful look which arouses suspicion, and when I came to look at him closely my suspicions were confirmed. He was wearing enormous black woollen gloves. These struck an utterly incongruous note in an attire which was otherwise impeccable; his patent-leather boots shamed them. Then I observed an extraordinary thing. As the hands of St. Martin's clock neared eleven he ran up the church steps, turned at the door, and drew off the woollen abominations to disclose hands encased in lavender kid. The cautious and provident creature was going to be married!

Koizumi Yakumo—Lafcadio Hearn.

Lost, stolen, or strayed—a poet. His name is Lafcadio Hearn (they call him in Japan Koizumi Yakumo), and the manner of his losing is this: Beginning as a spectator of the masque of the East, he became a lover of the East, he visited her secret places, prayed her prayers, saw with her eyes and translated what he saw for our slower comprehension, and after giving us gifts delicate as the crapes of China and rich as the lacquers of Japan, the mists of Eastern philosophy have risen up about him and he is withdrawn from our eyes. And we fear lest we have altogether lost him, lest in a trance of Nirvana the East should keep him bespelled with her for ever, as Merlin was kept in Broceliande.

Let us see how the glamour began.

First he wrote of the West Indies—a pleasant book enough, but written by a man conscious of the pen he wrote with and the paper it travelled over, a man curious of the words he set down. Next came *Gombo Zhèbes*, a little book of Creole proverbs in six dialects. This, too, is as pleasant a book to read as it is easy to handle (thirty-nine pages only and a double index), but Lafcadio Hearn had not yet found himself while he browsed on the pungent herbage of Creole wit and impudence.

In 1884 and 1887 he came nearer "home" with two volumes, entitled respectively *Some Chinese Ghosts* and *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature*, and at last, in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1894), he found himself once for all in the country of reeds and gods—Dai Nippon. He wrote tentatively at first of the little people and their land, beholding them with the amused indulgence of a grown-up playing a child's game, and not quite able to forget his superior inches and inferior powers of make-believe, beholding them with the self-conscious eyes of True Thomas watching, still an outsider, at some high fantastic feast in Elfinland.

But the new leaven worked, and soon the goblinry of mask and statue ceased to entertain, and the kaleidoscope

of painted lanterns and paper houses, bird-perch gateways and wide-mouthed stone foxes settled down into a fixed pattern, and Lafcadio Hearn became a Japanese.

The change is very easily to be seen. In Volume I. of *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* he is still the outside observer, remote enough to be amused with the little pretty, birdlike glances of the Orient towards the Occident, pleased at the happy chance which makes a blind sham-pooer's cry musical as she taps her way down the street, instead of giving her a voice raucous as that which hurts and haunts the unwilling ears of wayfarers down Newgate-street and on Ludgate-hill; or complimentary to the cunning fancy which paints a branch of flowering cherry in a cleft bamboo on a square of faintly-coloured paper and calls the cherry blossom "beauty" and the bamboo "long life." He notices the shapely feet of the people: "bare brown feet of peasants, or beautiful feet of children wearing tiny, tiny geta, or feet of young girls in snowy tabi. The tabi, the white digitated stocking, gives to a small light foot a mythological aspect—the white cleft grace of the foot of a faunness."

A little further on the heaven of witchcraft is working, and he cannot write so airily. It is not as a mere spectator that he talks of his visit to the Buddhist cemetery, where the rotting wooden laths stand huddled about the graves, and one tomb bears an English name and a cross chiselled upon it. Here he made acquaintance with the god who is the lover of little children, Jizo-Sama, about whose feet are little piles of stones heaped there by the hands of mothers of dead children. He is not quite as much in earnest as Volume II. will find him, or he could not call the gentle god "that charming divinity"; but the sightseer is dying in him, nevertheless. It was with a friend's hand that he struck the great bell at Enoshima:

Then I set the beam swinging strongly, and a sound deep as thunder, rich as the bass of a mighty organ—a sound enormous, extraordinary, yet beautiful, rolls over the hills and away. Then swiftly follows another and lesser and sweeter billowing of tone; then another; then an eddying of waves of echoes. Only once was it struck, the astounding bell; yet it continued to sob and moan for at least ten minutes.

This bell was 650 years old, and sacred, for it was believed to be possessed by the spirit of a god. In England the sound of church bells ringing was supposed to have the power of preventing witchcraft from working as far as the sound reached; and a German legend of the Middle Ages speaks of a learned man who, being carried off by the devil, was, perforce, dropped when "His Darkness" heard the ringing of a mass bell. But the wise man, though too good for the devil, was not good enough for earth, and so remained cast adrift in upper air, neither falling nor rising.

In the twelfth year of Bummei the bell of Enoshima rang itself, and one who laughed on being told of the miracle met with dire misfortune, and another, who believed, thereafter prospered exceedingly.

From bells to lanterns he leads us on, speaking with persuasive tongue as he goes; and slowly his field of vision changes, and we see that the eyes wherewith he looked on life and human beings living, loving, laughing, and saddening, are more and more often turned to look upon death and the dead.

He tells us of the washer at the ford, a grim, grey woman, Sodzu-Baba, who might have been seen in a vision by the Celt Fiona Macleod, and whose name alone is of the East. She it is to whom the dead must give money or garments, and the trees near the river where she waits are heavy with the shrouds of the dead men and women who could not pay her toll. He tells us of the Bon-ichi, the Feast of Lights, when living Japan does honour to dead Japan, and with paper boats and paper lanterns and clay figures—all things as brittle as life—does homage to those that have taken upon themselves

the *kaimyos*, or soul-names, and sleep that sleep that is, in Occidental phrase, "the last." It is not the "last sleep" in Japan, nor, indeed, in any legend.

Here, as elsewhere, the dead come back in song and story; but here, as not elsewhere, they are *expected* to come back, and homes are made ready for their coming. Sometimes they come back, not in remembering love, but driven by a hunger ghastly as that which re-animates the vampire, whose life-in-death makes hideous so many a modern Greek tradition.

1895 saw published his book, *Out of the East*; 1896 *Kokoro*; 1898 saw *Gleanings in Buddha Fields and Exotics and Retrospectives*; and 1899 brought in *Ghostly Japan*. Each book marks a longer step towards the Buddhist mysticism, wherein we have lost our poet. "The Stone Buddha," in the first-mentioned book, is a dreamy dialogue between the wisdom of the East and the wisdom of the West; Science, with her theories of evolution, revolution, dissolution; Buddhism, with its re-birth on re-birth; and Nirvana at the end. This thing also is vanity. As there can be no end, so there can have been no beginning; even Time is an illusion, and there is nothing new beneath a hundred million suns.

Of Nirvana one carries away this one picture, painted in words curiously colourless and intangible—the picture of a mountain up whose steep side toil two creatures—the soul and his guide—toiling, stumbling upwards over a brittle and friable chaos of skulls. Skulls crumbled into powder and skulls crumbling mark out the road, and are the road; "and every skull," says the guide, "is yours, and has been yours in some past incarnation; and the dust that rises round your present body is the dust of your past and deserted bodies that have served you well or ill as may be in your past lives." In the fine and bewildering haze of this thought we lose our poet, and henceforward he is not a face nor a voice, but an echo of a living man's voice. We hear the echo, but the voice we do not hear. And we grudge the voice, even to Nirvana, where all silences are merged in one.

N. C.

Mr. Atkins's National Anthem.

ANTHOLOGIES of war poems are made, and will be made, year after year; collections of soldier songs with music come and come; but they never touch the real thing. They give not what soldiers want but what comfortable readers at home think soldiers ought to want. Literature is, of course, full of this kind of mistake. As regards Mr. Atkins, the real thing is very different. Not "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," not the "War Song of Dinas Vawr," not "Rule Britannia" (Tommy can hardly believe in that, in his soul of souls), not even "God Save the King," stimulates him on the war-path. At home we may coax ourselves into a military fervour with such sentiments; but the fighting man is simpler, and he asks for humbler efforts. Washy sentiment and a whineable tune are his desire, or washy sentiment or a whineable tune, perhaps, although the two get married almost always. But to be able to whine it, thoughtfully, under his breath, is imperative. Perhaps he is a little too familiar with realities to be as fond of the big bow-wow strain as we are in semi-ignorance at home.

A distinction must be drawn between the tunes that the soldier marches to and the tunes he takes to his nasal organ. Such boisterous clap-trap as "Tommy, Tommy Atkins," will find its way quickly enough to the repertory of the band; but the soldier does not sing it with his heart. "Soldiers of the Queen" (now dismoded) also he will step out to with spirit; but this again is not hugged and crooned over. And to the militia and the recruits is left the illusive yet consolatory and stimulating periods of "The Boys of the Bull Dog Breed." The seasoned soldier

seeks his beguilement elsewhere, and just at the present moment—and, in fact, throughout the campaign now in progress—his special comforter has been “Just break the news to mother.”

That is the ballad which has sounded day and night in South Africa: in camp, in battle, in Pretoria and Cape Town bars, on the open veldt, on troopships, in hospitals. Other ditties may be started, but in the end all give way to this, sung through the nose with a kind of dreary ecstasy. It is the national anthem of the British army in South Africa, and until the end of his life there is not a soldier who has taken part in that struggle who will not be reminded of the old days by a bar of this fatuous melody. What the Volkslied is to the Boers, “Just break the news to mother” has been to us.

How the song runs in the author's script we cannot say: the following version is the version as the army sings it. Probably the allowance of rhymes was originally much more generous. Mr. Atkins, however, is satisfied when he has succeeded in wedding words to music: so long as the words tell the story he wants, the rhymes may go to the devil. But this is the song:

While the shot and shell were screaming
Upon the battle-field,
The boys in blue were fighting,
Their noble flag to shield;
Came a cry from their brave captain,
“Look, boys, your flag is down,
Who'll volunteer to save it from disgrace?”
“I will,” a young voice shouted,
“I'll bring it back or die.”
Then rushed into the thickest of the fray,
Saved the flag, but gave his young life,
All for his country's sake—
They brought him back and heard him softly say:

CHORUS.

“Just break the news to mother [muvver],
And say how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me,
For I'm not coming home;
Just say there is no other
Can take the place of mother,
And kiss her dear sweet lips for me
And break the news to her.”

So far the song follows convention strictly. Thousands of songs about young heroes have been written, and will be. But, possibly in accordance with a wish entertained by Mr. Atkins for something less normal, something more romantic, we get the daring drama of the second stanza:

From afar a noted general—

“noted” is particularly good—

From afar a noted general

Had witnessed this brave deed:

“Who saved the flag? speak up, lads,

’Twas noble, brave indeed.”

“There he lies, sir,” said the captain,

“He's sinking very fast,”

Then slowly turned away to hide a tear.

The general in a moment

Knelt down beside the boy,

Then gave a cry that touched all hearts that day;

“It's my son, my brave young hero;

I thought you safe at home.”

“Forgive me, father, for I ran away!”

CHORUS.

“Just break the news to muvver,
And say how dear I love her,” &c.

We wonder what it is that so holds the fighting man's imagination—is it the mother? (as Tennyson's Becket says—“See how this love, this mother, runs through all!”) or is it the happy accident of paternity? Probably a little of both and a great deal of appropriate melody. All Britons believe in miracles, it has been said; that noted general's recognition may be just the kind of miracle an ordinary soldier likes to hug.

Correspondence.

The Spelling of English.

SIR,—I have not read Sir Walter Besant's *East London*; but I am delighted to find, from the letter of “Downing,” that he has set so good an example to English authors in the spelling of the words commented on. Can “Downing” give adequate apology for the second “l” in *traveller* or for the “u” in *harbour*? And in *honour*, if the object of the spelling is to indicate French descent, surely we ought to write *honnour*. Is “Downing” prepared to go back to *governour*, *emperour*, *inferiour*, *posteriour*, &c.; and if not, why should he throw stones at Sir W. Besant?—I am, &c.,

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

SIR,—Those who are striving to reduce as far as possible the anomalies of English spelling will deplore your disapproval of the simplifications adopted by Sir Walter Besant, which would be universally accepted but for the opposition of those who dislike all changes from the ordinary forms, no matter how desirable. Even if such words as those cited were always written with the redundant letters the saving of time resulting from their omission would be a strong argument in support of such reform, but this is far from being the case. Not even the most Conservative Englishman now writes *governour*, *horror*, *mirrour*, *tence*, *defensive*, *benefitted*, *era*, *economy*, *eagre*, *diametre*, or (unless a showman) *monstre*. Why, then, object to *savior*, *honor*, *parlor*, *pretense*, *defense*, *leveled*, *aesthetic*, *homeopath*, *meager*, *hecatometer*, *theater*?

An article in last month's *Westminster Review*, noticed by you, offers a good example of the inconsequence and arbitrariness which reign in questions of orthography and pronunciation. Thus, while no one now says *an hospital*, and very few *an herb* or *an humble*, the writer still begs for *an hotel*, and deprecates the sounding of the aspirate in *exhale*; while, though disapproving of *serviette*, she yet favours *toilette* and the French pronunciation of *envelope*, regardless of the facts that in French this word is written differently, and that nobody dreams of saying “*ongveloped*.”

Surely, sir, we are already sufficiently handicapped by the irregularities and anomalies of English spelling and diction without seeking to perpetuate such as are now partially extinct! Let us at least pronounce the aspirate wherever possible (i.e., in all words but *hair*, *hour*, *honor*, *honest* and their derivatives), and avoid fashionable affectations like *an heroic*, *an historic*, *an one*, *an union*; let us use *i* for *y* in *tire*, *tiro*, *bire*, *silvan*, *siren*, *sirup*, *lich*, *dike*, *trist*, *drily*, *gaiety*, *rime*, *siphon*, *sifer*, *silf*, *sithe*; substitute *f* for *ph* in *fantasm*, *fantom*, *sulfur*, *seasant*; *k* for *q* in *bark*, *mosk*, *check*; and abolish the unnecessary letters in *hight*, *harken*, *frontispice*, *program*, *catalog*, *forgo*, *mimograph*, *calidoscope*, *gild*, *gard*, *garantee*, *det*, *dout*, *somstress*, *sent*, *receit*, *ile*, *island*, *vicount*, *annexion*, *catholism*, &c.

In many other cases, such as *sovrain*, *vittles*, *coertion*, *reflexion*, *calogram*, *glycose*, *acolut*, *acoustic*, *sismic*, *photogram*, *fiancée*, *naivety*, *diocese*, *cenozoic*, the simplification or regularisation of spelling is demanded by every consideration of etymology, historic usage, and convenience.—I am, &c.,

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

SIR,—The stupidity of wasting letters in spelling words in a few more years will be a thing of the past. I am glad to see an educated author like Sir Walter Besant setting an example in the much needed reform.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Amusing Books.

SIR.—With reference to the list of humorous literature compiled by the *Library World*, published in this week's ACADEMY, I would recommend *The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*, by R. H. Newell, published by Ward, Lock & Co., in London and New York, after the war between the North and South. The book has, I imagine, been long out of print, but its rollicking fun makes it worth mentioning.—I am, &c.,

M. GOSSETT.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 81 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best "Thing Seen" observed during, and in connection with, the Easter Holidays. We award the prize to Mr. F. R. Hooke, 39, Cathless-road, Balham, S.W., for the following, which, apart from the obvious interest of the incident described, is, we think, the best effort sent in :

DOVER HARBOUR.

A heavy, drenching drizzle and a strong wind from the south-west. Outside the harbour the sea is white with lashing waves; within, the shipping strains at its moorings under the influence of a heavy swell. From the Admiralty Pier Dover looms weirdly through the mist, like some fantastic city of doom. Behind it, beetling cliffs, whose summits merge into cloud; over it, shadowy vapour, pall-like, ominous.

At the end of the pier one sees a blurred, indefinable mass of steam cranes and moving derricks—herculean arms stretched threateningly over the sea, menacing its domination with giant granite blocks and five-ton segments of cement.

The Channel steamer, *Empress*, is due to start. Over one gang-way hurry a forlorn stream of passengers, eager to find shelter below deck; over another winds a procession of harbour-porters, carrying a mountain of trunks and mail-bags for every conceivable point between Suez and Kamchatka. Among the passengers is an old man, stooping and walking with unsteady step. A slouch felt-hat is pulled well over his eyes, a large, travel-stained cape envelops him; his face is pale by illness, but it is a face that one instinctively marks—rugged, strong, the face of a thinker, the face of a master-mind. As he approaches the ship sailors and porters lift their hands to the salute, and the captain meets and supports him up the gang-way to the door of the deck cabin. Something of a contrast, those two men! The one grizzled and greyed in a life-long struggle with the elements, the other bowed by the weight of an empire's needs—Lord Salisbury.

The moorings are cast off, the paddles begin to revolve. At the harbour mouth the full force of the gale meets the *Empress*; a moment, and then the sea-mist swallows her.

Other contributions are as follow :

From a window of the Devon mid-day up express, during its stop at Exeter, after which there is a two-hour run to London, two well-fed-looking ladies, to the healthy roundness of whose faces was added the red of anger, were engaging the unwilling attention of three officials, the subject of the stormy argument being the non-appearance of an expected lunch basket. What was the use of relying on the guard to telegraph since it produced no result? How was it conceivable that two ladies could travel for two hours beyond the proper lunch hour in a starving condition? What did he propose to do? Someone had been sent to the refreshment room? If they did not return in time the train must be delayed, must be stopped by special arrangement at the next station. Two hours!—it was out of the question. From every window heads were looking, and every head smiled. Meanwhile, on the platform, awaiting an excursion train to a destination distant by several hours, stood a pale-faced shop-girl. From one finger dangled by a loop a minute parcel of sandwiches. She alone of the derisive crowd was stirred to active sympathy. Advancing, she proffered her all, with a gentle "Please, take these." "Oh, thank you! we will. You see it's two—" The guard had whistled for the start, when from far down the platform a waiter came running, bearing two ample lunch baskets, close behind him, also running, a subordinate with bottles of wine. The dainties were hustled through the carriage window as the train moved. Exultation on the part of the still red but smiling complainants. Looking back, I saw the shop-girl standing empty-handed. Nobody had thought of tossing her pathetically inadequate little packet back to her.

[G. W., Tunbridge Wells.]

THE DANCERS.

He was occasionally touched by the skirts of the dancers, but his carefully assumed dignity would not permit him to acknowledge this, even by a smile. To appear at ease in a high collar—that seemed to be his ambition. Apart from the gay throng, he stood alone: he told himself that his very isolation marked him out as a man of originality. He wished his attitude to be understood: he quite approved of the others dancing, but he was too old for that kind of thing. He began to curl an incipient moustache, and looked furtively out of the corners of his eyes to see if he were being noticed. A few yards away stood a girl—undoubtedly handsome, and decidedly impertinent. She had no partner, and she occasionally looked at the high-collared young man as if to tell him that, if he thought fit to ask her to dance, she was not the one to refuse. She caught his eye, but, with a lordly shrug of his padded shoulders, he checked her advances. She sidled a step or two nearer, and then, with a boldly defiant stride, marched up to him, put her arm securely round his waist, and swung him into the circle of dancers. With a terrified gesture that sought to indicate that he was not in any way to be held responsible for his actions, he surrendered, and, forgetting all about his collar, gave himself up to enjoyment. Ten minutes later I saw him again: his collar was limp, and his face wet with perspiration; but he was undeniably happy. He was seated in a corner with his arm round her waist, his face wreathed in smiles. He had forgotten his own importance, and his dignity had completely forsaken him.

[C. F. K., Eocles.]

Easter Monday, comparatively early morning, Charing Cross, and the exceedingly crowded exterior of the third-class booking-office. A spotty-faced youth, who is the possessor of an incipient—but cunningly waxed—moustache, an inexpensive gold-tipped cigarette, and a strangely patterned pair of pantaloons, uneasily eyes the crowd of holiday-makers. The latter, judged by the preponderance of yachting-caps—in conjunction with seafaring suits of Tottenham Court and Mile End-road manufacture—evidently contemplate joining their yachts at Clacton-on-Sea.

The youth possessed of facial additions anxiously hums the equivalent for "She cometh not," and eventually makes for the departure platform. On arriving at the ticket-barrier he is accosted by a giggling damsel attired in a jersey-built bicycling costume and a hat of many feathers, and who is leaning on the arm of a rakish-looking publican. A few sentences are exchanged.

"Why, I thought you was to meet me at the ticket-office?"

"Well, and didn't I?"

"Can't say as I saw you."

"Look 'ere, Alf, none o' that. I waited at that first-class winder for twenty min—"

"What! Think I'm going first-class. Of all the—"

"You and your cheapness! What's the use of the Sunday League running these cheap trains if you can't act the gentleman? Lucky I met Mr. Wilkins. Mr. Wilkins, this gentleman is Mr. Tomkins, as is a journeyman-hatter. Well, Alf, you can just look for another young lady to take with you, as I don't choose to demean myself by—"

Her cavaliers (*ensemble*): "Blimey, if the blooming train a'ent gone!"

[G. C., London.]

A VILLAGE HOLIDAY.

Bank Holiday at Slowbury Parva. In the one straggling street the youth of the village are keeping up a fusillade with toy pistols and red paper ammunition. War fever dies hard at Slowbury. A few men folk visible look now and again at the clouds, and with prophetic instinct tell of the storm which is to stay gardening operations once more. The women are, with few exceptions, at home, busy with a chance visitor or preparing dinner. Three boys of an age—say eight—are arranging preliminaries of a war game—Mafeking. They are tired of irregular firing for fun. There is a quarrel. The honour of figuring as Baden-Powell in their mimic battle is demanded by each of the valiant three. Of their worthiness one can have no doubt as he watches how sturdily each boy advances his claim. No one of the ambitious trio will give way. Then Mafeking is forgotten, and hard words are followed by blows. This time they fight in earnest. Pistols are thrown away, for your Briton is ever warlike before a militarist. Three men lurch from the door of the "Slowbury Arms"—a lurch not drink-begotten but the outcome of a decade of following the plough, striding a furrow of clayey soil with no even surface for a foothold—and the fight ends ingloriously with three Baden-Powells crying in chorus and hungering for compassion, running home to sob out a story of chastisement at the hands of their fathers. Three irate women make dinner a torture to that same number of men. Repentance is useless. The opportunity for a "scold" has been given and is far too sweet to be bartered for regrets. Closing time at the "Slowbury Arms." Bank Holiday is over. Three men shout out a good-night, and lurch down the street. This time the lurch is of the produce, not of the land.

[F. F., Haverhill.]

ART IN WHITECHAPEL.

The rooms were crowded, and ablaze with conflicting colours. For it was Good Friday, and Jewish Whitechapel, in all its holiday bravery, was there. The garish hues, beloved of our brethren of the Ghetto, contrasted oddly with the blended harmonies on the walls. The atmosphere was close and dusty, almost unendurable on entering, but one became used to it—even to the smell of garlic, which clung about so many of the people. A tired-looking woman, shabbily dressed compared with her Jewish neighbours, attracted my attention in the upper gallery. She held a baby asleep in her arms, and was standing perplexed before the subtlety of Rossetti's "La Pia." A little further on a small crowd had gathered round "The Carpenter's Shop," and someone was explaining the subject with carefully chosen words, whose gentle reverence nevertheless missed fire among the Jewish hearers. But the woman drew nearer and listened intently. The perplexed look left her face, for she had found something she understood. As the little crowd moved on she stayed behind for a few minutes, motionless. She turned at last with a sigh almost of relief, and as her eyes met mine she murmured, "I shall never forget it—never." Then, with a sudden flush, she moved quickly away. I followed her with my eyes round the gallery, and twice again before she left I saw her gazing, enthralled, at Millais' great picture.

[D. E. B., Bowes Park.]

TWO PILGRIMS.

At last with a final snort the train rushes into a long, narrow station. Hastily gathering their bundles, the old couple, stiff and weary, get out and feel that their dream has come true—they are in the Eternal City.

A contrast in this city of contrasts they bustle along; she, wiry, fussy, all on springs; he, tired and worn, content to follow her.

Lodging can be hunted for later on; meanwhile to St. Peter's, for is not this Easter Day? On they go, bottling up their excitement for that great ceremony; has she not asked the Virgin every day for years that she may live to see the Pope and Rome?

Presently the splendid Piazza bursts upon their view, and in a moment they are in the great edifice.

They take up a place so as to be ready. He, tired by excitement and the journey, stays on his campstool; she fusses off to thank the Virgin for having thus granted their wish.

The crowd is steadily increasing; she must get back. She finds him asleep, and at last does likewise, after telling her beads confusedly.

But what is this? The sound of music and many voices? She wakes with a start just in time to fall on her knees with the huge crowd. The great dazzling procession is coming!

Beside herself with emotion, she nudges the old man as it comes nearer and always nearer. He gives no answer. Slowly they pass, and they each have what they want: he—long, long rest; and she, her dream.

[B. H.-T., Switzerland.]

Contributions also received from H. A. M., London; G. H., Didsbury; H. J., Hadley Wood; W. K. P., St. Andrews, N.B.; A. S. H., Dalkeith; W. J. F., Birmingham; A. F. E., Exmouth; W. L. H., Falfield; Rev. R. F. McC., Whitby; H. W., London; E. H., London; T. H. K., Liverpool; G. P. P., London; F. B. D., Torquay; H. E. M., Glasgow.

Competition No. 82 (New Series).

A member of our staff has, for the first time in his life, known the joy of planting rose-bushes in his own garden. We beg our readers to replace his rather monotonous expressions of satisfaction by a poem on the subject. Sixteen lines and one rose-bush will suffice.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, April 17. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

In cloth binding, 2s. 6d.

A Birthday Book

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

ZOE PROCTER.

"As a rule, a birthday book is a rather inept production with quotations neither valuable in themselves nor *à propos* of anything in particular. The epigrams which Miss Zoë Procter has gathered from the works of 'John Oliver Hobbes' have, for the most part, the merit of being witty and displaying a keen and satirical outlook upon life; while a considerable portion of the amusement, somewhat malicious it may be at times, which the little volume will afford, will be due to appreciation of the aptness of some of the more biting sarcasms to the victim whose name will appear on the opposite page."

Daily Telegraph, March 13, 1901.

"Birthday Books composed from the published works of popular authors have been the fashion for some time. It is not every writer whose books lend themselves to successful treatment on such lines.....The Birthday Book which takes its name and wisdom from the author of 'The Gods, some Mortals and Lord Wickenham,' 'The Ambassador,' 'Robert Orange,' and other volumes, is rather better than most books of the kind. Of course, a great deal depends on the arrangement and selection, and in this case the work has been creditably performed."

Morning Post, February 22, 1901.

"Mrs. Craigie is exactly one of the authors who show to advantage in a selection of *bonnes bouches* from her writings because she is so very witty and epigrammatic..... Readers will be very grateful for having them collected together, for they form such a storehouse of wit, wisdom, and pathos.....'John Oliver Hobbes' is a writer of exceptional brilliance.....She is also wonderfully observant of the common rounds and trivial tasks which are being performed by ordinary mortals all round her, and translates them into literature with much humour and humanity."

DOUGLAS SLADEN, in the Queen, March 16, 1901.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head,
Vigo Street, London, W.

PALL MALL MAGAZINE

for MAY Now Ready.

Contains among other interesting features:

A New Poem by GEORGE MEREDITH: THE VOYAGE of the "OPHIR."

BEHIND THE SCENES of the ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION. By M. H. SPIELMANN. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS and MR. ARCHER. A real Conversation, reported by Mr. ARCHER.

ETIQUETTE: ITS USES, ABUSES, CHANGES, and PHASES. An interesting Article by the Countess of Cork.

ROMANCE and SCIENCE. By LESLIE STEPHEN.

LONDON STREET NUISANCES. By Mrs. E. T. COOK. With many Character Drawings.

STORIES by EDEN PHILLIPOTS, FRANCES CAMPBELL, MARCEL MUSSA, &c.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES ON SUBMARINE BOATS, THE EARTH'S EARLIEST INHABITANTS, and DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

POEMS, CAUSERIE, and Two Coloured Plates, &c., &c.

Price ONE SHILLING.

18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

In cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 9d.
BRIDGE WHIST: Its Whys and Wherefores. The Game clearly Explained and Taught by Reason instead of by Rule alone. With Illustrative Hands printed in Colours. By C. J. MELROSE. Also by the same Author (and uniform with "Bridge Whist" in size, plan, and price). "SOLO WHIST" and "SCIENTIFIC WHIST."
London: L. UPCOTT GILL, 170, Strand, W.C.

METHOD GASPEY-OTTO-SAUER

For the Study of Modern Languages.

Published by JULIUS GROOS, HEIDELBERG.

JUST OUT.

ELEMENTARY ITALIAN GRAMMAR.

By P. MOTTI, Professor of Modern Languages at the Royal Piacenza Technical Institution. Second Edition. 8vo, cloth, 2s.

RUSSIAN CONVERSATION GRAMMAR.

By P. MOTTI. Second Edition, Improved and Enlarged. 8vo, cloth, 6s.—KEY. Second Edition. 2s.

ELEMENTARY RUSSIAN GRAMMAR.

By P. MOTTI. Second Edition, Improved and Enlarged. 8vo, cloth, 2s.—KEY. Second Edition. 1s.

London:

DULAU & Co., 37, Soho Square;

D. NUTT, 57-59, Long Acre;

S. LOW, MARSTON & Co., Fetter Lane, Fleet Street.

NEW SERIES. No. 38.

APRIL. **MIND:** Price 4s.

A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy.

Edited by Dr. G. F. STOUT.

With the co-operation of Dr. E. CARP, Professor WARREN, Professor PRINGLE-PATTISON, Professor E. B. TITCHENER, and other Members of an Advisory Committee.

Contents: I. CURRENT SOCIOLOGY. SYDNEY BALL. II. THE ETHICAL SYSTEM of HENRY SIDGWICK. JAMES SEATH. III. NOTES on the "WELBY PRIZE ESSAY." V. WELBY. IV. SOME NEW OBSERVATIONS in SUPPORT of THOMAS YOUNG'S THEORY of LIGHT and COLOUR-VISION (II). W. McDUGALL. (To be concluded.) V. CRITICAL NOTICE: E. Mach. "Die Analyse der Empfindungen und das Verhältniss des Physischen zum Psychischen." W. R. BOYD BOWSER. VI. NEW BOOKS. VII. PHILOSOPHICAL PERIODICALS. VIII. NOTES: Prof. Sidgwick's Ethical View: an Auto-Historical Fragment.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,

14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London; and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.

Now ready, Second and Cheap Edition, 6d. net.

LAYS of ANCIENT GREECE, including Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea. By Endemus.

"The hum and strife of battle, the cries of the stricken, the hush of night, as the opposing legions withdraw from the field, are all sung in stirring verse, truly heroic."

ARLISS ANDREWS, Publisher, 31, Museum Street, London, W.C.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

DIGBY, LONG & CO.'s New Books.

SIX SHILLINGS EACH.

A DARING SPIRIT. By Mrs. Bagot-HARTE, Author of "Wrongly Condemned," "Bianca," &c.

THE BURDEN of an HONOUR. By R. ST. J. CORBET, Author of "The Canon's Daughter," &c.

J. MACLAREN COBBAN'S NEW NOVEL.
THE GOLDEN TOOTH. By the Author of "The Angel of the Covenant," &c. Cloth, 6s.

Morning Post.—"An exciting bit of fiction." Mr. Cobban has produced as entrancing a yarn as we have come across for many a long day."

AS the TWIG is BENT. By Lucas CLEEVE, Author of "The Woman Who Wouldn't," "Lazarus," "The World's Blackmail," &c. Glasgow Herald.—"A strong story, admirably told." Daily Chronicle.—"A good story."

GERTRUDE WARDEN'S NEW NOVEL.
A SYNDICATE of SINNERS. By the Author of "The Wooing of a Fairy," "Sentimental Sex." Glasgow Herald.—"A capital sensational story."

Daily Telegraph.—"A carefully-written tale."
RIVAL CLAIMANTS. By Sarah Tytler. Daily Chronicle.—"Miss Tytler's latest book will not detract from her reputation, or disappoint her readers."

RICHARD MARSH'S LATEST BOOK.
AN ARISTOCRATIC DETECTIVE. By the Author of "The Beetle," "Frivolities," &c. (Third Edition.)

A GREAT TEMPTATION. By DORA RUSSELL. (Second Edition.) Daily News.—"Miss Dora Russell's novels are eagerly looked for by a large class of readers."

NEW BOOK BY ALPHONSE DAUDET and SHERARD.
MY FIRST VOYAGE. Cloth gilt, 3/6. British Weekly.—"A charming story, and extremely well written. The book is well worth reading."

BERTHA M. M. MINIKEN'S NEW NOVEL.
THROUGH LIFE'S ROUGH WAY. By the Author of "An English Wife," "Where the Ways Part." Literary World.—"A dramatically-told story." Liverpool Courier.—"The book is excellently written."

NEW NOVEL BY G. BERESFORD FITZGERALD.
THE MINOR CANON. By the Author of "An Odd Career," "Beyond These Dreams," "The Stigma." Pictorial cloth, 6s. Glasgow Herald.—"The story is well written. The portrait of the Canon himself is drawn with considerable strength and skill." DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18, Bouvarie Street, London, E.C.

SELECTIONS FROM

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 3s. 6d., post free.

ILLUSTRATIONS from the SERMONS of ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Edited and Selected by JAMES HENRY MARTYN. Containing over 500 beautiful and suggestive illustrations. With a Textual Index and Alphabetical List of Subjects.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"THINGS THAT ARE MADE." Devotional Meditations in the Haunts of Nature. By Rev. A. J. BAMFORD, B.A., of Royton. The Freeman says: "Preachers and teachers will find in them many helpful suggestions." The Glasgow Herald says: "They will probably interest and instruct many who would an ordinary sermon flee."

Now Ready, Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d., post free.

THE CHARTER of the CHURCH. Lectures on the Principle of Nonconformity. By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D. "Explains the position of religious dissent with great force and eloquence."—Manchester Guardian. "Nothing could be more timely than these learned and suggestive lectures."—Christian World.

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, price 2s. 6d. post free.

CONVICTED of HEROISM. A Tale of John Penry, Martyr, 1559-1593. By HERBERT M. WHITE, B.A. Illustrated by Frank H. Simpson.

"Excellent, unusual grasp of events, nobility of ideal, vividness, and grace of style." Rev. ARCHIBALD DUFF, D.D.

Twenty-first Thousand. Limp cloth, price 6d., post free.

OUR PRINCIPLES: a Congregationalist Church Manual. By G. B. JOHNSON.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Limited, 21 and 22, Fumival Street, Holborn, W.C.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

With a Portrait Frontispiece, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SOUTH AFRICA A CENTURY AGO.

Letters written from the Cape of Good Hope, 1797-1801.

BY

The Lady ANNE BARNARD.

Edited, with a Memoir and Brief Notes, by W. H. WILKINS, F.S.A.

"From the beautiful Lady Anne Lindsay, the poetess of 'Auld Robin Gray,' the friend of Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan, we should expect the best kind of letters, and we are not disappointed. The record of her four years in Africa gives as clear a picture as could be given of life at the Cape one hundred years ago."—Daily Chronicle.

"These fresh and pleasantly-written letters, apart altogether from the value of the picture which they give of a phase in our Colonial expansion, have the very great attraction that they make us acquainted with a singularly charming woman. Briefly-told scenes of social life alternate with vivid thumb-nail sketches of odd figures, male and female."—Standard.

With a Map and 10 Text Plans, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

Being the Diary of the

Rev. ROLAND ALLEN, M.A.,

Chaplain to the Right Rev. C. P. Scott, D.D., Lord Bishop in North China; for five years Acting Chaplain to H.B.M.'s Legation in Peking.

"It is a thrilling story that Mr. Allen tells in these pages—full of actuality. Mr. Allen's diary of the actual siege is crowded with interesting detail."—Daily Chronicle.

"Of the many books relating, either directly or indirectly, to the Boxer rising, Mr. Roland Allen's diary seems to us by far the most interesting as well as being full of information. Both in conception and execution the work is admirable, and entitled to the most unqualified praise."—World.

NEW NOVEL BY S. R. CROCKETT

With 12 Full-Page Illustrations, crown 8vo, 6s.

THE

SILVER SKULL.

BY

S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "CLEG KELLY," "THE RED AXE," "LITTLE ANNA MARK," &c.

A NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.

At all Booksellers' and Libraries, crown 8vo, 6s.

A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

By GRAHAM HOPE.

"It is no exaggeration to say that this novel is fully equal to the best of Mr. Stanley Weyman's."—British Weekly.

"The appearance among the novelists of an author who can turn out so sound a piece of literary workmanship as this—a work in which there are few, if any, of the defects observed in early attempts at fiction, and which bears promise of something more brilliant still to come—is most welcome."—Scotsman.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS

A HISTORY of the FOUR GEORGES
and of WILLIAM the FOURTH. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY
and JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY. 4 vols., demy 8vo,
cloth, 12s. each. Vols. III. and IV. (completing the Work),
now ready.

"Two charmingly readable volumes, which the reader would
gladly find even bulkier than they are. Like the 'History of
Our Own Times,' these pleasant volumes deserve to supplant
fiction for a moment with the free and subscription public
library."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

EAST LONDON. By Walter Besant,
With Etching by F. S. Walker and 25 Illustrations by
PHIL MAY, L. RAVEN HILL, and JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy
8vo, cloth, gilt top, 18s.

"East London" is not merely far more interesting and
various than any of its author's previous works on London: it
is a great book absolute. It is admirably illustrated."—*Outlook*.

TOLD by the TAFFRAIL. By
SUNDOWNER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HER LADYSHIP'S SECRET. By
WILLIAM WESTALL. Author of "With the Red Eagle,"
&c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. [April 25.]

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN.
By MAX O'RELL. Author of "John Bull and his
Island," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [May 1.]

QUALITY CORNER: a Study of
Remorse. By C. L. ANTROBUS. Author of "Wilders-
moor," &c. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt
top, 6s.

"From beginning to end...one realises with gratitude that
a novelist of no small power is giving us of her best. We can
recommend this book with an unusual certainty of pleasing."

"Mrs. Antrobus has given us another remarkable story in
Quality Corner. A notable book."—*Morning Post*.

MONONIA: a Love Story of "Forty-
eight." By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Author of "Dear Lady
Disdain," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Mr. Justin McCarthy's contemporary compatriots will
appreciate, with a fullness of satisfaction such as Jane Austen's
'Emma' and Mrs. Gaskell's 'Crainford' must respectively have
inspired in their readers, his pictures of life, manners, and
social doings. 'Captain Carey's Dinner' is a fine piece of
comedy."—*World*.

THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSING-
HAM. By HERBERT COMPTON. SECOND EDITION.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"The characters are singularly 'alive' and the setting is con-
vincingly real. Bob Borradale and his sweetheart, known to
stage-fame as Mrs. Massingham, deserve to live long beyond
the span allotted to most heroes and heroines, and Mr. Compton's
picture of the old convict days is masterly."—*Literature*.

MAX THORNTON. By Ernest
GLANVILLE. With 8 Illustrations by J. S. CROFTON, R.L.
Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"A powerful tale of the Boer war...full of adventures, told
with great skill and vigour."—*London Quarterly Review*.

THE BLUE DIAMOND. By L. T.
MEADE. Author of "The Voice of the Charmer," &c.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"One of her most absorbing stories."—*Daily Express*.

THE DEATH SHIP: being an
Account of a Cruise in the "Flying Dutchman," collected
from the Papers of the late Geoffrey Fenton, of Poplar,
Master Mariner. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE LESSER EVIL. By Iza Duffus
HARDY. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"A tale by which the authoress should somewhat enhance
her reputation as a planner of readable fiction. The tender
love-story of Kenneth Manwaring and of Beryl is told with
pleasing crispness."—*Scotsman*.

RUNNING AMOK. By George
MANVILLE FENN. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"May be recommended with confidence. There is plenty of
excitement and adventure."—*Morning Post*.

THE CHURCH of HUMANITY. By
D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. Author of "Joseph's Coat," &c.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"So instinct with tragedy—growing in acuteness and force
until the climax—that once begun it will be read with increas-
ing interest to the last page. Mr. Murray keeps his position
as one of our ablest writers on the unconventional side of life."

"Mr. Murray has rarely written anything more powerful."—*Morning Leader*.

THE LONE STAR RUSH. By
EDMUND MITCHELL. With 8 Illustrations. Crown
8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"A story of the good old Ballantyne and Kingston kind...
with any amount of adventure. It is sure to be eagerly read."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCES of
MR. VERSCHOYLE. By T. W. SPEIGHT. Author of
"The Mysteries of Heron Dyke," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d.

"Uncommonly clever and interesting."—*Scotsman*.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

Authorised by H.M. Queen Victoria.



QUEEN VICTORIA,

1819-1901.

By RICHARD R. HOLMES, M.V.O., F.S.A.,
LIBRARIAN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

NEW EDITION, WITH PORTRAIT,
And Supplementary Chapter bringing the Narrative to the End of the
Queen's Reign. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"* The Text of this book (with the exception of the Supplementary Chapter) is
reproduced from the Illustrated Edition issued by Messrs. Goupil & Co. in 1897.

The whole of the Text, except the last chapter, was read to H.M. Queen Victoria, and
was approved and authorised by her.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

MY EXPERIENCES OF THE BOER WAR.

By ADALBERT COUNT STERNBERG.

With Introduction by Lieut.-Colonel G. F. R. HENDERSON, late Director of Intelligence,
Headquarter Staff, South Africa.

THE SPECTATOR:

"We trust that our chief statesmen and our leading politicians, and also those who help to form
and direct public opinion in the Press, will give a very careful study to the introduction written to a
book on the Boer War published this week. The book is called 'My Experiences of the Boer War,' by
Count Sternberg, an impartial Austrian soldier of fortune. The Introduction is written by that
able soldier and military historian, Colonel Henderson. It is the first serious attempt to take stock of
the tactical and general organisation of the great foreign armies in the light of recent events made
by a person fully competent to express a judgment. Hence its very great interest and importance."

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

With 6 Portraits. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A Fragment.

By the Right Hon. Professor F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M.

"We can only wish that this autobiography of a man whom our country was proud to honour and
claim as her own had not been cut short by his death, for it is a fascinating story of a successful and
honourable life."—*Daily News*.

With 17 Portraits. 8vo, 16s. net.

SOME RECORDS OF THE LATER LIFE OF
HARRIET, COUNTESS GRANVILLE.

By her Granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. OLDFIELD.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. HAGGARD.

LYSBETH.

A Tale of the Dutch in the Days of Alva.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

With 26 Illustrations by G. P. Jacomb Hood. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PASTORALS OF DORSET.

By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

With 8 Illustrations by Claude Du Pré Cooper. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

No. 396.

APRIL, 1901.

8vo, price 6s.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. CANADA. | 7. THE HARLEY PAPERS. |
| 2. OUR NAVAL POSITION. | 8. AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WORKING PEOPLE. |
| 3. M. MAURICE MAEERLINCK, MORALIST AND ARTIST. | 9. UNIMAGINARY LOVE-LETTERS. |
| 4. MINISTERS AND DIRECTORSHIPS. | 10. WOODCUTS AND THE ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS. |
| 5. THE ENGLISH UTILITARIANS. | 11. THE NATION AND THE ARMY. |
| 6. THE IRISH CATHOLIC CLERGY. | |

THE ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Edited by REGINALD L. POOLE, M.A., Ph.D.

No. 62.

APRIL, 1901.

Royal 8vo, price 5s.

- 1.—ARTICLES.
MANDELL CREIGHTON, BISHOP OF LONDON. By R. GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.
MOMMSEN'S ROMAN CRIMINAL LAW. By J. L. STRACHAN-DAVIDSON, LL.D.
SIR ANTHONY HUNGERFORD'S "MEMORIAL." By MISS LAURA M. ROBERTS.
THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND UNDER WALPOLE. By BASIL WILLIAMS. Part V.
- 2.—NOTES AND DOCUMENTS.
3.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.
4.—NOTICES OF PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1511. Established 1869.

20 April, 1901.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE new number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an article on "Maeterlinck: Moralism and Artist." Five plays are reviewed and two volumes of prose—*Le Trésor des Humbles* and *La Sagesse et la Destinée*. Like all the articles in the *Edinburgh*, it is unsigned. We wonder if any of our readers can place the author from this concluding passage:

As an artist he has penetrated his dreams—his art—with sadness. But his sadnesses are not, any more than those of a Verlaine or a Villon, the sadnesses of the Salve Regina, of the *exules filii Hevæ*, who, if they regarded themselves as prisoners in this vale of tears, yet held in secure hands of faith the key of their prison-house. Sadness—M. Maeterlinck himself has reiterated the lesson—even the greatest, does not mould the strong man, but is moulded by him. It is as clay to the potter; out of it he fashions the weights or the wings of life. M. Maeterlinck has fashioned the weights. His shield of life is a field sable; its flag floats for ever at half-mast high. The escutcheon of love is a twilight emblazoned with dying flames; Death might be imaged as a gateway into the mist; the record of Time is marked as the hours of the dial only by the shadow that passes until the shadow itself is lost in the night. M. Maeterlinck is so great an artist that it is impossible to forgive him for not being a greater.

MR. STILLMAN says, in the preface of his *Autobiography of a Journalist*: "My object is to give a human document of Puritan family life, and the development of a mind from the archaic severity of New England Puritanism to a complete freedom of thought by a purely evolutionary process, without revolt or revolution. For what it is worth, I have done it without much consideration of my own dignity, and candidly, not as to my blunders and peccadilloes, which are of no importance to the story, but as to the earlier mental conditions which were a part of the process."

IN 1896 Mr. William Canton, author of *The Invisible Playmate*, published *W. V.*, *Her Book*, a volume that won for him and for "W. V." many, many friends. They will be grieved to hear that Miss Winifred Vida Canton, the "W. V." of her father's book, died last Monday. "She was a dear child," says one who knew her, "bright and beautiful, never to be forgotten." The *Morning Post* published on Thursday the following verses. It is probably the first time that a London daily paper has printed verses on the death of a child:

"W. V."

Here's a flower for you, lying dead,
Child, whom living I never met.
Friends a-many I may forget—
Not you, little Winifred.

Men grow sick when they live alone,
And long for the sound of a childish voice.
And you—how often you've made me rejoice
In a simple faith like your own.

So here's a flower for you, Winifred—
Out of London, a violet—
Little child whom I never met,
Winifred, lying dead.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS's new book will be called *Understudies*. It is a collection of stories in which the author has conceived the idea of taking certain animals and flowers, and using their characteristics as material for short love stories, the central figure in each story being shown to resemble such animal or flower.

THE custom of publishing verses, mainly sentimental, regularly in the daily papers, which was pioneered by Mr. Cust in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has become general. The *Pall Mall*, the *Westminster*, and the *St. James's* all bow to the minor poet, but the level of excellence reached by the *Pall Mall* Occ. Verses in Mr. Cust's time is not sustained either by the *Pall Mall* or by its imitators. The morning papers flirt with the muse at intervals. In the *Daily News* Mr. William Watson occasionally breaks his long silence. Politically, we are unfortunate in not always being able to agree with Mr. Watson, but we are in hearty accord with him in the first two lines of the last stanza of the following poem, which appeared in the *Daily News*:

LAMENTATION.

O early fall'n, uncrowned with envied laurel,
O lives that nameless come and noteless go,
Our vainly brave in an ignoble quarrel,
That fought unhating an unhating foe!

Ye pass, ye cease; in alien dust your dust is;
Carnage and tears depart not, wrath remains;
And Power derides the lips that counsel justice,
And nations wonder, and the world arraigns.

And foresight of how long the end yet tarries
To no man born of woman hath He given,
Who marshals all his flashing legions
Nightly upon the silent field of heaven.

IN the new edition of his poems, altered and enlarged, to which we shall return, Mr. W. B. Yeats contributes an explanatory and expository preface, from which we take the following passage:

I must leave my myths and symbols to explain themselves as the years go by and one poem lights up another, and the stories that friends, and one friend in particular, have gathered for me, or that I have gathered myself in many cottages, find their way into the light. I would, if I could, add to that majestic heraldry of the poets, that great and complicated inheritance of images which written literature has substituted for the greater and more complex inheritance of spoken tradition some new heraldic images gathered from the lips of the common people. Christianity and the old nature faith have lain down side by side in the cottages, and I would proclaim that peace as loudly as I can among the kingdoms of poetry, where there is no peace that is not joyous, no battle that does not give life instead of death; I may even try to persuade others, in more sober prose, that there can be no language more worthy of poetry and of the meditation of the soul than that which has been made, or can be made, out of a subtlety of desire, an emotion of sacrifice, a delight in order, that are, perhaps, Christian, and myth and images that mirror the energies of woods and streams, and of their wild creatures.

DR. MURRAY was entertained by the Authors' Club last Monday evening. In responding to Prof. Skeats's introduction of the guest of the evening, Dr. Murray speculated on the title of a lexicographer to call himself an author as distinct from an editor. We should say that few men are more entitled to be called authors than the makers of the best dictionaries. The lexicographer who defines words by reference to custom, to authorities, and to etymology is using literary judgment at every turn. He is bringing together not merely inevitable material, but is choosing, combining, and legislating. For the rest, Dr. Murray told his entertainers that he had found Dr. Johnson's quotations in his dictionary very untrustworthy, and the late Mr. Froude's "absolutely" so. Also that for the *New Oxford Dictionary* some five million quotations have been collected, which, if . . . would stretch from . . . to . . . We really cannot fill in the blanks. It was an after-dinner speech. The audience relished Dr. Murray's confession that in consequence of his excavations he stood before them almost entirely ignorant of current English literature. He was familiar, however, with his audience's writings through his quotation hunters, and he observed that he had used them frequently, not always to exemplify bad English.

IN June the University of Glasgow celebrates the five hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation by a bull of Pope Nicholas V., as a "Studium Generale, tam in theologia ac jure canonico et civili, quam in artibus, et quavis alia licita facultate." A Memorial Album, to which contributions from all old students who have distinguished themselves in the literary world are invited, is in course of preparation. The support already promised argues well for the worth of the Album. Reminiscences of the old days when the college was in the High-street will be provided by Lord Lister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prof. James Bryce, Sir Henry Craik, Sir W. T. Gairdner, and Principal Rainy. The Rev. Henry Grey Graham, whose recent work on Scotland in the Eighteenth Century is well known, has undertaken a historical sketch of the University. Among ex-professors contributing are the Master of Balliol and Mr. A. C. Bradley; and of the present staff Professors Phillimore, Raleigh, Sir Hector Cameron, Barr, and Biles have promised articles, the three latter dealing with the development of Medicine, Engineering, and Naval Architecture in the University. Young Glasgow in Literature will be represented by Messrs. John Buchan, "Benjamin Swift," H. N. Brailsford, and a host of journalists and poets, and aid from outside the University is forthcoming from Messrs. W. E. Henley, Neil Monro, and Sir Lewis Morris. That is an attractive first list of contributors, which, on the artistic side, includes Messrs. D. J. Cameron, J. Guthrie, R.S.A., and Muirhead Bone. Printing, binding, and illustration will be of the best, and the Album promises to be intrinsically desirable, apart from its associations with the University. The corresponding secretary is Mr. Archibald Leitch, University Union, Glasgow.

"By the *Saturday Review* out of the *Anti-Jacobin*" would be race-course account of the origin of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In saying last week that the late Mr. George Smith was the founder of the *Pall Mall Gazette* we erred in good company, and we are delighted with Mr. Frederick Greenwood's true and authentic story, published in the *Times*, of the paper which he was the first to edit. Mr. Greenwood says:

The origin of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was the purchase of an old book in Holborn Bars. The book was a complete copy of Canning's *Anti-Jacobin* in its original newspaper form. The purchaser of the book was myself; and, as I turned over its faded leaves, thought of the *Saturday Review* intruded (that journal was then at the topmost height of its reputation), and thereupon came this idea:

Make as good a combination of the two as the current supply of mind allows, throw in a scrap or two of "novel feature," mix with an eye to the needs and demands of the hour, publish every day, and you will have a new thing that ought to be a power and a glory. Stated in outline, that was the hopeful idea, which would have been yet more hopeful but for a suspected lack of Cannings, Pitts, and Freres in the available talent of the time. Yet all that was quaintly graceful in the old-fashioned form of the *Anti-Jacobin* could be repeated or even improved upon; and this, I think, was done. If you have ever seen the original issue of that famous publication, you may recognise how closely the old *Pall Mall Gazette* resembled it typographically; exactly the same breadth of double column; the same choice of types for the text, and the lettering of the title; the same use of italic capital headlines; and other likenesses. But whereas the *Anti-Jacobin* had a large, squat, quarto page, the new little paper was lengthened into elegance, and became an octavo, like the *Saturday Review*.

After due elaboration, the design was communicated to Mr. John Parker, the acting member of a publishing firm in West Strand, which then owned *Fraser's Magazine*. The scheme was approved. There were consultations about it with four or five men of the pen and men of the world, clients and friends of Mr. Parker's (among them Arthur Helps, Charles Kingsley, Froude—who were to write—and, more remarkably, a certain great statesman I remember), and the thing was settled. But not lastingly. Parker's father was an infirm old man, with only a little while to live, it was thought, and the risks of the new undertaking fretted him. So "Let us put it off," said the son. Of course I agreed, and soon afterwards it was the son that died and not the father.

I was then unacquainted with Mr. George Smith, and had known him for some time when, the half-forgotten scheme recurring to my mind as we gossiped one evening after dinner, I poured it forth. And now no more need be said for the present purpose, except that after a little while other evenings were spent in talking over the plan, and then it was carried out. Mr. Smith chose the title, which I did not like. As for the editorship, I strongly urged that it should be offered to Mr. Richard Hutton, of the *Spectator*. But that Mr. Smith did not like; he thought that the designer of the paper should be its editor, and so very unwillingly (I went to consult Carlyle about it one day, hoping that he might know of some unplaced highly-capable person) I accepted the post.

THE meaning of the word billion is, it seems, strangely misconceived by many inhabitants of these islands. A writer in the *Forum* recently discussed in cold blood the possibility of the United States sustaining a population of a billion. On this a writer in the *Morning Post* comments: "This number if spread over the whole world would give a density of twenty thousand to the square mile, or nearly forty times that of England and Wales; while the same number accommodated in the United States would represent a density of three hundred thousand to the square mile, which would amount to the same thing as crowding ten times the whole world's population into the area of England and Wales. Of course the error arises from taking the billion as a thousand millions instead of a million of millions."

IN the same paper's "Books and Authors" column (remarkable for its daily punctuality) a correspondent is allowed to air a literary grievance, which we doubt whether even Sir Walter Besant will pronounce to be genuine. British literature, says this writer, "suffers from the fact that the property of authors is not legally protected. I refer more particularly to the unrecognised territorial rights of certain novelists. Mr. Quiller Couch, for example, discovered Cornwall; Mr. Eden Phillpotts, the literary heir of the late R. D. Blackmore, has carefully explored Devonshire at his own cost; but for Mr. Crockett we should never have heard of Galloway; a number of well-known authors have devoted their lives to the explora-

tion of different portions of London; and a gentleman who fell out of a fourth-floor window at the beginning of his literary career, and has lived in this big house ever since, assures me that he went to Jerusalem long before Miss Corelli thought of going thither in search of Barabbas. All those authors have a legal right, in my humble opinion, to the sole and exclusive use of the territories of which we should know nothing but for their energy and enterprise, and they ought to be protected against the literary carpet-bagger." This is whimsical. We can imagine the rush of authors to stake out their claims were such protection given. The next thing would be sales of backdrops at Tokenhouse-yard. "All that environment, with the Dialect, Scenery, Window, and (Publishing) Offices appertaining thereto."

THE Journals of John Wesley will shortly be issued in a new edition by the Wesleyan Conference Office. There will be some interesting additions and notes, and the whole will be edited by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. We welcome the announcement because Wesley's Journals are far too little read. Edward Fitzgerald read the book, without tiring, for thirty years, and his advice to Prof. Cowell cannot be bettered: "If you don't know it, do know it; it is curious to think of this diary of his running almost coevally with Walpole's Letter-Diary; the two men born and dying, too, within a few years of one another, and with such different Lives to record. And it is remarkable to read pure, unaffected, and undying English, while Addison and Johnson are tainted with a Style, which all the world imitated!" And, again, to Prof. Norton: "Had I any interest with Publishers, I would get them to reprint parts of it, as of my old Crabbe, who still sticks in my throat."

WESLEY's mind was wider than many people imagine, a fact on which Miss Dora M. Jones rightly insists in an interesting article on the Journals in the April *Temple Bar*. She says:

Wesley was to the end of his life a lover of a good book. Though the Bible was his chief study, he would have agreed with Matthew Arnold that a man who did not know other books could not know that Book as it should be known. He constantly urged his preachers to read. "You can never be a deep preacher without reading," he used to say, "any more than a thorough Christian." To a young man who said that his work as an evangelist left him no time for reading, he wrote: "Hence your talent in preaching does not increase; it is just the same as it was seven years ago. It is lively, but not deep. There is little variety. There is no compass of thought." What would not some of us give for that volume of Shakespeare, annotated throughout by his hand, which John Pawson destroyed after his death for fear of scandalising the weaker brethren?

Appropos of Fitzgerald's wish, it is curious that new editions of Wesley's Journals and Crabbe's Poems are now being prepared.

MR. ANDREW LANG has been telling the *Pilot* that he is "old-fashioned and prejudiced enough to believe that literature cannot be taught." We have ere now expressed our own humble disbelief in its teachableness. Pass we, then, to Mr. Lang's amusing schoolday reminiscences:

When at school I must have been one of the most literary of my young companions; indeed, as Scott said when a boy, "You can't think how ignorant these boys were." Like the rest, I went to an English class till I was fourteen, after which we were supposed to know all about English literature, and turned to higher things. Dismal hand-books about Gower and Lydgate were placed in our reluctant and grubby little fists. My memory is not soiled with any recollection of the contents of these manuals. We were expected to read *The Task* by the

ingenious Mr. Cowper; but I read *Tirocinium*, a poem about the very worst boys, except those in *Stalky & Co.*, who are yet more odious. And that is all the teaching in English literature that I and my contemporaries ever received.

TOUCHING the questions raised by Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Lang is pithy. We cannot teach literature, but if we must teach its literary history, we ought to teach it right:

Many years ago there was a vacant ecclesiastical chair in a Scottish university. The justly successful candidate was, of course, assailed with abuse. That is often the way. It is safer to stand for a constituency than for a chair—at least, if you win. Somebody who had read the attacks on the successful candidate said plaintively: "If we must have a professor of theology (for which I see no occasion), why elect a deaf and dumb Atheist?"

Here no reflection on Mr. Collins is intended, to whom, indeed, Mr. Lang concedes that editors who undertake to expound poets ought to expound them right and not make mistakes. In conclusion:

What is learned of literature, at Oxford, is learned from reading the best literature, that of Greece and Rome, and from reading for human pleasure. Mr. Collins himself learned literature in no other way—there is no other way. Schools of literature, examinations, and all, ought to be abolished. It is the general public that demands literary teaching, and Mr. Augustine Birrell, I think, has asked, "What, in the name of the Bodleian, has the general public to do with literature?"

ON Monday there will be begun, at Messrs. Sotheby's, an eight days' sale of the valuable library of the late Sir William Augustus Fraser, Bart. Many of the lots are decidedly interesting. Lot 906 is a collection of old jest-books which has probably no rival. They were brought together at the beginning of this century, and could hardly be bought separately at any price. Some of the grangerised books are noteworthy. Moore's *Life of Lord Byron* and Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries* are extended to twenty-three volumes by the addition of 2,800 portraits and views. Anyone who knows Timbs's *Club Life of London* will appreciate its extension from a dumpy octavo to a folio in seventeen volumes by the addition of the following matter: "Scarce portraits of members of clubs, including an original set of Faber's engravings of the Kit-Cat Club, and other mezzos, portraits of frequenters of coffee-houses, taverns, and inns; also topographical views of Old London, its hostelrys and ancient taverns, and other prints illustrative of manners and customs; also further illustrated with many scarce original tracts on London clubs and tavern life in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Also are added the rules, regulations, and list of members of the most noted clubs and societies of London during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; together with forty original drawings of bygone nooks of Old London, &c.; many scarce caricatures, coloured and plain, by Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Bunbury, Woodward, Darly, &c.; scarce theatrical portraits, portraits of pugilists." A veritable museum of London by-gones.

THE *Masterpiece Portfolio*, No 7, issued by the *Review of Reviews*, is unlike the numbers that preceded it, inasmuch as, instead of containing a number of small pictures, it offers two large collotype reproductions. These are Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Proserpine" and Mr. Henry Woods's (R.A.) "Cupid's Spell." The first-named is an excellent copy of Rossetti's fine painting, and is alone worth more than the shilling at which the portfolio is sold.

AMONG forthcoming publications of interest is a small book of imaginative essays by Mr. Henry W. Nevins, son,

the war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. It is called *The Plea of Pan*, and the underlying idea is taken from the old story of Pan meeting the Athenian runner in Arcadia, and sending a message to Athens asking why she neglected him. It is a message which may be applied to the world of to-day. Though containing many allusions to Greek thought, the essays are not Greek even in outward symbolism, but touch on some of the questions and doubts to which the conventions of modern civilisation give rise in many minds.

WE understand that Mr. Stanhope Sprigg, who has been for some time on the staff of the *Daily Express*, has just started business as a literary agent. Mr. Sprigg has had considerable literary experience, and he founded the *Windsor Magazine*. He is receiving strong support in his enterprise. Mr. Sprigg's address is 110, St. Martin's-lane.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, we regret to learn, is in rather poor health. From the bed to which he at present is confined he has sent to a member of our staff, whom he thought he identified as the rose-planter of our current Literary Competition, the following charming epistle (not for competition):

A pleasant change, my friend, from pen to spade,
From ink and paper to sweet-scented earth;
And may your pains be happily repaid
When all the joys of June bring to their birth
Sweet buds of cream and crimson in some glade
That makes a home for butterflies and mirth.
O you are wise, and wiser than you know,
For none who with a pen must play his part
But deeper, nearer to the truth shall go
From delving in the Mother's own deep heart.
So shall we see full many a noble rose
Bring glory to your garden and your prose.

Bibliographical.

I OBSERVE that Mr. Frank T. Bullen has been writing an article on what he calls "The Poetry of the Sea." I fancy, however, that he has been confusing the sea with life on the sea, which is a very different thing. Of sea-life the existing verse-literature may be inadequate. Dibdin, for all I know, may be played out; and sailors, merchant or otherwise, may now prefer the work of Mr. Kipling, and, in a lesser degree, perhaps, that of Mr. Newbolt. The seamen of to-day, existing in an era of steam, may find it difficult to respond to the sentiment of such a song as "A wet sheet and a flowing sea"; but, though the sail be out of fashion, and steam be on the point of retreating before electricity, the essential "poetry of the sea" itself cannot be lessened or impaired. It so happens that, thirteen or fourteen years ago, two different "hands" issued very interesting anthologies of verse about the sea. One, published by Mr. Redway, was called *Sea-Song and River-Rhyme*; and the other, issued by Messrs. Walter Scott, was entitled *Sea-Music*. I can recommend both of them to Mr. Bullen.

More trouble about epigrams—this time about the quatrain which ridicules the attitude of the English general and admiral who had charge of the Walcheren expedition. We are asked to say whether it should be:

Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan,

OR—

The Earl of Chatham with his sword drawn
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.

I believe the latter is the more widely accepted reading,

though the word "his" in the first line is inconvenient and unnecessary. The smoothest version runs:

The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Is there any "original authority" in the matter?

Another Life of Robert Browning! This, it seems, is to be forthcoming from Mr. Hall Griffin, a professor of English literature, who is said to have accumulated a good deal of detail about the localities associated with the poet's career. Shall we ever have a definitive, final Life of Browning? The memoir by Mrs. Sutherland Orr hardly comes within the limits of this description, and that by Mr. William Sharp certainly does not. We have had the poet's letters to his wife, but of his correspondence generally there is no adequate representation in print. Cannot Mr. R. B. Browning supply the missing matter? I do not care myself for the biographies of fathers by sons, but there are exceptions to every rule, and, besides, we could have Browning's Letters (could we not?) without his Life.

A lady has been discoursing on the place taken by windows in the literature of verse and prose. It is rather curious that she should omit a passage in which part of the pathos of the subject is exquisitely distilled. I refer to the familiar lines in "Tears, Idle Tears":

When unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

There has been a good deal of curiosity in the theatrical world as to the previous record of Mr. A. N. Homer, the author of the play which Mr. Forbes Robertson is producing at the Comedy Theatre. He was thought to be "a new man," and a new man he is, we believe, to the stage. At Smith's and Mudie's, however, he is known as a writer of prose fiction. A tale of his called *Hernani the Jew* went into a second and cheap edition in 1899. So long ago as 1888 Mr. Homer produced *The Woman He Loved*, which was followed in 1889 by *Red Ruin: a Tale of West African River Life*, in 1891 by *The Richest Merchant in Rotterdam*. Mr. Homer, therefore, is no stranger to the pen, though it remains to be seen whether he has the dramatic sense and faculty.

All lovers of children, and of the literature of childhood, will join with Mr. Wm. Canton in mourning the sudden and sad death of his little daughter, "W. V." That delightful child made her "initial" appearance before the public in 1896, when Mr. Canton published *W. V., her Book, and Various Verses*. It is, however, permissible to imagine that "W. V." may have been the inspirer of earlier work by Mr. Canton, such as *The Invisible Playmate* (1894), and possibly the *Rhymes about a little Woman*, published, with music, in 1895. Mr. Canton's *Child's Book of Giants* (1898) and his *Children's Sayings* (1900) testify further to the charm which child-nature had and has for him.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is not going to call his new story *The Great Company*, because there is already in existence a book thus named. But the book in question, Mr. Beckles Willson's *The Great Company*, is a historical work, and could not readily be mistaken for a novel. Novelists are called upon to change the titles of their works more often than you would think. Thus, Mr. Morley Roberts's latest tale is called, on the title-page, *Taken by Assault, or The Fugitives*. But on the first page of the narrative it is called *The Fugitives* only, and that title is multiplied throughout the book as a page headline. Evidently *The Fugitives* was the original title of the story.

I observe that Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are inviting the literary public to supplement where necessary the entries in their *English Catalogue* for 1898, 1899, and 1900. I hope the invitation will be noted, especially by provincial authors and publishers.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Literary Man as Hero-Worshipper.

Literary Friends and Acquaintances. By W. D. Howells.
(Harpers. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is the kind of book that every considerable man of letters who has reached the age of sixty should write. The plan is simple—just to recall one's intercourse with the greater gods of the craft, with those who have aided and inspired, who, being dead, yet speak. But he who thus wrestles with Mnemosyne must approach her in a humble and grateful spirit, as Mr. Howells does. Recalling those who shone on him with a light that well-nigh extinguished the taper of his own personality—such men as Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau—he writes:

The good that was done me I never could repay if I lived all over again for others the life that I have so long lived for myself. At times, when I had experienced from those elect spirits with whom I was associated some act of friendship, as signal as it was delicate, I used to ask myself how I could ever do anything unhandsome or ungenerous towards anyone again; and I had a bad conscience the next time I did it.

The thoughts of youth are long thoughts, and the youth who, in 1860, started from the West (the precise spot was Columbus, capital of Ohio) with his face set towards "his holy land at Boston," was not the Howells we know to-day. But the ardent youth, "his being wholly in literature," had in him the germs of what he was to be. Curious about life, concerned with values rather than effects, indifferent to action, but profoundly interested in motives, he unconsciously prepared himself for the confession that he was to make many years later: "Oh, human life, how I have loved you, and would I could express all I see in your poor foolish face!"

Inwardly, at that time, he was a poet, with no wish to be anything else, "unless, in a moment of careless affluence, I might so far forget myself as to be a novelist." There is little about his own work in this volume. He makes his personality merely a background on which the personalities of those he met are projected. In that spirit we take him, and shall content ourselves with giving a few of the many contacts this "passionate pilgrim" had with those who were making the literature of his land.

One of his first experiences was a dinner in Boston at the old-fashioned hour of two. Present—Holmes, Lowell, Mr. Fields (of Ticknor & Fields), and "the passionate pilgrim":

I would gladly have glimmered before those great lights in the talk that followed, if I could have thought of anything brilliant to say, but I could not, and so I let them shine without a ray of reflected splendour from me. It was such talk as I had, of course, never heard before, and it is not saying enough to say that I have never heard such talk since, except from these two men. It was as light and kind as it was deep and true, and it ranged over a hundred things, with a perpetual sparkle of Doctor Holmes's wit, and the constant glow of Lowell's incandescent sense. . . .

Hawthorne was named among other authors, probably by Fields, whose house had just published his *Marble Faun*, and who had recently come home on the same steamer with him. Doctor Holmes asked if I had met Hawthorne yet, and when I confessed that I had hardly yet even hoped for such a thing, he smiled his winning smile, and said: "Ah, well! I don't know that you will ever feel you have really met him. He is like a dim room with a little taper of personality burning on the corner of the mantel." . . .

There was a saying of Lowell's which he was fond of repeating at the menace of any form of the transcendental, and he liked to warn himself and others with his homely, "Remember the dinner-bell." What I recall of the whole effect of a time so happy for me is that in all that was

said, however high, however fine, we were never out of hearing of the dinner-bell; and perhaps this is the best effect I can leave with the reader.

In later years he and Lowell became very intimate. Here is a pen-picture of the author of *The Biglow Papers*:

If I dropped in upon him in the afternoon I was apt to find him reading the old French poets, or the plays of Calderon, or the *Divina Commedia*, which he magnanimously supposed me much better acquainted with than I was, because I knew some passages of it by heart. One day I came in quoting:

"Io son, cantava, io son dolce Sirena,
Che i marinai in mezzo al mar dismago."

He stared at me in a rapture with the matchless music, and then uttered all his adoration and despair in one word: "Damn!" he said, and no more.

Lowell gave him a letter of introduction to Hawthorne:

The door was opened to my ring by a tall handsome boy, whom I supposed to have been Mr. Julian Hawthorne; and the next moment I found myself in the presence of the romancer, who entered from some room beyond. He advanced carrying his head with a heavy forward droop, and with a pace for which I decided that the word would be *pondering*. It was the pace of a bulky man of fifty, and his head was that beautiful head we all know from the many pictures of it. But Hawthorne's look was different from that of any picture of him that I have seen. It was sombre and brooding, as the look of such a poet should have been; it was the look of a man who had dealt faithfully and therefore sorrowfully with that problem of evil which for ever attracted, for ever evaded Hawthorne. It was by no means troubled; it was full of a dark repose.

His host proposed that they should take a walk to the top of the hill, and sit there while he smoked a cigar:

Hawthorne descanted a little upon the landscape, and said certain of the pleasant fields below us belonged to him; but he preferred his hill-top, and if he could have his way those arable fields should be grown up to pines too. He smoked fitfully, and slowly, and in the hour that we spent together, his whiffs were of the desultory and unfinal character of his words. When we went down he asked me into his house again, and would have me stay to tea, for which we found the table laid. But there was a great deal of silence in it all, and at times, in spite of his shadowy kindness, I felt my spirits sink. After tea he showed me a bookcase, where there were a few books topping about on the half-filled shelves, and said, coldly, "This is my library." I knew that men were his books, and though I myself cared for books so much, I found it fit and fine that he should care so little, or seem to care so little. Some of his own romances were among the volumes on these shelves, and when I put my finger on the *Blithedale Romance* and said that I preferred that to the others, his face lighted up, and he said that he believed the Germans liked that best too.

When they parted Hawthorne offered to give him a card to Emerson. He wrote something on the back of it, "which I found, when I got away, to be 'I find this young man worthy.'"

When he presented the card to Emerson, the philosopher looked "from it to me with a vague serenity, while I waited a moment on the door-step below him":

I do not know in just what sort he made me welcome, but I am aware of sitting with him in his study or library, and of his presently speaking of Hawthorne, whom I probably celebrated as I best could, and whom he praised for his personal excellence, and for his fine qualities as a neighbour. "But his last book," he added, reflectively, "is a mere mush," and I perceived that this great man was no better equipped to judge an artistic fiction than the groundlings who were then crying out upon the indefinite close of the *Marble Faun*. . . .

After dinner we walked about in his "pleached garden" a little, and then we came again into his library, where I meant to linger only till I could fitly get away. He questioned me about what I had seen of Concord, and

whom besides Hawthorne I had met, and when I told him only Thoreau, he asked me if I knew the poems of Mr. William Henry Channing. I have known them since, and felt their quality, which I have gladly owned a genuine and original poetry; but I answered then truly that I knew them only from Poe's criticism: cruel and spiteful things which I should be ashamed of enjoying as I once did.

"Whose criticisms?" asked Emerson.

"Poe's," I said again.

"Oh," he cried out, after a moment, as if he had returned from a far search for my meaning, "you mean the jingle-man!"

We must also find room, to encourage tripping grammarians, for a passage about Mrs. Stowe's "copy." It shows also with what punctilious seriousness Howells regarded his duties when he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

As for the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, her syntax was such a snare to her that it sometimes needed the combined skill of all the proof-readers and the assistant editor to extricate her. Of course, nothing was ever written into her work, but in changes of diction, in correction of solecisms, in transposition of phrases, the text was largely rewritten on the margin of her proofs. The soul of her art was present, but the form was so often absent, that when it was clothed on anew it would have been hard to say whose cut the garment was of in many places. In fact, the proof-reading of the *Atlantic Monthly* was something almost fearfully scrupulous and perfect. The proofs were first read by the under proof-reader in the printing office; then the head reader passed them to me perfectly clean as to typography, with his own abundant and most intelligent comments on the literature; and then I read them, making what changes I chose, and verifying every quotation, every date, every geographical and biographical name, every foreign word to the last accent, every technical and scientific term. Where it was possible or at all desirable the proof was next submitted to the author. When it came back to me, I revised it, accepting or rejecting the author's judgment according as he was entitled by his ability and knowledge or not to have them. The proof now went to the printers for correction; they sent it again to the head reader, who carefully revised it and returned it again to me. I read it a second time, and it was again corrected. After this it was revised in the office and sent to the stereotyper, from whom it came to the head reader for a last revision in the plates.

This attractive volume is not all reminiscences. There are many passages of subtle criticism and reflection. How admirably the few lines that follow place the work of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

I have loved it, as I loved him, with a sense of its limitations which is by no means a censure of its excellences. He was not a man who cared to transcend; he liked bounds, he liked horizons, the constancy of shores. If he put to sea, he kept in sight of land, like the ancient navigators. He did not discover new continents; and I will own that I, for my part, should not have liked to sail with Columbus. I think one can safely affirm that as great and as useful men stayed behind, and found an America of the mind without stirring from their thresholds.

It is a sane, kindly book—a book that leaves pleasant memories of broad-minded, big-hearted men moving leisurely in their spacious country. And it is helped by the pictures of wide, dignified, tree-shaded New England streets, and by the portraits—all the better for looking a little old fashioned—of the men who, in the New World, climbed Helicon and Parnassus.

White-hot Earnest Verse.

Lyra Apostolica. Edited by H. C. Beeching. With Introduction by H. S. Holland. (Methuen. 2s.)

THIS is a dainty and excellent little edition of the *Lyra Apostolica*. Mr. Beeching's "Critical Note" says all that is to be said about the literary aspect

of the book, while Canon Holland's "Introduction" supplies an admirable account of its history and aims—a matter somewhat forgotten in this generation. The *Lyra*, indeed, probably is thought of by most people nowadays as a collection of hymns. But it is only casually that some of its contents are available (as hymnologies show) for hymnal use. It is essentially a collection of verses, partly gnomic, partly reflective, on religious subjects; and its aim was not devotional, but controversial. We have purposely spoken of "verses," for it is but by chance that any of them are poems. They were designed as one of the many weapons used by Newman and his friends in their attack upon the ecclesiastical policy of the Liberal ministers in the early 'thirties, which they considered a laying of secularising hands upon the Ark of the English Church. Their object was to put their principles in a form which would be pithy and ready of memory; there was no waiting for inspiration: Newman wrote his poem or so as a daily task, as a modern man would work at an article. The fact that they were in white-hot earnest has now and again struck out inspiration, but they were under no concern about "artistic merit."

The book did its work; but it seems likely to outlast that work. At the time it might have been unfair to criticise it from the poetical standpoint, as "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce did, to Newman's great disgust. But now it is otherwise. A consideration of what absolute poetry it includes is, in effect, a consideration of what elements it may possess for permanent life, in days when the Oxford Movement shall be as the *Smectymnuus* controversy. The writers were six (a key to them is given at the end of the book), Robert Wilberforce, Isaac Williams, John Bowden, Hurrell Froude, Keble, and Newman. The overwhelming proportion was written by the latter two; but the poetical merit does not follow in like proportion. Wilberforce, Bowden, and Isaac Williams are negligible from this standpoint. Keble is disappointing, which means that a large part of the book is not strong as poetry. Doubtless its fighting note did not suit his gentle nature. Doubtless, too, as Mr. Beeching says, his gift was not direct, as such verse needed to be. But, also, Keble at his best is not pregnant: he is diffuse and fluent, redeemed by grace and fancy. Now, for gnomic verse pregnancy and compression are a necessity. Plain speech in verse must be close-knit and pointed, or it is nought. Figured verse may carry off diffuseness by richness or other qualities, as in Shelley. But directness is weak without condensation.

Hurrell Froude's few pieces are much better. He had all the fiery energy which Keble lacked; and, unlike Newman, he possessed a sense of the special power of poetry; he suffered verse gladly. There is the promise of an unfulfilled gift in some of his lines. The final stanza of "Tyre" is arresting:

Far from the wandering East
Tubal and Javan came,
And Araby the blest,
And Kedar, mighty name.
Now on that shore, a lonely guest,
Some dripping fisherman may rest,
Watching on rock or naked stone
His dark net spread before the sun,
Unconscious of the dooming lay,
That broods o'er that dull spot, and there shall
brood for aye.

The sonnet on "Powers That Be" has a stern force, showing the man.

Yes, mark the words, deem not that saints alone
Are Heaven's true servants, and His laws fulfil
Who rules o'er just and wicked, He from ill
Culls good, He moulds the Egyptian's heart of stone
To do him honour, and e'en Nero's throne
Claims as His ordinance; before Him still
Pride bows unconscious, and the rebel will
Most does His bidding, following most its own.

Then grieve not at their high and palmy state,
Those proud, bad men, whose unrelenting sway
Has shattered holiest things, and led astray
Christ's little ones: they are but tools of Fate,
Duped rebels, doomed to serve a Power they hate,
To earn a traitor's guerdon, yet obey.

Seeing this was hurled at the Liberal party, it is no marvel the editor of the *British Magazine* thought thrice and four times before inserting it. All Froude's poems show undoubted, if unripened, gift.

But Newman is the backbone of the book. His rhetorical gift aids him in verse of this kind. Perhaps most of it is dubiously poetry: it is the thought of a gravely earnest man forcing on the garment of verse, unheeding if it part a seam or so in the process; but there is thought, and intermittently it strikes out impressive verse of its own vigour, aided by that trained knack of rhetoric. We do not rate certain of the poems so highly as Mr. Beeching. But some of those which imitate Greek choral forms not only are dignified prose, which wears well its robe of metre; in occasional stanzas they rise to the full stature of poetry—poetry of the austere, architectonic order in which the Greeks were masters, dependent on symmetry and an intellectual inspiration rather than on lofty rapture. The example of *Samson Agonistes* has served him well, and exalted many a passage of diction. Such is the first stanza of "Judaism":

O piteous race!
Fearful to look upon;
Once standing in high place
Heaven's eldest son.
O aged blind
Unvenerable! as thou fittest by,
I liken thee to him in pagan song,
In thy gaunt majesty,
The vagrant king, of haughty purposed mind,
Whom prayer nor plague could bend;
Wronged at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
And honoured in his end.

Yet finer is the second stanza of "The Elements," which is indeed a remarkable poem throughout:

But o'er the elements
One Hand alone,
One Hand has sway.
Whose influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious Ocean, thrown
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore?
Or who has eye to trace
How the Plague came?
Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race?
Or the Air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore?

That is nothing short of grandeur, and the note is sustained throughout. Space would fail us to quote all the notable poems in Newman's portion. It is full of interest, and would alone ensure the vitality of *Lyra Apostolica*.

A Poet of the Too-Much.

Robert Buchanan: an Introduction to his Poetry. By Archibald Stodart-Walker. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

MR. STODART-WALKER is nothing if not an enthusiast. He expressly disclaims in his preface any critical value for his work: it is not even an "estimation." He wants to explain what Mr. Buchanan's poetry is, and for this purpose allows him as much as possible to speak for himself. Well, he attains his aim. After laying down the volume, you understand pretty well the nature and scope of Mr. Buchanan's poetical work, even if you were previously a stranger to it. And that is no small thing to

say for Mr. Stodart-Walker, especially since his own views (he states) incline towards canonic science rather than Buchanonic science. But he writes as a convinced admirer of the poet, and no man undertaking such a task can avoid expressing his own estimate of the writer with whom he deals. Mr. Stodart-Walker is certainly not that man: his estimate of Mr. Buchanan as a philosophic poet is writ large over these pages—large and loud; and it is seldom out of superlatives. Most things that Mr. Buchanan has done appear to be the finest of their kind in the language. In what he says Mr. Stodart-Walker is obviously too fiery a guide to be a safe one; but he explains and illustrates so well that every reader has the opportunity of forming his own judgment—if he have a judgment to form.

Leaving out of view his restless other activities, even as a poet Mr. Robert Buchanan has in his time played many parts; so many that it becomes a necessity to keep the main line of his work. There can be no doubt, fortunately, what he would himself regard as the main line, and that is also what we consider his typical work. He threw himself, an unknown young Scot, on the conquest of London in the early 'thirties. It was a time when form was little studied in poetry—the Tennyson influence not yet having induced English poets to set their artistic house in order. The Dobells and Alexander Smiths and others of the earlier time between the setting of Shelley and the culmination of Tennyson were reckless violators of order, symmetry, proportion. Mr. Buchanan only too readily received, and has only too defiantly retained, the stamp of that day. The long poems, which are the deliberate and representative achievement of his maturity, trample symmetry under foot. The "Book of Orm," for instance (perhaps the best), is a tangle of variegated metres, almost surpassing the manifold metrical forms of Shelley's "Prometheus," without the choral-dramatic convention which imposes shape and keeping on that poem, as without the metrical genius which gives justifying music to its various versification. "Orm," indeed, seems born from the mingled influence of "Prometheus" and "The Excursion," and makes harder reading than either. Yet in his first volumes, "Undertones," together with poems loose and diluted enough, there were others, on classic themes such as have not since tempted him, which showed a very different spirit and influence—much of Keats, somewhat perhaps of Tennyson. Here are things fine, ordered, and with an even distinction of knitted phrase, as this, describing the effect of Pan's music:

Whence, in the season of the pensive eve,
The earth plumes down her weary, weary wings;
The Hours, each frozen in his mazy dance,
Look scared upon the stars, and seem to stand
Stone-still, like chisell'd angels mocking Time;
And woods and streams and mountains, beasts and birds,
And serious hearts of purblind men, are hush'd;
While music sweeter far than any dream
Floats from the far-off distance, where I sit
Wondrously wov'n about with forest boughs.

Or this other, a personification of Memory:

Fair-statured, noble, like an awful thing
Frozen upon the very verge of life,
And looking back along eternity
With rayless eyes that keep the shadow Time.

Here, also, one lights upon noble imagery, while the images at most times are seldom less than effective. "Antony in Arms" (too long to quote) is a fine and strongly dramatic little poem, level from first stanza to last.

But in his next volume, *London Poems*, he struck a realistic vein which made a name for him, and there was no further chance of his developing on the lines of the poems just quoted. As a whole, this second volume seems to us overrated. We prefer the longer poems which followed, for all their defects. In these he gave free play to his growing mysticism, while he was still intent on

ultra-modernity, to be gained by treating the problems of modern life. "The Book of Orm," we have said, appears to us best, and it is, at any rate, typical. It has deep thought, and is full of meaning, if the meaning be remote and difficult. It has imagination, too, on a large scale: conceptual imagination, we might call it. In execution, the imagination is much thinner than in the early poems already quoted; and fine imagery, though it exists, is much wider apart. Diffuseness, indeed, is the radical sin of this and the longer poems generally. They are diffuse in plan and in execution. Rarely you come across a single passage which keeps its feet throughout, like this striking imagination of what the world would be if the physical preludings of death were absent:

And suddenly my little son looked upward,
And his eyes were dried like dew-drops; and his going
Was like a blow of fire upon my face.

There was no comfort in the slow farewell,
Nor gentle shutting of beloved eyes,
Nor beautiful brooding over sleeping features.

There were no kisses on familiar faces,
No weaving of white grave-clothes, no last pondering
Over the still wax cheeks and folded fingers.

The whole from which we quote these lines is beautiful, and original in conception. But, for the most part, we never get sustained distinction in workmanship; a passage promising to be fine is marred by interspersing with weaker matter; we have well-cut stones set in rubble, or, rather, the edges crumble away into the rubble, leaving none of them well cut. The poet can never stop in time. So there is a general laxity and loquacious dilution about the verse, leaving it distinction only in moments and for a short lifting of the wing. Which is a pity; for here is a poet of no inconsiderable power, whose "vaulting ambition" and revolt against all restraint and measure have shorn his most earnest work of its potential effect; so that it seems doubtful to us whether it can last much longer than "Kehama." Now, that is an injustice done by Mr. Robert Buchanan to Mr. Buchanan's self; for he is a poet, and Southey was not.

The Epic of the Angles.

Beowulf and the Fight at Finnsburgh. Translated by J. R. Clark Hall. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

THE epic or group of epic lays known as *Beowulf* has a double interest. It offers the finest of battle-grounds to contending scholars, whose rival theories as to the number, homes, dates, and religions of its authors fill the air with the dust of controversy. And whatever view you take of these nice problems, it is still almost the only fragment of heroic legend which our forefathers, the Angles, can be shown to have brought with them from their dampish homes beyond the mouth of the Elbe. *Beowulf*, in his somewhat monotonous victories over Grendel and Grendel's mother the mere-wife and the fire-drake who kept the hoard of gold, may be, as the solar mythologists tell you, the sun vanquishing the noxious mists of morning, or he may be, as a later school has it, the culture hero, wresting from reluctant powers the gifts of civilisation for men. In either case he is a fair symbol of the Anglo-Saxon race, with their indomitable desire for difficulties to surmount and fabulous monsters to overcome, and their usually keen eye for the hoard of gold in the background.

Dr. Hall has evidently made himself thoroughly master of the voluminous *Beowulf* literature which he catalogues in his bibliography, and which amounts, between 1815 and 1899, to some two hundred numbers. His careful introduction, his notes and indices and archaeological illustrations, are all real helps to the understanding of the rather

difficult poem and of the social conditions which it represents. So complete is his work that we do not quite understand why he did not put the finishing touch to it by printing the Anglo-Saxon text side by side with his translation, more especially as this is frequently quoted in the notes and indices, which therefore necessitate the employment of a companion volume. As for the translation itself, it probably, for scholarly purposes, represents the original better than either that of Messrs. Morris and Wyatt, or that of Prof. Earle. But we cannot persuade ourselves that it makes pleasant reading, or that it is likely to popularise *Beowulf* among the class of readers who must have the poem in modern English or not at all. Without being literal in its renderings or rigidly Teutonic in its vocabulary, it is singularly crabbed, and to our ear misses alike vigour of movement and harmony of rhythm. It is, in fact, wooden and mechanical. But our readers shall judge. The following passage is from the third and last feat of *Beowulf*, the conquest of the fiery dragon, in which the hero received his death-wound:

After these words, the serpent, the fell spiteful spirit, came angrily a second time, bright with belched fire, to fall upon his foes, the loathed mankind. His shield was burnt up to the rim by waves of flame, his corselet could afford the youthful spear-warrior no help: but the young man did valorously under his kinsman's shield after his own was ruined by hot coals. Then once more the battle prince was mindful of his reputation, by main force he struck with his battle-sword so that it stuck in the head, driven in by the onslaught. Naegling had snapped! *Beowulf's* old, gray-etched sword had failed him in the fray. That was not granted him—that iron blades should help him in the fight. The hand was too strong, which, so I have heard, by its stroke overstrained every sword—it was no better for him when he bore so wondrous hard a weapon to the fray.

Then a third time the public scourge, the salamander, was intent on fighting: he rushed upon the hero, when occasion favoured him, hot and fierce in battle, and enclosed his whole neck between his cutting jaws: he was bathed in life-blood—the gore rushed out in streams.

Surely the soul of the fighting has evaded Dr. Hall. And certain phrases—the shield "ruined by hot coals" like a carpet, or "the public scourge, the salamander," or "when occasion favoured him"—are they not a little wanting in humour? A translator should apply a sense of humour, even where he does not find it in the text.

Dr. Hall is disposed to think that *Beowulf* was written in England, and not, as is perhaps the more generally adopted theory, written on the Continent before the Angle migration, and only revised in England. Nor will he accept the view that the Christian colouring is due to interpolators or editors, and not to the original author. Consequently, he is obliged to find rather a late date for the whole work. He does not exactly ascribe it, with Sarraxia, to Cynewulf; but he thinks that it was written in Mercia during the long epoch of peace and prosperity in that kingdom after its conversion in the middle of the seventh century:

I picture to myself a Mercian courtier—perhaps a scop—whose early life may have been spent under the heathen Penda, who changed his religion with the Court, without being able to get, or perhaps even wishing to get, definite instruction in the new faith; and who, perhaps, came in some degree under Northumbrian literary influences, writing the earlier part of the poem, pretty much as we now have it, about A.D. 660, and the later some twenty years or so after that.

If we remember right, Prof. Earle has put forth a very similar view.

The Longest Poem of the 20th Century.

Nell: a Tale of the Thames. By Heather Bigg. (Kegan Paul. 5s. net.)

WE are occasionally staggered by the works that are dropped upon our table. This volume prostrated us. Thinking to dip into a novel, we found ourselves plunged into a poem; not one of your minor poet's shallow outpourings, but a sea of Alexandrines. The poem approaches in length *Paradise Lost*. It has other curious similarities to that epic. For example, the arguments that head the sections, of which there are thirty-six. Thus, "How Robert boils over at the iniquitous looseness of the laws on robbery—a matter that is only a digression." Miss Heather Bigg has certainly caught the Miltonic method of digression. Chapter I. describes Robert and Alfred at the outset of their journey down the Thames in quest of a quiet village:

And near them, on the water, lightly lay
Their bass canoe, which by Ontario's shore
The colonist had deftly fashioned out
On the design that long years since he reft
From the defenceless savage. He it was
First stripped the ready birch—

and so on for seventy-one lines till we come to "the two to whom this craft belonged." Milton himself could not have withheld longer the information that the two young men had hired a "Canader."

In fact for you I sound this solemn note
Beware the dangers of the petticoat.

So spoke Alfred. And that, together with the title of the book, makes us suspect—especially when we come upon this (they had found their village, and next morning "Alfred came rattling right into the room"):

Gay was he in pronounced pyjamas, shod
In velvet slippers, golden monogrammed,
Some weak girl's gift, and half his face besmeared
With lathered white, whilst his right hand upheld
An out of all proportion shaving-brush,
Also some weak girl's gift,—indeed the all
To which his dressing-case was content
Was gift on gift from girls, who being of course
Of a man's use profoundly innocent
Meddled their ministrance museum-like
And—Well, let by—Alfred came rattling in.

Alas! it is seldom that our poetess lets us by so soon and introduces us to the solid fact.

Before Nell comes on the scene Robert and Alfred converse quite in the Miltonic style as they paddle the craft reft by the colonist from the defenceless savage. Robert remarks—

All that is round us now is but "I Am"
Perhaps, (said Alfred) and he said no more.

It was enough. Indeed, you could hardly expect more from a young man who took velvet slippers—monogrammed—up the river. In the village churchyard Robert meets Nell, and, as you may say, he is done for at once. Next morning "his hand-poised razor ran Almost to skinny error" (that phrase will nick our chin at our next shaving):

Breakfast no sooner done he hurried off
To the churchyard, but not a soul was there.

That is a common feature of churchyards. Meanwhile Alfred picked up Carrie in the train. These four are the protagonists of the story such as it is. There is a nebulous mother of Nell, and an Uncle, of whom Nell says:

Oh! but he was so kind!
Though quite a different man from Grandpapa.

Had he only been the same man he would have brought a welcome complication into a somewhat simple story. For

the contents of Alfred's dressing-bag will tell you what happened to Carrie, and that speedily. The siege of Nell was a longer job. It drags on from Part I. to Part II., from one river season to the next.

Whilst you are here let us meet as you will
So that I keep my reputation still,

says Nell; but as Nell's escutcheon is not up to Robert's standard the end is inevitable. It seems to occur—we skip fifty thousand lines or so of no special importance—on page 311, in a moonlit wood when Robert and Nell sit together upon a fallen stump—Nell's shoe tumbles off:

He from the stump
Slipped down upon his knees, felt out the shoe
And took her tiny ankle in his hand
To place it on. An ankle! Heavens above us!

—and a cloud
Veiling the chaste, chill aspect of the moon
Left them in darkness. Haply none too soon—
Here all description ends and words must fail.

Miss Heather Bigg may be congratulated on having written the longest poem of the Twentieth Century. But at the end, as at the beginning, we wonder why she took the trouble to design epic dress for a novelette.

Other New Books.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY RICHARD R. HOLMES.

This little volume does not come unknown or without credentials. It is, in fact, a new edition of a big volume. Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. conceived the idea of a life of Queen Victoria which should be illustrated by pictures from the Royal collections; and Mr. Holmes, as librarian of Windsor Castle, was asked to write the text. The pictures thus begot the book, which came out sumptuously in 1897. Now that the Queen has passed away, it was an obvious enough idea to reissue the book in cheaper popular form, without the illustrations. Hence the present volume, the smaller size of which comes simply from smaller type and absence of illustrations, for there is no abridgment. On the contrary, a final chapter is added to bring the book down to the late Sovereign's death. The life follows the lines of most official biographies. It is unassuming, business-like, and tells its story straightforwardly, without any attempt at moving or pictorial comment. It is interesting to note the staid and, one thinks, Early Victorian fashion in which the Prince Consort takes the intelligence of an attachment between the Princess Alice and Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt:

"There is no doubt that the eldest (Louis) and Alice have formed a mutual liking; and although the visit, fortunately, has passed over without any declaration, I have no doubt that it will lead to further advances from the young gentleman's family. We should not be averse to such an alliance, as the family is good and estimable, and the young man is unexceptionable in morals, manly, and, both in body and mind, distinguished by youthful freshness and vigour."

In writing to Baron Stockmar, however, doubtless a rigidly philosophic and morally dispassionate attitude was appropriate towards matrimony. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

THE SWORD AND THE CENTURIES. BY ALFRED HUTTON.

Capt. Hutton is known, wherever fence is taught, as a past-master in the history and practice of the sword. To the public he is equally known by a series of books on the art of swordsmanship in all ages, which rank as the standard works in their kind. This volume, however, is not a work of technical instruction. It appeals mainly, perhaps, to the general reader. It is a review of the sword in all its developments, from the Middle Ages onward;

but (and herein lies its special distinction) each stage of that development is illustrated by the account of an actual combat with the special form of weapon described, every account being drawn from contemporary sources, often eye-witnesses of the fight. Few men's knowledge or industry would have been equal to discovering examples of combat with many of the rarer forms; and the book is as interesting as it is valuable. One fight recorded to illustrate sword and buckler illuminates also a French proverbial phrase, *coup de Jarnac*, meaning a sudden under-hand stroke. The duel was between the Lord of Chastaigneraie and the Sieur de Jarnac under Henri II., and is thus described:

Jarnac shifts his ground, feints a swashing blow at his enemy's head, and so draws up his shield to defend it, and as it rises dexterously passes his point behind the unfortunate man's left knee, holding his hand in pronation, and with a quick movement snatches it back, bringing the sharp false edge into contact with the lower part of the ham. This slight cut startles Chastaigneraie, but before he has time to move Jarnac repeats it in a much more serious fashion, severing sinews, veins, muscles, and everything down to the very bone.

The blow finished Chastaigneraie and established a new French phrase. (Grant Richards. 15s.)

A NEW HISTORY OF THE BOOK REVISED AND
OF COMMON PRAYER: ON THE REWRITTEN BY
BASIS OF THE FORMER WORK WALTER HOWARD FRERE.
BY FRANCIS PROCTER.

It is not often that an author suffers a work which has had great success to be rehandled by another man while he himself still lives. But the author of the *History of the Book of Common Prayer* is yet among us, and it is with his permission and active favour that Mr. Howard Frere has brought out this revision of the work. It is largely, in fact, a new book, as was necessary after a lapse of nearly fifty years, during which liturgical study has been zealously widened in all directions. The greater part, as Mr. Frere states, has been actually rewritten. The section of the older work which dealt with hymns and metrical psalms has disappeared altogether—owing to the existence of the *Dictionary of Hymnology*. So has the account of the adaptations from the Prayer-Book for Nonconformist Congregations. But the old Service-books and Services of which the Prayer-Book is the heir are dealt with at much greater length. For this purpose a fresh chapter has been added to the opening of the book, and the second part has been entirely refashioned. With regard to the Prayer-Books of Edward VI. a store of new matter has been added. In its present form this makes a most handsome and complete work, allowing for the inevitable necessity of relegating disputed points to foot-notes, which refer the reader to the authorities in whom he may study them. Every chapter is followed by additional notes, handmaidens to the main text, while to the first part are appended some invaluable documents illustrating the Sarum and older liturgies. Those who treasured Mr. Procter's work will find the treasure has grown in value by this re-issue, which could hardly have been bettered. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

EUGENE SCHUYLER: SELECTED WITH A MEMOIR BY
ESSAYS. EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER.

ITALIAN INFLUENCES. BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.

These two volumes give the selected essays, with a memoir by his daughter, of an American who at one time had a European notoriety. For it was the publication of his inquiry (at the instance of the United States Government) into the Bulgarian "atrocities," which, above all other reports, set European opinion in a flame. The Turks, indeed, held him responsible for the ensuing war with Russia. A journalistic career led up to diplomatic

employment, as it does only in the States and France; and it was while he was Minister at St. Petersburg that he undertook the famous inquiry. The papers here collected cover various literary themes, and are written in a light, gossiping style. For some curious grammatical contortions perhaps bad proof-reading is responsible; but others, we fear, are the result of careless writing, which the author would have corrected had he lived to republish the articles himself. They are very obviously the occasional journalistic contributions of a busy man, and are less criticisms than personal chat about the celebrities discussed. As such they are entertaining, but nowise original. The best paper is, perhaps, that on Tolstoy, where the writer's personal experience of Russia and of Tolstoy himself gives a real value to the account. For example, the novelist told him apropos of Auerbach's *Ein Neues Leben*:

It was owing to this that I started a school for my peasants and became interested in popular education. When I went back to Europe the second time I went to see Auerbach without giving my name. When he came into the room I merely said, "I am Eugen Baumann," and when he hesitated, in surprise, I hastened to add: "Not really in name but in character"; and then told him who I was and how his book had set me thinking, and what good it had done me.

As a whole, the essays show a decided interest in the persons more than the writings of *littérateurs*. (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net each.)

THE OAK HAMLET. BY H. ST. JOHN HICK BASHALL.

In this monograph of fifty pages, "being an account of the history and associations of the village of Ockham, Surrey," Mr. Bashall has gathered together for the many lovers of such matters a considerable amount of topographical and antiquarian information. Nothing more can be said for his manner of presentation than that it is fairly clear; perhaps no more should be expected; yet how a little of the spirit of Aubrey would make the dry facts live!

The history of Ockham is the history of a thousand English villages, the history of a patch of country-side calmly doing its work and rearing its children through changes of kings and dynasties, of priests and lords of the manor. The Bocheham of Domesday Book becomes the Ockham of to-day through changes as natural as the seasons. The beautiful church, with its noble east window, remains; but in place of the old Fiddle Inn is the Hautboy Hotel, of which Mr. Bashall says: "We are certainly fortunate in having such a high-class hotel . . . in Ockham." The village has its schools (admirably planned and built by the late Lord Lovelace) and its two small charities. Of great men it seems to have produced only one, that William of Ockham of whom Fuller wrote: "He is highly praised by the writers of his own order [Franciscan] for his learning whom I do believe notwithstanding Bale writeth so bitterly against him." He had the distinction of being excommunicated by the Pope, and of having his books burnt by the Masters of Paris. (Stock. 5s net.)

It is not necessary to be a "Turfit" in order to appreciate the importance of books like Mr. Charles Richardson's *The English Turf* (Methuen, 15s.) and Mr. H. Sydenham Dixon's *From Gladiator to Persimmon* (Richards, 18s. net). The difference between these books, both dealing in expert fashion with English racing, is indicated very well in their titles. Mr. Richardson's book is a general and popular account of all the conditions and amenities of racing, not omitting its local conditions and the vital matters of breeding, training, and race-course management. The book runs to well over 300 pages, and is illustrated in first-rate style by photographs. A man

who had never realised the magnitude of the national sport would gather it easily from these photographs of race-courses, paddocks, and grand stands. Mr. Richardson has had the assistance of an "editor" in Mr. E. T. Sachs, who points out that this is the psychological moment for a book on the English Turf, inasmuch as racing has in the last twenty-five years "taken a shape from which there can be but few departures, and which may be regarded as permanent." Mr. Dixon's book is different. It is a collection of definite Turf memories, and resolves itself into breezy sketches of great horses, great jockeys, great trainers, and great owners. It is for those who are awake and can remember and understand. The outsider may find refreshment in its horsey and sporty locutions. A book which begins "I am fortunate to get a good start with such a 'smasher' as Gladiateur," and is written throughout in that strain, can hardly be ignored by lexicographers and connoisseurs of words.

Mr. Grant Richards has begun the issue of a new series of Fabian Society publications, dealing from the Fabian point of view with politics and economics in a more detailed manner than was possible in the famous *Fabian Essays*. The first volume to appear is Mr. Henry W. Macrosty's *Trusts and the State: a Sketch of Competition*, a well-timed theme. In thirteen chapters the author considers such subjects as State Interference, Companies and Honesty, The Growth and Effects of Combination in Industry, Collectivisation, &c.

Messrs. Virtue have issued a very handsome volume on *The Paris Exhibition of 1900*, which has already appeared in monthly parts. As an illustrated record of the Exhibition buildings, and the art exhibits, the work leaves nothing to be desired. Some very beautiful pictures are reproduced in photogravure, notably Mr. Whistler's "The Little White Girl."

Fiction.

My First Book.

A Varsity Man. By Inglis Allen. (Pearson. 6s.)

A Cardinal and his Conscience. By Graham Hope. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Belinda Fitzwarren. By the Earl of Iddesleigh. (Methuen. 6s.)

MR. INGLIS ALLEN has essayed to write a facetious work of fiction—we avoid the epithet "humorous"—and it cannot be said that he has failed. *A Varsity Man* is a first book, but it is the production of a writer who has begun by knowing a good deal of his trade. Mr. Allen is, in the particular workshop he has chosen, master of his tools. When he aims he hits; there is no nervous bungling hesitation. Such confidence is so rare in the author of a first book that we feel bound specially to note and belaud it. Whatever his limitations, Mr. Allen is not an amateur. Either a sufficient technique sprang naturally to his finger-ends, or he has acquired it with patience and labour; probably the latter. The matter of *A Varsity Man*—"passages in the Career of an Impressionable Undergraduate"—is less notable than the manner of it. The Impressionable Undergraduate, at this time of day, constitutes no new theme. The intricate amalgam of his mannishness and his childishness has many times before been resolved to the end that his friends might laugh. We all know the undergraduate of fiction, with his consuming ambition to play the man about town, to pose as the initiate of all wickedness, the sworn foe of bounderism, and the encyclopædia of worldly knowledge. And Mr. Allen's undergraduate, one must at once admit, is the undergraduate of fiction, an individual who doubtless exists also in fact, sparsely, but who has become some-

what conventionalised in the constant setting down. Mr. Allen does not seek after new effects: he is content to observe what his predecessors have observed, and to make the points that they made. Still, he does it all "with an air." His touch has freshness—that freshness which can only spring from the author's own gusto and joy in his work. The amatory adventures of Mr. Hugh Ashby (fourteen in number) are narrated with a continual spontaneous energy which atones for their inherent unoriginality. Moreover, it is quite possible to laugh at them. The book has, indeed, amused us, though not violently. We will quote an example of Mr. Allen's light facetiousness:

On the last day of the Easter vacation the youth went to lunch with the Parfitts at their house on Hampstead-heath. The Parfitts were a family whose lunches met with the Youth's approval rather more than they did personally. But it was worth while being bored, with one of Parfitt senior's cigars in view after the ordeal, and as Parfitt junior—who wore red ties with a frock coat, and was apt to extend the province of brown boots—was in the city, matters were rather more tolerable than they might have been. Mrs. Parfitt, who insisted on referring to the Youth as a "student," treated him with the respect due to this imaginary status, and the claret was eminently drinkable. After lunch Mrs. Parfitt excused herself, and retired for her nap; and the Youth was left alone with that lady's companion, who, whatever she might have been officially to Mrs. Parfitt, did not fulfil that function privately to the Youth. She tried to converse with him on congenial topics, and only succeeded in giving him the idea that he was about twelve and a half; and when she asked him how long the holidays lasted, the Youth's abstinence from bad language was a brilliant testimony to the efficacy of a British training.

There is nothing here from the profound well of humour, but the passage is neatly managed. That phrase, for example, "apt to extend the province of brown boots," is decidedly agreeable, showing, as it does, that Mr. Barry Pain has not lived in vain. We do not predict literary distinction for Mr. Inglis Allen, but we confidently predict for him the future of a popular writer, and such success as he attains he will have deserved.

The rather naïve dedication of "Graham Hope's" book—"To all who have helped me, especially to my Aunt Anna Cunninghame Graham"—inevitably suggests a picture of a literary young lady, not without ambition, and not without interested and abetting relatives, plodding away laboriously and conscientiously at the composition of her first novel. We have no right, nor do we seek, to peer behind the title-page; but that vision occurs to us quite naturally, and *A Cardinal and his Conscience* is just such a historical novel as might have been written by such a young lady. Miss Hope's hero is the Cardinal de Lorraine, brother of Guise (whom, of course, the author calls "the great *balafre*"—no author ever resists that temptation). The Cardinal met and succoured a charming heroine, named Renée, in a forest, and the rest of the story follows. On page 325: "The Cardinal locked himself into his room that he might be alone with his grief. He had not only lost Renée for ever, but he believed himself to be directly responsible for her death." Miss Hope mildly depicts the uproarious times of the Lorraine brothers. It is as though she had been too timid to handle the theme with a firm grasp. Her immaculate heroine is like the offspring of one of Tennyson's rectories. Dumas' heroines were many of them sad creatures, but occasionally he drew the spotless maid. Miss Hope should compare her Renée with Mademoiselle de Taverney Maison Rouge. The book is achieved with commendable care; it shows some research and a laudable avoidance of the conventional and melodramatic. But a stronger hand than Miss Hope's is needed to drag the historical novel from the fatal bog of imitativeness into which it has latterly fallen. The virtues of *A Cardinal and His Conscience* are negative. It is as harmless and unexceptionable as a basin of bread-and-milk.

The Earl of Iddesleigh's volume is a domestic novel of cheerful mediocrity. Why he should have put himself to the trouble of writing it we cannot imagine, unless, as is probably the case, he derived pleasure from the work. His talent for the art of fiction is, at any rate, concealed. He seems to have read a number of other people's domestic novels and then sat down to reproduce them. The story is constructed out of trite phrases, like a child's edifice out of a box of bricks. Open the book anywhere, and these *clichés* constitute the page. Here is a specimen:

It was on a fine morning in June, not many years ago, that John might have been seen opening the front door. . . .

Came to the momentous decision.

Binley, the capital town of Clayshire.

Eschewed feminine society.

Face, figure, and carriage were all exquisite.

From time to time he caught himself thinking: "I suppose that's a girl they would call pretty!"

On the last page, the man who had eschewed feminine society (he was also "to ladies most unreasonably averse") is on the eve of his marriage with the Belinda whose face, figure, and carriage were all exquisite. The intermediate adventures are, at their best, improbable. *Belinda Fitzwarren* may suit the taste of the omnivorous, but a reader of any discrimination will class it at once with the negligible—a drop in that Constant Stream of Novels Poured Forth From the Press.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SILVER SKULL.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

The Silver Skull was the badge of "as bloodthirsty and ruthless a band of murderers [Italian] as the world has ever seen." They were the Decisi, and they flourished murderously in "The Heel of the Boot" something under two centuries ago. In this rattling story Mr. Crockett follows history closely. For many facts he acknowledges his indebtedness to Mrs. Church, whose uncle, General Richard Church, put down and brought to an end "the famous Red Terror in Apulia." The narrative is told by "Isabella, the girl of the Vardarelli, who, forgetting her maidenhood, rode with the first and fought with the best." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

LYSBETH.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Mr. Haggard at his breeziest. The scene is set in Leyden in the middle of the sixteenth century. "By an example of the trials, adventures, and victories of a burgher family of the generation of Philip II. and William the Silent," the author of *King Solomon's Mines* "strives to set before readers of to-day something of the life of those who lived through perhaps the most fearful tyranny that the Western world has known." (Longmans. 6s.)

THE SUPREME CRIME.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

A tragic story of Austrian Poland. A note "for the enlightenment of English readers" precedes the first chapter. Therein we are told that "it is as well to point out, at the beginning of this story of Ruthenian life in Austria, that the representatives of this class belong to the branch of the Greek Church united to Rome, in which matrimony, although not absolutely obligatory for the clergy, is the almost universal condition." (Methuen. 6s.)

BY ARTHUR R. ROPES AND
MARY E. ROPES.

ON PETER'S ISLAND.

This is another novel with a preface enlightening the reader. The idea of the story came to the authors at

St. Petersburg in 1882. It "attempts" (they are modest) "to present a picture of life as it might have been in the early years of the reign of Alexander III." So there is much about the Terrorist secret societies. (Murray. 6s.)

UNDER THE REDWOODS.

BY BRET HARTE.

Ten short stories, of which the titles tell a great deal: "Jimmy's Big Brother from California," "A Widow of the Santa Ana Valley," "How Reuben Allen Saw Life in San Francisco," and "A Romance of the Line." "Look yer, pardner. I kem straight from St. Jo, Mizzorri, to Gold Hill—whar I've got a claim—and I reckon this is the first time I ever struck San Francisker. I ain't up to towney ways nohow, and I allow that mebbe I'm rather green. So we'll let that pass!" A lively, characteristic book of Far-West gaieties and tragedies. (Pearson. 6s.)

LOVE THE LAGGARD.

BY R. S. WARREN BELL.

If love were not a laggard novels could hardly be written. We like the look of this story by the author of *Bachelorland*. The characters include Sir Rex Winchurch, Bart., squire of Scarsteeples, Bill Brown, a writer of penny shockers, a newsagent, an actor, a boarding-house keeper, a widow, and a centenarian, not to mention the heroine, Araby Winchurch. The proposal scene at the end is all right. (Richards. 6s.)

NORTHBOROUGH CROSS.

BY L. COPE CORNFORD.

With a dedication, "in tall writing," to an architect: "Your strong walls and delicate pinnacles shall take the sunlight, and defy the winds, and nightly darken upon the glittering procession of the stars." The story is laid in a cathedral town, and among the characters are a stupid dean, an erring canon, a happy parson, a naughty boy, and a Bohemian brother. (Allen. 6s.)

THE CURIOUS CAREER OF

RODERICK CAMPBELL.

BY JEAN N. MCILWRAITH.

Very Scotch. The story begins "Upon a certain day in September, 1745," and Chapter II. is called "Wha'll be King but Charlie." Here is a fragment of dialogue: "Gudesake, sergeant, ye wadna ken ye were born if ye didna see the folk gaun by ye. Look yon'er. Dang my breeks, if the hail o' the dragoons arena fleein' like mad on the Lang Dykes and naebody after them." (Constable. 6s.)

CLAUDIA POLE.

BY CARLTON DAWK.

"You remember Miss Overton—the lady we met at Nice?"

"Oh, perfectly. A rather nice-looking girl with fine eyes!"

"Yes. Eyes a bit too fine; opened too wide—saw round too many corners. Well, she's going to marry that ginger-haired bounder in the fawn spats."

An agreeable London story in which the heroine is a much wooed Penelope who, however, is true to her Ulysean hero. "In a Hansom," "Upper Brook Street," and "St James's Park" are among the chapter headings of a story in which Mr. Dawe quite forsakes his old Chinese and Japanese backgrounds. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A PATCHED-UP AFFAIR.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

A husband-and-wife story, with the usual playing-with-fire elements of interest, and an "up-to-date revenge," in which the old love, a professional dancer, makes the wife look foolish by outshining her performance of a skirt dance at a charity bazaar. (Pearson. 6s.)

We have also received: *The Fourth Estate*, a translation of A. Palacio Valdes' novel by Rachel Challice (Brentano); *The Fate of Endiloe*, by Silas K. Hooking (Warne, 3s. 6d.); *The Inn of the Silver Moon*, by Herman K. Viele (Stone: Chicago); *The Story of Sarah*, by M. Louise Forsslund (Brentano).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
„ Quarterly 5/0
„ Price for one issue /5

The Author of "Babs the Impossible."

An Inquiry.

It is a characteristic of the literary artist with a genuine vocation that his large desire is, not to express in words any particular thing, but to express *himself*, the sum of his sensations. He feels the vague, disturbing impulse to write long before he has chosen his first subject from the thousands of subjects which present themselves, and which in the future he is destined to attack. He does not reflect: "I have something definite here to say; therefore I will write." Rather, his thought runs: "I am bound to write. What shall I begin with?" In other words, it is the act of creation, and not the thing to be created, which lies uppermost in his mind. But many writers, and many clever writers, use the art of literature merely to gain an end which is connected with some different art, or with no art. Such a writer, finding himself burdened with a message prophetic, didactic, or reforming, discovers suddenly that he has the imaginative gift, and makes his imagination the servant of his intellect, or of emotions which are not artistic emotions. He may write very well, better even than some genuine artists—especially in the first flush of his eagerness—but his implicit disparagement of the art which he utilises will become more and more apparent, and no ability can hide the fact that, in so far as he is an artist, he is an artist by chance—simply because words, besides being the medium of an art, are also the best vehicle for the dissemination of ideas. The Word is his slave; and if, perchance, he treats it with a consideration that resembles love, he does so with a mercenary motive—in order to get the most out of it.

Mrs. Grand belongs to this class. Even the American who opened conversation with a parson by the remark, "Guess you're interested in Christianity, eh?" would at once guess from her books that Mrs. Grand was "interested" in the woman-question. Her business is with the ethic of sexual relations; and if she had not tenaciously held revolutionary views on the most delicate of subjects, she would probably never have written a line. The titles of her first books—*Singularly Deluded: a Domestic Experiment* and *Ideals*—naïvely disclose her tendency. Without opening them you can see the passionate reformer running amok through all the cherished humbugs of an established system. *The Heavenly Twins*, equally famous and notorious, was a fierce onslaught which, it is safe to say, made a fearful breach in the walls of the Home—that demure fabric so long and faithfully defended by Charlotte Yonge and Miss Rhoda Broughton. The reactionary who fails to see that *The Heavenly Twins* did not leave public opinion, and particularly feminine public opinion, where it found it, has put the telescope to his blind eye. The book was eagerly and gratefully accepted by women, who perceived in it not only the bold utterance of their timid aspirations, but also a distant hope of release from the somewhat Ottoman codes of men. It was a bad novel—artistically vicious in its crudity,

violence, unfairness, literary indecorum, improbability, impossibility—but it was a brilliant, though unscrupulous, argument against the "criminal repression of women" for the selfish ends of men. Its bitter temper is summed up in a single phrase, a phrase not bearing on the main point: "All that women ask is to be allowed to earn their bread honestly; but there is no doubt that the majority of men would rather see them on the streets." Grandiose to absurdity—as in the "He, watching over Israel" refrain; incredibly preposterous in its excursions to the *pays du tendre*—as in the Tenor and Boy "Interlude"; wickedly distorted when distortion could solve a difficulty—as in the truly amazing marriage of the heroine—it yet triumphed, almost insolently triumphed, by sheer primitive force; for might is right in art as in life. It was the rout of the male sex; it was the hare scattering the hounds. And the author, denied by nature the sense of humour, contrived, nevertheless, to use the weapon of ridicule with deadly effectiveness. It is, indeed, when dealing lightly with minor issues in the less dreadfully earnest passages, of which we will quote one specimen, that the author shows herself at her best and her most legitimate:

When breakfast was over at Fraylingay next morning, and the young people had left the table, Mrs. Frayling helped herself to another cup of coffee, and solemnly opened Evadne's last letter. The coffee was cold, for the poor lady had been waiting, not daring to take the last cup herself, because she knew that the moment she did so her husband would want more. The emptying of the urn was the signal which usually called up his appetite for another cup. He might refuse several times, and even leave the table amiably, so long as there was any left; but the knowledge or suspicion that there was none set up a sense of injury unmistakably expressed in his countenance, and not to be satisfied by having more made immediately, although he invariably ordered it just to mark his displeasure. He would get up and ring for it emphatically, and would even sit with it before him for some time after it came, but would finally go out without touching it, and be, as poor Mrs. Frayling mentally expressed it: "Oh, dear! quite upset for the rest of the day."

It is slight, but it indicates the attitude, and it is an unanswerable domestic "criticism of life." Even the Heir of Redclyffe's Amy, with all her yielding womanliness, would have appreciated that passage. After five hundred pages in the same spirit, the once august Sultan of the Hearthrug can only nurse his dying dignity and his mortal hatred of the shrieking sisterhood in speechless disgust.

If any recent novel has been saved, instead of damned, by its purpose, *The Heavenly Twins* is that novel. It is the modern equivalent of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The soul of Mrs. Grand, if we may employ the figure, was bursting with a message, and the message escaped sparkling like seltzer from a bottle. It came because it must come. The author said what she had to say, and she said all that she had to say. In order to be the more effectually a prophet she had attempted, not ignobly, the role of artist. Unfortunately she could not leave well alone. Unaware that she had finished, she continued to do what was already done. She had fallen into the habit of fiction, and she persisted in it, blind to the fact that she had exhausted the one ingredient which could vitalise her work. The case is common. *The Beth Book* stands much lower than its predecessor. All the bad qualities of *The Heavenly Twins* are intensified in this uninspired imitation. The violence becomes strident, the bitterness is envenomed, the crude philosophising still more crude, and there is no compensating conviction. In regard to marriage it will be observed that Elizabeth is compelled to submit to the same process as Evadne at the hands of her creator. A clever, observant, shrewd girl of vigorous mind, she is transformed into an abject little doll for a few pages in order that she may marry an unredeemed cad, and so pose

as a marital martyr during the rest of the story. Immediately after marriage her qualities return to the victim. Mrs. Grand, in making the husband the doctor of a Lock Hospital, stoops to an infantile symbolism. "She liked him, and she liked to be caressed." Beth may have liked to be caressed—Mrs. Grand's heroines have that predilection—but that she liked the ineffable Dan was impossible. Asked why she consents to marry him, she replies: "Because I'm weak." She ought to have replied: "Because it is necessary to my author's badly-planned campaign." As for Dan, we end by sympathising with the scoundrel, with such ruthless malignity does the author pursue him.

In *Babs the Impossible*—does not the title constitute a menace?—Mrs. Grand is at her worst. The lack of any right feeling for the art which she practises is everywhere apparent; in the use of improper words like "perk," "grumped," "hunkering"; in a pervading literary indecorum; and in the extraordinary solecism of a pamphlet-interview exegetical of the author's high aims. From this brochure we learn that the theme of the novel is the plight of women left desolate in deserted country districts by the departure of their men-folk, who are attracted by the "glitter of towns." Mrs. Grand, subtly drawn out by her interviewer, here glibly disposes of problems which have puzzled generations of publicists. The "commercial greed" of landlords, it seems, is the worm in our English rose. Abolish that, and there is hope for the State plant. The whole interview is inexpressibly pert. But in the novel itself, though we have read it with care, we find no trace of the announced theme. The *locus*, being seventeen miles from a railway station, is certainly remote enough, but men are not absent from it, and silken dalliance is continually afoot. "St. Lambert, taken unawares, yielded involuntarily. Before he had had time to think he had drawn her to him and kissed her lips. Babs nestled closer, *all her being a-purr with pleasure*." Again: "She tore from its peg . . . an elegant teagown . . . slipped it on in trembling haste and stepped lightly to the casement. She leant forth. Her tresses streamed out upon the night. He stood below. . . . He wore a frock-coat and silk hat. . . . His legs were enclosed in white silk 'underwear,' for he had forgotten his trousers. . . . 'At last!' she just breathed, clasping her hands." This was not Babs, but a Miss Spice; the gentleman was named Jelly-bond Tinney. *Babs the Impossible* cannot be criticised as an art-work. It contains here and there fragments of fairly effective satire, but from beginning to end it is artistically hopeless. It repels without in the least convincing. The plot is grotesque and the characterisation incoherent. Which are the more farcical—the farcical parts or the deeply serious?—is a question not quickly to be decided. Mrs. Grand has in the past demonstrated her powers; this book is a regrettable proof of her limitations, both as an artist and as a philosopher.

Things Seen.

Lambs.

ROMNEY MARSH! The water-flags, like tiny green lances, start from the streams, the pussy willows shine golden among the budding twigs, the tremendous skies take on every humour of this wild weather, and the talk is all of lambs. Poor lambs! It is not well for one with a soft heart to wander over the marsh in the driving rain and bitter winds of this tempestuous spring, for the sight of the lambs is piteous: they lie on the sodden grass trying to blink their way into life; they crouch under the banks of the streams, hiding their small faces in the wet soil; they run here and there in the large pastures bleating for their mothers, and the solitary shepherds stalk to and fro garnering the dead. The

thunder clouds move up from the west, hail-storms cover the meadows with a white mantle, and through it all the wonder of birth and death goes on, and the ewe nibbles while her lamb dies.

The birds are better cared for. Pasted on the wall of the barn where I am sheltering is a printed notice giving the names of the birds that it is forbidden to snare or shoot. As I read, the names set themselves to a tune of spring:

"Avocet and bearded tit,
Crossbill, chough,
Common bittern, common kite,
Dartford warbler, oriole —"

Thus far had my reading gone, when a farmer came in out of the rain, and I said to him: "You look after the birds better than the lambs." He blew on his fingers and grunted. "It's a bad year for lambs," he said. "I've lost 15 per cent.; some farmers have lost 20 per cent." "But do you look after them enough?" I asked. "In a bitter spring like this, I should have thought you would have found them some sort of shelter and warmth." His eyes rested on mine for a moment. Then he looked out on the dripping land: "No; it's natural to them to be out in the open." "That means they die," I said. "I've lost 15 per cent. of mine; some farmers have lost 20 per cent.," he repeated, and went out into the rain.

The Ornaments.

No lodgings in the village were so tidy as hers, and not every wayfarer who knocked at her cottage door found a billet. But I came with sound recommendations, and so she gave me her best parlour, with the ornaments on the mantelpiece. She begged me to be very careful. "One of the gentlemen I had," she said, "practised golf strokes in the room, if you please. I was obliged to ask him to leave." The ornaments were a glass dome enshrining a posy of waxen flowers, a china figure of a widow, a small picture, hand-painted on glass, illustrating "The Opening of the Sixth Seal," a cuckoo clock, two mauve vases, a Jubilee mug, a framed photograph of six black-bearded men holding an Oddfellows' banner, and a lamp with swallows and a church painted on the white shade. They stood upon a yard or so of maroon cloth, tasselled, that drooped in a festoon towards the fireplace. She told me that after the golf club incident she had thoughts of removing the ornaments, but that with me she was sure they would be—. I thanked her, promised to be careful, and thought no more about the ornaments till I broke them all. It was the completest job.

Hardly had she left the room when I sat down to read. I lighted a cigarette, threw the match into the fireplace, and as I read became suddenly aware of a little leaping light above my eyes. A corner of the maroon mantle cover was in a flame. I tore off the burning portion, and saw that it was blazing in another place. I tore off that too, stifling the flame with my hands, only to find that another part was alight. And so on, and so on. Soon the flames leapt up to the mantel-shelf, and as there was no more hanging cloth to tear away I had to pull the burning remnant from beneath the ornaments. That brought down the lamp with a crash upon the hearth. But still the maroon cloth flamed in unexpected parts, and still I had to pull it away. Thus in turn fell the glass dome containing the waxen flowers, the widow, the Sixth Seal, the cuckoo-clock, the Jubilee mug, the six bearded men holding the Oddfellows' banner, and the mauve vases. They strewed the floor broken into small pieces. All were gone. The mantelpiece was bare. Fragments of maroon cloth smouldered in the grate. The room was full of smoke. Then I rang the bell. The landlady knocked respectfully. I opened the door.

Harrow's Poet.

BYRON was a Harrow boy; but if you ask on the Hill for the name of their poet they will not say Byron, but Bowen. Byron wrote poetry—ah, yes! but did he write of the things that count? Did he write of Harrow and football and cricket?

And so it comes about that not all Byron's thousands of lines avail, on the Hill, against the little volume of *Harrow Songs, and Other Verses*, by Edward E. Bowen, that was published by the Longmans in 1886. There is the true dark blue.

Mr. Bowen was the laureate of the playing fields. Other poets have sung of cricket before and since—Mr. Norman Gale, for example—but Mr. Bowen has more of the true inspiration and fire, and Mr. Bowen hymns football too, thus displaying a catholicism that is rare as sunshine in this present spring of our discontent. He has a song about Larry, the football, which palpitates with lyrical rapture. This is the last stanza:

That is his path, where the swallows roam,
That is a road that needs no gravelling;
Life is dull, if you bide at home;
Larry is made of stuff for travelling.
Now you may lift him once again,
Give him a view of park and plain,
Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him,
That is the way to induce a brain.

Beside cricket, however, and all that the word means and conjures up, what is football? what is Larry? Cricket comes first; Willow, not Larry, is the King. And when, in his song "Giants," Mr. Bowen is remembering old prowesses, it is the cricketers that he remembers first:

There were splendid cricketers then, you know,
There were splendid cricketers then;
The littlest drove for a mile or so,
And the tallest drove for ten.

The excellent ballad of Queen Elizabeth's, which is quoted in full for its happy exemplification of Mr. Bowen's gaiety and technical skill, sets back to the very beginning (before the ordinary cricket historian has begun to root about at all) the rules of the Harrow game. The bold sea rover, it should perhaps be pointed out, was Raleigh, one of Harrow's heroes; Lyon was the school's founder:

Queen Elizabeth sat one day,
Watching the mariners rich and gay,
And there were the Tilbury guns at play,
And there was the bold sea rover;
Up comes Lyon, so brisk and free,
Makes his bow, and he says, says he,
"Gracious Queen of the land and sea
From Tilbury Fort to Dover—"

"Marry come up," says good Queen Bess,
"Draw it shorter and prose it less;
Speeches are things we chiefly bless
When once we have got them over;
Spenser carries you well along,
And the Swan of Avon is rich in song—
Still, we have sometimes found them long,
I and the bold sea rover!"

"Queen," he says, "I have got in store
A beautiful school from roof to door,
And I have a farm of acres four,
And a meadow of grass and clover.
So may it please you, good Queen B,
Give me a charter firm and free,
For there is Harrow, and this is me,
And that is the bold sea rover."

"Bad little boys," says she, "at school
Want a teacher to rede and rule;
Train a dunce and you'll find a fool,
Cattle must have their drover.
By my halidome I propose
You be teacher of verse and prose—

What's a halidome, no one knows,
Even the bold sea rover!")

"And this is my charter firm and free,
This is my royal, great decree—
*Hits to the rail shall count for three
And six when fairly over.*
And if anyone comes and makes a fuss,
Send the radical off to us,
And I will tell him I choose it thus,
And so will the bold sea rover!"

These "Harrow Songs," it must be remembered, were written for the school and also for music.* They are school songs in perfection—being exactly what Harrow wanted, and yet skilful enough to be something more too. Mr. Bowen, had he given his mind to it, might probably have done fine work in the way of ballads of heroism and action. Now and then he did try his hand in this way; but his first energies belonged to his school. The intention of his verses always was towards manliness and thoroughness in life. To take a good scholastic example, in "Jack and Joe" he depicts two well-known school types:

Jack's a scholar, as all men say,
Dreams in Latin and Greek,
Gobbles a grammar in half a day,
And a lexicon once a week.
Three Examiners came to Jack,
"Tell to us all you know";
But when he began, "To Oxford back,"
They murmured, "we will go."
But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,
And Jack is a fool, says Joe.
Joe's a player, and no mistake,
Comes to it born and bred,
Dines in pads for the practice's sake,
Goes with a bat to bed.
Came the bowler and asked him, "Pray
Shall I bowl you fast or slow?"
But the bowler's every hair was gray
Before he had done with Joe.
But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,
And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

The dedication is Mr. John Morley's: compromise.

Can't you settle it, Joe and Jack;
Settle it, books and play?
Dunce is white and pedant is black,
Haven't you room for gray?

What is it, one wonders, on turning over these kindly, enthusiastic pages, that has won for Harrow School such loving friends, such a squandering of affectionate and jealous interest? To read the life of the Honourable Robert Grimston, to read *The Walkers of Southgate*, which was published last year, is to know something of the passion of attachment that can subsist between old scholars and their schools. Yet we cannot recollect any other school which has inspired, on the outdoor athletic side, quite such fervour and life-long devotion as that of Bob Grimston and I. D. Walker for the school on the Hill. The same spirit is to be found in Edward Bowen's little book and in the many songs that he wrote which are not to be found in that volume.

Let us conclude with the last stanza of Mr. Bowen's best known song, "Forty Years On":

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on!

And now the writer himself is no more; dead at the age of sixty-five after a life of noble service to his school. He played his favourite games almost to the last.

* They have excellent settings by Mr. John Farmer.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. ANATOLE FRANCE has just given us another volume of "Histoire Contemporaine," whose mouthpiece is again the delightful philosopher, M. Bergeret, as ever with the words of wit and wisdom upon his lips. But somehow the theme has lost its freshness and charm. After *L'Orme du Mail* and the *Anneau d'Amethyste*, *Monsieur Bergeret à Paris* palls a little. We preferred the setting of the morose and hostile provincial town, where the mild and cultured Nihilism of the eminent professor was more piquant and more strange. In Paris the spirit of M. Bergeret is diffuse, as *répandu* as the President's features, whereas in a provincial centre it was solitary, misunderstood, and isolated. But despite these drawbacks the book has the writer's incomparable qualities of style, simplicity, and ease, an indescribable charm, and is full of wit and delicate humour. The delicious Riquet, whom M. France treats with all the malicious respect he bestows on humanity, is portrayed with grace and finish. M. France is as sceptical of the dog's affections as he is of man's virtues. With charming humour he demolishes the theory of canine disinterestedness, and thereby makes Riquet a thousand times more interesting and more droll. It is easy to see that he delights in animals, but cherishes no maudlin sentimentality in their regard. M. Bergeret talks constantly to Riquet, who has become indispensable to him; but he has no mind to exaggerate the dog's qualities. Finding Riquet shut up in his daughter's trunk, M. Bergeret reflects upon the fate of Comatas, who, imprisoned in a coffer, was fed upon honey by the bees of the Muses: "But thou, Riquet, wouldst have perished of hunger in thy box, for thou art not cherished of the Immortal Muses." Delivered from his prison, Riquet rushed back to embrace the skirts of his gaoler with signs of tumultuous adoration. "He wouldst have thought himself lacking in wisdom and religion if he did not bestow these signs of love upon a person whose power had plunged him into a deep trunk." This is a double-edged thrust at the human and the canine races. When Riquet barks furiously at the carpenter, M. Bergeret addresses him in one of his inimitable speeches, which I must quote in full:

Thou also, poor little black being, so feeble in spite of thy pointed teeth and thy deep chops which, by the apparatus of force, render thy weakness ridiculous and thy cowardice amusing—thou also hast the worship of the greatneses of the flesh and the religion of antique iniquity. Thou also dost adore injustice through respect of social order, which assures thee thy nest and thy food. Thou also wouldst hold an irregular judgment for time, obtained by fraud and lying. Thou also art the toy of appearances. Thou also art seduced by falsehood. Thou art fed upon coarse fables. Thy tenebrous mind finds its pasture in darkness. Thou art deceived and thou deceivest thyself with a delicious plenitude. Thou also hast race hatreds, cruel prejudices, contempt of the unfortunate.

And as Riquet turned a glance of infinite innocence upon him, M. Bergeret continued with even greater sweetness:

I know; thou hast an obscure kindliness, the kindliness of Caliban. Thou art pious; thou hast thy theology and thy morals; thou thinkest to do well, and then thou knowest not. Thou dost guard the house even against those who defend and decorate it. That artisan thou wouldst have chased hence has in his simplicity admirable thoughts. Thou wouldst not listen to him. Thy hairy ears hear not him who speaks best, but him who criest loudest. And fear, natural fear, which was the counsellor of thy ancestors and mine in the age of Caves, fear which created gods and crimes, turns thee against the unfortunate and hardens thee to pity. Thou dost not want to be just. Thou regardest as a strange visage the pale face of justice, new divinity, and thou crawl'st before the old gods, black as thou, the gods of violence and fear. Thou admirest brutal force because thou dost believe it the sovereign force, and thou dost not know that it is

devouring itself. Thou dost not know that all irons fall before a just idea. Thou dost not know that real force lies in wisdom, and that through it only are the nations great. Thou dost not know that it is not stupid clamour upon the public place which makes the glory of peoples, but august thought hidden in some garret which, one day cast upon the world, will change its face. Thou dost not know that those honour their land who for justice' sake have suffered prison, exile, and outrage.

All this passage is a delicate homage to M. France's admired friends, Picquart and Zola, and it is an excellent sample of M. Bergeret's quaint and philosophic converse with his enchanting little dog.

The urbanity of M. France's satire is its most distinctive feature. I have no hesitation in saying that of satirists he is the most urbane and smiling. This is how he delicately laughs at "La Jeunesse Royaliste." Joseph Lacrisse, its secretary, shows an anti-semitical converted Jewess, Mme. de Bonmont, a few inane lines written to him by the Duke of Orleans, which she reads, crimson with emotion and respect. "And when the august letter, replaced in the blue leather pocket-book, was restored to its place on the breast of the secretary of the "Jeunesse Royaliste," the Baroness Elizabeth threw on that breast a long glance humid with tears and burning with flames. The young Lacrisse suddenly appeared to her resplendent with a heroic beauty." The company, listening with veneration and awe to the stupid note written by a royal hand, exclaim: "Good! it is the language of a chief, a real chief." "There is pleasure in executing the orders of such a master." "The form is excellent. The Duke of Orleans seems to have received from Monsieur le Comte de Chambord the secret of epistolary style." The impressions of the baroness are chivalrous and tender:

The mild Viennese was at heart one of this elegant conspiracy, whose emblem was the white pink. She adored flowers. To be mixed in a conspiracy of gentlemen in the King's favour was for her to enter and plunge into the old French nobility, to penetrate into aristocratic salons, and perhaps soon go to Court. She was moved, enchanted, troubled. Less ambitious than tender, what she found in the Prince's letter, in the sincerity of her easily-opened heart, what she found in that letter was poetry. The innocent creature said: "M. Lacrisse, that letter is poetical." "It is true," replied Joseph Lacrisse. They exchanged a long glance.

H. L.

Correspondence.

Prof. Max Müller.

SIR,—Your review of Prof. Max Müller's *Autobiography* seems, in its characterisation of the learned Orientalist, with his genuine faith in himself and all that he did, to depict the man and the scholar as he lived and truly was.

At least so it appears to me, if only two interviews with him can give a right to judge and speak.

Strolling in the park at Oxford one afternoon in June, 1896, I found myself by pure chance near to No. 7, Norham-gardens, the professor's pleasant suburban villa.

The sight of it recalled to my mind that some ten years before he had written an article in an English monthly magazine, claiming to have discovered in Florence an original design of the "Carità," by Andrea del Sarto. I had then replied to his comments in the columns of the ACADEMY at some length, to which he subsequently, by a printed letter, courteously responded.

Quite oblivious of the many years elapsed since the date of this correspondence, I presented my card at his door, and on admittance was in a few moments freely conversing with the animated, blue-eyed Teuton professor, forgetful that none other than the old Florentine painter, Andrea del Sarto, had served as our sole master of ceremonies and my introducer.

The Professor's wife was quickly asked to produce the "Carità," and I stayed an hour, much rejoiced at my chance meeting with its frank and open-hearted owner. We talked of my long and varied experiences in Italy, its mediæval art, and our mutual friend, Prof. Angelo di Gubernatis, the Italian Orientalist, who, strange to say, had stumbled on a similar "find."

He early returned my call, and at his request I went again to take leave of him, and found the worthy Professor elated with the joy and contemplation of certain newly-fledged honours awarded to him.

Just created an English Privy Councillor and Knight of the French Legion of Honour (both conferred at this same juncture), his legitimate ambition was satisfied, and his "slow march to success" fully accomplished.

The last words of the Professor addressed to me were "Au revoir à Florence"; but they fell void, and were sadly unprophectic of the future, as I at the time foreboded only too surely.

WILLIAM MERCER.

7, Berkeley-street, Cheltenham.

The Spelling of English.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Bennett's letter in this week's issue, will you allow me to inform him that my authority for spelling *honour* as I have done is that of Prof. Skeat, who tells us that "the spelling *honor* assumes that the word is from the Latin nominative, which is not the case" (*vide* Skeat, *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, Oxford, 1882)? Prof. Skeat informs us that the old French spelling was *honur*, *honeur*; *honneur* is modern.

The same authority writes thus under *Harbour*: "Middle English, *herberwe* (Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 767); whence Modern English *harbour* by change of *-erwe* to *-our*, and the use of *-ar* to represent the later sound of *-er*."

Traveller is derived, according to Skeat, from French *travailer*, to travel.

I regret that I am unable to refer to the latest parts of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, but at present the third volume of that work is as far as it is available to members of this Society.—I am, &c.,

DOWNING.

The Union Society, Cambridge.

SIR,—Your correspondents are entitled to their views on the subject—views, I am happy to know, which do not generally prevail in scholarly circles. They may not, however, so far as evidence extends, for I have not consulted him, congratulate themselves upon including Sir Walter Besant among the supporters of their opinions. The heretical spelling in *East London* is simply due to the fact that the type was set up in America, and that the English printers followed what was before them. Such words as "tire," "rime," &c., are to be commended and adopted for quite different reasons. They have nothing to do with "center" or "theater."—I am, &c.,

JOSEPH KNIGHT.

The Art of the Music Hall.

SIR,—The article on "Mr. Atkins's National Anthem" starts what is to me, as it should be to all literary men, a very interesting subject—namely, the writing of music-hall songs and the particular qualities they embody. It would perhaps be difficult to demonstrate to the average literary man that the concoction of a music-hall song, humorous or sentimental, demands a kind of art; that, further, the kind of art in question might be employed with remarkable advantage by the writer of light or serious fiction. It is, in fact, so employed, but to a lesser degree than the song-writer employs it; for while in a novel it may be more or less perfunctory, in a song it is the method itself. Your contributor seems to regard the business with the usually purblind superior eye, his questions at the end of

his article proving that he misses entirely the song-writer's point of view. A little while ago I should have made the same mistake; but I have recently had occasion to study the subject, and I find my mind illuminated (for literary work) by the acquisition of some of the despised song-writer's methods. These will bear explaining at length, but here is not the place. Suffice it that after my intimate experiences of the subject I am prepared to defend even the ballad your contributor quotes, on grounds of which the mere style of his article shows him to be not ignorant, though he has never dreamt of applying them to the ordinary music-hall song. I admit that the verses might be mended with rhymes (I am not sure they are the actual words, though comparison of one with the other, syllable by syllable, shows them to be so); but even rhymes may be sacrificed with advantage for the sake of effect. Rhyme is a desideratum of the literary man; effect is what the song-writer wants; and I submit he gains it in the song quoted. The thing appeals; it touches Tommy Atkins in a place never reached by merely patriotic stuff. What is more, it sufficiently indicates the kind of thing which very few literary men would find themselves able to produce after many trials—a telling song when sung. It is comparatively child's-play to produce magazine poetry. Kipling obviously tried his hand at a song when he wrote "The Absent-minded Beggar"; but he failed. It seems to me that the literary temperament in general is hide-bound.—I am, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF A NOVEL.

Gainsborough's "Duchess."

SIR,—There is a slight mistake in the paragraph about the Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire in last week's issue of the ACADEMY. Lady Elizabeth Foster (born Lady Elizabeth Hervey) was the *second* wife of the Duke, not the first, as stated. The first Duchess was, of course, Georgiana, eldest daughter of the first Earl Spencer, who was famous for her beauty and her irresistible manners. It was she who is said to have kissed the butcher as the price of his vote for Charles James Fox in the Westminster election of 1784. She married the Duke in 1774 and died in 1806. Lady Elizabeth Foster, the "alluring widow," became the Duke's second wife in 1809, a few months after the death of her husband, John Thomas Foster. According to Fanny Burney she was trying to win the affections of the Duke during the lifetime of his first duchess and of her own husband.

Fine portraits of both these ladies, from the brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds, were included in the Loan Exhibition of English Portraits held in the Corporation Art Gallery, Birmingham, last October, both lent by the Duke of Devonshire.

I have not seen Messrs. Agnew's Gainsborough, but after carefully comparing the reproductions of it which have recently appeared in some of the illustrated papers with Reynolds' portrait of Lady Elizabeth Foster, which is included among the illustrations in the large-paper edition of the Catalogue of the Birmingham Exhibition, I should say that it is undoubtedly a portrait of the *second* Duchess. Sir Thomas Laurence also painted her—and the picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1805.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR B. CHAMBERLAIN.

Titles of Books Published, 1898-1900.

SIR,—We are preparing to publish Volume VI. of *The English Catalogue of Books, 1898-1900*, which completes the list of works produced during the century.

As we wish to make it as complete as possible, may we ask those of your readers who have published books between January 1, 1898, and December 31, 1900, for the full titles, sizes, prices, month and year of publication,

and author's and publisher's names, to be sent as soon as possible, addressed to Editor, *English Catalogue of Books*, care of, Yours, &c.,

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & Co., LTD.,
St. Dunstan's House, Fetter-lane, London.

P.S.—Particulars of books which *have already appeared* in the *Publishers' Circular* or in the annual volumes of *The English Catalogue of Books* are, of course, not required.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 82 (New Series).

LAST week we intimated that a member of our staff had planted his first rose-bush, and we asked our readers to write sixteen appropriate lines of verse. We award the prize to Mr. Alfred E. Wright, 26, Patrick-street, Greenock, for the following :

I little knew the sense of gain
From common things which are our own,
Until the pleasure I had known
Of planting thee, so seeming plain—

My first rose-bush. Poor theme of praise !
But then it is my own, and I
Have planted it myself near by
The window where I sit, and gaze

As though a rich estate I viewed,
As though the shrub would burst to flower
And yield me roses every hour—
Sweet scented blossoms, summer-hued.

I see them now in my mind's eye,
I feast upon a treasure hid,
Which the caressing sun will bid
Unfold, repay my love, and die.

Other verses contributed are as follows :—

"Ashamed to beg, I cannot delve":
(Like him in Bible-lore)
Yet I have planted rose-trees twelve,
A task oft planned before.
Now modest hopes my soul illumine,
One crop will pay my toil,
Nor ask I the twy-flowering bloom
Of Paestum's wondrous soil.

Swept by shrill sleet, and icy gust,
Long lay my plot a-cold,
Ere I the greening stems could trust
To the lap of mother mould:
Let but these English shoots endure
Till summer comes: I crave
No fabled growth of Naishapur
From Omar's rosy grave.

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Shrinnest thou and tremblest, rose tree, at the wind?
Yet, though her tears are cold, April is kind!
More kind, frail tree, in that her smiles are rare:
Too bright a smile, sweet tree, too soon makes bare.
Here have I set thee, by the morning room,
That I may breathe thee in the month of bloom,
And watch thy buds, sheathed now in russet brown,
Peep boldlier forth, like infants from the gown.
Never had spring for me so rare a worth,
Never appeared the power of fertile earth
Benign, trustworthy, all-embracing, free,
As now, made guardian of a red rose tree!
So is it with us; and to a few is given
The larger heart, that feels those gifts of Heaven
Bestowed on him, that fall alike on all.
Still must we cherish most what ours we call.

[R. O. S., London.]

Accept, dear sir, sincere congratulations
That one upon your staff 's so well employed
Twixt intervals of serving weekly rations,
By *Academic* folk so much enjoyed.

The gracious fate that kindly interposes
To rest the brain, yet occupy the hand,
And grants a garden, granting therewith roses
To glorify one little lap of land,

Is not a lot to be depreciated,
For he who learns to plant and rear a rose
With Nature's loving heart is mutely mated
And kept on guard against insidious foes.

Ah, a rose-garden is a land enchanted:
There sings the nightingale; there broods the dove;
Delighting most when by our labour planted
And planned to please and ease the hearts we love.

[A. T., London.]

'Tis the voice of the critic, I hear him declare:
"I have a small yard, and I've planted there
A wonderful, beautiful, red rose tree,
And the desert may blossom for even me.

"And the scent of the blooms of that wonderful tree
Will bring back the days of the past to me.
I'd misled no credulous public then,
Nor murdered hopes by a stroke of the pen.

"And many a timid young authoress
That blossoming bush may have cause to bless;
For how can the heart of a critic be hard
Who has planted a rose in his own back yard?"

I thought, as I heard, if all editors grim
Had something to care for and love like him;
If each critic sat under his own rose tree,
Ah, what a world this would be!

[V. E. J., London.]

O I have planted you with care,
And with red roses you'll repay
The ache I grumble at, but bear
In my lumbagoed back to-day.

And I have watered you around
(I only hope you're not too wet),
And dug guano in the ground.
So flourish well, as you're well set!

And I have chosen you a place,
The best in all my garden plot.
I'm sure of it, though I've the grace
To own my wife is sure it's not.

And yet I can foresee the day
When I shall want you elsewhere;
Only to hear my dear wife say—
"You move that rose-bush if you dare!"

[A. F., Surrey.]

Verses also received from:—F. M. D., Egremont; St. J. E. Gravesend; M. F., Elgin; G. C., London; L. E. T., Brixton; Mrs F., Exmouth; L. L., Mallow; T. T. M., Glasgow; B. S., Leigh; E. R., Bushey; J. C., Glasgow; E. H. H. London; Persolus; H. A. M., London; W. C. T., Liverpool; R. W. R., Clapham; J. A. B., Birmingham; F. A., Gipsy Hill; F. B. D., Torquay; H. R. C., Egham; E. F. H., Dorridge; E. B., Liverpool; E. J. Herne Bay; L. F., Manchester; E. C. M., Blackrock; L. K., Highgate; W. O., Brixton; H. D., London; L. M. S., London; A. J. E., London; M. G. W., Shanklin; Miss C., Redhill.

Competition No. 83 (New Series).

This week we print a review of Mr. Howells' reminiscences. We give each of our readers the opportunity to put on record one reminiscence in the form of a recollection of the most interesting person he or she has met. To the writer of the best reminiscence we will send a cheque for One Guinea. Initials or fictitious names may be used where desired.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, April 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

ANNALS of POLITICS and CULTURE. (1492-1899) By G. P. Gooch, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

ACADEMY.—"Both idea and form are exceedingly excellent. It is nothing less than a general chronology, from 1492 to 1899 (inclusive), covering the principal European nations (and, of course, America), with the chief events in Asiatic or other extra-European countries that have bearing on world-history. By an admirable idea making for clearness, political history has its chronology on the left-hand page, while the other departments, under the general heading of 'Culture,' are dealt with in a parallel column on the right-hand page; so that the politics and culture of each year are set forth side by side."

SCIENCE and MEDIEVAL THOUGHT. The Harveian Oration delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, October 18, 1900, by THOMAS CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, M.A., M.D. (Cantab.), Fellow of the College, Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

A TREATISE on the HISTORY of CONFESSION UNTIL IT DEVELOPED into AURICULAR CONFESSION, A.D. 1215. By C. M. ROBERTS, B.D., Rector of Aldridge, Staffordshire. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE NEO-PLATONISTS: a Study in the History of Hellenism. By Thomas Whittaker, Author of "Essays and Notices, Philosophical and Psychological." Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE EARLY AGE of GREECE. By William Ridgeway, M.A., Disney Professor of Archaeology in the University of Cambridge; Fellow of Gonville and Caius College; late Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Cork; Author of "The Origin of Metallic Currency and Weight Standards," &c. With numerous illustrations. Demy 8vo, in 2 vols. Vol. I., 21s.

DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS.—THE THREE LITERARY LETTERS. Edited, with Translation, Notes, Glossary, and Introductory Essay, by W. RHYS ROBERTS, Litt.D., Professor of Greek in the University College of North Wales. Demy 8vo, 9s.

LITERATURE.—"Two years ago we reviewed Professor Roberts's excellent edition of 'Longinus on the Sublime,' and after a thorough examination of his 'Dionysius of Halicarnassus: The Three Literary Letters,' we can testify that it is worthy to rank with its predecessor as far as the editor's work is concerned. The text has been carefully edited, after a new collation of the Paris MS., and Professor Roberts's minute knowledge of the language of this and kindred works has enabled him to make what is probably a better recension than any of his predecessors. This book is the second of a series of Greek critical works which are meant to prelude a comprehensive 'History of Greek Literary Criticism.' The value of this attempt to make us see the Greek writers through Greek eyes can hardly be overrated; and Professor Roberts has again earned the gratitude not only of scholars, but of all who are interested in fine literature."

DEMOSTHENES.—DE CORONA. With Critical and Explanatory Notes, an Historical Sketch, and Essays. By W. W. GOODWIN, Hon. LL.D., D.C.L., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.

PILLOT.—"It was an auspicious moment when such a master of Attic syntax as Dr. Goodwin is acknowledged to be, conceived the design of editing that well of Attic undeilted, the speech of Demosthenes 'On the Crown.' It was the very piece of work which Dr. Goodwin ought to have chosen, and he has carried out his project with consummate success. Dr. Goodwin's notes, critical and grammatical, leave nothing to be desired."

RECORDS of the BOROUGH of LEICESTER: being a Series of Extracts from the Archives of the Corporation of Leicester. Vol. II., 1327-1509. Edited by MARY BATESON, Associate and Lecturer of Newnham College, Cambridge. Revised by W. H. STEVENSON, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and J. E. STOCKS, M.A., Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leicester, and Archdeacon of Leicester. Royal 8vo, 25s. net.

EDUCATION in the NINETEENTH CENTURY. Lectures delivered in the Education Section of the Cambridge University Extension Summer Meeting in August, 1900. Edited by R. D. ROBERTS, M.A., Sc.D. (Lond.), Secretary for Lectures of the Local Examinations and Lectures Syndicate. Crown 8vo, 4s.

ACADEMY.—"The book forms a very valuable statement, terse, accurate, and suggestive, of educational progress during the period set forth."

TWO LECTURES INTRODUCTORY to the STUDY of POETRY. By the Rev. H. C. BEECHING, M.A., late Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge; Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, London; Chaplain to the Hon. Soc. of Lincoln's Inn. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.

SPECTATOR.—"The Rev. H. C. Beeching has compressed a great deal of scholarly and illuminative criticism within the compass of less than sixty pages. Our only complaint against this charming little book is on the score of its brevity."

IN MEMORIAM. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited, with a Commentary, by Arthur W. ROBINSON, B.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; also bound in leather, with gilt top, 3s. 6d.

LORD MACAULAY. By D. H. Macgregor, Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Being the Members' Prize Essay for 1900. Crown 8vo, 2s. net. [Immediately.]

PAPERS on MECHANICAL and PHYSICAL SUBJECTS. Vol. II., 1881-1900. By OSBORNE REYNOLDS, F.R.S., Professor of Engineering in the Owens College, Manchester. Reprinted from various Transactions and Journals. Royal 8vo, 21s. net.

THE CAMBRIDGE SERIES FOR SCHOOLS AND TRAINING COLLEGES.—*New Volumes.*

GENERAL EDITOR—W. H. WOODWARD, of Christ Church, Oxford; Principal of University (Day) Training College, Liverpool; and Professor of Education in Victoria University.

A SHORT HISTORY of the GREEKS from the EARLIEST TIMES to B.C. 146. By E. S. SHUCKBURGH, M.A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Author of "A Translation of Polybius," &c. With numerous illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY of the BRITISH EMPIRE from 1500 to 1870. By Professor W. H. WOODWARD. Based upon the same Author's "History of the Expansion of the British Empire." With Maps and Tables. 18. 6d. net.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW LIST.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d. net.

MODERN NATURAL THEOLOGY

With the Testimony of Christian Evidences. By FREDERICK JAMES GANT, F.R.C.S., Consulting Surgeon to the Royal Free Hospital: Author of "The Science and Practice of Surgery," "The Mystery of Suffering," "Mock Nurses of the Latest Fashion, with Auto-Memoir," "Perfect Womanhood," and other works.

NEW NOVELS.

In crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

LADY WILMERDING of MAISON

ROUGE: a Tale of the Riviera. By J. DUNCAN CRAIG, M.A., D.D., Sociologist and Felibric.

Most entertaining and instructive.—*Irish Times*.

CHEAP EDITION.

In crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

ALL SORTS and CONDITIONS of WOMEN.

By CHARLES BURT BANKS.

"There is plenty of good material in the book."

Full Mail Gazette.

"Mr. Banks has given us a stirring story of church work in the East-end, the labours of hero and heroine being specially devoted to the uplifting, mentally and morally, of the working women."—*Spectator*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BLACK COUNTRY SKETCHES.

A Series of Character Stories Illustrating the Life of the District. By AMY LYONS.

"Mrs. Lyons gives an interesting and lifelike account of the manner and customs of the people of the Black Country. The tales are characteristic, showing evidence of a careful and observant study of the people, their legends, superstitions, sports, toils, and daily life: and affording instruction as well as entertainment to the reader."

Birmingham Daily Gazette.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s.

THE ROMANCE of the BOER

WAR: Humours and Chivalry of the Campaign. By MACCARTHY O'MOORE, Author of "Tips for Travellers; or, Wrinkles for the Road and Rail."

"Mr. O'Moore has gathered his stories from many quarters, tries to do justice all round, to foes as well as friends, and has made a very pleasant and cheery little volume on matters about which it is not easy to be very pleasant or cheery."—*Spectator*.

NEW STORY FOR CHILDREN.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

PEGGY, a SCHOOLGIRL; or,

the Sleeper Awakened. By FRANCES STRATTON, Author of "Nan the Circus Girl," "The Rival Bands," &c.

"The author writes crisply and sympathetically."

Sheffield Independent.

NEW VOLUMES OF VERSE.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

IN the LAND of MAKE-BELIEVE.

By OLIVE VERTE, Author of "A Sunset Idyll, and other Poems."

In fcap. 8vo, cloth, bevelled boards, price 2s.

THE MARGIN of REST.

Verses by AMOS VALIANT.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. net.

COLLABORATORS, and other

Poems. By A. W. WEBSTER.

In fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

FIRESEED POEMS.

By the Rev. JOSEPH STRATTON, M.A. Oxon.

"Poems that teach in a very bright and cheerful way. They remind us of some of Cowper's homely pieces."—*The News*.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62 Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

AN IMPORTANT BOOK OF TRAVEL.
IN TIBET and CHINESE TURKESTAN:
being the Record of Three Years' Exploration. By Captain H. H. P. DEASY, late 16th Queen's Lancers, Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Appendices, Maps, and 30 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 21s. net.

FIFTY YEARS of CATHOLIC LIFE and PROGRESS under the Rule of Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Manning, and Cardinal Vaughan. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Photogravure Portraits. Cloth, 2 vols., 21s.

"The history of the Catholic movement, more especially in the latter part of the century, is full of interest, not only as depicting the process of development of the Church itself, but also by reason of the many famous people connected with it. The writing of this history by Mr. Fitzgerald has been carried out in such a manner as to render it thoroughly readable; and one of the features of the volume is the sketches of notable persons who have figured in the Catholic movement during the present era."

COLLOQUIES of CRITICISM; or, Literature and Democratic Patronage. By —? Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

"In this book numerous literary questions of considerable interest are dealt with by the author, who prefers to remain anonymous. His vein of humour renders it essentially a book for the pleasure and amusement of the reading public."

A FASCINATING NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.
1. BY COMMAND of the PRINCE: a True Romance. By J. LAWRENCE LAMBE. Cloth, 6s.

MARY E. MANN'S NEW NOVEL.
2. AMONG the SYRINGAS. By the Author of "Moonlight," &c. (Green Cloth Library) 6s.

"It is long since we have seen a story so full of human interest, woven out of so simple materials as 'Among the Syringas.' The authoress has written clever stories before, but none, we think, which shows such matured power."

Manchester Guardian.

3. THE WIZARD'S KNOT. By William Barry. (Unwin's Green Cloth Library) 6s.

4. ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS. By ERLY PAIN. Fourth Impression. Paper, 1s.; cloth 2s.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

No. 4.—MAY.—Price One Shilling.

SPECIAL CONTENTS.

1.—A SECRET ENQUIRY into the WAR. Right Hon. Sir CHARLES W. DILKE, Bart., M.P.

2.—THE LIBERAL PARTY and IRELAND. JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

3.—SOME ASPECTS of MODERN SOCIETY. LADY JEUNE.

4.—THE STAGNATION of BUSINESS in the HOUSE of COMMONS. D. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.

5.—HORTUS INCLUSUS: Spring in the Garden. ROSAMUND MAHRIOTT WATSON.

6.—LIBERAL RE-ORGANISATION—

I. THE COUNTRY. J. H. YOYALL, M.P.

II. THE METROPOLIS. The Hon. LIONEL HOLLAND.

7.—THE PROGRESS of the SESSION. ALFRED KINNEAR.

8.—ARE WE TOO MUCH ADDICTED TO SPORT? A Discussion by C. B. FRY, HORACE HUTCHINSON, R. C. LEHMANN, and WILLIAM SEXTON.

9.—THE EDUCATION MUDDLE—and the WAY OUT. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P.

10.—THOUGHTS on ARMY REFORM. Lieut.-General Sir WILLIAM BRIDGES, K.C.M.G., C.B.

11.—THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT. ANTON BERTRAM.

12.—THE FAME of GEORGE BORROW. W. P. JAMES.

13.—LAWYERS and LEGAL REFORM. E. BOWEN ROWLANDS.

Published at 33 and 34, Temple Chambers, E.C.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1027.—MAY, 1901.—21s. 6d.

MORE EDITORS—AND OTHERS.—MARY AMELIA SPOT. By ZACK.—MEASURING SPACE.—OF MEN AND MATTERS IN OUR VILLAGE.—DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE. By N. MUNRO. CHAPS. XXXI.—XXXIV.—SHAKESPEARE and THE EARL of PEMBROKE.—I. THE KEY to the SONNETS ENIGMA.—"PAST CARIN." By HENRY LAWSON.—EGYPT: ENGLISH WAXING and FRENCH WANING.—THE FUTURE of OUR CAVALRY.—MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.—THE CARBID FRIEND.—His DANGEROUS JEREMIADS—ENGLAND'S DISSOLUTION.—THE COMPETITION of GERMANY and AMERICA.—THE EXPORTS of GREAT BRITAIN—A SCOURGE of MINISTERS—MR. CHILDERS'S LIFE—THE QUEEN and MR. GLADSTONE—THE BUDGET—SIR ALFRED MILNER'S RETURN.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH and LONDON

In May will be Published

Part I., price 10s., with over 100 Illustrations. To the Decay of Hellenic Culture.

AN ELEMENTARY HISTORY of DESIGN in MURAL PAINTING, principally during the Christian Era. With an Introduction on the Pre-Christian Periods. By N. H. J. WESTLAKE, F.S.A.

JAMES PARKER & CO., London and Oxford.
New York: E. P. DUTTON & Co.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

MACMILLAN'S

LIBRARY of ENGLISH CLASSICS

NEW VOLUME.

DE QUINCEY'S CONFESSIONS

of an OPIUM EATER; MURDER as a FINE ART; THE ENGLISH MAIL COACH; and other Essays. Demy 8vo, cloth elegant, 3s. 6d. net.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

IN BAD COMPANY, and other Stories.

BEULAH MARIE DIX.

THE MAKING of CHRISTOPHER FERRINGHAM.

CHEAPER IMPRESSION NOW READY.

DAYS WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

A Reprint from "The Spectator."

With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON.

Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

[CRANFORD SERIES.]

LATEST VOLUME of the

NEW ISSUE of the BORDER EDITION of the WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE BRIDE of LAMMERMOOR.

With 8 Etchings.

Crown 8vo, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt, 6s.

LATEST VOLUME OF THE NEW ISSUE OF THE WORKS OF MARION CRAWFORD.

GREIFENSTEIN.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s.—Contents for MAY.

PRINCESS PUCK. By the Author of "The Echarter." Chapters I.—IV.

HISTORY at PLAY.

THE ART of FICTION MADE EASY.

FROM a NOTE-BOOK in PROVENCE. By E. V. LUCAS.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

THE FREE STATE BOER. By AN IMPERIAL YEOMAN.

CORIOANUS on the STAGE. By G. CROSSE.

WHEN the CHOLERA came to SANTA CRUZ. By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

THE HOUSE of COMMONS. By URHANUS.

* Also Ready, Volume LXXXIII. November, 1900, to April, 1901. Price 7s. 6d.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.—Price 1s. 4d.—Annual Subscription, post free, 16s.

The MAY NUMBER, commencing a New Volume, contains—

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY in CHINA. By FANNY CORBET HALL.

A HAMLET in OLD HAMPSHIRE. By ANNA LEA MERRITT.

DRI and I.—III. By IRVING BACHELLER.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

* Also Ready, Volume LXI. November, 1900, to April, 1901. Price 10s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Illustrated.—Price 1s.—Annual Subscription, post free, 12s.

The MAY NUMBER contains:—

FAINT-BOX and CAMERA. Story. By TUDOR JENES.

ANASTASIA'S ELEPHANT. Story. By CHARLES B. LOOMIS.

LITTLE MISTRESS BRIDGET. Story. By EMILIA ELLIOTT.

THE STORY of BARNABY LEE. Serial. By JOHN BENNETT.

And numerous other Stories for the Young.

* Also Ready, Volume XXVIII. Part I. November, 1900, to April, 1901. Price 8s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1512. Established 1869.

27 April, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

A STRANGE fate has overtaken Mr. Philip James Bailey, author of *Festus*. He is generally supposed to be dead—that is all. Mr. E. J. Mathew, the author of *A History of English Literature*, which we review this week, placidly remarks that Mr. Bailey died in 1856. Mr. Bailey is eighty-five, he lives at Nottingham, and no doubt he will read with interest the following letter which Mr. Bradbury sent the other day to the *Daily News*:

I have known Mr. Bailey over half a century; and I am aware of the many people of renown who have called upon him, both in London and Nottingham. Over twenty years ago I was at an evening party at Moxon's house, in Dover-street, Piccadilly, and there met the late Robert Browning, the poet. He came to me and said he had just learnt from a friend of his in the room that I knew Mr. Bailey, the author of *Festus*. I told him I did, and he was quite delighted. He said he had many times inquired of literary people about Mr. Bailey, but not one of them knew him except by name. Mr. Browning said he began to think that Mr. Bailey was "a myth." "No," I said, "Mr. Bailey is a living gentleman, and a very modest one as well." He asked me how old he was; what sort of looking gentleman he was, and I told him. He said he supposed I had read *Festus*. "Yes," I replied, "and with intense pleasure." He replied that he had read it more than once, and was amazed at its marvellous beauties and most sublime passages. "There are passages in *Festus*," he said, "that are unsurpassed in grandeur, and quite unsurpassable."

We have in preparation an article on *Festus*, by a fellow-poet and admirer. To those who are constitutionally unable to grapple with a long poem we may recommend *A Festus Treasury*, selected by Mr. Albert Broadbent, and published by him at 19, Oxford-street, Manchester.

"C. K. S." states in the *Sphere* that a work by Mr. Laurence Housman has been offered by a literary agent to more than one publisher as "by the author of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*." Meanwhile the Love-Letter books continue to trickle from the press. There are two more this week. *The Lover's Replies to an Englishwoman's Love-Letters* is anonymous. The other, by George Egerton, is called *Rosa Amorsa: the Love-Letters of a Woman*. "Arrangements for the publication of this book," Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, states, "were concluded early in 1900, long before *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* were even heard of." In an explanatory note George Egerton says: "Personally I cannot see any probability of comparison, as I have heard from competent judges that the other book belongs to the region of exquisite literature; this pretends to be no more than the veracious expression of the thoughts and love of one little woman, of value only as truthfully human."

New books by "Zack" and Mrs. Wharton are being freely advertised in America. "Zack's" *The White Cottage* is described as "the best example she has yet given of her peculiar power of giving simply and sharply the elements

of passion and tragedy." Mrs. Wharton's *Crucial Instances* are eight in number, "each story depicting a crisis of extraordinary intensity in the life of one or more of the characters."

OUR competition in poems on the planting of a rose-bush seems to have excited considerable interest. Last week we printed, in addition to the verses submitted for competition, some lines by Mr. Eden Phillpotts. This week Mrs. Thomas Hardy tells us in the following interesting lines how rose trees are planted in Wessex. Mrs. Hardy, whose lines were written some weeks before our competition was announced, believes the onion custom which she describes is not widely known:

THE GARDENER'S RUSE.

A wild Rose-tree from the hedge brought he,
And planted it well in the mould,
Digging around, and making a mound,
To stand it up high, and bold.

Then a hole he made, at its back in the shade,
And an Onion deep tilled in;
For the Onion was bound to make roses sound,
And a fine rich perfume to win.

Down far in the earth, hidden its worth,
The Onion, coarse and meek,
Sought the roots of the roses, to give scent to its posies,
And brilliance in colour—a Freak!

Then came the summer, and many a hummer,
Humming his song, as he flitted
To the red, red roses, so sweet for all noses,
And blithe with their scent—well-witted.

At these roses so odorous, the man was not dolorous:
The gardener's laugh was bland.
"Tis a fortune," he said. "'Tis gold I've read."
... So the poor Onion's life was grand.

So long as actor-managers choose plays because they provide "fat" parts for the individual, and not because the play is well observed, well written, and organically strong and sane, so long will plays like Mr. Forbes Robertson's new production at the Comedy Theatre continue to be written. "Count Tesma" is unoriginal and unconvincing, and it follows a worn and rutty track. Mr. Homer, the author, actually permits himself to write such a line as "with his girl's face and false heart." The motive of self-sacrifice upon which "Count Tesma" is constructed is credible enough, but it is impossible to accept the unreality of the author's reach-me-down invention. And yet "Count Tesma" is worth seeing by reason of Mr. Forbes Robertson's intelligent and sympathetic rendering of the romantic part he has elected to play. The passages between himself and Miss Gertrude Elliott are marked by a sincerity of acting which makes the wild incidents plausible. Mr. Ian Robertson gave real help as the Hereditary Prince of Dalmania. To play a small part, and to make it vital—that is success. If Mr. Forbes Robertson, in his next production, would choose a fine play and bring power to a moderate part, that would be a task worth an actor-manager's doing. But a play depending upon dazzling uniforms, silly officers, and a

general air of second-rate Prisoner of Zenda-ism is a poor substitute for a play with brain and heart, even if a romantic part is provided. Mr. Forbes Robertson should have been warned by the case of Mr. Martin Harvey.

WITHIN a few months two Bishops who were also historians have passed away. Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, was not such an "all round" man as Bishop Creighton, but his services to the scholarly study of history can hardly be exaggerated. He was the author of many works, of which the best known is his difficult but valuable *Constitutional History of England*. As an historical anatomist Dr. Stubbs had few rivals, but he rarely, if ever, could be enjoyed by the general reader. His scorn of popular history was complete. He laughed at Froude and was the intimate friend of Freeman. Few better literary epigrams have been written than the one in which Dr. Stubbs pilloried Charles Kingsley and Anthony Froude. It was prompted by the circumstances (happening together) that Kingsley had resigned his professorship of history at Cambridge with certain strictures on that study, and that Froude had declared in his rectorial address at St. Andrews that history had been garbled by the clergy:

While Froude instructs the Scottish youth
That parsons never tell the truth,
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
That history is a pack of lies.
These strange results who shall combine?
One plain reflection solves the mystery—
That Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

Dr. Stubbs's recreations, as given in *Who's Who*, were "making out pedigrees and correcting proof-sheets."

THE late Dr. Tanner was not a literary man, but was capable of flights when he took up his pen. Once, when he had asked in the House whether it was true that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief, a Major Jones, of Penzance, was so outraged that he challenged Dr. Tanner to a duel, and the following telegraphic correspondence took place:

In reply to your despicable question about the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction across the water. Pistols.

To which Dr. Tanner at once replied:

Wire received. Will meet you to-morrow in Constantinople, under the Tower of Galata, midnight. Being challenged, prefer torpedoes. Bring another ass.—TANNER.

Major Jones answered:

Midnight meetings are for Moonlighters. You know what that means. Ask Colonel Saunderson who shows the white feather.

Finally, Dr. Tanner wired:

Never suggested Colonel Saunderson showed any white feather. Would strongly recommend bromide of potassium this warm weather for the staggers. Further reply useless. Will not spend another Tanner.

UNDER the title "Romance and Science" Mr. Leslie Stephen discourses in the *Pall Mall Magazine* on some of the literary conditions of the time. His conclusion is that we are between two ages, and that we suffer for it:

Something in the very nature of modern progress is essentially antagonistic to poetry and to romance. The intrusion of the railway into the Alps is really and permanently destructive of their charms. The subjugation of the whole planet has brought the daylight of plain prose into the mysterious regions where fancy could once find room for the kingdom of Prester John, which pictured the "gorgeous East" abounding in barbaric pearl and gold. That may be a trifle, or have its compensations, but do we

not become materialistic and grovelling as science extends, and, besides destroying old creeds and legends, fixes our aims upon mere physical comfort?

And the future? On this Mr. Stephen has some suggestive remarks:

The old ideals have become obsolete, and the new are not yet constructed. They can neither revive the ancient aspirations nor give articulate form to our own. The motives of which the poet used to avail himself are too obsolete for revival. We can read Homer or the *Nibelungen Lied* with literary enthusiasm, but we admit that we cannot write living poetry on the ancient model. The gods and heroes are too dead, and we cannot seriously sympathise with the social order in which the idealised prize-fighter is the highest type of humanity. Poets, no doubt, may still turn to account the ancient types—Greek warriors or Norse Vikings or mediæval barons; but always with the plain understanding that they are merely playing with extinct fancies, to be somehow allegorised or spiritualised by their readers. Military ardour, no doubt, finds its representatives. . . . The romantic may revive only in a more rational form. The Alpine chain is more interesting when it teaches us sound geology instead of suggesting impossible catastrophes; and the history of its inhabitants when we have forgotten William Tell and understand the real story of the rise of the cantons. The genuine element of the romantic subject is the sympathetic interest in our ancestors and in the scenery or institutions which call up associations with them; and the sympathy is really strengthened when we can conceive of them as real human beings instead of abnormal monstrosities. That sounds like a moral and edifying conclusion; but it must be left to the poet to reconcile it to our imagination as well as to our reason; and it seems as though it would take him some time and trouble to accomplish the feat. The Dante or Shakespeare or Goethe requires generations of unconscious elaboration before the characteristic thought of the period is fitted to be embodied by the man of imaginative genius; and at present it would seem that the varying impulses characteristic of a rapidly changing epoch are too distracting to be harmonised.

That, we think, is what most thoughtful critics feel, and, more or less, have expressed. It is interesting to have it from Mr. Leslie Stephen.

"To encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties": these were the aims of the ill-fated Guild of Literature and Art in which Charles Dickens was interested fifty years ago. The Sunderland Public Library has just had presented to it a copy of an old play-bill connected with the movement. It announces that on Saturday evening, August 28, 1852, will be played for the twenty-first time a new comedy, compressed into three acts by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., called "Not so Bad as We Seem." The caste is interesting, including as it does Dickens—who played the part of Lord Wilmot, "a young man at the head of the mode more than a century ago"—Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Peter Cunningham, and Mr. Charles Knight.

WRITING, in Wednesday's *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the exhibition of Sir Francis Seymour Haden's etchings, dry-points, and mezzotints at Colnaghi's, Mrs. Meynell drew an interesting literary analogy, which we propose to quote. After remarking that Sir Francis Seymour Haden uses "that responsible etcher's-point which has no obvious laws . . . but which yet obeys, as does all art," Mrs. Meynell says:

The less outward and apparent the code of honoured laws, the more severe, perhaps, the interior allegiance, as an irregular ode answers to a more austere and interior rein than does a regulated sonnet; assuredly the French

Alexandrine double couplet, with its alternative masculine rhyme and feminine rhyme, its immovable caesura, its pause of meaning at every couplet, its unaccented "e" before a vowel, its unaccented "e" before a consonant, all its proclaimed and advertised laws and bye-laws, is the most irresponsible form of verse in all modern literature—irresponsible to poetry, irresponsible to spirit, ignobly lax in all the weightier matters, set about with winkings and connivances and rhetorical tolerances dishonouring to the simple and awful Muse. The titling of mint and cumin implies such slovenliness within. Whereas the English heroic line, single, unrhymed, and the most liberal line in all the world, wields the spiritual discipline, and answers to a secret legislation and control with which there can be no paltering. In like manner, or almost, is the unfettered art of etching a responsible art, and a master's etching the most responsible.

THE advertisements of the Northern Lighthouses Office have seldom a literary flavour, but the following "Notice to Mariners" is an exception:

NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSES.

DUART POINT BEACON LIGHT.
ISLAND OF MULL, FIRTH OF LORNE.

"THE WILLIAM BLACK MEMORIAL LIGHT."

THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSES HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on and after the Night of Monday, 13th May, there will be shown from the WILLIAM BLACK MEMORIAL TOWER, which has been erected near Duart Point, on a point 6 Cables South of Duart Castle, a Group-Flashing Light showing Three Flashes in quick succession every 15 Seconds.

After detailing the bearings of the Light, which will be visible about twelve miles distant from the deck of a fishing-smack, and much further from a ship's rigging, the notice winds up with the caution that, as the light will not be tended at night, and may possibly be extinguished or get out of order, "too much reliance must not be placed on it." This seems a rather serious limitation of its efficiency.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been appointed "honorary purveyor of poetry" to a country paper, writes: "My intention is to select pieces from all available sources, old and new, that are really good without being too good for the popular taste; but my difficulty is that many of the poems I should like to use are copyright, and I don't know whether I shall be laying my editor open to an action at law by inserting these. I am sure you will sympathise with my endeavour to spread a little of the light of poetry in one of the dark places of the earth, and perhaps you will be good enough to advise me on this point." The only possible advice to be given is that our correspondent should write to the poets concerned and ask permission to print their verses. He can write to them care of their publishers. In some cases he will be refused permission, in others fees will be asked. And he will receive some letters whose effusive consent almost bursts their envelopes.

"THE soul-destroying poison of the modern bookstall." The phrase is General Butler's, and occurs in his letter to the Clonmel Branch of the Gaelic League. The General is in hearty sympathy with the endeavour to revive the old Irish language. To the members of the branch he writes: "You are opening the long-choked springs of a pure and beautiful knowledge, and by offering to a national mind, which has always been hungry to learn the ruined art, music, and literature of its own, you are raising the surest barrier against the depraving influence—I might say the soul-destroying poison—of the modern bookstall." This opinion has, at all events, the merit of downrightness, but we should have thought that a less remote and slow-

acting antidote to the alleged poison was desirable. A nation will hardly be persuaded to read ancient literature in a dying language, though its study may delight scholars and react on modern literature.

WHAT was the lowest price at which Edward Fitzgerald's version of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam was sold? In his introduction to Mr. John Lane's "Flowers of Parnassus" edition of Fitzgerald's first rendering, just issued, Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts says: "Edward Fitzgerald's genius has changed the scattered colours of the Persian poetry into a beam of light—a beam once on sale for a penny!" Is one penny a correct record? We merely ask.

THE art of accuracy is so difficult that there is something consoling in the mistake which Mr. Holmes makes in his *Life of Queen Victoria* as to the date of the coronation of the late Queen. He gives it as June 27, 1838. The ceremony took place on the following day, June 28.

PRACTICAL philology is a fascinating study. The author of "Notes About" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* indulges in it occasionally. As thus:

I have recently made acquaintance with a form, or phase, of girl hitherto quite unknown to me. I have, of course, encountered, in the pages of the popular lady novelist, the girl between. But the "between girl" caused me to lift the eyebrow of interrogation. Who could she possibly be? I had no idea. I had never seen her till I saw her in type. I had never conceived of her till there she was in print, priced £14 per annum. In fact, it was in the advertisement column of my morning paper—the column devoted to domestic requirements—that I first came across this damsel. The quaintness of her designation fascinated me. Who and what could this intermediate young lady signify? I do not suffer the lets and hindrances which bar the way to inquiry in the case of most people to affect me. Over the way was a domestic agency in which I have taken an impersonal, but neighbourly, interest. I elected to consider myself on neighbourly terms with this institution, and so I walked across and asked, in a matter-of-course tone of voice, for a between girl. I was at once supplied with a list of between girls which convinced me that she must be a much more usual development than I thought for. She is, I gathered, the intermediary between the kitchenmaid and the sink. As a philologist, I did not grudge the fee the information cost me.

To a sixpenny edition most popular novels come nowadays, and they are very welcome in that form. Such sixpenny editions of "Q's" *The Splendid Spur* and Mr. Whiteing's *No. 5, John Street* have been issued by Messrs. Cassell and Mr. Grant Richards respectively.

FROM a neat and interesting book catalogue sent us by Messrs. Karslake, of Charing Cross-road, we lightly pick the following entries:

BRONTË (Charlotte) Vilette, 1853. First Edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, uncut, £1 1s.

CARICATURES.—SALA (G. A.), *The Great Exhibition*, "Wot is to be, showing how its all going to be done," Published by the Society for Keeping Things in their Places, 1850. Oblong 8vo, a folding scroll, 18 feet in length, bearing hundreds of very clever humorous sketches, with witty text, by George Augustus Sala, in the original boards, very scarce. £1 10s.

HAZLITT (Wm.), *Men and Manners, Sketches and Essays*, 1852. First Edition, fcap. 8vo, cloth, uncut, 5s.

LARK (The), San Francisco, 1896-97. Complete set, 2 vols., cr. 8vo, printed on thin brown sugar-bag paper, crowded with comical illustrations, chiefly by Gelett Burgess, painted canvas covers. £1 5s.

STEVENSON (R. L.), *The Black Arrow: a Tale of the Two Roses*, 1888. First Edition, cr. 8vo, cloth, uncut. 10s. 6d.

STEVENSON (R. L.) and Lloyd Osbourne, *the Wrecker*, 1892. First Edition, cr. 8vo, plates, mediaeval morocco, joints, uncut, t.e.g., worked with a very fine design of an ancient vessel, dolphins, &c., by the Guild of Women Binders. £2 5s.

The same firm offers for £200 a grangerised edition of Horne's *History of Napoleon*, containing military documents signed by many of Napoleon's generals, a signature of Napoleon when First Consul, countersigned by Marat, and letters from Talleyrand, Prince Eugene Beauharnais, Marshal Soult, Fouché, the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Moore, and many others.

THE eternal is at last becoming popular among authors. Within a week or so we have received books called *The Eternal Quest*, *The Eternal Conflict*, and *The Eternal Choice*. Two are novels. The third, *The Eternal Conflict*, is "Benjamin Swift's" attempt to solve the riddle of existence. It goes to the world from under the wing of a novelist (Mr. Zangwill), who, the author announces, has read the proofs.

THE ageless "Madge" of *Truth* announces a new book called *Manners for Girls*, "ranging from letter-writing to ladies' clubs," and no doubt packed with good advice. We suggest to "Madge" this motto in case a new edition should be called for:

Girls, don't trust any man,
Not even a brother;
Girls, if you must love,
Love one another.

Bibliographical.

THE recurrence of Mr. P. J. Bailey's birthday, and the attention given to it, may perhaps do something towards increasing his vogue as a poet. That vogue, I fear, is limited. Rarely, outside the literary class, does one come in contact with anyone who has even handled, much less read, *Festus*. That work is known, I fancy—as so many others are known—by extracts chiefly. Nor can we be altogether surprised at this. I have before me a copy of the "fiftieth-anniversary" edition, and I find that the letterpress runs to 794 pages of tolerably small type. Now the world is too busy in these days to read poems of that length. Mr. Bailey has deliberately handicapped himself in the race for fame by expanding his work to inordinate proportions. As originally published it was not uncomfortably bulky, but the poet has since incorporated in it a good deal of his published verse, with the result that the poem is now hopelessly unwieldy. I should give as another reason for Mr. Bailey's lack of popularity his comparative failure as a lyricist. There are lyrics in *Festus*, but they do not "sing," and they have no charm of form or of expression.

There is to be a volume on the subject of *The Author of "Peep of Day."* Who was the author of *Peep of Day*? We wonder how many could answer that question off-hand. Everybody has heard of *Peep of Day*; how many have read it? Well, thousands of thousands, I suppose. I find there were no fewer than five reprints of it, by different publishers, between 1890 and 1893. And then there is *Line upon Line*, a work scarcely less famous. A cheap edition of the two parts appeared in 1890, a year which also saw a reissue of *Reading without Tears* (Part I.). In 1894 there was a new edition of *Light in the Dwelling: A Harmony of the Four Gospels*. I suppose one ought to

have read all these masterpieces, but (speaking for myself) one hasn't. I regard Mrs Mortimer's work from afar, and am genuinely sorry that her name is not more widely known. No doubt the new book we are now promised will supply all the needed publicity.

In connection with the decease of Bishop Stubbs, the *Daily News* has unearthed the well-known epigram on Froude and Kingsley. I cannot say, however, that I like its version of the text—quoted in another column. I prefer that which was supplied to me some years ago by a dignitary of the Church. It ran as follows:

Froude informs the Scottish youth
Parsons have small regard for truth;
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
That History is a pack of lies.
What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery:
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

This, I think, is the neatest form that the epigram has taken. As for the authorship of the *jeu d'esprit*, Dr. Stubbs is about the last person to whom I should have ascribed it. My own information teaches me to look elsewhere, but probably the actual author of the lines was not particularly anxious to be identified.

The announcement that there is to be a *Little Arthur's History of Greece* makes one feel quite young again—those of us, at least, who began our historical studies with *Little Arthur's History of England*. I confess I have no recollection of that work, though I suppose it was on the same clear and simple lines as those of Charles Dickens's *Child's History of England*. I take for granted, at any rate, that it did not do its infantile readers any harm. It dates from 1835, and it is not surprising, therefore, that it is no longer a factor in juvenile education. It is a notable instance of the "little ironies of life." Lady Callcott, who wrote it, was the author of a number of substantial travel-books, as well as of a life of Poussin—yet it is only by *Little Arthur's History* that she is remembered, even by the elect. I am not aware that there is any "moral hid within the bosom" of this undoubted fact.

The announcement of a biography of Dr. John Kennedy by his son, Mr. H. A. Kennedy, reminds one that there is more than one Mr. H. A. Kennedy in the literary field. I take it that the biographer of Dr. Kennedy is not the Mr. Kennedy who has written plays, and is (and has been for some time) the dramatic censor of the *Sunday Times*. Probably, though these two gentlemen have the same initials, they have different Christian names. If they have, it would be a help to cataloguers and the like if they would habitually print them in full. A Mr. H. A. Kennedy has published a book on Prof. Blackie (1895), *A Man with Black Eyelashes* (1897), and *The Story of Canada* (1897). Is this the son of Dr. Kennedy, or the playwright-journalist?

Talking of novels, we are told this week that Mrs. Lynn Linton's story, *The Adventures of Christopher Kirkland*, was largely autobiographical. I have heard the same thing said of Mr. Joseph Hatton's *Christopher Kenrick*. And it is just a little curious that in both cases "Christopher" should be the Christian name adopted. Usually, when your lady novelist wants a sort of pseudonym she chooses "George." "Christopher" is better, though even that would pall in time.

Where would our living novelists find titles for their books sometimes if they had not the poets to fall back upon? I see that a gentleman has already given us a story called *The Burden of an Honour*, with its reminiscence of Tennyson, and that a lady promises us another entitled *The Sea Hath its Pearls*, with its obvious appropriation of Heine. After all, a title which suggests poetry is better than a title which suggests nothing at all.

Reviews.

A Work that "May Never Be Finished."

The Survey of London: Being the First Volume of the Register of the Committee for the Survey of Memorials of Greater London, Containing the Parish of Bromley-by-Bow.
 Edited by C. R. Ashbee. (London County Council: P. S. King.)

THE general reader's attitude to antiquities and topography is curious. In the lump he bans them, and it is a truism that books on these subjects—with exceptions that establish the rule—have "no money" in them. And yet the general reader loves to be surprised by a single fact or short train of inquiry in these directions. Editors will tell you that outside of current topics there are two things loved of readers: one is a dispute about a word, its derivation or misuse; the other is an antiquarian or topographical note by a student or an "old inhabitant." Upon a morsel of such lore the average man is capable of falling with enthusiasm; but he will not commit himself to any continuous study. The book before us would repel him. His purchase of it is merely unthinkable. Even the stimulus of local interest will not recruit many buyers from the mass; even in Bromley it will find only superior students, and these probably will have to be approached by some method of personal appeal. Nevertheless the apathy of general readers toward works of this class has little positive or reasoned character. It springs rather from the conditions of life, the overwhelming reality of the present, the reluctance to buy books at all except under the compulsion of a "boom," and the feeling that the pleasure to be derived from antiquarian studies is eccentric and unsocial. It is not antiquity that repels so much as the ways, means, and conditions of enjoying it. Hence the almost pathetic energy with which Sir Walter Besant drapes, arranges, and expounds old London. He by legitimate if rather transparent arts has won the maximum of attention to the history of London that can be wrung from general readers.

It is, therefore, a pleasing reflection that the general reader is being made to pay, through the rates, for the compilation of a work of such first-class utility and enduring interest as the London County Council's *Survey of London*. He will not buy it, and he will not read it; but it will filter down to him. Even he might rise to such a record if he could be inspired with a poetic conception of London; if he could see London as a city in whose very veins the very blood of the ages runs; if he could dismiss the idea that the Past and Present are separate things, and could think of the Past as the torch, and the Present as the flame; if he could, in a historical sense, awake and remember and understand. It is not antiquity that is tiresome, but antiquity divorced from actuality. Opposite to the door of the ACADEMY, in Chancery-lane, stands one of the few pieces of London on which Shakespeare's eyes have looked—the gateway of Lincoln's-inn. But it is not the gateway alone, with its escutcheons and date, that touches the heart. It is the gateway plus the Waterloo 'buses and the twentieth-century applewoman at its foot.

Again, it is a happy circumstance that the governing body which is most largely and nearly concerned with the regulation and improvement of the present life of London should have made itself the champion of its past. Far too long have the individual's limited vision and eager hand been allowed to work the destruction of all that is old, venerable, and helpless in London. Not that the individual was always the culprit. By an irony of fate which we rather enjoy, the deed of vandalism which brought this subject under effective notice, and resulted in a legal plan of rescue, was committed by the London School Board. We refer to the destruction, six years ago, of the Jacobean palace at Bromley. The School

Board calmly sold this beautiful old building, with its carvings, ceilings, fire-places, and oak mullioned windows to a firm of house-breakers. Fortunately the outcry was so piercing that the Board was glad to buy back the fire-place in the state room for £150, and then to dispose of it to the South Kensington Museum authorities, who had in the meantime secured the panelling and ceiling of the same room and the oak doorway of the hall. The reconstructed state room may now be seen in the South Kensington Museum—cold comfort! All the other fire-places of 1606 and the balusters, newels, and handrails of the main staircase were sold to "a dealer in Brompton-road," while the other fire-places and cornices now lend antiquity to a Chelsea tavern.

Hence sprang this righteous register, compiled by the London County Council with the assistance and sympathy of various societies. It is a work which its editor says may, perhaps, never be finished. The part before us, dealing with the small district of Bromley-by-Bow, is itself a forcible symbol of the magnitude of a record which proposes to cover the whole County of London, if not Greater London as well. In compiling it the dimensions of the task declared themselves very curiously. At first it was intended to deal with ten parishes in the first volume, then four parishes, then the parishes of Bow and Bromley together, and finally Bow had to be held over and Bromley alone considered. As the County of London and the City contain one hundred and ninety-two parishes, and as many of these contain many times the number of antiquities to be found in this small East London parish, the editor's doubts about the completion of the work can be understood. They are not, however, the doubts of despair. Mr. Ashbee flies to the optimist pole when he suggests that a time limit of ten years and a gift of £10,000 would secure the completion of this register. We can only say that we hope this £10,000 will be found. Why, it does not amount to £50 a parish. The fact that the work is necessarily one of many hands is mentioned by Mr. Ashbee in extenuation of probable inaccuracies and incompleteness; but it is obviously the only way of going to work, and it has the great advantage of sowing the good seed widely among Londoners.

In the present volume sixteen objects or groups of objects are registered and described. Of these, six have lived only to make their dying depositions, and two others have been threatened. We shall not examine the inventory in detail. It includes the demolished palace already referred to, the Manor House, Bromley Hall, Tudor House in St. Leonard's-street, the Drapers' Almshouses, the Seven Stars Inn, various other houses, and the demolished church of St. Mary, of which the monuments are preserved in the new church. One of these bears a seventeenth-century inscription on a child, which we will pause to quote:

As nurses strive
 Their babes in bed to lay
 When they too ly-berally
 The wantons play,

Soe to prevente
 His farther growinge crimes,
 Nature his nurse
 Gott him to bed betimes.

The record is systematic. Under side headings each ancient building is dealt with in relation to its ground landlord, leaseholders, &c.; its general description and date of structure; its condition of repair; and its historical and bibliographical references. To these notes is added a schedule of the plans, drawings, and photographs collected by the Survey Committee, with an asterisk to distinguish those which are reproduced in the goodly sheaf of illustrations at the end of the volume. From this sufficient indication of the detail of the register we return to Mr. Ashbee's general introduction, which is an

admirably lucid and far-seeing statement of the immediate and allied problems involved in the preservation of old London houses, parks, and districts. Mr. Ashbee shows, for instance, how closely this preservation is bound up with the housing question. Only a few weeks ago, in writing of Sir Walter Besant's *East London*, we asked what the fate will be of the endless undistinguished suburbs which are spreading over miles of Essex. Mr. Ashbee's answer is prompt and plain:

We find that for every slum destroyed in the centre half a dozen are run up in the suburbs; we find that while the legislators are theorising and experimenting as to how the poor should be housed inside the County of London, the jerry-builder is solving the problem for them outside, to the infinite loss and detriment of the community. We find estate after estate, park after park, coming under the hammer, the trees cut down, the roads stupidly planned; everything, in short, sacrificed to the financial exigencies of the few people immediately interested.

It needs no prophet to foretell that all this work will some day have to be undone at great cost and great loss. To anyone who has studied the needs and requirements of the poor who are drifting in these new and dreary suburbs of Greater London, for the most part outside the county area, it is clear enough that what is being offered them is a mere makeshift, a habitation in which life of any dignity or nobility is impossible, a condition of things that is seldom better, sometimes worse, than the slums and side streets of the centre from which they have been driven.

Weightier words than these we have not read for long. But what has all this to do with the æsthetic work in which Mr. Ashbee and the Survey Committee of which he is the secretary are engaged? Everything. The real need is that fine old mansions and parks and natural features should not be at the mercy of a hard speculator and a brainless jerry-builder, but should be so handled that they may be organically included in the new districts rising about them. The reader will readily follow that train of suggestion. Another wise proposal is that throughout London fine old houses should be saved as local museums, into which all local relics which cannot, with the best will in the world, be saved should be preserved. We agree with Mr. Ashbee in his emphasis of the superior value of such local museums to that of one central museum.

Amid such dismal facts and budding hopes this official register is a happy sign of the times. As a literary undertaking judged by this excellent beginning, and as a social movement judged by the views propounded, we wish it complete and accelerated success.

Inaccurate and Incompetent.

A History of English Literature. By E. J. Mathew. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

We are always disposed to scan critically the pretensions of any new recruit in the vast battalion of sketches and brief histories of English literature already in existence. The variety of these is bewildering. Many of them are excellent; and it will, we think, be admitted that any addition to the number requires some very special justification. Exceptional familiarity with the results of recent scholarship, exceptional lucidity of statement or fineness of literary judgment, may confer on such a work a quality in virtue of which it may have a chance of survival: otherwise it is bound to come perilously near bookmaking. The example before us fails to pass a much less severe test than is here proposed. It has not even the pedestrian merits of some dozen among its rivals. It is not accurate; it is written without any sense of propor-

tion or development; and the lack of critical discrimination displayed throughout borders upon the grotesque. We are bound to justify this somewhat comprehensive condemnation by a detailed survey, which shall be made as brief and businesslike as possible.

The best part of the book is probably the clear and intelligible summary of literature in the Old English and the Middle English dialects up to the death of Chaucer. Even this has some obvious defects. The shortest account of Old English literature should include some mention of *Widsith*, if only for the sake of the light thrown upon the way in which that literature was produced. Aelfric, the author of the *Homilies*, was not abbot of Evesham, as Prof. Mathew says, but of Eynsham, quite a different place. The *Ancoren Riwe* is a rule, not for nuns, but for anchoresses. The omission of any account of Gower is extraordinary, and still more so, to anyone with a grain of literary feeling, that of any reference to the remarkable early development of lyric to which belong *Alison and Blow*, *Northern Wind*, and half-a-dozen other fine pieces. The period between Chaucer and Spenser is briefly treated, perhaps not without reason, but it is difficult to see why Hooker and Bacon should have been dragged into it. Of the *Morte d'Arthur* Prof. Mathew says that it was the first attempt "to weld the ballads dealing with the same subject into a great poem or a continuous book." No more incorrect description of Malory's exquisite adaptation from French cyclical romances could well be given. There is no attempt to differentiate between the work of Wyatt and of Surrey; and the title of *Tottel's Miscellany* is certainly not *A Miscellany of Uncertain Authors*. No serious student of the Authorised Version of the Bible (or any other version) will, we think, maintain that it presents "hardly a passage beyond the understanding of the most illiterate."

Over the great century from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration Prof. Mathew's methods break down altogether. He gives fairly adequate, if rather neat and dry, studies of Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Milton. But the few pages devoted to their contemporaries show a complete failure to grasp the age as a whole, to discern its turning-points, or to follow out the real lines of its literary developments. There is no proper treatment of Elizabethan pastoral. Michael Drayton, for instance, is spoken of only as the author of *The Barons' Wars* and *The Polyolbion*. There is none of the Sonnets. Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* is not mentioned. Samuel Daniel is not mentioned; and the sonnets of Shakespeare are practically treated as if they stood alone, instead of being members of a long and important series. There is none of the magnificent Elizabethan lyric. Students of Prof. Mathew's book must be content to remain in ignorance of the character and contents of the song-books and of so much as the name of Campion. The important position of Donne in determining the direction of seventeenth-century lyric is entirely missed, apparently because Prof. Mathew is ignorant of the ascertained facts of literary history, and believes that Donne's literary work dates from the reign of James I. instead of, in the main, from a decade earlier. Ben Jonson's relation to his "sons" is also not taken into consideration. The first and most important of the lyricists between 1590 (!) and 1674 is said to be Suckling, who was born in 1609. To him are given as followers Lovelace and Carew, who must have been writing his lyrics when Suckling was in the nursery. Among Prof. Mathew's innumerable omissions during this century perhaps Habington and Vaughan are the most remarkable. Drama is treated in a separate section, which begins with a mass of misconceptions. The *Ludus de S. Catherine* of Geoffrey of Dunstable is spoken of as though it were extant. It is not known to be true that the town guilds took over the representation of the miracle plays about 1268; and the distinction between a miracle play and a mystery, which Prof. Mathew repeats, is a fiction

of the eighteenth century writers. The literary merit of some of these plays, especially of the Towneley plays, demands a consideration which Prof. Mathew has not given it. Something should have been said of Nicholas Udall and his "first regular comedy"; and the brief paragraph on Kyd takes no account of recent investigations as to his real position in the history of the drama. One of the authors of *Gorboduc* is called Thomas Morton. His name was actually Norton. Anne Hathaway is said to have been the daughter, not of a "yeoman," but of a "German"! These are, doubtless, misprints, but they are misprints of a kind inexcusable in a compiler. Half a dozen other inaccuracies in the pages on Shakespeare, which there is no room to set out here, are, we fear, Prof. Mathew's own. As samples of our author's critical faculty, we offer the statements that George Herbert "never became extravagant or obscure," and that "after Spenser's death a very large amount of verse was written; but, with the exception of that which was done by one famous bard, little of it could be called poetry."

With the literature of the Restoration and the eighteenth century Prof. Mathew, consciously or not, is more in sympathy. But his pages still consist of a string of independent notices on writer after writer, and the main outlines are hopelessly obscured. The reader gets no clear idea, for example, of the converging forces which brought about the crisis known as the revival of romanticism. Prof. Mathew has a dislike of Rousseau and of the French Revolution, to which he is entitled, but which should not be permitted, as it is, to warp his perception of the movement of ideas.

It is in dealing with modern literature that Prof. Mathew's failure is most complete and disastrous. This is, to our mind, particularly regrettable. We yield to no one in our admiration for the literature of the past. But to every age its own literature, built up out of its own experience and reaching after its own ideals, must necessarily come first. It is here that wise, sane, well-informed and sympathetic guidance is most of all essential. And it is just here that we find both Prof. Mathew's information and his sympathy most lamentably at fault. Let a few examples under each head suffice. Among Prof. Mathew's curious omissions is the name of W. S. Landor. In his place appears a wholly mythical Mrs. Landor, described as an "amiable lady," who "saved verse from absolute decay." At the genesis of this fabulous personage, whose name is mentioned three times, we leave our readers to guess. Prof. Mathew quoted two lines from a well-known poem of Præd's:

Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown
Via nulla non donandus lauru,

and adds the astounding note: "Hic jacet. Here lies William Brown, a man not presented with any laurel, the epitaph written for himself by the modest Doctor." Philip Bailey, the author of *Festus*, is said to have died in 1856. He is alive.

William Barnes's poems were, of course, printed long before 1879. The drama in which Matthew Arnold introduced a "philosopher who lamented the decadence of tune-philosophy" is called, not *Eurydice*, but *Empedocles Upon Etna*. The last ten years of William Morris's life were not "given to romantic verse again" for *The House of the Wolfings* and its successors are not, as Prof. Mathew thinks, poems. "Annie Brontë" is not a name known to literature. These are not things which we ought to have to tell a literary historian, but they, with others, sink into insignificance beside the evidence which these pages afford of Prof. Mathew's incapacity to form a reasonable critical estimate of modern writers. What are you to make of a man who thinks that "Elizabeth Moulton Barrett, the wife of Robert Browning, was as a poetess her husband's superior," who can find nothing better to say of *Daniel Deronda* than that it "took as its basis the delight of a young Englishman at finding out that he was really a

Jew," or of *Middlemarch*, than that it is "rendered unpleasant by the incessant talk of dull men and women," that the "representations of Mr. Brooke, a country squire, and of Sir James Chetham, are sheer travesties," and that "the picture drawn of Dorothea, if meant for a description of an English lady, is ridiculous and incorrect"? The application of unintelligence to criticism could hardly go further. So far as a reader could gather from Prof. Mathew, the last new word in English poetry was that of Mr. Swinburne. The far-reaching influence of Mr. Pater might be for him a dead thing. "The drama"—it is his own phrase—"had to cease with the work of Sheridan." The novel, we suppose, had to cease with the work of Anthony Trollope, to which Prof. Mathew devotes three pages. His remarks on the present state of fiction deserve reproducing as they stand:

From the days of Thackeray and Dickens to the days of the problem novel, the descent was steep and dreary. The earlier and middle years of the reign showed a power of creative imagination, after which recent years have toiled in vain. This is probably due to a morbid discontent which has spread among certain sections of the community; and a good deal of the later modern fiction appears to be the production of dissatisfied people, uncertain of their own positions. The thousands of new readers who devour contemporary fiction have seldom grounded themselves in genuine literature; and it is a dangerous thing to be wanting in a knowledge of Thackeray and Scott in order to form a literary taste upon *Gemini Crestles* or *Satanstoe*.

Doubtless; but it is even more dangerous to profess an admiration for Thackeray and Scott when you are writing a history of Victorian literature in complete obliviousness of the names of Meredith and Hardy. For so you make it plain that your judgment is a matter of tradition, and that the vital apprehension of literature is not in you. And then what is your homage to Thackeray and Scott worth? We need hardly stop to disentangle Prof. Mathew's confusion of thought between literature and the books which uneducated people read.

We are glad, however, to find one point in which we are thoroughly in agreement with our author. "From 1885 to 1892," he says, "the condition of literature got even worse. Educational manuals multiplied." It is quite true. The multiplication of short cuts to knowledge is one of the difficulties with which the age has to contend. And when a thing, in itself otiose, is handled with defective scholarship and poor taste, it becomes plainly intolerable, as in the case of the educational manual now before us.

Jesuitical.

The History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773. By Ethelred L. Taunton. With 12 Illustrations. (Methuen. 21s. net.)

THE most Jesuitical thing about the book is its title—a "History of the Jesuits in England." It might have been more properly called a history of Father Parsons, to whom the greater part of its space is devoted. Beside that burly figure men like Southwell and Campion, greater Jesuits than he, appear as dwarfs according to this author's allocation of space. The frontispiece of the volume is more frank than the title-page, as an indication of the purport of the succeeding five hundred pages, for it bears the underline: "Robert Parsons, S.J., 1546-1610." Unluckily the portrait given is not that of Parsons at all. It is that of a mitred abbot, painted in 1622—the date is apparent on the canvas. Had Parsons been alive at that date he would have been in his seventy-seventh year, but he had been dead already for some ten years. In April, 1610, having embraced and wound round his neck the cherished halter which had hanged Campion at Tyburn, Parsons peacefully breathed his last. As for this portrait

of somebody else, the author bases on it one of those estimates of temper and habit which experts in faces and facts class—where George Eliot classed prophecy—as among the most gratuitous forms of human error:

From his portrait one would be held by his piercing eye, which gives, however, the impression of subtlety. The face lit up by a smile could be winning and attractive, but, swept by a storm of anger or indignation, it could also be terrible.

And so on, and so on. More to the point is the author's definite statement as to the actual "counterfeit presentment"—very literally counterfeit—offered to the reader as Father Parsons. "The portrait given at the beginning of this volume was found by the author in an old print-shop in London. There is no artist's name affixed." But there is, as we have noted, a date. For a correct as well as an appropriate portrait of Parsons the author might have gone to the English College at Valladolid, or even, for that matter, to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1771. Still better known is that given in some editions of *A Christian Directory*, the book of which Parsons was part author, part compiler, and the popularity of which was by no means confined to members of his own communion. We have before us an edition (the sixth) issued by George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, who, as he tells us frankly, "cast out what was peculiar to the Romish Communion, and reserved so much only as might be supposed to come from the pen of a Christian Priest at large."

The epitaph written for Parsons's tomb in the chapel of the English College in Rome gives us the estimate of his character formed by his own brethren—the more interesting as no biography of him has yet been put forth by the Society:

To the most upright and learned Father Robert Parsons, an Englishman of Somersetshire, Priest of the Society of Jesus, and of this college the most excellent ruler; who educated and trained to virtue and formed with much labour youths of great promise, whom, for the conversion of England, he had gathered together in colleges and in hospices which in fitting places had been entirely founded or endowed by him—at Seville, Valladolid, Cadiz, Lisbon, Douai, St. Omer, Rome: with whom, as leader and companion, Father Edmund Campion, that bold defender of the Catholic Commonwealth, first of the Society of Jesus passed over into England. He was the avenger and champion of Truth; he pursued on all sides the foolhardiness of opponents; defended religion and refashioned holiness, by books, writings, sermons, letters, example. While engaged in these affairs he took to himself no share in a well earned repose, and never shrank from the honourable danger of personal defence, ever ready, ever resolute, ever rushing into the fire of most dangerous controversy—a man altogether lavish of his great soul. He completed sixty-four years, of which he passed in the Society of Jesus thirty-six through every pattern of virtue.

There you have a skeleton biography such as the writer of romance has often breathed upon. But do the dead bones veritably live after all? The Jesuit of fiction is a creation that has become a byword. But the Jesuit of epitaphs and of biography? The unreality seems to be at least as great. For of this same Parsons, the biographer whose book is before us denies the tombstone estimate. Unfortunately, no passage of equal length, or even much longer, in Father Taunton's book, contains an appreciation so inclusive as that of the epitaph. To the contents-table we turn for the set-off estimate as furnished by this volume. These are some of the entries—we include some that are merely biographical—under his "prevailing name":

Goes to Oxford; twice swears Royal supremacy; introduces Calvinist books; resigns his Fellowship; turns to the old religion; goes to Rome; joins the Society; enters England; his disguises; hunted; converts; lives in a palace; his flight and excuses; wants money; thought to be dead; his books do more harm than good; sent to manage Philip II.; turns trader; his coach and horses;

is exiled by the Pope; the plotter; his aliases; denies any political intention; begins intrigues; a traitor; a tool; insinuates at Cambridge; procures money for James; misleads the Pope; deliberate deception; justifies his rebellion; plots against (Cardinal) Allen; his credit failing; his old tactics; protests he meddles not; his religious doubts; his Puritanical spirit; is disobedient; love of the great; interpolates; found out; his untruths; his duplicity.

And so again on to "his epitaph," with its utterly diverse conclusions.

If the credit of the witnesses is to be taken into account, where the evidence is so conflicting, we cannot say that Father Taunton's is unimpeachable. He does not always quote from first-hand authorities, nor does he invariably verify his references. Resulting errors and misconceptions could be cited, did space allow. To sum up, it may be said that the volume is a field for the old-time quarrel between Regulars and Seculars—the clergy of the Roman Church who belong to Religious Orders and those who do not. That being so, "Ethelred Taunton" would have been a straighter combatant had he prefixed the "Rev." to his name, being himself a secular priest. So we end as we began, with an allusion to the title-page as itself a Jesuitical thing in this anti-Jesuit book.

The Abyss.

Studies of French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century. By H. B. Irving. (Heinemann.)

THE study of criminology has a fascination for many. The ordinary reader need bring to it no more special knowledge than is afforded by some understanding of the springs of action and of himself. We are all, more or less, concerned in every tragedy which leads to the convict prison or the scaffold. A book like this, therefore, has a human as well as a technical interest, and that human interest is not necessarily morbid. It is well that once in a way we should look into the abyss and shudder.

Mr. Irving has chosen for his interesting studies some fifteen cases, which present wide variety of character and method. All save one were proved murderers; all committed their crimes with a hideous disregard to any element of pity or human suffering. The names of Lacenaire, Troppmann, the Abbé Boudes, Pranzini, Albert Pel, Euphrasie Mercier, and Ravachol are names steeped in the blackest infamy, an infamy every detail of which is revealed by the procedure which is sanctioned by the French Criminal Code. The exhaustive initial inquiry before the Juge d'Instruction, the subsequent open proceedings in the Cour d'Assizes, unite to build up a mass of evidence against which no guilty man may stand. The method is eminently un-English, often revolting to our ideas of justice; but, on the other hand, the singular faculty of a French jury for finding extenuating circumstances serves in some degree to keep the balance even. If the prisoner is often baited like a wild animal, and the judge assumes the rôle of counsel for the prosecution, he yet has his opportunities for effective retort and telling appeals to the sentiment of the jury. "The struggle . . . in the Assize Court," says Mr. Irving, "is almost invariably an exciting one, the national character responding with unflinching spirit to the stimulus of what must always be a dramatic situation."

It is impossible to deal with all the cases presented in this volume; we will, therefore, take two as typical—those of Lacenaire and Euphrasie Mercier—the former representing the callous brutality of brains, the latter of equal brutality with a curious touch of heart. "I have always found Lacenaire simple," said the Avocat-Général who conducted the prosecution, "never seeking to make an effect, or pose as the hero of a tragedy. His faculties are of the highest order." But these faculties he put to no

better use than the writing of indifferent verse, a few newspaper articles, and his Memoirs. His father had once been well to do, but died penniless. The boy needed money: "J'ai l'horreur du vide dans ma poche," he said. He tried his hand at stealing, and was sent to prison. There he began an education which was to find a fitting end under the knife of the guillotine. His first exploit in the way of murder was effected upon the person of one Chardon, an image seller, who lived in the Rue St. Martin. For this piece of work he took into partnership Pierre Victor Avril, an expert in the use of a sharpened file. They succeeded perfectly with Chardon, and also with his bed-ridden mother. Unfortunately, Chardon was not so rich as report had stated: they secured only 500 francs, four silver dish covers, a soup ladle, a silk cap, and a cloak with a fur collar. Lacenaire's next effort was directed towards securing the bag of a bank messenger. On this occasion (Avril being temporarily incarcerated) he had another partner, who undertook to kill men for twenty francs. But François fumbled his part of the work, and they neither killed the bank messenger nor secured his bag. Then Lacenaire returned to petty larceny, and soon he and his partners were lodged in gaol. Those partners betrayed him.

At the trial Lacenaire made no effort to save himself; always cynical, he did his best to make his partners suffer with him; in the case of Avril he succeeded, but the other got off with penal servitude for life. During the time which elapsed between his sentence and execution Lacenaire held receptions and wrote his Memoirs. Here are some of his sayings:

To kill without remorse is the highest of pleasures.

I was always serious. I ought to have been a philosopher, never an artist. The follies of the studio make one pity an art so thoughtlessly practised.

While I had the capacity to write a play, I had also the capacity to kill. I chose the easiest.

I kill a man as I drink a glass of wine.

I kill without passion. Before killing, as after killing, I sleep equally well, and always peacefully.

Mr. Irving records that at his execution the knife stuck in the groove. "For twenty seconds it baulked the efforts of the executioners, and not till the head of Lacenaire had turned in the 'lunette,' and those standing round saw in his eyes for the first time the great horror of untimely death, did the tardy knife descend."

Euphrasie Mercier was of a different order. Three of her sisters were mad, though she herself was accounted perfectly responsible. After so mismanaging a considerable estate that it all passed into other hands, she wandered with the three demented sisters for thirty years. Then she started a boot shop in Paris, and there met the Mlle. Ménétret whose companion she became. Mlle. Ménétret shortly afterwards disappeared, and for three years Euphrasie Mercier successfully gave it out that the lady had entered a convent, the name of which she had besought her not to disclose. During those three years Euphrasie realised Mlle. Ménétret's securities by means of clever forgeries, and lived in the house with the three sisters. But she declined to provide an ill-conditioned and suspicious nephew with money; he communicated with the police, and the body of Mlle. Ménétret was discovered under a bed of dahlias. In this case the jury found extenuating circumstances; no doubt the devotion of Euphrasie to her mad family appealed to them. Yet in her crime there was no lack of cleverness, nor was there anything to redeem its deliberate brutality.

Mr. Irving has arranged his gruesome material well, and presented it in a concise and dramatic form. His somewhat sardonic humour is well fitted to lighten certain phases of his subject, and he never departs from a perfectly just estimate of the members of his criminal gallery. His point of view is consistently logical and sound, which cannot be said of all biographers of criminals.

Other New Books.

GERMAN BOOK-PLATES: AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN EXHIBITS. BY KARL EMICH COUNT ZU LEININGEN WESTERBURG.

This volume of the "Ex-Libris Series," translated by G. Ravenscroft-Dennis, deals with German and Austrian book-plates, excluding Swiss, which, as Count Leiningen-Westerburg remarks, have been exhaustively dealt with in Gerster's *Die Schweizerischen Bibliothekzeichen*. The Count was abundantly qualified for the work, being the happy possessor of twenty thousand book-plates, nearly ten thousand of them German. With a few exceptions he has, he tells us, avoided illustrating book-plates already often reproduced. It is not, he further warns us, a complete list of German book-plates, but only of the more important. There are, however, over two hundred book-plates figured in this handsome volume. It not only describes the ex-libris figured, but gives chapters on the methods of reproduction, the points of difference between German and English heraldry, inscriptions on book-plates, their size, and varieties. Among the inscriptions are some amusing ones, such as the following macaronic doggerel in Latin and German:

Hic liber est mein,
Ideo nomen meum scripsi drein;
Si vis hunc librum stehlen,
Pende bis an der Kehlen;
Tunc veniunt die Raben,
Et volunt tibi oculos ausgraben,
Tunc clamabis: Ach, ach, ach!
Ubique tibi recte geschach.

The book is a valuable one, which no student or lover of book-plates can afford to be without. The plates themselves have the well-known characteristics of German art—somewhat heavy, luxuriant in fancy, severe in draughtsmanship. (Bell & Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

RONALD'S FAREWELL, AND
OTHER VERSES.

BY GEORGE BIRD, M.A.

The author dedicates this little book of verse to the Poet-Laureate in a poem of some length, which is a fair sample of the viands to follow. From his vehemently expressed admiration of Mr. Alfred Austin one would expect the book to be full of what is called "natural description," couched in pretty verse, and it is even so. After this manner:

What joy to feel the kiss of April rains,
To hear all day the merle's loud minstrelsy,
To watch the daisies whitening lawn and lea,
To be a child once more as, through your strains,
There comes the breath of English fields and lanes.

Reading your verse my heart renews the year,
And, lo! sweet carols waken in the copse,
The rooks are building in the tall tree-tops,
And o'er the woodland's carpet, scattering cheer,
The yellow morning-stars of Spring appear.

With you I hear the cuckoo's ceaseless call,
And wander through the golden meads of June,
And pluck the wild-rose (fading, O how soon!),
And join the reaper's dance and festival,
And watch the autumn's flaming splendours fall.

There is much such cataloguing of natural phenomena, after the manner of Mr. Austin himself, and you can learn a good deal about the signs of the seasons if you have not observed these by no means inaccessible appearances for yourself. There are the *disjecta membra* of what has been poetry, and will be again, but hardly in Mr. Bird's hands. Once he lights on a good line:

And the swan sings loud on the upland croft, lest his heart
should die of the cold.

But it scarce happens again that he gets any breath of fresh and personal expression into his verse. Much worse verse has come before us, and to many that is a sufficient justification of their work. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

EGYPT AND THE HINTERLAND.

BY F. W. FULLER.

Egypt is almost as fruitful a source of books as South Africa, and there is little that is new to be said on the subject. Mr. Fuller's object, however, has been to write a short and comprehensive work, beginning with European intervention in Egypt down to the end of the tragic period ending with the removal of Abdullah bin Muhammad, which, without following too closely on previous lines, might serve the purpose of a book of reference to the Egypt of to-day. This Mr. Fuller has succeeded in doing very fairly well, and he has studied Sir Alfred Milner's great work on *England in Egypt*, Mr. A. Silva White's *Expansion of Egypt*, and the Annual Reports of Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General in Cairo to good purpose. What gives the book a special value is the fact that Mr. Fuller has given his references to authors and blue-books at the foot of the page, so that in case of need the more comprehensive works may be referred to at once without any trouble. The position of the Copts is one which especially interests Mr. Fuller, and he has given a chapter to their history and present status. The appendices are useful to the student, and the chronological synopsis of the rise and fall of Mahdism gives, in a succinct and handy form, the whole history of a most dramatic and epoch-marking series of events. For those who have not time to study the larger works, Mr. Fuller's book will be a fairly comprehensive summary of the period. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE

INDIAN BORDERLAND.

BY COLONEL SIR T. H. HOLDICH.

There is a vast amount of information stored away in this volume, and it is all the outcome of the surveys and studies of geography carried on by the officers who have been stationed on the north-west frontier of India during the past twenty years. When the Afghan War of 1878 broke out we possessed but little knowledge as to the nature of the country which was to be the scene of military operations, or of the people with whom we had to deal. During the last twenty years the veil which enveloped the geography of the frontier districts has been lifted, and among the names of those who took part in the work that of Sir T. H. Holdich has an honoured place. The extent of the information contained in this book may be judged by the fact that Waziristan, Baluchistan, the Lunar Valley, Kafirstan, Tirah, the Pamirs, the Perso-Baluch boundary, and the Persian Gulf, are all dealt with; while three chapters are devoted to the Russo-Afghan Boundary Commission, to the Indian section of which Colonel Holdich was attached as chief survey officer. The book is written in an easy and scholarly style; is well illustrated with photographs and sketches; and has a useful, but not elaborate, map of the frontier districts. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

BRITISH POWER AND THOUGHT:

BY THE

AN HISTORICAL INQUIRY.

HON. A. S. G. CANNING.

This can hardly be called either a good or necessary book. The title is a misnomer, and a similar lack of grip and decision in regard to his object seems to run through the author's work. It might really be described as a survey of the growth of Christianity as a political power, with especial reference to Britain's part in it. But it is difficult to find any genuine unifying idea which binds together the writer's chapters: they amble and shamble in an indecisive way trying to the patience and bewildering to the intelligence. For "British thought" we are given mainly some chapters on Shakespeare, Scott, and Macaulay, in which the criticism is not new, and sufficiently obvious. Shakespeare Mr. Canning picks up, drops, and returns to in disconnected chapters without apparent plan or reason (want of plan, indeed, is a feature of the book). And his criticism is of so belated a kind that he absolutely devotes pages to refuting the outworn strictures of Dr.

Johnson and other such eighteenth-century writers on the poet. He is apt to be over-sweeping and hasty in his statements or assumptions. Thus, he says that Shakespeare, in "Henry V.," introduces a Scotchman, Welshman, and Irishman "with a faint tincture of national peculiarities in manner and accent, but soon dismisses them." Could there be a livelier sketch of the peppery Welshman, in manner and accent, than "Fluellen"? It is alive and familiar even at the present day. And "Fluellen" runs intermittently through all the scenes of Agincourt. But not to insist further on the book's defects, let it be said that Mr. Canning has the saving grace of a dispassionate mind and comprehensive outlook, while some of his observations are acute. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

In *My Experiences of the Boer War* (Longmans, 5s. net) Count Sternberg brings the eyes of a German critic to bear upon the struggle in South Africa, with results that are decidedly interesting, if frequently dubious. Seeing both sides at close quarters, his opportunities for forming fair judgments were many. It is impossible not to like a book, written by a German, in which we read: "The English technical troops are splendid. The railway and telegraph corps worked wonderfully. . . . They repaired railways that were damaged in less time than the Boers had taken to damage them. . . . When I think of the English officers my heart grows weary. Men who are decimated, shot down like rabbits at a drive, and still remain so kind-hearted and chivalrous, show themselves to have the right blood in their veins. . . . English politics may be false, but the English soldiery is absolutely honest and brave." Were we compiling a list of the best books about the Boer war we should include in it this book, the value of which is increased by the admirable critical introduction from the pen of Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson, the appointed writer of the official history of the War.

The Mineralogy of Scotland, by the late Dr. M. Forster Heddle, edited, in two large and well-illustrated volumes, by Mr. J. G. Goodchild (Douglas), is a work that would have interested Mr. Ruskin, nor can it fail to find deeply interested students among mineralogists. Dr. Heddle had hoped to complete his treatise himself, and the work of his literary executor has been difficult. But willing help was given towards saving and presenting in the best form a labour of a lifetime, and the result is a highly technical but very clearly arranged work of permanent value.

Miss Jessie Ransome's *Story of the Siege Hospital in Peking* (S.P.C.K.) is an unpretending but interesting account of the events in Peking last summer as witnessed by a deaconess of the Church of England Mission. During the siege Miss Ransome acted as a nurse, and her description of the work done in the improvised hospital at the British Legation is one in which every English reader can feel patriotic pride.

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson has issued a very charming pocket edition of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, in a square shape, with parchment backing and rubricated initials. The frontispiece is a good small reproduction of Mr. G. F. Watts's "Love and Death," specially permitted by the artist.

For summer juvenile reading: Sixpenny editions of R. M. Ballantyne's stories, *The Dog Crusoe*, *The Coral Island*, and *Ungava*, in pictorial covers (Nelson).

From the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, comes a highly technical study of *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare*, to which Shakespearean students may like to have their attention drawn. They must be prepared, however, for some fearsome textual statistics, percentages, &c.

Fiction.

From a Swedish Homestead. By Selma Lagerlöf.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

A CRITIC in a hurry, needing a rapid classification of this author, might call her with some justice a Swedish Olive Schreiner. But only with partial truth; for she is more than that: simpler, more charming, more inspired, more freely romantic. Her talent is often undisciplined; her continual recourse to the supernatural is apt to irritate the reader; her statements can be too facile, too little supported by proof; but there is a mind at work all the time, and a very beautiful mind too, rich in love and pity for weak human nature. Were we allowed but one adjective for this collection of stories and parables, we should stand by the word beautiful.

But as a matter of fact Selma Lagerlöf disarms criticism. She is herself, not to be changed by blame or praise. Her writing is, we imagine, little pleasure to her in itself, and is valued only for its effect: for every page has its purpose. That purpose is the enlargement of the boundaries of the kingdom of charity and human kindness; and this artless Swedish lady, with her warm imagination, her curious literary tangents, and her gift of concrete imagery, is as acceptable a missionary as has latterly gone forth in the cause. We do not see any point in stating judiciously that in one place Miss Lagerlöf lacks conviction, and in another shows too much credulity. These things are secondary.

Not that the book is by any means a mere collection of tracts; but there is a moral in all of it. The fine free way of *Gosta Berling*—that odd, rushing, richly-tinted, generous tale—is not present; although in one of the stories we have another glimpse of two of Ekeby's cavaliers. This is quieter, more pensive. The first story, which is very charming, very simple, and long enough to be called almost a novel, tells of a demented man won back to sanity by love. The second story—also long—is a kind of history for peasants of King Olaf, the saint: an odd blend of mythology and Christianity, giving, may be, as true an impression of that innovator's character as has been achieved. After this the stories are short and various, the best, perhaps, being "The Peace of God," which tells how an old man lost in the snow was saved by a bear, and how, on reaching home again, he at once instituted a bear hunt. The bear slew him; and his family, despite the esteem in which he had been held, deemed his want of gratitude so base that they refused him all funeral pomps. In "Our Lord and St. Peter," another fable for simple minds, the moral that a bad man may yet speak truth and wisdom is put with a freshness that is likely to be labelled irreverence in some quarters—and that also might lend a sanction to clerical laxities. But the author's point is not less good for that.

Altogether a very interesting volume—and something more too.

Among the Syringas. By Mary E. Mann.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MISS MANN's latest novel is a very readable story, dealing with the attractive, uneducated, and slip-shod daughter of a despicable, if semi-starving clergyman. There is a good deal in the book, it is true, that does not strike one as taken from the "quick" of genuine life. The conversations of Sheba, a general servant, with her mistress do not seem redolent of actuality: neither does the latter's astounding acceptance of these communications. Even from Barbara there is the expectation, if not of more pride, or of a greater sense as to the fitness of things, at least of a keener susceptibility.

Nevertheless, Barbara, though one of a rather numerous crowd of untidy, impoverished heroines, with a strain of

Irish blood in their veins, has the charm of personality. Destitute of conventions, as one consequence of her lack of customary education, she interests by being a woman unrestrainedly herself. To a certain extent what in a man would be called "a waster," she is at the same time deep-hearted, lovable, and unalterably natural. Even her naïve experiments in shady behaviour leave her with a soul perfectly innocent and simple. Barbara's soul, indeed, gives the impression of having remained until the end of the book in a state of somewhat profound slumber, solely by reason of never having been called upon to do any waking business.

Her letters, the first especially, are the best things in the book.

Among the Syringas is not a strikingly original novel, but its pathos now and then has its fingers on the right notes, and its heroine, Barbara, remains, from beginning to end, equally interesting and human.

The Mayor of Littlejoy. By Fred C. Smale.
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE idea at the root of this novel was probably engendered under the influence of the works of Mr. H. G. Wells. It is not a bad idea, and, in our experience of modern fiction, it is an original one. The Mayor of Littlejoy (which may perhaps stand for Newton Abbot in Devonshire) while searching the intricacies of his pedigree, encountered the fact that his grandfather's great-grand-mother had been a fairy, was indeed a fairy, active and alive during the Mayoralty. Rosabel visited the Mayor, and played all sorts of elfish pranks, and her puffy descendant was obliged to pass her off as his niece. After embarrassing him in the most shameless manner, she departed permanently to a South Sea island for the benefit of her health. In the way of fanciful farce something might have been made of such a scheme as this. Mr. Smale, however, has made nothing of it, except a tedious and conventional extravaganza. The mayor is named Pettigrew: that is a sad blow to the reader's expectations—a blow intensified by the artist's pictures of Mr. Pettigrew in a dressing-gown. Why do provincial mayors always wear dressing-gowns in facetious fiction? On p. 9 occurs the following ominous passage, a foretaste of the three hundred pages of similar mechanics which are to come:

Mrs. Pettigrew having thus gained one point, had followed up her advantage and prevailed upon her husband to commission Mr. Pimm, the solicitor, to hunt up the Pettigrew pedigree, with the vague idea on the part of Mrs. P. of coat-of-arms, restored titles, and gain of caste generally. As she truly observed, Mr. Pettigrew must have descended from somebody, and that somebody may have been Julius Cæsar or Henry the Confessor (Mrs. Pettigrew was a trifle shaky in history) for all they knew.

Of course, on the other hand, it may have been a murderer or a Wesleyan (Mrs. P. was Church), but in that case they could keep it quiet, and Pimm would say nothing.

It is a pity that Mr. Smale could not have left his mayor and his fairy in the pages of the weekly paper where they first appeared. We review the book as an example of the futility of a good idea unsupported by adequate treatment.

Trewern: a Tale of the Thirties. By R. M. Thomas.
(Unwin. 6s.)

THE sub-title of this well-written but loosely-constructed Welsh novel is more descriptive than sub-titles usually are. The book is a picture of an era and a district, a record of extinct manners. Told in the first person by the hero (modest, upright, and herculean), it abounds in inconsequent incidents of highway and town, without having any

recognisable plot save a rather spasmodic love-story. The hero's aptitude for getting people out of scrapes and generally of acting the *deus ex machina* on the countryside is somewhat marked. Whether a lady's horse has run lame, or another lady's boat has been upset, or a "proclaimed" agitator needs a guide in his flight across a bog, David is equally there, with kindly intention and unflattering tongue. Some of the episodes are decidedly quaint, as that of the squire who was dunned by his tailor. Fatigued by the tailor's pertinacity, the squire asked him in to dinner. The tailor dined, and demanded his bill once more; the squire, drunk, sprang at the tailor, but the tailor thrashed his customer and went off victorious with his money. The little farce is told with an excellent air of reality. The figure of Gwyn, the political lawyer, is the best in the book, and an extract from Gwyn's encounter with another squire will serve to show Mr. Thomas's quality:

"What bin did you get this from?"

"Number three, sir, as you told me"

"I told you number two, you ass!" shouted the squire. "You are getting into your dotage. Your memory is failing you."

"You did tell him number three," interposed Gwyn, laughing.

"Confound you, sir," said Bowen; "you give the lie to my port first and to me afterwards. But we must have a bottle of the nine as well to see how they compare."

I do not know whether they had more than the brace of bottles, but old Bowen always afterwards spoke with some respect of Gwyn. "A pestilent Radical, sir, no doubt," he would say, "but he knew a good glass of wine, and he did not know the difference between an attorney and a gentleman. Contradicted me flatly when he chose. Didn't assert himself, but took himself for granted, if you know what I mean. Gave me the idea that he would have talked the same way to a prince or a stone-breaker, and damn it, sir, a man can't have better manners than that. Son of an innkeeper! God knows where he got it from, but that man had good blood in his veins, or all our ideas are wrong."

Trouern is a praiseworthy production.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE MAKING OF CHRISTOPHER FERRINGHAM.

BY BEULAH M. DIX.

An American novel. Massachusetts of John Endicott's time! It is the story of a younger son of an old English house, who had been brought up in the Cavalier camp, taken prisoner after Worcester, and sent by his grandfather, a Parliament man, out to his kinsfolk in a Puritan New England settlement. There he is in bad repute, and finds friends only among the lapsed, but his good heart and high courage bring him safe through disgrace and peril, and after being hunted out of the settlement at Meadowcreek, the making-time comes, and all is well. The heroine is a pretty Puritan. (Macmillan. 6s.)

PASTORALS OF DORSET.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

Eleven studies of Dorsetshire life, reprinted from various magazines and journals.

"What a din they do make—a body can scarce hear his own voice," cried Joyce.

"'Tis their natur' like, master," replied the shepherd, hobbling after him. "There's little need of a-hearin' one's own voice with ewes and lambs about. It do take a man all his time to see to 'em." (Longmans. 6s.)

IN BAD COMPANY.

BY ROLF BOLDBREWOD.

Thirty-eight Australian stories and sketches. The longest, which gives its title to the volume, turns on the wickedness of a trades-unionist agitator during an Australian strike. Others describe bushrangers, rough-riding contests, kangaroo shoots, lapsed gentlefolk, &c. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE ETERNAL CHOICE.

BY E. H. COOPER.

By the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket* and other stories. The author, in a dedication, neatly and modestly fingers his literary "output." It runs: "To C. L. C., who has helped me with so many of my stories, bringing order into their chaos of children, racehorses, and shadowy men and women, I dedicate this latest result of our joint work." *The Eternal Choice* is a story of modern times. Love is its theme. The author has humour and a light touch. (Pearson. 6s.)

VOYSEY.

BY R. O. PROWSE.

A long, closely-packed novel which, we observe, is being advertised as "the novel of the day." In the beginning, during a pianoforte recital, Voysey (he is a man) is introduced. He has "a certain independence in the doing of his hair," and "it was a face that women had seldom gone so far as to call good-looking, though they had sometimes thought it interesting." Voysey dominates the book. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE TREASURE OF CAPTAIN SCARLETT

BY ADELINÉ SERGEANT.

The prologue is of adventure, and opens on a sandy beach. Out of six hundred souls only seven survived. Enter Captain Scarlett:

"'It's the man Scarlett,' he said.

Nelly cast a glance of horror first upon him and then upon the stranger.

"The murderer?" she gasped.

Robert Strange nodded in reply."

"The story," which fills two-thirds of the book, is of the "dear-old-grange" and "Peggy" variety. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE BURDEN OF AN HONOUR.

BY R. ST. J. CORBET.

This is a sunny English story—a kind of diluted Trollope. Trollope's general and archdeacon are here, and his tennis-lawns and clubs and country life. His skill and subtlety are in nowise matched; but the Trollopian pleasantness abounds; and much of the dialogue is really amusing. The heroine, too, is a delightful girl—big, brown-eyed, and well-bred. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

A DARING SPIRIT.

BY MRS. BAGOT-HARTE.

A suburban murder story, in which the real culprit is overheard in guilty confessions to his wife in Kensal-green Cemetery at night by a boy who kept up his courage by eating buns. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

IN THE SHADOW OF GUILT.

BY M. C. AND R. LEIGHTON.

Melodrama, with pictures, and such chapter headings as "The Canker in Sir Aubrey's Heart," "The Skeleton in the Cupboard," "Sir Aubrey Meets the Living Past." The pictures are tremendous. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

A STOLEN WOOING.

BY SEYTON HEATH.

A desperately sentimental story on novelette lines, with the death of the hero on the stage of a theatre. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage) 17/6
„ Quarterly 5/0
„ Price for one issue /5

The Bible and the Bishops.

No book has ever changed its place in the estimation of English people more completely than has the Bible. Without going so far back as the Reformation, when the sufficiency of the Scriptures for salvation was almost the only point on which the Reformers agreed, one has only to look at the popular literature of fifty years ago to see that the Bible was then considered by the great majority of Englishmen as the last appeal in matters not only of religion, but of history and of science. It was the authority of the Bible that the opponents of new ideas invoked against the theories of geologists and evolutionists, and for some time, at any rate, this was sufficient to prevent their gaining the universal acceptance they have since received. A little later, statesmen like Lord Cairns, the first Lord Selborne, and Mr. Gladstone made no scruple of alluding to it as an authority beyond dispute even in purely secular matters, and did so without awakening any audible dissent in those they were addressing. But now the position is entirely changed. Save for a few quotations, generally made without acknowledgment of their source, the Bible might as well not exist so far as contemporary literature is concerned, and the statesman who would draw any serious arguments in public from the Creation of Man, Noah's Ark, Balaam's Ass, or Jonah's Whale, would only expose himself to the derision of his audience. Nor is all this due to mere caprice. Modern investigation and modern discoveries have thrown an entirely new light on the sources both of the Biblical legends and the Biblical books, with the result that while all the earlier legends can be shown to have been borrowed by the Jews from a heathen source, hardly one of the Books of the Bible is now attributed to the author who was formerly supposed to have written it. When we now talk of the Bible we mean something quite different from what was meant even twenty years ago.

The odd thing about this levelling of what was once considered the great bulwark of Christianity is that it has been brought about, not from without, but from within. So far as England is concerned, it has not been the attacks of unbelievers like Voltaire, Winwood Reade, or Renan that have undermined the Englishman's traditional belief in his Bible, but the theories and admissions of those whom he believed to be engaged in its defence. Nearly all those who of late years have embarked in Biblical criticism have been divines or university professors whose orthodoxy was undoubted. Nor has the result been the work of any one school or party. As readers of the ACADEMY must know from our reviews, the admissions of the moderate school of critics have been quite as fatal as the wilder theories of the more advanced, and the works of Profs. Sayce and Hommel, of Dean Payne Smith, and the Hulsean and Warburtonian lecturers have made it perhaps rather more impossible for ordinary minds to accept as authentic a great part of the Bible than have the lucubrations of Prof. Wellhausen and the Higher Criticism. At last, however, the last-named school may fairly claim to have distanced their rivals, and the high-water mark of destructive criticism seems to have been reached with the appearance of the

last volume of Canon Cheyne's *Encyclopædia Biblica* (reviewed in the ACADEMY of February 23, 1901), wherein Prof. Schmiedel asserts, without any sign of contradiction or dissent from the editors, that there are only five passages in the whole of the Gospels which enable us "to prove to a sceptic that there is any historical value to be assigned to the Gospels." It is significant that these passages can all be used—and, in fact, are used—by their collector as arguments against the divinity of the Founder of Christianity, or, to use Prof. Schmiedel's own words, to prove "that in the person of Jesus we have to do with a completely human being, and that the divine is to be sought in Him only in the form in which it is capable of being found in a man."

Now this, as we have before said, seems to us pre-eminently a matter which concerns the Church of England. The Roman Church has always refused to allow the laity any voice in the interpretation or the discussion of Scripture, and, no doubt, now contemplates with a certain sanctified malice the use to which the heretics, after all the clamour which they have raised in the past over "an open Bible," have put their dearly acquired liberty. The Free Churches, on the other hand, from the closer nature of their Biblical studies and the greater elasticity of their formulas, have always been both more inclined towards the Higher Criticism and better acquainted with its pretensions than have the majority of Anglicans, and many of their ministers are doubtless now hard at work weighing and testing the evidence on which Prof. Schmiedel bases his conclusions with a view to their refutation or modification if either be possible, and their assimilation if it be not. But the Church of England is in a very different position to any of these. Apart from the fact that among her divines theological learning is rare, and what there is of it is for the most part on the side of the enemy, she alone demands from each of her ministers on his ordination the assertion of the most unquestioning belief in the whole of the Bible. "Do you unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures?" is the question put to the candidate in the *Ordering of Deacons*, and to this he has to reply "I do." Hence no compromise with the position taken up by those who now assert that none but a comparatively small part of the Canonical books is believable can be discovered by lay minds, and the only question that remains is, What are the Bishops going to do?

As to what they would have done had the situation occurred forty years back there can be no reasonable doubt. In 1863 the Bishop of Salisbury presented articles against the Rev. Rowland Williams for having, among other things, maintained in the famous *Essays and Reviews* that the Bible was not the Word of God nor the rule of our faith, and, although Dr. Williams was acquitted on this charge by the Privy Council in the following year, it was only because they considered that the words used by him did not bear the construction put upon them. After Lord Westbury's judgment, moreover, an address was presented by 137,000 members of the Church of England to the two Archbishops praying that they might "be enabled with the other bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland to take effectual counsel for upholding (among other things) the Divine authority of Holy Scriptures." What this meant might be seen in the persecution of Dr. Jowett by Pusey and his party for the offence of contributing to *Essays and Reviews*, which, although ineffective in the main point, yet prevented the then Regius Professor of Greek from receiving his full salary for more than six years. The case seems to be on all fours with the present one, for, although Prof. Schmiedel, who is a Professor at Zurich, is not amenable to episcopal jurisdiction, Canon Cheyne, as a dignitary of the Church, certainly is, and in his position as Oriel Professor of Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford has possibly laid himself open to the same sort of attack as Jowett. Yet we

may venture to guess that no such proceedings will be instituted, at any rate by the Bishops themselves. The difficulty of proving to lay judges, with whom the decision must ultimately rest, that any human being should be made to suffer for religious opinions conscientiously expressed, and an exaggerated respect for that German scholarship with which most of them are but indifferently well acquainted, will, perhaps, form two of the reasons which will cause the Bishops to hesitate long before embarking on the stormy sea of legal proceedings. Perhaps a synodical condemnation of the *Encyclopædia* by Convocation, which will have the advantage, as Lord Westbury once said, of not being a condemnation and hurting nobody, will be all the thunder that they will employ in defence of the faith.

It does not follow from this that the orthodox will give up what Mr. Gladstone somewhat mistakenly called "the Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" without a struggle. They would be ill-advised if they did, for—to tell them a secret—the battle-line of the Higher Critics is by no means so strong as it looks, and might break to pieces before a counter-attack pushed home with skill and learning. But it will require a better leader than the Bishop of Southampton, whose articles in our contemporary, *The Pilot*, are, perhaps, the first shots fired by his side in the fray. This dignitary, who is, as we may remind our readers, one of the suffragans of the Bishop of Winchester, does not indeed mention in terms the *Encyclopædia*; but, as his communications have all appeared after the reviews of the last volume, this may be due only to the ecclesiastical habit of averting, as women are said to do, the eyes from the blow which is seen to be inevitable. But the articles are avowedly evoked by recent criticism, the effect of which he states in curiously mild and anodyne terms. Thus, he tells us, criticism working on positive lines has "come to hold that for much of the history recorded in the Bible there is no contemporary authority, or at best only oral traditions committed to writing in their present form long after the events they record," and "these doubts as to the genuineness of some of the Biblical writings have led to doubts of their authenticity." And by "the comparative method" results are obtained in which he apparently is willing to acquiesce.

Such a process [i.e., as placing the Bible alongside the sacred books of other religions] *naturally* [the italics are ours] results in theories which regard many parts of the Bible as specimens of an almost universal mythological tendency or, at all events, as devoid of that unique historical and doctrinal authority which was formerly ascribed without controversy to each and every portion of the inspired volume.

From this it would appear that some part, at any rate, of the position of the Higher Criticism is conceded by Dr. Lyttelton, although the obscurity of his language on this point seems to indicate a corresponding confusion of mind. But in his last article, entitled "The Tractarians and Biblical Criticism," he leaves us in less doubt as to how he would, if he had a free hand, deal with the matter. This would simply be by refusing to the individual judgment any part in its decision. "By the direct aid of the Holy Spirit," he says, "the baptized Christian taught by the Church the fundamental truths of Christianity will find in the Bible the fullest and surest support of these truths"; and he quotes (it is presumed with approval) from "the greatest philosophical theologian of the Tractarians, Robert Wilberforce"—though whether the passage was written before or after this theologian's reception into the Roman Church he does not say—that "the spiritual gift by which alone the true meaning of the Scriptures can be rightly discerned is, as a rule, bestowed only upon the Church and upon individuals as members of that body." Later, he goes on to quote from Coleridge the *dictum* that it is impossible for those who look upon the Scriptures "merely as a set of documents contrived for the instruction of individual men merely as

a witness to them for what has been done for them . . . to encounter the common objections to the Bible." "For these objections," he says in conclusion, "can only be met by constant reference to the Church."

Here, then, is an indication of the way in which the High Church or Anglo-Catholic party propose to resist such a determined assault upon its hitherto most cherished doctrines as are contained in Prof. Schmiedel's denial of the divinity of the Founder of Christianity and of the credibility of the Gospels. "Do not," it says in effect, "trouble your heads as to whether the events narrated in the Bible actually happened or whether the evidence for them is such as to warrant your belief in them as objective facts. The interpretation of Scripture, which naturally includes both its authenticity and its credibility, is a matter not for you but for the Church, and it is for you to believe on her authority and not on that of any private exercise of the reason." If this be the correct interpretation of the quotation given above, we are bound to say we think the claim is a mistake, both from the tactical and the apologetic point of view. We need not stop to inquire what is the Church to which the Bishop of Southampton refers, nor how he proposes to obtain her decision. The ACADEMY is, as our readers know, edited in the interest of no party or sect whatever, and our only position in the matter is that of the disinterested onlooker. But from what we know of Englishmen as a whole, we think that if they are to regain or retain their former belief in the Bible it will not be on the *sic volo sic jubeo* of any Church.

Things Seen.

The End.

WE climbed in the evening to the little church upon the hill and watched the lonely world glimmering away to infinity. In front was the sea, motionless yet moving; to the right the plain with the dim sheep and reaches of the tiny river touched to a golden shimmer; to the left yellow sands sweeping round the bay and the red roofs of a hill-town; behind uplands, a line of feathery trees standing against the sky, and one light in a farm-house window. Overhead hung the new moon, a wisp tossed into the blue, shyly turning from the splendour of the setting sun. Homing birds flew through the still air, and the deep silence was broken, now and again, by the cuckoo's cry, as if its spirit, doomed to eternal repentance for wilful misunderstanding in some past life, was saying: "I know now, I know now."

Over all came the strange hush and flush that marks the close of day. It was England. And here to this peaceful hill, crowned by its grey church tower and its acre of graves, one who had died for England had come. From the far turmoil the soldier had been brought to his English home. Newly: for the flowers on the mound were still fresh. Here was a wreath from his comrades, there one from his old schoolfellows, and others, too, more intimate, whose names must not be recalled. But at the head of the mound was a card with these words written upon it: "His own epitaph, chosen by himself:

What I aspired to be
And am not—comforts me."

Rest well, good soldier! Is it so, I wonder, as one of our own poets has said—that they who die for England sleep with God?

The Worker.

OF all the men I have ever known he was the most cheerful, and the most incompetent. We met thus: he was driving a motor-car up a gentle ascent, on the top of which stood a stone gateway—ancient and massive. He

drove the motor-car gleefully, standing, waving his free hand, and shouting to the drivers of the other vehicles to make way. In attempting to pass on the wrong side of a carriage that was coming down the ascent he ran into the stone archway. If he had tried, I doubt if he could have impinged on that stone buttress more magnificently. He charged it plump. The front of the motor-car met the stonework squarely, reared like a horse, and came to a standstill in a disarray of wheels and broken woodwork. The Incompetent stepped out, and smiled at the wreck. "You'll have some trouble to get it home," I said. "It's a day's job," he replied, with a smile of exultation. "A bad day's job," I remarked. The Incompetent shook his head and gave a happy laugh. "It's like this, sir, I'm the odd man in the village. I turn my hand to anything, and when the blacksmith asked me to take this motor to the Doctor's house, I jumped at the job. You see, I've got no regular work, and I miss regular work badly. I can't be idle. I don't know how to. When I first came here I thought I should have gone crazy for want of something to do. I had to leave London for my health. I drove a brewer's dray there for thirty years, every moment of my time occupied, and when I came down here, having no regular work, I couldn't fill the day, and it made me miserable. Of course, I'm sorry I've broke the front of this here thing, but I shall have to get it back to the blacksmith's, and that'll mean giving him a hand with the mending of it, and perhaps another journey, and so I reckon for the next twelve hours I sha'n't have a moment to call my own. And that, sir, I may tell you, for a man who was in active employment for thirty years, and goes crazy if he hasn't got work for every hour of the day, is a little bit of all right—that's what it is, sir, a little bit of all right." Then he began to gather up the fragments, whistling.

A Collector Indeed.

A SALE of books and autograph letters, which will take place on Fifth-avenue, New York, ten days hence, will make interesting evidence of the zeal with which American collectors buy and transport rare English books. From time to time a rather futile cry of alarm is raised when it is seen how the libraries of England are gradually becoming the libraries of America. Mr. Sidney Lee has pointed to the unceasing export of Shakespeare folios, undoubtedly a serious matter. Two reflections, however, moderate the indignation with which these expatriations of books might fill us. They are bought by Americans in open market, and our single remedy, that of out-bidding them, is in our own hands. Secondly, it is unnecessary to assume that because a book crosses the Atlantic it may not one day be brought back. The fact that Messrs. Bangs, of New York, have sent to English book-buyers the catalogue (admirably edited and printed) of their approaching sale of books and autograph letters collected by Mr. William Harris Arnold shows that the opportunity of recovery exists. It is true that the American old-book market is not highly organised, and that the mismanagement of the Daly sale disgusted English collectors, who, under better conditions, would have been purchasers of many of the English treasures which it included; but the time cannot be distant when the old-book markets of London and New York will be reconciled and fused. Rare books will then enrich English and American libraries alternately. The care bestowed on the catalogue before us suggests the nearness of this more gracious period. Meanwhile, it is impossible to resent the possession by an American book-lover of books and autographs so eloquent of personal selection and cultivated taste as those collected by Mr. Arnold. His first editions are of the kind which derive their value not from rarity only, but from intrinsic literary interest. One divines

that his books (there are not too many of them) have been lovingly hoarded and handled, that they have made many an Attic night. Think of holding in your hand even such a comparatively obscure volume as the first edition of the *Poems of Thomas Carew, Esqr.*, 1642. Or of *The Mistress, or Severall Copies of Love Verses*, written by Mr. A. Cowley, 1647. Or of *Christobel: Kubla Khan, A Vision; The Pains of Sleep*, by S. T. Coleridge, Esqr., 1816. Mr. Arnold could hand you such books casually, and, as it were, on the brink of marvels. First editions of Donne, Walton, and Chapman simply lay about, and books that would have made Charles Lamb ill with longing stood in quiet beauty on his shelves. We do not know what Elia would have written upon seeing Thomas Heywood's *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells: Their Names, Orders, and Offices* in the city of the sky-scraper and the cock-tail; but we surmise that we would have answered in the affirmative his own question: "Whether the higher orders of seraphs ever sneer?" And to find this book flanked by the same author's *Troia Britanica* and his *Tunaikeion: or Nine Bookes of Various History Concerninge Women, Inscribed by y^e names of y^e Nine Muses!* Remembering that Lamb once reduced a bore to silence by taking his pipe from his mouth and inquiring whether he meant to argue that a thief was not a good man, we tremble for him as our roving eye alights on Phineas Fletcher's *The Purple Island, together with Piscatorie Ecloges*, with the rare leaf at the end containing the verses "To my deare friend, the Spencer of this age," by Francis Quarles. Quarles himself stood on another of Mr. Arnold's shelves, where his *Divine Fancies* of 1632 and his *Shepherd's Oracles* of 1646 were neighboured by the *Judicious and Select Essayes and Observations* of "that Renowned and Learned Knight Sir Walter Raleigh upon the First Invention of Shipping." This volume contains, moreover, a seventeenth century publisher's list, being the books published by Humphrey Moseley, as Milton's *Poems*, Waller's *Poems*, Shirley's *Poems*, Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple* and Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*.

There is a kind of book of which it may be said that it is only interesting in its first edition, or, to be more careful of speech, that its interest only becomes radiant in that dress. Who now reads Dryden's satire *The Medal*? But Mr. Arnold has the first edition, yeapt *The Medall, A Satyre against Sedition*, printed by Jacob Tonson in 1682. Who, thus lured, would not spend half an hour with Dryden's crushing lines, and think of the hundred gold pieces with which King James rewarded the poet who, in obedience to his Majesty, had fixed on the Earl of Shaftesbury the stigma which a jury had removed. Then there are first editions of *Tom Jones*, *Amelia*, and *The Voyage to Lisbon*; a first edition of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* that had belonged to the Honourable Miss Ingram, one of the original subscribers and first editions of Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *Gentle and Ingenious Conversation*.

On Milton's works Mr. Arnold had cast longing and effectual eyes, and we think the traffic on Fifth Avenue ought to be stopped while the first English and the first American editions of *Paradise Lost* are under the hammer.

In eighteenth-century books he is rich by the mere possession of the first octavo edition of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, 1770, which is supposed to have preceded the first quarto edition published on May 26 of that year. First editions of *The Citizen of the World*, and the second edition (rarest and best) of *The Life of Richard Nash, Esq.*, will bear it company in the sale.

A collector indeed! But there are still the letters and documents. There is the MS. of the Transfer by which Addison made over the copyright of the eighth volume of the *Spectator* to Jacob Tonson. There is a letter from Cowper about *The Task*, in which he says, for the comfort of weary writers: "Sully's rule—*nulla dies sine linea*, will make a

volume in less time than one would suppose. I adhered to it so rigidly that though more than once I found three lines as many as I had time to compass, still I wrote; and finding occasionally, and as it might happen, a more fluent vein, the abundance of one day made me amends for the barrenness of another." There is Shelley's letter to Ollier & Co., from Pisa, consigning *Adonais*: "I send you the bill of lading [a poet's tears the subject of a bill of lading!] of the box containing *Adonais*: and I send also a copy to yourself by Mr. Gisborne, who probably will arrive before the ship." Wordsworth, writing a long letter to his first American editor, Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, exclaims—little conscious of the significance with which time has invested his words: "What a vast field is there open to the English Mind acting through our noble Language."

But the best letters in Mr. Arnold's drawers were from Keats. His long letter, dated January 13, 15, 17 and 27, 1820, has never been published so fully and accurately as in Messrs. Bangs' catalogue. Some of its passages are curiously interesting. These, for example:

George has introduced to us an American of the Name of Hart. I like him in a Moderate way. He was at Mrs. Dilke's party; and, sitting by me, we began talking about english and american ladies. The Miss Reynolds and some of their friends made not a very enticing row opposite us. I bade him mark them and form his judgement of them. I told him I hated Englishmen because they were the only Men I knew. He does not understand this. Who would be Bragadocio to Johnny Bull? Johnny's house is his Castle, and a precious dull castle it is. What a many Bull Castles there are in So and so Crescent! I never wish myself an universal visitor and newsmonger but when I write to you. I should like for a day or two to have somebody's knowledge, Mr. Lacon's, for instance, of all the different folks of a wide acquaintance to tell you about. Only let me have his knowledge of family minutæ and I would set them in a proper light, but bless me I never go anywhere—my pen is no more garulous than my tongue—Any third person would think I was addressing myself to a Lover of Scandal. But we know we do not love scandal but fun, and if scandal happens to be fun, that is no fault of ours.

Who would have thought that Keats had known the literary impulses of Mr. Gissing? And, again:

When once a person has smok'd the vapidity of the routine of Society he must either have self interest or the love of some sort of distinction to keep him in good humour with it. All I can say is that standing at Charing Cross and looking east west north and south I see nothing but dulness. I hope while I am young to live retired in the country, when I grow in years and have a right to be idle, I shall enjoy cities more. If the American Ladies are worse than the English they must be very bad. . . . Their affectation of fashion and politeness cannot transcend ours. Look at our Cheapside Tradesmens sons and daughters—only fit to be taken off by a plague. I hope now soon to come to the time when I shall never be forced to walk through the City and hate as I walk.

In the same letter he makes sport with "Twang-dillo-dee," which, he says, is the "Amen" to nonsense. He would write it "at the end of most modern Poems," and then "Every American book ought to have it." Messrs. Bangs need not apologise to their bidders for this remark; instead they should read the climax:

Some philosophers in the Moon, who spy at our Globe as we do at theirs, say that Twang dillo dee is written in large letters on our Globe of Earth. They say the beginning of the T is just on the spot where London stands. London being built within the Flourish—*w a n* reach down and slant as far as Timbuctoo in Africa, the tail of the G goes elap across the Atlantic into the Rio della Plata—the remainder of the letters wrap round New Holland, and the last e terminates on land we have not yet discovered. However, I must be silent; these are dangerous times to libel a man in, much more a world.

A letter from Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Cornelius

Mathews corrects an idea that she was a relation of Tennyson's: "As to the mistake, if I could make out a hundred-and-ninety-ninth cousinship a hundred-and-ninety-nine times removed from Alfred Tennyson, I would snatch at it, and frame my pedigree."

There are letters from Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Hawthorne. Longfellow describes the first speech he ever made. "It shall be the last. It was only an inch long; but while impending it cast a shadow over my life for three days."

Emerson delivers himself to Prof. Henry Reed on Wordsworth: "It is very easy to see that to act so powerfully in this practical age, he needed, with all his oriental abstraction, the indomitable vigour rooted in animal constitution, for which his countrymen are marked."

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: "I am tired of writing occasional poems. . . . What with Alumni meetings and Jubilee and Halleck Monument, and that Cambridge Memorial, I am getting to feel like a street musician strapped to a hurdy-gurdy."

Hawthorne declines to write twelve short stories, remarking: "I shall not be able to accept it, because experience has taught me that the thought and trouble expended on that kind of reproduction is vastly greater in proportion than what is required for a long story."

We have but skimmed the Catalogue. As a whole the collection goes far to justify the motto which will doubtless be found in every volume, since it encircles Mr. Arnold's book-plate: "There is no past so long as books do live."

Correspondence.

Gainsborough.

SIR,—I notice a letter in the ACADEMY from Mr. Arthur Chamberlain about Gainsborough's painting. I do not know whether you will be interested to know that I have a painting of a miser which bears a strong resemblance to "The Parish Clerk" in the National Gallery, except the one is a good man and the other a bad one. This painting formerly belonged to Sir Thomas Lavie and then to his son, Captain George Lavie, R.N.; then to his widow, who was a relative of mine; and came into my possession about twenty years ago. It was restored by Holyoake & Coates, of Leamington, and they have no hesitation in saying it is a genuine painting by Thomas Gainsborough. Sir Edward Cockburn, and many others who have seen it in my house, are all satisfied that it is the work of a master hand. I have never exhibited it or shown it outside my own place, but should be very pleased to let you or any other person view it. The miser is surprised while counting his money: he grasps his bag with one hand, while he endeavours to cover the coins on the table with the other. The face, hands, and body are as perfectly painted as other works of Gainsborough; the coat is a dark blue; and the coins bear the inscription, "Geo. III., Dei Gratia," which gives one some idea of the date of the picture, when there were not many men who could do such work. —I am, &c., J. J. JACKSON.

Titles of Novels.

SIR,—It would appear as if our novelists are getting desperately hard up for names for novels. Messrs. Stevens & Brown have just published a novel by George Horton, entitled *Like Another Helen*, not quite original (the title, I mean), as in 1899 Messrs. Blackwood & Sons published a novel, by "S. C. Grier," with the same title, taken from a line in "Alexander's Feast." Then we have Mr. Macqueen issuing, the other day, a novel entitled *Four Red Night Caps*, by Mr. Chesney. One would naturally imagine that there was little chance of such a title as this having been forestalled. But this is the case, as, in 1890, the same title was adopted for a novel by C. J.

NOW READY.

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

By "ZACK."

6s.

KARADAC.

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD.

6s.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY.

By "ALIEN." 6s.

**THE CURIOUS CAREER OF
RODERICK CAMPBELL.**

By JEAN McILWRAITH. 6s.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

By MAY SINCLAIR. 6s.

THAT SWEET ENEMY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s.

THE SHIP'S ADVENTURE.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 6s.

THROUGH SIBERIA.

By J. STADLING. Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 18s.

"Interesting and instructive in the highest degree."—*The Outlook*.**EPHEMERA CRITICA.**

By CHURTON COLLINS. 7s. 6d.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., LTD., Westminster.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.**NEW & POPULAR NOVELS.**

Price 6s. each.

Now Ready.—The THIRD EDITION of

THE CAREER OF A BEAUTY.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

DENVER'S DOUBLE.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

THE SECRET OF THE DEAD.

By L. T. MEADE.

WHAT MEN CALL LOVE.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

MAY SILVER.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

Price 5s.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CLASPED HANDS.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

With Illustrations by A. WALLIS MILLS.

F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

Recently published, 8vo, with Illustrations, price 14s. net.

NARRATIVE of CRUISES in the MEDITERRANEAN in H.M.S. "Euryalus" and "Chanticleer" during the Greek War of Independence (1822-26). By WILLIAM BLACK, L.R.S.C.E., Surgeon H.M.S. "Chanticleer." With Sick and Weather Tables.

"This spirited and open-hearted chronicle."—*Spectator*."This charming work."—*Liverpool Courier*."It should prove welcome to many."—*Scotsman*.

Edinburgh: OLIVER & BOYD.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., Ltd.

**FROM MR. GRANT RICHARDS'S
SPRING LIST.****The AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a JOURNALIST**

By W. J. STILLMAN, L.H.D., Author of "Francesco Crispi," &c. Demy 8vo, cloth, with Portraits, 2 vols., 24s. net.

THE SWORD and the CENTURIES; or,

Old Sword Days and Old Sword Ways. By Captain ALFRED HUTTON, F.S.A., Author of "Cold Steel," &c. With Introductory Remarks by Captain CYRIL G. R. MATHEY. Illustrated. Medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 15s.

LITTLE MEMOIRS of the EIGHTEENTH

CENTURY. By GEORGE PASTON. Author of "Mrs. Delany." Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, with 7 Illustrations in Photogravure, 10s. 6d.

THE DAY-BOOK of JOHN STUART

BLACKIE. Edited by A. STODART-WALKER, M.B. Author of "The Struggle for Success." Large crown 8vo, buckram, with Portrait of Professor Blackie in Photogravure, 6s.

THREE PLAYS for PURITANS. By

BERNARD SHAW, Author of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant." With 3 Illustrations in Photogravure. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

TRUSTS and the STATE. By Henry W.

MAGROSTY, B.A. (Fabian Series, No. 1.) Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

WRECKING the EMPIRE. By J. M.

ROBERTSON, Author of "Patriotism and Empire." Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

THE CITIES of NORTHERN ITALY.

By G. C. WILLIAMSON, D.L. (Grant Allen's Historical Guides, V.) Fcap. 8vo, cloth, with rounded corners, 3s. 6d. net.

HOW to WRITE a NOVEL: a Practical

Guide to the Art of Fiction. ("How To" Series, V.) Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE PSYCHOLOGY of JINGOISM. By

J. A. HOBSON, Author of "The War in South Africa: its Causes and Effects." Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

COMPANION BOOKS OF REFERENCE SERIES.**THE COMPANION DICTIONARY of**

QUOTATIONS. Compiled by NORMAN MACMUNN. Fcap. 8vo, burl, 2s. 6d.

NEW FICTION.**GOOD SOULS of CIDER-LAND. By**

WALTER RAYMOND. With Cover Design by F. R. Kimbrough. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

A NEW NOVEL BY MARIE CONNOR AND ROBERT LEIGHTON.**IN the SHADOW of GUILT, Authors of**

"Convict 99," "Michael Dred, Detective," &c., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

POETRY.**SELF'S the MAN: a Tragi-Comedy. By**

JOHN DAVIDSON, Author of "Fleet Street Eclogues." Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

THIRD AND ENLARGED EDITION.

RUBÁIYÁT of OMAR KHAYYÁM. A

Paraphrase from several Literal Translations. By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s. net.

Mr. Grant Richards will have pleasure in forwarding his List of Spring Publications post free on application.

London: GRANT RICHARDS, 9, Henrietta Street,
Covent Garden, W.C.

Hyne, published by Messrs. Remington. Surely such awkward repetitions of titles might be easily avoided by consulting the English Catalogue.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

"The Longest Poem of the 20th Century."

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a misapprehension made in your review of my book this week, where you ascribe its authorship to my sister?

At the same time let me thank you for your chastening comments. The book was only a holiday experiment written by me some years ago when I was resident on the river, and, by courteous permission of the publishers, its present issue has been confined to press copies. Such a plan, at all events, safeguards the public from having a work offered for purchase until it may have chanced to pass the proper carriers of journalistic criticism.—I am, &c.,

R. HEATHER BIGG.

56, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, W.:

April 20, 1901.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 83 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best personal reminiscence of a notable man or woman. The replies are nearly all interesting. We award the prize to Mrs. Macdonald, 5, Montacute-gardens, Tunbridge Wells, for the following:

VERLAINE.

We were sitting at tea in the little flat near the Regent's Park when Verlaine was shown in.

He bowed over my hand, with his eyes on my face—eyes that had looked on all the passion and sorrow of the world, and still retained a glance of childlike simplicity; eyes through which there looked a soul ever young, ever sensitive to new impressions—the soul of a child. He told us of his visit to Oxford, of his lecture at Barnard's Inn, simply, naturally, revealing his pleasure at the interest, the enthusiasm, he excited. Like a pleased and happy boy he said: "Ces Anglais sont si bons pour moi; je les aime bien."

And all the while I watched him—the strange head, rising to a point in the bald crown; the deep-set eyes, with their world of personality and force. I thought of *Sagesse*, I thought of *Chansons pour elles*, of the man gifted with such marvellous sensitivity that he could write those two books, and be himself all the time. I longed to speak to him, to tell him something of my admiration, my reverence for his art. And then he looked up and met my eye—noted with surprise the intent stare—looked at me questioningly. . . . I bent forward, eagerly, but a sudden overwhelming sense of the man's greatness—above all, his unconsciousness, his entire simplicity—shook me with a whirlwind of emotion, paralysed me. "Vous restez longtemps à Londres, Monsieur?" I stammered. I think he smiled as he answered: "Non, Madame, je m'en vais."

A moment later he was gone.

Other reminiscences are as follows:

TOM TAYLOR.

When I was a very young man, I found a staunch and kind friend in Tom Taylor. His dinners were always interesting, from the character of the people met there, and the ease and cordiality of the intercourse. One I remember well; it was given in his bachelor days, and the place of meeting his chambers in Fig Tree Court. Lady Duff Gordon was there, handsome, frank, clever, and with a wonderful charm; Dr. Pauli, then writing his "Life of Alfred"; Raffaele Monti, the sculptor, and a few others. In the course of the evening the German student-songs were mentioned, and Lady Duff Gordon expressed a wish to hear them again, recalling happy German days. But there was no piano in the room. Taylor remembered a friend near who had one, and soon so arranged that we all adjourned to his chambers. Pauli was soon lost in the joy of playing and singing lustily his beloved student-songs, when Taylor's clerk came in, and made a mysterious communication to him, unnoticed in the noise. Up he jumped, and left the room. After a time, he returned, bringing with him, somewhat unwilling, Alfred Tennyson—stern in face, dignified in manner, large and loose in shirt-collar (not offensively clean, but accommodatingly easy), and constrained among so many strangers, and in the sudden still hush which followed his entrance Lady Duff Gordon

welcomed him warmly, with friendly chiding for a lost visit, promising him absolute freedom and unlimited tobacco if he would only come and stay with them. Soon he was in close talk with the lawyers at the further end of the room. He had come up to town from the Isle of Wight (we heard afterwards) to legally secure another bit of land he had bought there, and so had hunted Taylor out as a man of law, not of letters. Monti brought out his sketch-book and began to sketch the great man without asking his permission. Tennyson, when aware of it, frowned, and moved back behind others. Monti moved also, and soon his pencil was at work again, his head jerking up and down conveying impressions. Suddenly, Tennyson glared at him. The dapper little Italian shrivelled up, the furtive sketch-book disappeared. Tennyson was angered and dumb to all. It was late, the guests disappeared, only a few remained (Monti not among them). These all drew up to the fire, and then Tennyson was another man—genial, cheerful, talking, and smoking freely. He told a story about some peacocks—I forget what—never knew, so far as I can tell, for I was absorbed in his personality, and somewhat dazed, I think, for I admired him with all the fervour of youth. The story brought shouts of laughter. At length we returned to Taylor's chambers—a very few doors off—and Taylor showed Tennyson a drawing from *Lear—the Death of Cordelia*. He was much interested in it, and asked who had done it. "Young Raffaele, here!" answered Taylor, slapping the young artist on the shoulder. Tennyson looked keenly at him for a moment, and then back to the drawing. And the young man went straight to the seventh heaven—or, at least, felt treading on air. And this I know, for I walked home with him.

[W. S. B., London.]

A REMINISCENCE.

Shortly after my return from Abyssinia in 1868 I was asked by the late Mr. George Smith to lunch with him at the pleasant house which he then occupied at Hampstead. It was a lovely summer's day; the flowers were looking their brightest in the sunny garden, and the birds were singing their cheeriest in the elms. It was the hey-day of the *Cornhill Magazine*, several of its contributors were among the guests, and an intellectual light was thrown upon the table by the presence of an editor or two. On the right hand of our host was seated the author of *Literature and Dogma*, and a happy fortune placed me next to him. I was quite a young man at the time, and my neighbour encouraged me to talk of my adventures in Abyssinia, which had culminated in a captivity which lasted nearly two years. Being influenced, I suppose, by the proximity of one of the most eminent writers of the day, I deplored the literary blank which had resulted from the dearth of books in our imprisonment at Magdala. Mr. Arnold listened with a kind, serious smile. He was silent for a moment, and then, turning to me, said: "Ah, but you had the Bible, I suppose. What a wonderful Biblical scholar you might have become!" Whether Mr. Arnold was the most interesting person I have ever met I can hardly say. He was not, perhaps, of the right sex; but nothing in after-life has ever made a deeper impression on me than his little impromptu sermon on lost opportunities.

[W. F. P., Ramsgate.]

A small child of eight sat in the window-sill of a country vicarage, poring over a book of fairy tales. The door of the room opened; a man of imposing presence, clad in flowing cloak and wearing a sombrero, entered.

Advancing to the child's cosy seat, he said: "Well, little one, what is't you read? Are they stories of 'King Arthur and the Knights of the Table Round'?" "No," replied the child, glancing shyly at the stranger, "I don't know those stories. I wish I did." "Then you *shall* know them. Sit on my knee and listen." The sonorous and beautiful voice rolled on, and when the last lines were said—"The new sun rose bringing the new year"—the listener was in tears from excitement and delight.

This reminiscence dates a long way back in the nineteenth century; but its memory is, and always will be, fresh and green.

[A. D. B., Liverpool.]

Thirteen other replies received.

Competition No. 84 (New Series).

This week we ask for character-sketches of animals or birds known to, or remembered by, competitors. It should be noted that mere anecdotes are not asked for, though, of course, they may be introduced to illustrate character-sketches. To the writer of the best character-sketch of bird or beast we will send a cheque for One Guinea. Limit 300 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, May 1. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

No. 291. — MAY, 1901.

THE COSTS of the WAR. By the Right Hon. the EARL OF CAMPERDOWN.
THE RECENT ANGLO-ROMAN PASTORAL. By the Right Hon. VISCOUNT HALIFAX.
OUR BOER PRISONERS: a Suggested Object Lesson. By Mrs. JOHN RICHARD GREEN.
THE NATIONAL THEATRE. By FRANK R. BENSON.
RELATIONSHIP of HOSPITALS to MEDICAL SCHOOLS. By Sir SAMUEL WILKS, Part., M.D. (Past President Royal College of Physicians).
ASTRONOMICAL LABORATORIES. By ARTHUR R. HINKS (of the Cambridge Observatory).
THE HOUSING PROBLEM. By the Rev. Canon BARNETT.
THE NOVELS of ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By WALTER FREWEN LORD.
THE NATIVE INDIAN PRESS. By J. D. REES, C.I.E.
"AUSTRALIA for the WHITE MAN" AGAIN. By GILBERT PARKER, M.P.
KOREA from the JAPANESE STANDPOINT. By H. N. G. BUSHBY.
THE BLUNDER of MODERN EDUCATION. By HAROLD E. GORST.
OUR RACE as PIONEERS. By G. F. WATTS, R.A.
IS LAW for the PEOPLE or for the LAWYERS? By His Honour JUDGE EMDEN.
CO-OPERATIVE PROFIT-SHARING CANTEENS. By the Hon. JOHN W. FORTESCUE.
THE DISASTROUS NEW ARMY SCHEME. By R. YESBURGH, M.P.
LAST MONTH. By Sir WENYSS RAID.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months, and 12 Months
CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS of the SEASON
ARE NOW IN CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE
(Second-hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS
SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street,
E.C., LONDON;

And at 10 to 12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War..... The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, price 2s. 6d. post free.

CONVICTED OF HEROISM. A Tale of John Penry, Martyr, 1559-1593. By HERBERT M. WHITE, B.A. Illustrated by Frank H. Simpson.

"Excellent, unusual grasp of events, nobility of ideal, vividness, and grace of style."—Rev. ARCHIBALD DUFF, D.D.

Twenty-first Thousand. Limp cloth, price 6d., post free.

OUR PRINCIPLES: a Congregationalist Church Manual. By G. B. JOHNSON.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Limited, 21 and 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, W.C.

MR. JOHN LONG'S NEW BOOKS.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

ONCE TOO OFTEN. By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "The House on the Marsh," &c. [Just published.]

PLATO'S HANDMAIDEN. By LUCAS CLEEVE, Author of "Yolande the Parisienne," &c. [Just published.]

A WOMAN-DERELICT. By MAY CROMMELIN, Author of "The Luck of a Lowland Laddie," &c. [Ready May 7.]

BITTER FRUIT. By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON, Author of "A Fair Fraud," &c. [Ready May 10.]

A SON of MAMMON. By G. B. BURGIN, Author of "The Way Out," &c. [Ready May 14.]

VIRGIN GOLD: a Tale of Adventure. By WILLIAM S. WALKER ("Coo-ee"), Author of "Native Born," &c. With 16 Full-Page Illustrations on Art Paper by John Williamson. [Ready May 18.]

PAUL LE MAISTRE. By FREDERIC CARREL, Author of "The Progress of Pauline Kessler," &c. [Ready May 20.]

WOMEN MUST WEEP. By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Jean Keir of Craignell," &c. [In June.]

NO VINDICATION. By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN, Author of "Trewinnot of Guy's," &c. [In June.]

NOBLER THAN REVENGE. By ESMÉ STUART, Author of "In the Dark," &c. [In June.]

THIRD EDITION.

THE ROYAL SISTERS. By FRANK MATHEW. *Pall Mall Gazette*.—"Mr. Frank Mathew is so charming a romancer, that it will be with keen expectation of pleasure that those who know his work will take up his newest story, 'The Royal Sisters.' The romance is written with such spirit that there is not a dull page in the book."

SECOND EDITION.

THE GOLDEN WANG-HO. By FERGUS HUME. *Birmingham Gazette*.—"The story is one of absorbing interest. The best we have seen from Mr. Hume since 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab.'"

THIRD EDITION.

THE THREE DAYS' TERROR. By J. S. FLETCHER. *Morning Post*.—"An ingenious and most exciting tale." *Scotsman*.—"Will enjoy deserved popularity."

THIRD EDITION.

VERONICA VERDANT: HER VANITIES. By MINA SANDEMAN. *Daily Mail*.—"An amusing book from start to finish, brisk, bright, well written."

SELLING WELL.

ANNA LOMBARD. By VICTORIA CROSS. *Scotsman*.—"The literary style is delightful and her studies of Oriental life enchanting."

Second Edition of GUY BOOTHBY'S NOVEL.

A CABINET SECRET. (Illustrated.) 5s.

NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.

A MUCH-TALKED-OF BOOK.

THE MASTER SINNER. By A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR. TENTH EDITION.

MRS. MUSGRAVE and her HUSBAND. By RICHARD MARSH. [Ready May 7.]

MARY BRAY, X HER MARK. By JENNER TAYLER.

JOHN LONG'S SIXPENNY LIBRARY OF COPYRIGHT NOVELS.

NEW VOLUMES, IN STRIKING PICTURE COVERS.

THE WOOING of MONICA. By L. T. MEADE. [Ready.]

A DIFFICULT MATTER. By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON. [Ready.]

THE EYE of ISTAR. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. [Ready.]

THE MYSTERY of DUDLEY HORNE. By FLORENCE WARDEN. [Ready May 10.]

* Others in Preparation. Write for List.

London: JOHN LONG, 6, Chandos Street, Strand.

Royal Academy Pictures

Royal Academy Pictures

Royal Academy Pictures

Royal Academy Pictures

Royal Academy Pictures

J. Bloundelle-Burton

J. Bloundelle-Burton

J. Bloundelle-Burton

J. Bloundelle-Burton

Rev. Alexander Harrison

AN EVENTFUL LIFE

Rev. Alexander Harrison

AN EVENTFUL LIFE

Frank R. Stockton

Frank R. Stockton

Frank R. Stockton

Frank R. Stockton

New Historical Novel

New Historical Novel

New Historical Novel

New Historical Novel

Five Exquisite Rembrandt Photo-gravures will be given in this year's issue of Messrs. Cassell's Fine Art Work,

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES 1901,

in place of the single plate hitherto given. Part I., price 1s., will be ready about May 6, and the remaining Four Parts at short intervals. The work is also published in One Vol., price 7s. 6d.

MR. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON'S New Novel,

A VANISHED RIVAL,

will be published in a few days, price 6s.

The Rev. ALEXANDER HARRISON'S Autobiography, entitled

AN EVENTFUL LIFE:

Adventures, Incidents, Inferences, will be ready shortly, price 6s.

MR. STOCKTON'S New Volume of Short Stories, entitled

AFIELD AND AFLOAT,

is now ready, price 6s. With 12 Illustrations.

Quite Engrossing is

A SOLDIER OF THE KING,

by DORA M. JONES, the subject being the original of Bunyon's "Evangelist," price 6s.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

A NEW NOVEL by the AUTHOR of "THE RHYMER." **BLACK MARY.** By Allan McAulay. (Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

A THRILLING NOVEL OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE. **THE WISDOM OF ESAU.** By R. L. Outhwaite and C. H. CHOMLEY. (Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

BY "MADGE," OF "TRUTH." **MANNERS for GIRLS.** By Mrs. Humphry, Author of "Beauty Adorned," &c. Cloth, 1s.

ALL ABOUT BRITISH, BOERS, AND ZULUS. **TALES from NATAL.** By A. R. R. Turnbull. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN. **EFFIE HETHERINGTON.** Cheap Edition. Paper covers, 6d.

BY COMMAND of the PRINCE: a True Romance. By J. LAWRENCE LAMBE. Cloth, 6s.

MARY E. MANN'S NEW NOVEL. **AMONG the SYRINGAS.** By the Author of "Moonlight," &c. (Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

THE WIZARD'S KNOT. By William Barry. (Unwin's Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS. By BARRY PAINE. Fourth Impression. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY. **IN TIBET and CHINESE TURKESTAN:** being the Record of Three Years' Exploration. By Captain H. H. P. DEASY, late 16th Queen's Lancers, Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Appendices, Maps, and 80 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 21s. net.

FIFTY YEARS of CATHOLIC LIFE and PROGRESS under the Rule of Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Manning, and Cardinal Vaughan. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Photogravure Portraits. Cloth, 2 vols., 71s.

COLLOQUIES of CRITICISM; or, Literature and Democratic Patronage. By —? Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

In cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 9d.

BRIDGE WHIST: Its Whys and Wherefores. The Game clearly Explained and Taught by Reason instead of by Rule alone. With Illustrative Hands printed in Colours. By C. J. MELROSE. Also by the same Author (and uniform with "Bridge Whist" in size, plan, and price), "SOLO WHIST" and "SCIENTIFIC WHIST."

London: L. UPCOTT GILL, 170, Strand, W.C.

SELECTIONS FROM

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 3s. 6d., post free. **ILLUSTRATIONS from the SERMONS** of ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Edited and Selected by JAMES HENRY MARTYN. Containing over 500 beautiful and suggestive illustrations. With a Textual Index and Alphabetical List of Subjects.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"THINGS THAT ARE MADE." Devotional Meditations in the Haunts of Nature. By Rev. A. J. BAMFORD, B.A., of Royton.

The Freeman says: "Preachers and teachers will find in them many helpful suggestions." The Glasgow Herald says: "They will probably interest and instruct many who would an ordinary sermon flee."

Now Ready, Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d., post free.

THE CHARTER of the CHURCH. Lectures on the Principle of Nonconformity. By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D.

"Explains the position of religious dissent with great force and eloquence."—*Manchester Guardian*. "Nothing could be more timely than these learned and suggestive lectures."—*Christian World*.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Limited, 21 and 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, W.C.

In May will be Published

Part I., price 16s., with over 100 Illustrations. To the Decay of Hellenic Culture.

A N ELEMENTARY HISTORY of DESIGN in MURAL PAINTING, principally during the Christian Era. With an Introduction on the Pre-Christian Periods. By N. H. J. WESTLAKE, F.S.A.

JAMES PARKER & Co., London and Oxford. New York: E. P. DUTTON & Co.

FROM MR. MURRAY'S LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A NEW NOVEL OF RUSSIAN LIFE. **ON PETER'S ISLAND.** By ARTHUR R. ROPES and MARY E. ROPES. Crown 8vo, 6s. *Just out.*

"The literary quality is of a high order..... We cannot name any writer since Dumas who approaches the authors of this grim story of the terrible fraternity of 'Odds and Evens,' and they are more savage, less sentimental, and more convincing than he."—*The World*.

MR. MURRAY'S HALF-CROWN NOVELS.

Uniform with "A Gift from the Grave," &c.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. With Illustrations and Typographical Ornaments. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. *Just out.*

THE PLEA of PAN. By HENRY W. NEVINSON. Small crown 8vo. Ornamental binding, with cover design by Laurence Housman. 5s. net. *Just out.*

*An imaginative work touching on some of the questions and doubts to which the conventions of modern civilisation give rise in many minds.

A NEW IMPRESSION.

THE LIFE and POETICAL

WORKS of GEORGE CRABBE, 1754-1832. Edited by his SON. With 3 Steel Plates, including Portrait. Royal 8vo, full leather, 7s. 6d. net; also cloth, 6s. net. *Just out.*

*This is the only Complete Edition of Crabbe's Poetry and Letters as published by Mr. Murray in 1847.

THE

LIFE of GILBERT WHITE

of SELBORNE, Author of "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne." Based on Letters, Journals, and other Documents in the Possession of the Family, and not hitherto Published. By his Great Grand-Nephew, RASHLEIGH HOLT-WHITE. With numerous Photogravure Portraits and other Illustrations from Family Pictures, &c. 2 vols., demy 8vo, 32s. *Just out.*

NOTES from a DIARY.

By the Right Hon. Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.M.G. Fifth Series—1889-1891. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 18s. *Just out.*

SIDE-LIGHTS on the MARCH

By H. F. MACKERN. With upwards of 60 half-tone illustrations from Snap-shots taken during the War in South Africa. Large crown 8vo, 6s. *Just out.*

This Volume differs from the great mass of those which have been published on the War in South Africa, inasmuch as it enables us to "see ourselves as others see us." Mr. Mackern is an American journalist, who accompanied our troops on the March to Pretoria. He has the advantage of being an expert photographer, and the volume is illustrated with sixty original pictures taken by him.

SMALL BOAT SAILING; or,

PRACTICAL HINTS for PRACTICAL YACHTSMEN. By E. F. KNIGHT, Author of "Where Three Empires Meet," "The Cruise of the 'Falcon,'" &c. With numerous Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, 5s. net. *Ready next week.*

MR. MURRAY'S MUSICAL SERIES.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net each.—NEW VOLUME.

CHOIRS and CHORAL MUSIC

By ARTHUR MEES. With Portraits. *Ready next week.*

VARIA. Studies on Problems

Ethical and Philosophical. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, Professor of Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. *Ready next week.*

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HIS-

TORY of GREECE. A Companion Volume to "Little Arthur's England" and "Little Arthur's France." By the Rev. A. S. WALPOLE, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. *Just out.*

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1513. Established 1869.

4 May, 1901.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

IN future M. Maeterlinck's drama, *Aglavaine and Selysette* will be published by Mr. George Allen. M. Maeterlinck's new book, *The Life of the Bee*, will be issued next week. From a passage describing the scope of the book, written by the author, we take the following :

... I shall say scarcely anything that those will not know who are somewhat familiar with bees. The notes and experiments I have made during my twenty years of bee-keeping I shall reserve for a more technical work, for their interest is necessarily of a special and limited nature, and I am anxious not to overburden this essay. I wish to speak of the bees very simply, as one speaks of a subject one knows and loves to those who know it not. I do not intend to adorn the truth, or merit the just reproach Réaumur addressed to his predecessors in the study of our honey-flies, whom he accused of substituting for the marvellous reality marvels that were imaginary and merely plausible. The fact that the hive contains so much that is wonderful does not warrant our seeking to add to its wonders. Besides, I myself have now for a long time ceased to look for anything more beautiful in this world, or more interesting, than the truth; or at least than the effort one is able to make towards the truth. I shall state nothing therefore that I have not verified myself, or that is not so fully accepted in the text-books as to render further verification superfluous. . . .

MR. CHURTON COLLINS cannot complain of the length and number of the criticisms that his *Ephemer Critica* evoked. In the current *Longman's* Mr. Lang makes his cargo almost entirely of a characteristic notice of the volume. No doubt, Mr. Collins metaphorically patted himself on the back when he read the following item of "University Intelligence," the foundation of the scholarship being the result of the chapters in *Ephemer Critica* on which he set the highest store :

OXFORD.—A decree was passed by Convocation accepting the offer by Mr. John Passmore Edwards of the sum of £1,675 for the endowment of a scholarship for the encouragement of the study of English literature in its connexion with the classical literatures of Greece and Rome, approving the regulations made for the scholarship, and recording the gratitude of the University for Mr. Passmore Edwards's munificence. The first examination for this scholarship will be held in the academical year, beginning at Michaelmas, 1902.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by Messrs. Scott, Greenwood & Co. for the issue of a series of handy guides to the choice of books, on a plan not hitherto attempted on a large scale. They propose to issue sectional catalogues for all classes of literature, the entries in which will be carefully selected by experts, provided with historical and descriptive notes, and presented with full indices, classifications, &c., so as to make them readily available to everybody. Only the very best works will be chosen and described, as the intention of the work is not bibliographical, but selective. As a companion volume there will be a bibliography of the chief technical books. The best books of every age and every literature in the English

language will be shown in such a way as to aid public library committees, booksellers, private collectors, and the general reader in the selection of the greatest works of literature, whether imaginative, scientific, historical, or technical. The first section, dealing with prose fiction, will be issued in the course of this year, and will comprise practically every novel in the English language which is worth preserving, either on account of its style, plot, or other matter, together with all necessary subject-indices, to make the book a comprehensive guide to the best fiction.

MR. W. B. YEATS writes: "I have just sent the following letter to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*: 'Sir,—I have been sent a cutting from the *Daily Mail* of April 26, beginning: "A representative of the *Daily Mail* had a short conversation yesterday with Mr. W. B. Yeats the poet, who, with Mr. George Moore and Mr. Robert Martin, is practically responsible for the Irish Literary Movement." It is no part of my purpose to correct the inaccuracies in this sentence or in the report of my opinions which follows it, but I think it my duty to state that your representative did not ask permission to publish my opinions. It is obvious that the practice of quoting in the Press private conversations, however unimportant in themselves, if generally adopted, would make it impossible to receive a representative of the Press as the equal of men of breeding.'"

MRS. CRAIGIE, who is enjoying a holiday in Italy, has just left Florence for Venice.

IN the preface to his new book, Dr. Jessopp gives the following agreeable piece of autobiography :

When, some twenty years ago, the country living which I now hold was offered me by the kind friend to whom the patronage belonged, I accepted it with little hesitation, and I did so with my eyes open, and not without counting the cost. I knew that in joining the ranks of the country clergy I was burning my ships and that there was no professional future before me. I have never regretted my decision. I have found an abiding joy and pride in doing my best for my people, and studying them and their ways in the present, while trying to learn something about their forefathers and their ways in the past.

It will be interesting to see to what book the following "Dedication," published this week by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, belongs :

Do you remember how at Airolo

We went through fields in which wild lilies grew,
With blue forget-me-nots and pansies pied,
And all the flowers whose names we never knew ?

Do you remember how at Airolo

I made a posy of the white and blue,
And thought, "Such lilies Mary has in Heaven,"
And brought them to my dearest and to you ?

Dear, as I brought the best of Airolo,

The lilies shining with the morning dew,
So with the best of these the songs I make—

I bring them to my dearest and to you,

CALM, grave, fearless, Tolstoi's reply to the Holy Synod's decree of excommunication is a remarkable utterance. Many will rejoice in this pronouncement coming from the heart of the great Russian. The full reply will be found in last Tuesday's *Temps*. Here is the final passage:

It may be that my beliefs offend, afflict, or scandalise some persons; it may be that they disturb or displease; but it is not in my power to change these beliefs any more than it is possible for me to change my body. I must live and shall be obliged to die—and before long—yet all this interests only myself. I cannot believe otherwise than I do believe at the moment when I am preparing to return to this God from whom I came. I do not say that my faith has been the only incontestably true faith for all times, but I do not see any other simpler or clearer, none which responds better to the requirements of my mind and heart. If suddenly there should be revealed another faith, better capable of satisfying me, I would adopt it at once, for truth is the only thing that is of importance to God. As for returning to the doctrines from which I emancipated myself at the price of so much suffering, I cannot do so. The bird that has taken its flight can never return to the shell out of which it came.

MEANWHILE, the Count has his critics. That "Tolstoi is not a Tolstoyite" is the burden of a rather trenchant article by Mr. G. L. Calderon in the May *Monthly Review*. Mr. Calderon contends that Tolstoi has never been able to carry his own teachings into practice in his own home, and that the position accorded to him as a "prophet" is based on the many-headed, muddle-headed reverence of the half-educated, with whom inconsistency goes down easily. He distinguishes between the "right" Tolstoi who leads his kindly, meek, lovable life at Yasnaya Polyana, and wrong Tolstoi, who writes the books and pamphlets decrying all the best that mankind has achieved." Some trenchant criticism of Tolstoi's exposition of the Bible follows; and then we have a slightly malicious account of Tolstoi's experience of his own system:

He had declared governments, law and property bad, and it was his duty to eschew the advantages of them. Incidentally he had rejected also tobacco, alcohol and meat. But life was hard with him. His brother-in-law says that, so far from being happy when he had evolved this scheme for the only possible happiness, he became depressed in his spirits. His wife and children had no idea of giving up the property at Yasnaya Polyana and working in the fields for their daily bread. Then, again, he was troubled by visitors. Déroulède came and tried to enlist his sympathies on behalf of the Revanche; romantic ladies came—a sort that he could not abide—and wanted to "learn life"; practical ladies came and threatened to blow out their brains if they could not have a thousand roubles on the spot. The wrong Tolstoi says that if people ask for money it is not charitable, but only polite to give it to them; he also says that if people steal things it is because they need them, and therefore have a right to them; but history relates that when these ladies came the right Tolstoi lost his temper and the Countess sent them away. Then Tolstoi made a pair of boots—which is apparently a good thing to do—and was disgusted when he found that one of his admirers kept them at home in a glass case. The Government was very kind and forbearing to him; but business is business, and Tolstoi was summoned as a witness in a law-case to the local court. Fraulein Seuron, who was governess at Yasnaya Polyana, avers that Tolstoi appeared in his sheep-skin, laid a roll of roubles on the table, said, "You cannot force me to swear; there is my fine for non-appearance," and fled.

Finally:

Tolstoi is a hesitating prophet, who never rests in any affirmation or negation, but says: "This is true . . . at least it may be true . . . but no, on the whole I am sure that it is untrue." While his disciples take down his words and proclaim as their creed: "We are sure that this is true, that it may be true, and that on the whole it is not true."

Tolstoi the novelist does not come into Mr. Calderon's view.

"JOLLY rotten" was the verdict of a certain young man on a certain novel of the day, and on his racy remark a writer in the May *Macmillan* bases a pleasing tirade on the majority of modern popular novels, to which, in gratitude and helplessness, he applies the same epithet, "jolly rotten." We have for years (more in anger than in sorrow) delivered ourselves of the same opinion, and every week we, perforce, supply new evidence in support of the charge. The same conversation furnished these further remarks, introduced as follows: "One gentleman, who was standing with an air of large-hearted proprietorship before the fire, took upon himself the somewhat difficult duty of settling the relation of the general public to fiction, and we are bound to say he acquitted himself of it lightly enough. 'In this connection,' he said, 'there is no such thing as a general public; mankind in its relation to novels is divisible into three classes: those (and they are the largest class) who write novels and do not read them, otherwise known as authors; those who read them and do not write them, of whom it is safe to conjecture that at least half will eventually remove into the first class; and, lastly, those who neither read novels nor write them—they are the critics, whose reviews are so helpful to us in choosing a course of holiday reading.' " This is by way of being true.

THERE is likelihood of a pretty quarrel between a popular authoress and a too enterprising firm of publishers. The feud will concern itself with the question of a publisher's right to republish an author's book under various titles, in different forms, and at different prices. The facts seem to be these. Several years ago a publishing house arranged to bring out a pretty series of short novels at a very popular price. Various writers of varying degrees of eminence were commissioned to supply stories for this series. But the series did not succeed, and was stopped. This was six years ago.

THE sequel took place but a few days back, when a well-known lady novelist was surprised to find that she was credited with having written a six-shilling novel, the name of which she had never heard. Possessing her soul with patience until the novel appeared, she soon found that this "new novel by Mrs. So-and-So" was in reality a little pot-boiler which she had written in a few weeks for the series of cheap novels six years before. Meanwhile, the lady's reputation has been advanced considerably by two or three books of real merit, and she naturally assumes that the publication in six-shilling form of a story never intended as a long novel is calculated to damage her reputation with her readers. Moreover, she some time ago entered into an agreement with another publisher, practically handing over to him every book she might write. Naturally, this publisher thinks he has a distinct grievance, seeing that he is about to publish a long novel that the lady has been engaged in writing for nearly a year. It is worth noting that this pseudo-six-shilling novel, even in its present form, bears two titles—one on the cover and one inside. Apparently it was found at the last moment that the inside title had been used before, and so the publisher simply contented himself with putting a new name on the cover. All this, of course, is very slovenly, and must be very galling to the lady whose name is attached to the work. But this is not all. This firm of publishers, evidently determined to make the most of the lady's name, have just commenced the publication of the same story under a *third* title, but with the author's name still attached, as a serial in a London daily paper!

THE *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* is the receptacle for the more literary and thoughtful compositions of members of

the Society of Friends. Frequently its contents are deserving of wide attention; Dr. Hodgkin, Prof. Rendel Harris, and other distinguished writers being regular contributors. The issue before us is less literary than usual; but it contains at least one entertaining article in Mr. T. P. Newman's account of the reception by the King of the deputation who presented the Society's Address on his accession. The spectacle of fifty-three Quakers advancing through lines of Guards, Beefeaters, and courtiers had a humorous element which was not lost on the chronicler of the scene. There was some trepidation when the reader of the address neared the first "thy." "Thy accession to these realms"! But Mr. Newman had his eye on the King, and he reports that "the closest observation could not detect any smile, or sign of a twinkling eye." After that the *thy's*, *thee's*, and *thou's* went very smoothly, yet carrying a certain force and sweetness that one cannot fail to appreciate. "Thy grave and responsible duties" was solemn-sounding; "thy exalted position" and "thy consolation" were equally direct in appeal. We do not think that any Quaker principle was really involved in this quaint vocabulary; rather it was a modest pomp—the equivalent of knee-breeches and stars.

ONE touch in the above scene is new to us. The King's reply, which he read from a large sheet of black-edged paper, was type-written.

Lists of best books have been superseded in Providence, Rhode Island, by a room wholly devoted to them in the public library of that city. It is called the "Room for the Literature of Power." The object of the collection is to bring together the world's greatest classics, "so that the reader may be tempted to come here in order to know, undistracted by other books, 'the best that has been said and thought in the world,' as Matthew Arnold expressed it." How American! We fear the scheme makes for emptiness and illusion. All the literature of power that any man can absorb, to the increase of his own power, will stand comfortably on a short shelf by his fireside. This playing with masterpieces is rather wearisome. However, the list of authors whose works are included may be endured, and we give it below:

Addison	Dryden	Milton
Æschylus	Dumas	Molière
Æsop	Eliot (George)	Montaigne
A Kempis	Emerson	More
Antoninus (Marcus Aurelius)	Epictetus	Nibelungenlied, The
Arabian Nights	Erasmus	Omar Khayyám
Ariosto	Euripides	Ovid
Aristophanes	Federalist, The	Petrarch
Aristotle	Fielding	Plato
Arnold (Matthew)	Franklin	Plutarch
Bacon	Froissart	Polo (Marco)
Bible, The	Gibbon	Pope
Boswell	Goethe	Racine
Browning (Mrs.)	Goldsmith	Ramayana, The
Browning (Robert)	Gray	Sappho
Bunyan	Hawthorne	Schiller
Burke	Heine	Scott
Burns	Herodotus	Shakespeare
Byron	Homer	Shelley
Cæsar	Horace	Sidney
Calderon	Hugo	Sophocles
Camœns	Johnson	Spectator, The
Carlyle	Jonson	Spenser
Cervantes	Junius	Swift
Chanson de Roland	Keats	Tacitus
Chaucer	La Fontaine	Tasso
Cicero	Lamb	Tennyson
Coleridge	Landor	Thackeray
Corneille	Le Sage	Theocritus
Dante	Lessing	Thucydides
Defoe	Lowell	Virgil
Demosthenes	Macaulay	Walton
De Quincey	Machiavelli	Wordsworth
Dickens	Mahabharata, The	Xenophon
	Malory	

In the foregoing list Omar Khayyám is, of course, included, and it cannot be denied that he has exercised power of a sort over the present generation of eager culture-seeking readers. A writer in the *Dial* seeks to define this power, and his remarks are suggestive. He points out that generations of acquiescence and generations of revolt alternate in this world—which is one of those large statements that one lets pass. This is an age of revolt, hence the vogue of FitzGerald's Omar:

Mere literary beauty does not explain it. Literary beauty never did explain any widespread popularity. Gray was half right when he said that the "Elegy" would have been just as popular if written in prose. But the Persian poem has matter in it. It is an expression of revolt. Not of violent revolt like that of Byron's, but deep and hopeless. It is the doctrine of God damn. The ship of the world is sinking, so let's get at the liquor room! It has seized upon and temporarily satisfied the needs of thinking minds. I do not wish to say that literary expression always follows or precedes a general mood of thought. That is Taine's rather cast-iron theory. No! Solitary voices for good or evil are always crying aloud in the world. But the measure of their acceptance is the mark of the tides of thought. The supreme artists, indeed, sum up both sides, and usually find some way of reconciliation.

THE *May Cornhill* is an especially good number. Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes a character-sketch of the late Mr. George Smith, and it is pleasant, heartening reading. "He made me aware that he trusted me implicitly, that I could trust him equally. . . . For many years I was constantly at Waterloo-place, seeing Smith and our common friend, James Payn. I had had the good luck to serve as the link to bring them together; and they cordially appreciated each other. From those meetings I rarely came away without a charming—though often scandalously irrelevant—talk with one or other, and to me, as to Payn, Smith was always the gallant comrade, certain to take a bright view and to set one on better terms with oneself. I never had a word from him which left a sting; and many a fit of gloom has been dispelled by his hearty sympathy. He was a friend to be relied upon in any trouble."

In the same magazine, Mr. Sidney Lee has a paper on "Shakespeare on Patriotism," in which he says: "His strongest appeals to his fellow-countrymen are:

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you;

let us swear

That you are worth your breeding.

That the kernel of sound patriotism is the respect due to a nation's traditional repute, to the attested worth of the race, is the large lesson that Shakespeare taught continuously throughout his career as a dramatist."

A NEW American novel called *Granstark* is being preliminarily puffed in England in the following publisher's note:

This was the book which nearly caused the shedding of blood by two of our composers. The composition of the first part of the story was undertaken by one workman, but, in order to hurry the book, the last half was assigned to another. This division of labour, generally considered so desirable, aroused the anger of the first compositor, who was so much interested in the story that he preferred to work overtime and finish the book himself. But he reckoned without the second compositor, who had begun to set up the last half and was so deep in the romance that he refused to give it up. The matter resulted in a personal altercation, which, fortunately, did not end fatally.

The idea of assigning half a novel to one compositor and half to another was necessary to the puff, but books are not printed in that way.

THE Committee of the Irish Literary Society, London, through the generosity of Sir Thomas Lipton, K.C.V.O., offer for competition two prizes, one for £50 for the best essay (written in English) on the "Early Institutions of Ireland," and the other for £50 for the best essay (written in Irish) on "Brian Boru." This competition is open to all the world. In the same Society's competition for 1900, prizes of 50 guineas and 20 guineas were offered for the best essays upon the "Sieges of Derry and Limerick." The judges were Mr. Lecky and Mr. Justice Mathew, who awarded the first prize to Mr. Henry Mangan, of Dublin, and the second prize to Mr. Hugh Law, of co. Donegal.

"D. P." writes: "Surely nobody reading the *Forum*, or any American paper, should have any difficulty about billions. It ought to be sufficiently well known that the English value attached to the word is not the French, nor yet the American. All considerable dictionaries give two definitions: thus Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary* defines billion: '(1) In Great Britain, a million millions; (2) in U.S. (as in France), a thousand millions.' Similarly the *Century Dictionary*, and most standard works of reference give somewhere the same information. Both the *New English* and the *Century* give also a succinct account of the way the value came to be changed in France, when the word came to England at the end of the seventeenth century. In vernacular French *milliard* has superseded *billion*: but the significance is always the same for both—a thousand millions." We are obliged to our correspondent.

ENTER Mr. Frank Harris's *The Candid Friend*—the new sixpenny weekly. It looks amiable enough, and it is not even eccentric. Apparently it is already acting on Mr. Austin Dobson's "Kindly Admonition," printed in the first number:

Most "candid friends" I know exalt
Their faculty for finding fault:
I trust the one you have in view
Will not neglect the beauties too!

Bibliographical.

IN his latest *Notes from a Diary*, Sir M. E. Grant Duff tells how Dean Boyle, of Salisbury, arriving late for breakfast, remarked that he had been "travelling like Lady Holland." "How was that?" he was asked. "Well," he replied, "she drove so slowly that it used to be said the very hearses passed her, cheering as they went." Planché, in his *Recollections*, tells rather differently the story of which the Dean was thinking. He says that, on one occasion, Lady Holland took Luttrell for a drive, and, because the road was rough, insisted on being driven at a slow pace. "This ordeal lasted some hours, and, when he was at last released, poor Luttrell, perfectly exasperated, rushed into the nearest club-house, and exclaimed, clenching his teeth and hands, 'The very funerals passed us!'" This, I venture to think, is the better version. Later on in his first volume Sir M. E. Grant Duff records: "Lecky told me that when the question was discussed whether Campbell should be commemorated by a statue or a bust, Rogers remarked, in allusion to his inveterate habit of drinking: 'I prefer a statue, for I have not seen my good old friend on his legs this many a day.'" This anecdote was differently, and, I think, better told by Barry Cornwall (Procter), who writes: "I never heard Rogers volunteer an opinion about Campbell, except after his death, when he had been to see the poet's statue. 'It is the first time,' said he, 'that I have seen him stand straight for many years.'"

Sir M. E. Grant Duff, by the way, speaks of Sir Frederick Burton showing him, in February, 1889, "a copy of the privately printed poems of George Darley, which he was just presenting to the Athenæum." Is the reference here

to the "memorial volume for private circulation" edited by M. and R. Livingstone (cousins of the poet), and discussed in the *Saturday Review* of August, 1891? In 1892 came Mr. J. H. Ingram's reprint of Darley's *Sylvia*, with a useful prefatory memoir. Five years afterwards we had a reprint of Darley's *Nepenthe*, with an introduction by Mr. R. A. Streatfield. But cannot we have something more than this? Having the *Sylvia* and the *Nepenthe*, one would like to have a complete collection of Darley's lyrics. They would not appeal to the many, but they might be subscribed for by the few.

Another edition of the novels of Harrison Ainsworth! When it arrives, it will be a notable tribute to the abiding popularity of an author who has never been accepted by the literati. No one writes essays or articles on the works of Ainsworth; yet they must still find many readers. Five of them were reprinted so recently as 1899—*The Flitch of Bacon*, *Guy Fawkes*, *Jack Sheppard*, *Stanley Brereton*, and *The Star Chamber*. The previous year had seen reprints of *Auriol*, *Boiscobel*, *Crichton*, *The Miser's Daughter*, *Ovingdean Grange*, *St. James's*, *The Tower of London*, and *Windsor Castle*. Messrs. Routledge, I believe, have hitherto published the "author's copyright edition," though, in the past decade, certain of Ainsworth's tales were issued by Mr. Dicks, Mr. R. E. King, Messrs. Walter Scott, and Messrs. Warne. At least a dozen have reached the "sixpenny" stage, a few the "threepenny." At one time the vogue of Ainsworth was considerable, and most of his romances were seized upon by the theatrical adapters as soon as they appeared. He had a happy knack of working up historic episodes and of making use of historic names.

We take for granted that Mr. H. S. Salt's new anthology—*Kith and Kin: Poems of Animal Life*—will have a humanitarian tendency. Mr. Salt, it will be remembered, has written a little book on *Animal Rights and Social Progress*. He is also the compiler of the *Songs of Freedom* published in the "Canterbury" series. His interest in literature has been shown by his *Literary Sketches* (1888), his *Shelley Primer* (1888), his monographs on Thoreau (1890), Shelley (1892), Richard Jeffries (1893), and Tennyson as a Thinker (1893). Talking of animals in connexion with poetry, I understand we are likely to see soon the publication of a collection of pieces written by poets in praise of their dogs, cats, horses, "dear gazelles," and so forth. *The Pets of the Poets* is the present title of the collection; but, unfortunately, poets have had other "pets" than dumb animals, and the title may be changed.

Canon Benham, who, it seems, is about to join the noble army of autobiographers, has written much on religious and ecclesiastical subjects, but has touched literature, so to speak, only at two points—namely, in the editing bestowed by him on Cowper and our English ballads. The ballad-book came out in 1863; Cowper's Poems in 1870; Cowper's Letters in 1884. In 1883 Canon Benham issued a cheap annotated edition of some of Cowper's verse. Merely to have done so much for the author of *The Task* is to have done something.

Those who are looking forward to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's appearance in an English version of Echegaray's *Mariana* may be glad to be reminded that a translation of that play forms one of the volumes of Mr. Unwin's "Cameo Library," to which Mr. J. Graham also contributed a version of the same writer's *Son of Don Juan*. Two other plays by Echegaray—*The Great Galeoto* and *Folly or Saintliness*—were Englished by Miss Hannah Lynch, and published in that form in 1895.

The Mr. Wilfrid Draycott who contributes some verses to the latest number of the *Thrush* is, I take for granted, the Mr. Wilfrid Draycott who is now acting in "The Night of the Party" at the Avenue Theatre. Another bard of the playhouse is Mr. R. G. Legge, business manager at the Globe Theatre, who has just brought out a book of *Vagrom Verse and Ragged Rhyme*. THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Alciades-St. John.

Bolingbroke and his Times. By Walter Sichel. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS first volume of Bolingbroke's life brings his career down to his flight from impeachment, after the death of Queen Anne. We look with expectation to the second and final volume, for Mr. Sichel has wrought a very interesting and valuable book. It supplements on several points the existing accounts of Bolingbroke; it successfully corrects the prevalent and prejudiced view of his career and personality. Mr. Sichel, we think, clearly establishes that, however jealousy may have sown the seeds of disruption between Harley and St. John, St. John's supplanting of Oxford was compelled by the necessity of fortifying the Tory position before Anne's death, the strong measures needful for which purpose Oxford's envy or weakness, or both, refused to support—nay, obstructed. He shows also the lack of evidence that St. John was working for the Pretender. On the literary side he promises to show Bolingbroke's influence over writers so diverse as Gibbon, Burke, and Voltaire. We have against him that he is too minute in subsidiary matters, dislocating the narrative for episodic details which should have been otherwise or elsewhere introduced, and precluding the central figure with an account of his associates and antagonists too scrupulously ramified. This makes for tedium and confusion. His own style is evidently founded on Bolingbroke's, but at its careful and conscious best has more suggestion of Macaulay's; while, off his guard, he becomes downright undistinguished, and at times stumbles into the most flagrant clumsinesses of distorted grammar. Once he even uses "like" instead of "as." These things offend us, because Mr. Sichel really aims at style, and, in a measure, attains it. He has added interest to a seducing character, and one can pardon him some over-zeal for his hero.

Any biographer might well be forgiven for a considerable touch of the *lues Boswelliana* in the case of Bolingbroke. The man is a fascinating, a dazzling figure; and, needing no extraneous charm, it has yet been given him by the *Journal to Stella* of that other great, arresting figure, Swift. Carlyle called him Pericles-Bolingbroke. He might better, in many respects, have called him Alcibiades-Bolingbroke, for the swift changes of his meteoric career have more resemblance to those of the young Athenian who was the curled darling of Athens. In him the most startling contrasts were at graceful amity, social vices lay down with civic virtues, and his worst deeds were half-forgiven for his manner of doing them. Born of Presbyterian family, descended from Noll's Chief Justice, he became a Tory, and being a Deist upheld the Church; brought up by a strict grandfather, he elected to imitate a profligate father, and flung his ardent youth into all the excesses of the young nobility. The man was compact of antitheses: it were too cheap a task to string them like beads. You have a portrait of him as the frontispiece of this volume, but it gives small idea of the youthful St. John; it is rather the maturer Bolingbroke. The chin is inclining to doubleness, the lines are forming round the mouth. Only in a certain fulness of the underlip do you get a hint of the combativeness in the man, confirmed by the power of the long nose. In the fine forehead and the chin, small and delicately-moulded despite its doubleness, you see the intellectual fastidiousness of the man. But it is not the Harry St. John who before thirty was Secretary for War, and beginning to dazzle and scandalise London—if London were capable of being scandalised, which one may doubt. He went out with his patron Harley, to return with Harley when Anne shook off Marlborough and Marlborough's Duchess, to

gather her Tories about her, and the general election swamped the Whigs. Then suddenly he rose to an exaltation that might have giddied Cato—and St. John was no Cato. Just past thirty, he was Secretary of State; young, wealthy, aristocratic, a wit, a man of letters, a most fascinating companion, flattered by men and more dangerously flattered by women, the idol, not of fools, but of men of genius, and politically the second greatest man in England. He was proud of his order, by nature bold, dominant, and impetuous, disposed to sweep aside opposition, and no sufferer of fools, a scorner of mediocrity, and full of the zest of life. Even Swift, himself proud and impatient of mediocrity, flattered and was enchanted by the marvellous young politician. What wonder if St. John lost his head? He did lose it, in his personal life, though not in politics. There he was ever clear and sagacious. But he quaffed life in both hands, passing with feverish rapidity and abruptness from wassail and women to the severest drudgery of affairs; never neglecting work for pleasure, but as little omitting pleasure for work.

That is the period on which one loves to pause. Round this brilliant torch speedily fluttered all the brightest moths of Tory literature—for literature was partisan in those days. And many of the politicians who mixed with them bore names as splendid in memory. They were united in the famous Brothers Club, the creation of Bolingbroke, which met sometimes at taverns, sometimes at the house of one of the aristocratic members. Did you drop in one evening when the Club held its sitting at the house of Mr. Secretary St. John you might find on entering a man with the brightest and keenest blue eyes reading a paper of verses. He reads them so little to the satisfaction of Mr. Secretary, whose composition they are, that St. John presently snatches them away, vowing he will read them himself. The man is Jonathan Swift—not yet Dean. You might know him by the keen wit which is caught and darted back by one of the company after another. A guest remarks that about the quarters of the Queen's maids of honour there are always many crows. "That," says St. John, "is because they smell carrion." The talk drifts to the maids of honour, and someone mentions Jenny Kingdom, who has grown old and single in the Queen's service. "Duke" Disney's broad red face beams across the table. He suggests the Queen should give her a *brevet* to act as a married woman. That lanky, nutcracker-faced man with the dreamy eyes now begins to be riotously merry, under the influence of Mr. St. John's good Burgundy, and keeps the table in laughter by good-humoured banter of Mr. Treasurer Harley, who responds with somewhat indifferent puns. You ask in a whisper who it is. It is Mat Prior, the poet. And that skeleton of a man whose high-spirited wit you have noticed is my Lord Peterborough, the famous captain and quixotic nobleman who took Monjuich. The company gradually break up towards the small hours of the morning, but St. John presses Swift to stay and finish out another bottle. He will not; but someone is found to keep the Secretary company; and morning finds that sleepless young nobleman, with a wet napkin tied round his head—like Sidney Carton—plunging into a hard day's work, which (by way of compensation) he will probably pursue till three o'clock the next morning. Ah, what heads, and what constitutions, these ancestors of ours! And it was our heads and our constitutions with which they were playing skittles!

St. John's "laborious days" were further relieved by such "delights" as Greenwich orgies, where he boasted his power and profligacy over his cups, and Bell Chuck—"a blackguard girl"—and many Bell Chucks. An Alcibiades-St. John. Yet his energy of work, withal, astounded Swift. How he failed, and fell from the height of power; how in his death-struggle with the Whigs he was "beaten on the post" by the premature decease of

the Queen, and fled from impeachment to embrace the Pretender's service; how he returned to put heart into a disunited Opposition, and endeavour to educate his party as Disraeli afterwards did; how in this, too, he failed, and so passed away; these things belong to politics, and we can only now touch on his literary side. The old literary circle was scattered; but with Swift he still corresponded, Arbuthnot was yet his friend, and Pope now came within his spell. Bolingbroke inspired the philosophy of Pope's *Essay on Man*—some think without the poet discerning whither that philosophy led. Nor was he merely the associate and inspirer of writers; he was himself a writer. His orations we have not; but, in his own words, he drew the house after him "as hounds follow the huntsman." His writings we have, and they give him a great place in English prose. The best of them date from his return, when his judgment had matured. The style corresponds with his character, at once fastidious, daring, and loving to impose himself on the world. It handles the flowing periodic sentence of the age with consummate ease, copiousness, and sonority; yet without laxity; it intersperses shorter sentences; rising and falling with the matter in the easiest manner; and it leans strongly upon antithetical balance. In its well-knit balance it no doubt has a suggestion of Gibbon; in its marked antithesis it naturally recalls Macaulay. But it has none of Gibbon's stiffness; it is a more flexuous, agile thing; and the antithesis is managed with more grace than Macaulay's, whose curt sentences give to it a bristling, aggressive character, somewhat masked by the artful flow of Bolingbroke. Here is a specimen from his *Dissertation on Parties*:

The trade of Parliament and the trade of funds have grown universal. Men who stood forward in the world have attended to little else. The frequency of Parliaments, that increased their importance, and should have increased the respect for them, has taken off from their dignity; and the spirit that prevailed, whilst the service in them was duty, has been debased since it became a trade. Few know, and scarce any respect the British Constitution; that of the Church has been long since derided; that of the State as long neglected; and both have been left at the mercy of the men in power, whoever these men were. Thus the Church, or at least the hierarchy, however sacred in its origin or wise in its institution, is become an useless burden to the State; and the State is become, under ancient and known forms, a new and indefinable monster, composed of a king without monarchical splendour, a senate of nobles without aristocratical independency, and a senate of commons without democratical freedom.

Space forbids, or we would quote one of his fine sentences half a page long, which mock the impotent limpness of the modern involved sentence. Bolingbroke does not always escape the dangers of his style. He now and again see-saws superfluously through mere trick of habit. But it is a finished and powerful style which has not received its due. The matter—agree with his views or not—shows penetrative originality of political thought. Whatever he was in his life, he was consistent in his writings. There this brilliant personality has still vital influence, for those who will "observingly distil it out."

The Illustrious Obscure.

Rider's British Merlin: For the Year of Our Lord God, 1770: Adorn'd with Many Delightful and Useful Verities fitting all Capacities in the Islands of Great Britain's Monarchy. Compiled for his Country's Benefit by Cardanus Rider. (Woodfall. Stitch'd, Ninepence.)

Benenden Letters, London, Country and Abroad, 1753-1821. Edited by Charles Frederic Hardy. (Dent. 15s.)

THE first of these books is a "dumpy twelve," picked up on a London bookstall, some years ago, for twopence. The

Johnsonian date suggested its possible interest and usefulness, and a friendly air of supplying useless information was not in its disfavour. The little volume is, indeed, a remarkable compress of the life of that day. In substance it is a list of the names of responsible people, from the Prime Minister to the "Necessary-woman" in the Office of the Commissioners of Trades and Plantations; from the Admiral of the Blue to His Majesty's Cistern-cleaner; and from the Lord Steward to the odd man at the Sixpenny Office. Thousands on thousands of little names in little type bring home to one what is meant by the great majority. For all these men were living, and now are dead. Each had his business and desires, and you cannot dot the page with your eyes shut without finding the name of one who would have been angry had you trodden on his toe. All dead and gone. Gone the Lord Chamberlain and the Groom of the Buttery, gone the Directors of the Million Bank and the Paymaster of the troops at Minorca. There is a fascination in these symbols of once living and anxious men. One might be content to con them over for a day, and evoke the looks and character of Lieut. John Popkins, R.N., of Mr. Benjamin Orton, Clerk of the Dockets in the Common Pleas, or of Mr. Edward Dyne, surgeon of Chatham Yard, who received £120 a year "besides his Twopences."

Now the odd thing is that the second title that heads this article is borne by a book, published in 1901, which is a late and intimate record of a man whose name is buried in this very eighteenth century "Whitaker," a man a thousand-fold forgotten, whose very grave is probably lost, whose existence—but for this contradiction—was the concern of no born man. Enter Mr. Richard Waites Cox, Secretary to the Commissioners for Sick and Hurt Seamen, and for taking care of Prisoners of War—Tower-hill, London.

Traces of the old Navy Office may be seen on Tower Hill: its gateway forms the entrance to the warehouses of the London and India Docks Joint committee; and to this day two lions guard a pair of shields on which the White Ensign is displayed. The Sick and Hurt office itself has disappeared, along with the old Victualling Office and the Sixpenny Office, or "office of the Receiver of Sixpence a month contributed by every seaman to Greenwich Hospital." Gone, too, in all but name, is the "Old George," the tavern where, in all probability, Mr. Cox sipped his occasional glass of port and filled his pipe. In the calendars for 1754 Mr. Cox figures as senior clerk to the Sick and Hurt, with a salary of £100 a year. Later he became secretary at £200 a year. He had a friend named William Ward who lived at Benenden, in Kent, in a hop county. These two were close correspondents; and the book before us consists in the main of Cox's letters. From these, and from Mr. Hardy's admirable notes, we learn all that can be learned about the two men and the worlds they lived in. It is curious how interested one becomes in the philosophic Cox writing long letters to his country friend on official foolscap; and in the feverish, money-making, marrying Ward, whose portrait emerges from these same letters. But we cannot hope in the limits of a short review to convey that interest. This is eminently a book which demands sympathy in the reader, who must bring to it a made-up curiosity about the lives and feelings of two eighteenth century men of the crowd. Thus only can Cox's office anxieties, Ward's investments in the South Sea office, Cox's sapient remarks on the play, and Ward's wooing of Miss Martha Plummer, amuse him. But such close reading is rewarded. Indeed, one comes to like Cox very much. To his friend he ceaselessly offers the tranquillising counsels of Horace, begging him to think less of money and more of his diet and home pleasures. Yet his own troubles seem to have been quite equal to Ward's. Ward was a married man, but Cox had formed an irregular attachment, and had several natural children whose welfare was dear to him. A cheerful, shrewd, industrious man, he lived with

art, and had time and counsel to spare for his more prosperous but less contented friend. All this we pass by, and we proceed to recommend the book by the selection of a few of the plums which enrich these strangely out-of-the-way letters. Here is Mr. Cox's reference to the coronation of George III.:

There were no Fireworks here the day of the Coronation, or I should with great pleasure have given your Friends a sight. I saw the Coronation, which was really immense.

Note this early use of "immense" in the slang sense of splendid. Of the Queen he writes:

Her Majesty is a little woman—very young—very pale—of an obliging countenance—somehow desirous of being agreeable to the People by an attention as she walked along to let herself be seen. Her face is not a thin one—her nose, though not flat, not far from it—her lips rather large—in short, a good sort of a Girl, who, if she had not been a Queen, would have been very well liked and her person been little thought of.

Observed, is it not? Mr. Cox was a great play-goer, and his observations on Foote, Garrick, Ned Shuter, and other actors, are interesting as those of a very intelligent eighteenth-century pit-ite. Sometimes he ventures on long criticisms, as when he describes and shrewdly discusses Garrick's acting of the dagger scene in "Macbeth," finding fault with his minute pursuit of the dagger across the stage, and his pretence of seeing it pass under the door of Duncan's chamber. Cox was a devoted follower of Garrick, but was not at the actor's great farewell performances. He asks Ward whether he has read Garrick's pathetic address, and if not, he will send it. He adds: "He certainly had no competitor in our time. I could point out several passages in several plays where he always stood alone." Shortly after this, Spranger Barry, a very popular actor, died, and Cox compares him with Garrick: "Barry had advantages which ever captivate the million, but Garrick stepped further. He could captivate the million, and at the same time give the most exquisite delight to the most sensible spectator by strokes which were caviar to the multitude." When Garrick died, Cox immediately unpacked his heart to friend Ward, and Mr. Hardy informs us that he wrote "in a very deliberate style of hand-writing as if to accord in monumental character with the event which is the subject of it." In short, the letter gives us the impression made by Garrick's death on the mind of a man who had never spoken to him, on the mind of a playgoer.

Light lay his turf! Never shall I see his equal. Thanks to Providence, I was born at a time and under circumstances which permitted me to have so large a share of him. I would not part with what I enjoy from him while memory holds his seat in—you know the rest—I say I would not part with it to be the master of more acres than would permit me to keep a one-horse chaise, which is the limit of my ambition.

Six months later he alights on Dr. Johnson's famous tribute, and delights to quote it to his friend: "But what are the hopes of man? I am disappointed by the stroke of Death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures." Assuredly he adds a tribute as sincere when he says: "I have lately been three times to the play, but never went into either house without thinking of Mr. Garrick and regretting the irretrievable loss."

Cox was a considerable bookman, allowing for the opportunities of his station. It is pleasant to find him quoting *Joseph Andrews* as one of its early readers. In 1775 he writes, at the end of a brisk letter to Ward:

Adieu! kiss your wife, lay on an additional billet, drink a cheerful cup—that is not in order tho'—the billet and cup should be first; but, as Parson Adams says, I have not time to divide properly—when he is preaching to Joseph he says so. By-the-bye, Dr. Maxwell knew the man whom your old friend Fielding meant by Adams.

He was a chaplain of a regiment, and once very composedly walked, smoking his pipe, into the French camp instead of the English.

Needless to say, the Seven Years' War, the War of Independence, the fall of Lord North's ministry, and a hundred minor public events, from the hanging of Dr. Dodd to a visitation of influenza, and from Wilkes's riot in St. George's Fields to the Adelphi Lottery, come into Cox's chit-chat. In one letter of uncertain date—but probably written during North's ministry—this honest Government servant takes a despondent view of the state of England. He says: "'Tis much to be lamented that as State or People increase in knowledge they fall from virtue. . . . And when any Kingdom is got to the pitch to which we are arrived, parsons may declaim in their pulpits, and reformers in speculation may publish their well digested schemes or their crudities—'tis all one: nothing will do. As fell the Greeks, as fell the Romans, so shall we fall. . . . However, let you and I, my dear Sir, compose ourselves and be as tranquil as our own more immediate concerns will permit. . . . Enjoy yourself in tranquillity, knowing that more will not be expected by the Omnipotent than his situation will admit."

Since then England has often inspired such reflections in quiet breasts, but she is still strong, and sound at the core; and that she is so is surely due to the honesty and fortitude of generations of her average citizens—humble and lowly men of heart—like Richard Waites Cox of the Sick and Hurt Office.

The Ethics of the Railway.

The History of the Midland Railway. By Clement E. Stretton. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

MR. STRETTON's book communicates a brimming knowledge in a clear, though not impeccable, English. The story of the Midland Railway is a story of continual growth by construction and absorption. It was in 1844 that its proprietors called themselves the Midland Company, and since that date it has absorbed thirty-two other undertakings. In addition to its own properties, it has part-ownership in nineteen railways. Its locomotive superintendent has control of over 3,000 locomotives, all in "effective working order." It employs 30,000 miles of telegraph wire. Its annual bill for rates and taxes, exclusive of income-tax, is not less than £345,000, and its mineral traffic alone yields "practically £3,000,000 per annum." Strife it has had, particularly with the Great Northern Railway. At one period (1870) we find both companies "carrying coal to London absolutely at a loss." Such are the paradoxes of rate-wars. There was no paradox involved, however, when on April 1, 1872, the Midland carried third-class passengers on all their trains, and when on January 1, 1875, they abolished the second-class, while reducing first-class fares. For it was the third-class passenger to whom most of their prosperity was due, and he had been ill-treated long enough. Mr. Stretton is silent about the treatment of employees on the Midland. If there is better to be said for it than in the cases of some other companies, one would be glad to hear it. Where £100 stock stands at £180 one is loth to congratulate the signalman, the porter and the platelayer without a knowledge of their day. "Five per cent. to be taken off the wages of those receiving less than £110 a year" was an ingredient of a recipe proposed by a shareholders' committee of 1841 for bringing up the dividends. The recovered blind man saw men as trees; the railway capitalist, as a rule, sees them as sticks. Let us hope that the "Midland" capitalist sees otherwise.

But the permanent dark side of railways, and the side which affects the public, is other than that which the labourer sees. Even capitalists die and their successors,

though rich, may be kind just as they may be honest though "far-seeing." If the man live with a nerve to ache for posterity, there is that in railways to affront his eye like a visible pain. It is a word written upon them plainlier than upon the salt sea itself—sterility. Thousands of miles of the breadth of a dozen men, thousands of miles of good earth stolen from Ceres, that is the chief indictment against railways. Peccant railway geniuses like George Hudson, who served three railway masters, vanish into mist—they and their juggleries and shareholders' indignation thereat; an Ellis or a Paget can restore the reputation of their chairs. This evil is inherent in the thing and not in the manipulator. It is to be remembered that hundreds of miles of railway came into existence not for the good of a perishing public, but simply because railway companies must fight one another like other carnivorous creatures, and because a way of fighting among such is to divert their rival's traffic on to an alternative route. Some may hold the terrifying expansion of the suburbs as another evil due to railways. Thus are towns coupled to towns. The squalid capital of Middlesex and its lovely neighbour Richmond are now practically part of London's suburbia. Drearily has the ungenerous builder accomplished his task and his mendacious "three minutes to the station"—his siren-call to the clerk and shopman—shows the responsibility which the railways incur in him.

There is also good to be said for railways. Remembrance of a nursery, in a suburb neighboured by Hooligans, steals over us as we write. The divine indecorum of Blake was associated with the spot, which was depressed by the presence of a soap-factory. It was a suburb that had once offered arborescent seclusions, but the "lodge" had given place to the lodging-house. Its quiet widths were threatened with trams; it was a suburb passing into growing usefulness; it was in decay and populous. There is no suburb sadder than that. Those in the nursery felt the autumn that haunted even the Aprils and the Junes of this suburb, and a return to it from the sea was almost more than one of them could bear. But the nursery was loftily perched, and looked across to the viaduct of a railway, upon which at least three companies rolled their coaches. There were white coaches, red coaches, and coaches of a muddy yellow. The nursery appropriated them; and one youngster would call out when a white train passed "There goes my train," and the trundle of a red one would evoke a similar expression of delighted ownership from another child. And so the trains caused romances streaked with quarrels in the lives of those who hardly ever rode in them. But to him who was pretended owner of the muddy yellow coaches that rolled past his ken the railway stood for a triumph over all the ugliness for which railways have sometimes been held responsible. The mean houses cowered beneath it and could not claim it. Up and down its steel nerves ran vivid thrills that in him were merely longings. It was stretched by the side of corn-fields; it lay stealthily like a furrow in the silence of hills; it rested its eyes in the gloom of tunnels; it burst out into sudden light and sense of gorse and fern; it was aware of the sea. By its gigantic length it made the metropolis less terrifying, less amazing, less suffocating. For here was something that was never so involved in London that it could be said to extricate itself therefrom; it was free by just ordainment.

The poetry of railways is not summed up in that impression of childhood. Like all things rooted in the life of men, the railway has taken a place in nature. It is only the otiose or vulgar in art that she must reject. A silver Christ on an ivory cross dwells longer in disharmony with her than steel rails on the cruel furrow carved through field and wood. You shall see in the heart of Paris (Boulevard Péreire) grass growing on the railway slope. Even our "Underground" breaks between sundry interments into authentic green. Truth to tell, except for bad

art, time and nature have a natural aspect in store for all contortions. The steadfast sheen of steel that knows the constant grip and friction of flanges is not repugnant to the harmony of grey cloud and dark soil. The almost living genius of the railway, the locomotive, has, in the process of becoming more useful, taken on more and more of the appearance of a well-made animal. Look at Stephenson's "Atlas," as pictured on Mr. Stretton's page, and cast your eye on any locomotive of to-day, if the saying seems strained. The once stiff-necked machine reports no longer of machinery; it has contours that an artist may love. The natural force which propels it seems scarcely, as once, imprisoned in it; rather does it seem the incarnation of that force, the body of the soul called steam. The smoke of a cigarette curls not more gracefully into the air than its white cloud which is too delicate to retain a form. And when night turns that cloud into a comet—veritable flaming hair of a docile dragon—who does not realise that Science has, unpremeditated, wafted a new beauty on the world?

The Happy Critic.

Colloquies of Criticism; or, Literature and Democratic Patronage. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

READERS of the *Pall Mall Gazette* will not have forgotten the series of cheery articles which, some months ago, ran in its columns under this title. The anonymous author speaks of them as representing reflections which from time to time suggested themselves to one who has regarded literature from a reader's point of view rather than a writer's; but they form a very homogeneous essay covering a wide field from a consistent point of view; and, unlike the majority of recovered matter, are more effective when brought together in this little volume of scarlet and gold than they appeared when distributed through the successive numbers of a daily paper.

The criticism is shaped as dialogue, and for its own sake the dialogue is worth reading. One complaint we must be allowed to utter: why, in the name of all that is unfortunate, should the author for the name of three of his principal interlocutors have chosen the surname of a well-known publisher? That it should be also the name of the gentleman fated at last to send us the collected work for review was, no doubt, an unforeseen accident; but even in the evenings when the dialogues presented themselves as the fraction of a pennyworth, this unfortunate choice perplexed us with irrelevant associations.

It is to be borne in mind, then, that Mr. Unwin, Sir George Unwin, and the charming and talented Miss Unwin have no more to do with their excellent publisher than has Sir John Richard, M.P., F.R.S., who so wisely guides their informal debates.

The inquiry starts in a railway carriage, from the novel of six-shilling commerce. For whom is it written? Who takes it seriously enough to buy it? Sir John for answer points to the miles of comfortable houses dwelt in by innumerable families of a class that has sprung into existence in the last thirty-five years. Now this society is local in its associations: the society of Taunton knows nothing of the society of Dundee; whereas Society, which takes its novels more lightly, and never, never buys them, is catholic:

What I want to tell you is this—that the sort of unity of vision, the sort of comprehensive grasp, the sort of bird's-eye view of life that people like you get by the mere act of living [it is Sir John who addresses Miss Unwin] these similar yet separate societies of fairly opulent people—some, indeed, are very opulent—get by means of literature; and by literature, this afternoon, understand that I mean novels.

Of course, this lies open to a lot of objections, which find

themselves admirably stated. How fit in the popularity of the kailyard novel? There arises the question of the point of view. That is it which specialises the public to whom the book appeals. Is, then, a novel excellent inversely to the breadth of its appeal?—for the finest points of humour prick only the few. And if so, is Dickens (who appeals to everyone) a bad novelist? And Scott? And this opens up again the question of atmosphere, to which word a modified sense is given:

As to creating an atmosphere, I doubt [quoth Sir John] if that could be done in a single book [Miss Unwin had written one]. Scott and Dickens have each accomplished the feat, not by writing any one book, but by producing an entire literature, and to appreciate any of their best novels you ought really to be acquainted with the whole.

MISS UNWIN.

Ah, Sir John, my poor hopes of immortality! What will become of them? I shall never touch a pen again. Do you think, if she scribbled every day for ten years, your helpless, unhappy god-daughter would ever produce an atmosphere?

SIR JOHN.

I am going to quote you four words in Latin: "Non omnia possumus omnes"—We can't all do everything. Miss Austen never produced an atmosphere. Thackeray never did. Shakespeare never did—not in the way Scott did. I think this reflection on the limitation of others may be refreshing to you. Remember, too, that, though Scott could do so much that was beyond Miss Austen's reach, Scott admitted that Miss Austen could do what was for ever beyond his.

We have been able barely to indicate the line of country, but we shall have fallen short of our purpose if we have not at least suggested a certain quality of felicitous gaiety. We doubt, however, whether Sir John's summing up is not over kindly to the "democratic patron":

You mean [comments Miss Unwin] that this public, in respect of the literature it patronises, is like a girl who is ambitious to be dressed as well as possible, and would wear with pride and delight the most perfect dresses producible, if only they were chosen for her by her mother, and she were given nothing else; but who, if left to her own unaided taste, goes simpering, happy and ridiculous, in cheap and tawdry fineries?

We suspect that is just the girl the public is unlike. A thousand literary mothers are day by day pointing it to the best wear, and does it wear it?

The Hoardings at Home.

A Book of the Poster. By W. S. Rogers. (Greening. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a book for everyone, nowadays; and for those who take pictorial advertisements seriously there are probably several. The latest lies before us—a weighty square volume in a very ugly cover, "illustrated with examples of the work of the principal poster artists of the world"—of whom, however, only the English are given in colour; Grasset and Steinlen, De Lautrec and Cheret, to name only these, being sufficiently honoured by half-tone blocks. The reason may be the very laudable wish to do the best possible for home products; but to the cosmopolitan connoisseur it means disappointment, and it certainly weakens this book on its pictorial side. Mr. Hassall's design for Shaw's Limerick Bacon and Hams is clever and not without charm; and his Colman's Mustard is an admirable rendering of a comic and ingenious idea; Mr. Cecil Aldin's Colman's Blue is adroit, and his Cadbury's Cocoa has a very agreeable spirit and old world flavour; but the other coloured examples given here are very ordinary and uninspired.

So much for the pictures. But when it comes to the letterpress we find that Mr. Rogers, who is himself a poster-artist, responsible for the cover of this book and for

two of the coloured plates, writes pleasantly and very practically. There is, indeed, nothing that he does not tell the collector. From these useful pages you may learn how to get posters, how to keep them, and how to repair them—everything except how to get rid of them; which, we should imagine, becomes sooner or later a burning question. To the uninitiated the collecting of posters may seem a tedious form of amusement. But not so! It is a branch of romance, involving the corruption, by stout, of theatrical employees (as Richelieu of old—by gold—corrupted ambassadors) and the tracking of bill-posters by night to mysterious hostelrys and plying them with liquor until they leave rolls of the precious lithographs behind. And Mr. Rogers tells of an enthusiast who, passing at lightning speed through Reading Station, noticed a new poster and managed just to catch the word "Orion." A letter to Messrs. W. H. Smith's bookstall (O Romance!) elicited the required information, and the collector was shortly afterwards in possession of a priceless design by Mr. Dudley Hardy advertising the sovereign merits of another Australian vintage. After this, who will not forsake postage stamps and take to the *affiche*?

The problem of storing posters, which must have puzzled many a layman, is made crystal clear by Mr. Rogers. "Many hundreds of posters, large and small," he says, "may be kept readily available for inspection in an ordinary living room, *without their presence being suspected*." We like the assurance which we have thrown into italics. At the same time that it soothes the nerves of those sensitive creatures who shrink from coming to close quarters with even a Hassall, it lends a mysterious interest to living rooms. To think that behind that inoffensive curtain may be "The Brown Cat's Thanks"!

Other New Books.

RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. BY F. H. E. PALMER.

This little volume belongs to the series called *Our Neighbours*, designed to familiarise Englishmen with the life of their neighbours on the Continent. It is an excellent book, manifestly the work of intimate knowledge, and in at least one respect it will come as a surprise to English readers: for it reveals a Russia unsuspected by the traveller—the country Russia. Less than twelve per cent. of the nation dwell in towns, says Mr. Palmer; not eight per cent. near enough to towns to be influenced by their life; while the remaining eighty per cent. live in regions where modern life and thought have hardly drawn nigh. Nearly every Russian has some interest in the land. Of Russian nobles 114,716 are landed proprietors. Even the classes styled "urban"—merchants and citizens or professional men—possess between them 26,460,000 and 5,400,000 acres respectively. Most Russian workmen, even in the towns, are of peasant origin; and since the law does not suffer them to sell their holdings, and protects them from deprivation by others, a very large proportion are on the land every summer of the year. Hence, both among rich and poor, arises a double life. The wealthy merchant or noble, steeped in modernity while he is in the town, passes thence to his estate and at once becomes a *boyar*, conforming facilely to the traditions of a life older than the rise of Peter the Great. But he is ashamed of this healthy and kindly patriarchal aspect of his life, and does his best to impose on the foreigner the modern Russia as the only Russia. From that view this book will do much to deliver Englishmen—to the advantage of Russia. (Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.)

SHAKESPEARE, NOT BACON.

BY FRANCIS P. GERVAIS.

A title-page of the best modern sham-Elizabethan kind graces Mr. Gervais's book; while the title, of truly Elizabethan length and particularity, is a small preface

in itself, setting forth the object of the brochure. It is handsomely printed on fine paper, and adorned by a series of elaborate facsimiles from pages of the volume mentioned in the title, as well as from other documents in Shakespeare's hand, and from the last page of Bacon's *Promus*. Briefly, Mr. Gervais's argument is this: The Florio Montaigne, bearing Shakespeare's signature, has MS. notes of Latin maxims, drawn from Montaigne, with references to the pages where they occur. It also has MS. notes of Latin maxims from other authors not Montaigne. Mr. Gervais seeks to show, by comparing the writings with Shakespeare's acknowledged signature to legal documents, that the notes are by the poet himself, and to show that they are not Bacon's by a comparison with Bacon's acknowledged hand. He then demonstrates: (1) that these maxims are almost literally translated in the plays; (2) that reference to the context (indicated by Shakespeare's own reference to the pages whence the mottoes are taken) shows that the context is likewise alluded to in the plays; (3) that the maxims from Latin writers not quoted in Montaigne, being also in Shakespeare's hand, indicate his knowledge of those writers in the original, and disprove the assertion that he had no learning in, or knowledge of, Latin and Latin authors. The last contention is rather a probability than a certainty (since the poet might have met them at second-hand). But the general force of Mr. Gervais's argument is undeniable, and goes strongly to show Shakespeare wrote the plays—if you ever doubted it. For our part, Shakespeare's familiarity with Latin is sufficiently proved by the abundant Latinisms of his style—words often used in their classic, not the English, sense. A book deserving careful study. (Unicorn Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

BERMONDSEY.

BY EDWARD T. CLARKE.

"What good thing can come out of Bermondsey—except leather?" the sapient Londoner exclaims. Well, Bermondsey is a place of historic interest, if it has little modern charm. It has its patriots and eulogists, and he who goes about to mock them is himself mocked. In writing a considerable book about this south-eastern riverside, tanpit-odorous district of London, Mr. Clarke does but tread in the steps of other grave historians, who have handed on the torch of Bermondsey's fame, his being the best as it is the most modern record. Will you have Bermondsey flashed on your vision in its ancient colours?

Who that walks down Bermondsey-street could form any conception of the scenes which that ancient thoroughfare has witnessed—the passage of royal processions, the progress of mediæval Knights and Barons on their way to Parliaments that have been held in the abbey [Bermondsey's own Abbey of St. Saviour's], the sumptuous funerals of great personages? Crusaders have passed along Bermondsey-street on their way to the abbey, where they were about to hold solemn council with reference to the preparations for their journey to the Holy Land. It was down Bermondsey-street that, in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, Sir Thomas Wyatt led his insurrectionary forces to the attack on the City.

The Earl of Sussex, whose hospitality to Queen Elizabeth is the theme of gorgeous chapters in *Kenilworth*, lived and died in Bermondsey House, facing the Bermondsey High-street. Nay, the real Robert Marmion, whose titles Scott bestowed on his fictitious hero, the Robert Marmion who was really

Lord of Fontenaye
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth Tower and town,

was one of the patrons of the abbey. Scratch the soil of Bermondsey and romance leaps from it and blooms. Great lords, abbots, and cardinals lived in the neighbourhood, and were knolled to church by the abbey bell; and in the Scriptorium learned clerks copied missals, or wrote the records of the abbey in gold and azure.

The monks went, the tanners came. Thirteen hundred Huguenots, who had tried to settle at Rye, but were driven thence by their French oppressors, who burned the town, entered London by the Old Kent-road, and saw that Bermondsey was a land of oak-woods, streams, and pigs—a place predestined to leather. They helped to settle the industry whose smell afflicts the railway traveller unto this day.

Modern Bermondsey has been a squalid place, but its squalor is being overcome. Gone is Jacob's Island, that frightful rookery where Bill Sykes hanged himself in sight of a raging mob. The same spot figures in Kingsley's *Alton Locke*, and with no more credit. Bermondsey is now a spirited new borough, with a mayor and a town hall and a free library and a grammar school and a "Settlement" and a biscuit factory and a historian who is not dull. Bermondsey will do. (Stock. 12s. 6d. net.)

A CALENDAR OF THE INNER
TEMPLE RECORDS. VOL. III.

EDITED BY
F. A. Inderwick, K.C.

This volume of an important antiquarian work covers the years 1660-1714. It is a mine of curious detail, much of which is interesting to the Londoner as well as the inhabitants of the Temple. The particulars given of the fires, including the Great Fire, which devastated the Temple in the seventeenth century are very quaint. "To the watermen that toiled at the fire, £1," begins an old account of 1676. "To the men that worked at the engine of St. Dunstan's, 15^s." Then the efforts of the Lord Mayor to assert jurisdiction and levy rates on the Temple led to some fine uproars. Once, while a fire was raging at the Temple, the Lord Mayor came to visit the scene, with the Sheriffs, but as he refused to lower his sword of office he was driven out. "At this he went over the way to a tavern, where, some say, he first got drunk, and then returned, dismissing the engines he met coming from the city." Dismissal indeed!

The plays given at the Temple in the Restoration period are carefully recorded and described by Mr. Inderwick. Here is one illuminating record: "for sweetmeats for Madame Gwin £01 : 00 : 00." Very entertaining are some of the minutes of the Benchers respecting contumacious or negligent barristers. Thus:

12 November, 1674.—Order that Fuller's chamber in Phillips' new building be once more seized and padlocked for not paying the distres to the House.

1 July, 1685.—Order that Clowes, Olendon, Peachey, senior, and Blincow, for refusing to permit the tablecloth to be taken away or to rise before the masters of the bench, contrary to the ancient custom of the house, on Sunday last at dinner, have a *recipiatur* entered upon their heads.

22 November, 1711.—Orders . . . that no laundress or other person presume to empty out of any window any chamber pot, basin, or other thing, and that every person offending against this order shall forfeit 40s., according to the ancient usage of this House . . . and this order to be screened up in the hall and put up at the pumps belonging to this society.

The volume is, in short, a valuable calendar of old matters, great and small, as seen from within the Temple. Mr. Inderwick's introduction fills almost ninety pages, and it is the work of a true antiquary and a lively writer. The enumeration of the inns and coffee-houses round and about the Temple, on pp. lxxx. and lxxxi., is but one of its useful things. (Sotheran. 20s. net.)

In his *Anthology of Latin Poetry* (Methuen) Mr. Robert Yelverton Tyrrell has proceeded on interesting lines. His collection aims at providing characteristic specimens of Latin Poetry, and is, therefore, not solely concerned with those which are exquisite. On the contrary, the

Roman minor poet has been permitted to exhibit his feebleness. "Even in the case of the great poets like Lucretius, Statius, and Lucan, I have thought it better to present, among the more beautiful specimens of their genius, also those which better illustrate their attitude towards their art, and their peculiar place among the poets." In the case of Horace, Mr. Tyrrell has allowed his choice to be governed by a desire to show the variety of his measures. The selections cover the long period from the Pre-Hellenic Latin Poetry to Boëthius, and a note is supplied to each poem, with aids and translations.

"The uncouth and the underbred play so vast a part in life that to neglect them is to falsify; but only the rarest genius can turn them to worthy use, exhibiting their manifold significance in the light of mirth or compassion." Thus Mr. George Gissing, in his introduction to *The Old Curiosity Shop* (2 vols.), in Messrs. Methuen's excellent "Rochester" edition of Dickens. He has been remarking on the superiority of the Marchioness to Little Nell as a well-drawn and vitalised character. To this, as to the preceding volumes, Mr. F. G. Kitton supplies topographical notes. He lightly discredits the claims of the well-known house in Portsmouth-street to be the original old curiosity shop, and explains how that legend arose. *Master Humphrey's Clock* is included in the second volume.

To their "Heroes of the Nation" series Messrs. Putnam's Sons have added *William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, by Mr. Walford Davis Green, M.P.

Messrs. Bell & Sons' "Cathedral" series now includes *Saint David's*, by Mr. Philip A. Robson, A.R.I.B.A. St. David's is the least accessible of cathedrals, and the visitor is recommended to travel to Haverfordwest by train, sleep there, and drive on, over the sixteen miles and seventeen hills, to St. David's on the next day. Fifty photographic illustrations are given.

Fiction.

The Anglo-Indian Novel.

Anna Lombard. By Victoria Cross. (John Long. 6s.)

Mountains of Necessity. By Hester White. (Blackwood. 6s.)

The Warden of the Marches. By Sydney C. Grier. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THESE Eurasian inventions, each differing almost violently from the rest, and all three quite respectably clever, are alike marked by that feeble and facile sentimentality which seems to be a necessary ingredient in all novels of Anglo-Indian society, even in stories by the author of *William the Conqueror*. We will merely quote from the conclusions of the three books:

I.

She ran down towards me with feet that hardly touched the ground, then, when a few paces from me, she stopped, and with one turn of her hand brought over her shoulder the bright, shining twist of hair that had captured my senses long ago, and she paused, gazing at me expectantly. "Do I please you?" she whispered.

Her eyes were shining, her whole face was lighted from within, her body seemed expanding and dilating with the force of her nervous joy. She had in those moments a beauty beyond description. My eyes swam as I looked at her.

"Dearest Anna, you are beautiful, but it is not for these things that I love you, you know."

II.

Flora's sweet dark eyes were wet.

"I—I thought you didn't care—enough. I wanted you to feel free," she said brokenly, and her head drooped. "Don't you see that I had to go right away because—

because it was breaking my heart. Ah, Hugh, why wouldn't you understand?"

Smiles conquered the tears and transformed her. With a sudden characteristic gesture, shy yet passionate, she slipped her arms round his neck and raised her face to his.

III.

Both hands were raised, with an imploring gesture, and Mabel took them in her own, and hid her face in them.

"Because I love you, Fitz. You couldn't have the heart to send me away after that, could you? Don't try to talk; I understand."

And yet England wonders why France shows no interest in England's fiction! Still, *Anna Lombard* might have been written, as regards most of it, for the readers of a boulevard feuilleton. It is a flamboyant and thoroughly impure book. The sheer effrontery of its situations would be difficult to surpass. Matilde Seras herself has not conceived a heroine more hysterically sexual than Anna, who pleads with her English *fiancé* to be allowed to continue her amour with a handsome Asiatic "for a little while" after their marriage. As for the *fiancé*, he is unutterable. When he has seen the Asiatic, he remarks to Anna, "in a hoarse whisper, 'I understand now.'" Most people will be disgusted by this amazing and impossible nightmare of voluptuous phenomena crowned with the sentimentality of a vicarage. A few will justly consider it too absurd for so serious a feeling as disgust. Miss Cross's imaginative power and her gift of lucid and direct writing are indisputable. The book is often brilliant, but it is more often ridiculous. The best parts of it are the glowing descriptions of Indian and Burmese scenery. Miss Cross makes no attempt at a finished picture of Anglo-Indian life. She simply uses India, as recently she used the Klondyke, as the immense theatre of an immense passion. It is a pity that a writer so talented should so grossly misuse her talent.

By the side of *Anna Lombard* the amiable and sedate novel of Miss Hester White seems a pallid and miss-ish affair—as what novel would not? *Mountains of Necessity* is indeed never brilliant; but, on the other hand, it never repels. It portrays Indian society precisely as we are accustomed to find it portrayed in Anglo-Indian fiction, and there is a deep-seated conventionality about the plot which will at once put the habitual novel reader at his ease. The dying hero who insists on marrying a girl (any girl) for the sake of getting her the pension of an officer's widow; the heroine who agrees to marry in order to be in a position to set right the peccadilloes of a drunken brother: the reader well knows the flavour of all this. He well knows also that the dying hero is bound to recover, that the twain thus made foolish by death's runaway knock will avoid one another for about forty thousand words, and then coincide as per our second extract. The book is agreeable; and two scenes, the marriage and the first meeting of husband and wife in a state of good health, are rather effective. The characterisation of some of the minor people is ambitious, and shows that pains have been taken.

The Warden of the Marches is a long, elaborate, melodramatic, pretty, and unexceptionable novel, exactly similar in ideas and in spirit, though not, of course, in *venue*, to all the author's previous novels. Miss Grier has an assured "touch," a miraculous recipe for concocting plots, which are the same and yet not the same, and a really clever knack of spreading out affairs of State as a background for affairs of the heart. Her interests are far from narrow (she is the antithesis of Jane Austen in that respect), and she can handle a political situation with skill. She is afraid of nothing international or inter-racial. Her books are usually somewhat dull and laggard, as this one is, but they can be read with satisfaction. What they lack is merely imagination and distinction. As regards India and certain frontier questions, *The Warden of the Marches* is decidedly informative.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

BY "ZACK."

Miss Gwendoline Keats's third book. Like the others it deals, directly and with vivid characterisation, with the elemental passions. The people of the story are fisher-folk and villagers, and they talk mostly in a dialect that the Cockney can easily understand. Love and jealousy are the chief themes. The hero is the kind of man that "Zack" analysed so well in *On Trial*—the attractive but ineffectual man, who lets "I dare not" wait upon "I would." (Constable. 6s.)

JACK RAYMOND.

BY E. L. VOYNICH.

By the author of *The Gadfly*. In this powerful novel Mrs Voynich handles delicate, not to say unpleasant, subjects fearlessly. It is the story of Jack Raymond, an orphan, living under the guardianship of his uncle, the incumbent of a little parish on the Cornish coast; and a more repellant vicar we have seldom encountered in fiction. *Jack Raymond* is not a book for those who regard novel-reading as nothing more than an agreeable pastime. (Heinemann. 6s.)

UNDERSTUDIES.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Twelve short sketches or allegories, pretty and delicately written around an animal or a flower, under such titles as "The Cat," "The Squirrel," "Mountain Lamb," "Morning Glory." Miss Wilkins lessens the distance between Man and his Pets. Here is the end of "The Cat": "He held his empty pipe in his mouth, his rough forehead knitted, and he and the Cat looked at each other across that unpassable barrier of silence which has been set between man and beast from the creation of the world." (Harper. 6s.)

NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

"It was one of those lovely April nights that sometimes bend over New York. . . . A young man paused at the gateway of Abingdon-square Park. . . . Just then a policeman, burly in his official buttons, with an auburn cataract of moustache, came sauntering up. . . . 'You've changed some,' said the officer, 'but I knowed ye. I've seen ye round here sev'ral times. When did ye get out?'" Mr. Fawcett, who is an American, dedicates *New York* to Henry James. (Sands. 6s.)

THE SECOND DANDY CHATER.

BY TOM GALLON.

When Mr. Philip Crowdy returned to his native land, he soliloquised thus: "Now, Phil, my boy, you've got to be very careful. The likeness is all right; I've seen a picture of the respected Dandy Chater, and there's nothing to be feared from that point of view." Which means that the author has placed his chief character—an unknown man—in the shoes of a dead man. A strong love interest runs through the story. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

SAWDUST.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

There is much solidity about this story by Madame Longard de Longgarde, which is laid in the little town of Zanak in the Carpathians. The sawdust is produced at Herr Mayer's new sawmill, the opening of which, amid vast village excitement, is the first incident in the story. Mayer's money-making fever is graphically developed, and the story is a somewhat Ibsenish study of business morality in which the reader's attention is powerfully held. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE PASHA.

BY DAISY HUGH PRICE.

This story certainly offers an uncommon plot in a love match between a Turkish pasha and an English girl,

whose first knowledge of her lover is derived thus. "But, Mag, just imagine one of the things that this monster of a pasha did!" exclaimed Sophie indignantly. "When the massacre was at its height someone came and told him that his soldiers were burning and plundering and massacring all over the vayalet, and that the streets of the towns were ankle deep in mud—blood I mean—and what do you suppose he said?"

"I can't imagine!" said Magdalen.

"He took out his watch, and asked how long they had been at it. 'Two hours,' the man said. 'Very well,' he answered, 'let them have another two hours, and then you can stop it.'"

Mag was thereby set wondering on Ahmed Ilderim's "redeeming points." She found them. (Allen. 6s.)

MY HEART AND LUTE.

BY A. ST. LAURENCE.

A love story opening in the hero's rooms at Oxford. We foresee the programme when Jack Wentworth and Daisy Egerton wander "through the cloistered quadrangle" what time "the mighty tower of the old cloisters, glistening in the silver light of the full moon, seemed to possess the glamour of fairyland." Chapters like "Pottersfield Society," "Drifting," "The Rift Within the Lute," &c., are stepping-stones to a pleasing dénouement. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE LOST REGIMENT.

BY ERNEST GLANVILLE.

The cover shows the desert, an armed native, and camels. In the opening the Rejected of Sandhurst are talking. One says: "Now I'll tell you what has occurred to me since this surprising and ridiculous decision was made by the examiners and duly noted to me. Land in Africa may be had at a low rate. I propose buying a few thousand square miles from some native chief, and raising a regiment to be officered by the rejected of Sandhurst." (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

KARADAC.

BY K. AND H. PRICHARD.

A historical novel. Scene: Jersey. Time: "Long, long ago, past the distant hills of other lives, lived somewhere in the mist beyond them." The collaborators penned this advance note: "Despite all efforts made during the five years which this book has occupied us, we have been unable to find any record of Jersey history descriptive of the period with which the story deals. But we are indebted for sidelights on the subject to various old chronicles—as, for instance, the *Roman de Rou*, written by one Robert Wace, a Jerseyman—through which are scattered allusions to the Island." (Constable. 6s.)

DEACON BRODIE.

BY DICK DONOVAN.

This ingenious author has given to the world no fewer than twenty detective stories. The sub-title of *Deacon Brodie* is "Behind the Mask." Says Mr. Donovan: "The career of Deacon Brodie provides us with one of the most puzzling problems that can be presented to the student of human nature. This remarkable man furnishes us with an instructive instance of how a clever man may lead a double life—a life by daylight, and a life behind a mask which no one suspects." So did *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—that rare book. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

BLACK MARY.

BY ALLAN M'AUFLAY.

By the author of *The Rhymer*, a story which gave the author's idea of Robert Burns. *Black Mary*, too, is Scotch, and is an attempt "to embody in fictional form the traditions, the homely sayings, the surroundings, and mode of life of an old-time family in old-time Scotland." Oral tradition and family papers have helped to provide material. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....	17/6
„ Quarterly	5/0
„ Price for one issue	/3

The Sensational Serial.

An Enquiry.

THE re-issue, in a genteel format, of the enslaving works of Emile Gaboriau* should be an event of special interest to a generation whose appetite for sensational serials surpasses that of any previous generation. For Gaboriau, besides being the chosen novelist of Bismarck, was the greatest mere sensation-monger, save one, that ever lived. His superior, of course, was Eugène Sue, author of the incomparable *Wandering Jew* and *The Mysteries of Paris*. Sue has been denied the title of artist, because he was careless in style and construction. But he indeed had a style, though his sentences were often more ragged than even Stendhal's. All that can be urged against his construction is that construction so marvellous might have been neater. Sue belonged to the Titanic age. He had that enormity and grandeur of idea with which Dumas and Hugo inoculated a whole epoch. The entry into the house hermetically sealed for a century, and the sudden striking of the clock therein: no one who has read it can forget that apparently simple incident. Out of a blurred past of omnivorous reading, it is one of the few salient and sharp memories—those memories which recur to the mind frequently, *à propos de bottes*. If Sue was not an artist because he could not “write,” then Rossetti was not an artist because he could not “draw”; but it is only in academies that they talk so; the single indispensable attribute of the artist is imaginative force, a quality not included in any curriculum. Sue had this force, and by the power of it he made for himself a vogue such as no other novelist, excepting neither Scott nor Dumas nor Dickens, has had the fortune to enjoy. In the 'forties, people used to form *queues*, as for a first night, to read the *Débats* and the *Constitutionnel* while Sue's *feuilletons* were running; places in these *queues* were bought and sold. And this astounding fever was kept burning for months at a time, for the romances of Sue were no brief affairs; in book form they occupied ten, twelve, and sixteen volumes. Here, in truth, was the monarch of serialists, the supreme prodigy of the *à suivre*. Had he lived in the age of Harmsworth instead of the age of Wordsworth, what would his prices have been per thousand!

Gaboriau was a lesser figure, but a figure not to be despised. He was more than a mechanical concocter. In craftsmanship, though not in the amplitude of his inspiration, he excelled Sue, and he certainly had what is called “a pretty gift” of writing. The perusal of *Monsieur Lecoq*, and its sequel, *The Honour of the Name*, has, we confess, impressed us with a sense of Gaboriau's sterling ability. The first book, in which the afterwards-famous Lecoq commences his career by a brilliant failure, begins with a murder, and is nothing more than a detective story; but it is a detective story conceived in the true romantic manner, and depending for effect more on its general atmosphere of a terrible mystery than on circumstantial ingenuities. Sherlock Holmes might have taught Lecoq many little dodges, but Lecoq was by far the greater intellect—an

intellect that moved in larger curves on a higher plane. Character, rather than event, controls the progress of the tale, and this is clearly perceived in the sequel—an immense novel which distinctly recalls Balzac's “*Les Paysans*,” and is, moreover, a very tolerable imitation of that sinister drama. From *The Honour of the Name* you perceive that Gaboriau, thereby proving himself an ambitious and intrepid artist, had drawn together in the murder the threads of a vast and complicated politico-social intrigue rooted in the national life of France. *The Honour of the Name*, despite its sensational aspects, is quite a serious study of history; it shows the fatal war of class against class, and it is the record, not of a few individuals, but of a society. One cannot but observe that the French novelist has, as regards material, a two-fold advantage over the English: first, in the political vicissitudes of France during the nineteenth century, and, second, in the peculiar functions of the *Juge d'Instruction* under French criminal law. France seems to have made her history for the behoof of her novelists. As for the *Juge d'Instruction* he is simply invaluable. Take, for an instance, the long examination of May by M. Segmuller in *Monsieur Lecoq*; it is almost the best thing in the book, and serves a thousand ends. But Gaboriau could have succeeded without either French history or the *Juge d'Instruction*. The entrance of Blanche into the cottage and her poisoning of Marie Anne, in *The Honour of the Name*, is an excellent sample of his rich inventive faculty. And his skill in *synthesising* the significance of multitudinous facts in one item of evidence is finely exemplified in his use of the phrase uttered by the captured murderer—“It is the Prussians who are coming” (in *Lecoq*). Before reaching the conclusion of the sequel you are made to see that the whole tragedy is wrapped up in that phrase. In fine, it was not by chance that Gaboriau acquired his reputation. We in England have rather condescended towards him, as the artificer of a glorified penny-dreadful; that is a mistake.

The sensational serial in England nowadays has fallen to a despicable level. Nearly all popular journals run a serial, and many of them would pay handsomely, recklessly, for a good one. The demand for serials is regular and enormous; even the syndicates, who are omnipotent, cannot satisfy themselves. We could name several writers who make a steady income of fifty pounds a week, and more, from serials. We know of a lady who fell ill after writing five serials at once—so much was her work in request, and so tempting the offered remuneration. And yet, though the serial is a province of literary art, there is no good serialist. Nay, there is no sign of a reasoned effort to produce a good serial. What, then, is the secret of the few commercially successful serialists? It is a secret of piffing ingenuity—we use that epithet because it is the correct one. These writers have posed the question: “Why do editors print serials?” They have found the answer: “In order to persuade the reader to buy the next number.” And they have rejoined: “Very well; we will make the reader buy the next number.” This is one view of the undertaking, but it is a short-sighted and imperfect view, because it embraces only the parts, and never the whole. It results in an entirely vicious subordination of the parts to the whole; there is, in fact, no whole, but merely a succession of parts. It means writing from day to day, or from week to week, without due consideration of what has preceded or what will follow. We have critically read several well-advertised sensational serials, written over notorious signatures, and in none have we found a trace of architectonic design; indeed, it was obvious, in more than one of them, that the author, instalment by instalment, mystified himself exactly as much as he mystified the reader. The common way of writing a serial is to devise an inexplicable set of circumstances and leave the solution to the future—to burn one's boats, as it were. This mode is like giving a bill at a

* *Monsieur Lecoq*, *The Honour of the Name*. (Downey. 6s.)

month; in the end the author must pay heavily by the sacrifice of probability. The more startling the earlier chapters, the less convincing will be the later. We remember a case, in the *feuilleton* of one of the wealthiest daily papers in England, where the author, hard-driven for incident, actually killed her hero before the tale was half-finished. It was a fatal error, as she at once perceived, and her sole course was to raise him from the dead; this she did, within the next thousand words. Perhaps she was juggling with five serials together. Such tricks, and such a method, necessarily rob the reader of all interest save an infantile, idle curiosity—a curiosity which can be satisfied for a halfpenny or a penny, and which in time becomes with him a habit, like drink or pulling the moustache. Hence it is that some shrewd editors will tell you that one serial is as good as another—that names are valueless. Titillate perfunctorily this perfunctory curiosity of their readers, and they ask no better, and will pay “a pound a thou.”

A serialist with a head on his shoulders, and some genuine imagination, might bring all Fleet-street to its knees before him in a month. He would only imitate the rest in his choice of subject. A popular serial must have horror and mystification; horror and mystification mean crime, and crime means the detection of crime; therefore the typical serial must be, in essence, a detective story. The artistic serialist would begin, privately, not at the beginning, but at the end, of his tale. The grand mistake, universally made, is to imagine the discovery of the crime first instead of its committal; to fit the crime to the circumstances, when obviously the circumstances should fit the crime. Surely it is simpler and neater to match a hole with a stick by boring the hole with the stick than by whittling a stick to fill an existing hole! Your common serialist makes his hole first, and the stick either won't go in or goes in too easily. What has happened before the beginning of the serial is what must happen at the end; and, knowing this, the author is less likely to stumble into that pitfall of serialists, the anti-climax. Knowing this, he has a foundation on which to build, a compass to guide, an anchor to secure. Only by omniscience on the part of the author can the reader's interest be piled up and accumulated. And it is just that accumulation of interest which the modern serialist fails to accomplish. The reader is usually more interested in the first instalment than in the last, because he gradually discovers that the author is taking him nowhere in particular. He feels with a child's instinct that there is nothing behind all the pother and mystery. He perceives that he can miss a few days or a few weeks without serious loss. Accordingly not one serial in a hundred reaches its aim of increasing a circulation. If it were sufficiently well done—that is to say, if the sagacious serialist of imagination laboured upon the principles which underlie all art, popular or esoteric, never magnified the parts at the expense of the whole for the sake of a temporary advantage, and never did anything without a clearly defined purpose—the interest of a serial might be raised to an intolerable pitch of curiosity; it might preoccupy a whole community, keep people awake at nights, and cause fights in front of Smith's bookstalls. Such a state of affairs is perfectly conceivable, and the wonder is that some Napoleon of the Press has not set about in cold blood to achieve it.

Things Seen.

Proteus.

THE spring sun had called the world to life again. It was as if the morning stars had just ceased singing together, and the white fruit trees, the fields, the lambs, and the waves were shouting for joy. From the grass-grown walls of the castle that crumbled by that solitary shore I felt the impulse of the awakening world, heard the happy sounds of life, and saw the frolic of the jocund little waves. As I looked upon that sunny, shallow sea, with its tiny lagoons near at hand, its patches of yellow, shimmering sand, and its multitudinous foam-crested little waves, it needed only that I should

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea

to make the moment complete.

And with the wish He came. Round the headland he came, in this avatar as a shrimp, splashing through the shallow water, the spray tossing over his head, and glistening upon his black beard. Straight towards me he came, driving his net before him—tattered, jubilant, dripping. I waved to him—who would not wave to Proteus?—and through the waters, barefooted, he came towards me. His white teeth shone, the salt sparkled in his tangled hair and beard, and the dripping meshes of his net glistened in the light. Towards me he came, head thrown back, neck bare, sniffing the air, his mouth wide with laughter, bringing his harvest with him, while the rest of the world was still abed. Up from the sea he came, the water dripping from him as he strode over the sands till I could see the whites of his eyes, and hear his deep joyous breathing. Onward he came till he reached the castle wall, and leaning over I gazed gladly at him. Who would not be glad to see Proteus rising from the sea in the first spring of the new century? He paused when he drew near to me. He did not speak, but, turning his rude, laughing face to mine he opened his basket, dipped in a great fist, held up a handful of little shining fish and let them fall glimmering through his fingers. Then he slung the basket on his shoulder, took a deep breath, rolled his laughter to the sky, and passed on landward.

Mystery.

NEAR Hammersmith Broadway there is a street which invariably gives me a slight shiver as I walk down it. It is broader than most of the roads in that neighbourhood, and is somewhat dimly lighted with indifferent gas. An incident which occurred there once did not tend at the time to dispel my indefinite objections to the street in question. I was walking home rather late one night, when a hansom cab passed me at a slow pace. In it were two men, of whom I scarcely caught a glimpse. What particularly arrested my attention was the extraordinary thing which they held in front of them. It was of an unusual shape, and enormously tall—so tall that it reached above the top of the vehicle—and was wrapped round in white cloth. To the morbid fancy always induced in me by the road I was traversing, it resembled nothing so much as a corpse swathed in the ghastly cerements of the grave. My curiosity being aroused, I determined to follow the adventure to its legitimate conclusion. I had not long to wait. A few yards from me the cab drew up in front of a house standing some little distance from the road. I took up my position on the opposite side, and awaited developments. The two men alighted, and cautiously, very cautiously, they lifted out the “thing” and placed it on the ground. As they did so I distinctly heard it groan. Then one of the men went to the door and knocked three times. It was immediately opened, and I had a good

view of the interior from where I stood. Straight up from the door was a flight of stairs; at the top of them stood a woman in a dressing-gown holding a lighted candle. I pressed forward into the road, keeping well within the shelter of the cab, and was rewarded by hearing the man call up: "Where shall we put it?" The woman's answer was quite distinct: "Take it upstairs; take it upstairs." They lifted it up again (once more I could swear to hearing it groan), and immediately the door was closed on them, and the cab drove briskly off. The next morning at breakfast, while glancing through my paper, my eyes fell on the following paragraph: "Stolen, from the — Concert Room, on the afternoon or evening of —, a Harp, belonging to the — Amateur Orchestral Society. Anyone giving information which will lead to its recovery, will be rewarded."

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. ZOLA's new book, *Travail*, is a curious jumble of realistic and Utopian worlds. Needless to say, M. Zola achieves his best effects in the darker world. The first three hundred pages of *Travail* are strong and even noble. The infamous exists, and it would not be M. Zola if he did not depict it with fervour and fluency. But above and beyond the trivialities, the basenesses of our modern life, the winged idea of hope, of progress, the beneficent sentiment of human love and fraternity, hover like the flag of promise. The man Luc interests us as all idealists interest. These three hundred pages are impregnated with a force, a tenderness, a pity, and a ruthless recognition of facts that fill us with sympathy and admiration of the author. M. Zola takes life so seriously and wishes well to humanity so fervently that we pardon the artistic blemishes, the violences, the exaggeration and lack of discrimination. Here we see and feel his power, in spite of all that is repugnant to the average taste.

It is a stupid thing to attack an author whose views do not agree with your own experience. I know something of this silly injustice. Lately an Irish editor, who has never been inside a convent, acquainted his readers with the supposition that I must be a fiend because I, who have been brought up in convents, disapprove of those institutions. And so I will not fall into this injustice by saying that because all the wealthy bourgeoisie I have known in France are good-living, honourable, charitable, and cultivated persons, faithful husbands and good fathers, admirable wives and mothers, M. Zola lies in his exposition of the same class. M. Zola is afflicted with a loathing of the wealthy middle-class. Is this loathing founded on fact? I cannot say. All I can say is, that I have not met with anything in France to justify it. This may only mean that my opportunities have been considerably less than M. Zola's; but, then, I am what my friends call an idealist. Wickedness must be thrust aggressively under my nose for me to suspect its existence. I never mistrust and I never assume evil. Still, despite my modest conviction of the limitations of my experience, I cannot help believing that M. Zola's belief in the rottenness of the wealthy middle-class of France is unfounded. All the rich Frenchwomen I know are charitable and pure. I cannot say they approve of Collectivism or Socialism in any form, but some of them would assuredly give up their fortune and comforts if Christ appeared once more and asked them to do so. The socialism of early Christianity they tolerate because it lies nineteen centuries behind, when their fortunes were not yet made; but the socialism of to-day, though far less violent, inspires them with terror. But this is a terror they share with all possessors of the world. It does not make them the abject

monsters of M. Zola's imagination. Still, these first 300 pages, taking into account the author's well-known grossnesses and exaggerations, and his lack of literary art and distinction, are fine and noble in tendency. They do honour to the man. All his generosity—and we know of what quality *that* is composed—is evoked for the poor—the working-classes, viciously exploited by those who wish to profit by it and to enjoy an infamous leisure at their expense. Luc is a kind of apostle. He reaches a dark, dreary, filthy factory town, where drunkenness and misery of all kinds abound, and unconsciously he falls in love with an unfortunate child of the people, Josine, picked up in the gutter by an artisan and scoundrel, who ill-uses her and flings her back into the streets, wounded, broken, and starving. Luc's compassionate heart bleeds, and her misery confronts him with the illimitable misery of the working-class, so he decides to devote himself to the service of the people, and the amelioration of their condition. His notion is to abolish wage and bring about the fusion of interests of workmen and employer, the independence of the former being as essential as that of the latter for the dignity of the race. Luc's comrade is a wealthy man of science, who gives him a factory, a fortune, and a free hand. All this part is interesting, if, like everything Zola writes, ponderous and long-winded. Luc's scheme, which comprises co-operative stores, doing away with the intermediary between producer and consumer, and selling everything little above cost price, meets, of course, with the frantic opposition of all classes—the working-men, who prefer the security of wages; the shopkeepers, who are ruined; the capitalists, and the owners of annual incomes. As long as the scheme fails, and Luc is the victim of public hostility and hate, *Travail* is readable. The folly, vanity, and selfishness of the mob and the bourgeoisie afford M. Zola endless scope for pungent pages. I will not say that they are convincing, but they are ruthless and sincere.

After this we have 366 pages of interminable nonsense to wade through. Luc's scheme unhappily succeeds, which gives us an opportunity of making acquaintance with the revised, regenerated humanity and world of M. Zola's creation. It has been done before, but never in a drearier, more tiresome fashion. We see the Church of Rome extinguished, presumably a few years hence, and the last priest buried beneath the crumbling ruins of the last church. We assist at the free marriage of at least a hundred couples and the birth of several hundreds more of offspring, all implacably, remorselessly happy and prolific, all working, singing, and laughing throughout the livelong day, and all condemned every evening to eternal love-making. Silver and precious stones become so cheap, thanks to electricity, that all the women of the people dine out of doors bedecked in diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, eating off silver plates. In this regenerated world it never rains, nobody has the toothache, and everyone is a centenarian. Luc, who was an interesting figure as long as he was a dreamer or a failure, becomes an insupportable prig in success, protected, upheld, and cooed over by three adoring women, who have no other mission than that of clasping his hands and carrying out his wishes. These things are a matter of personal taste; but whenever I meet in literature the "superior" man surrounded by three adoring women, one of whom he loves, and two of whom he pities with ostentatious tenderness (for these victims of misplaced affections are unlike the pining maid who never told her love; each acquaints the impeccable Luc with her unrequited passion, to which he responds with a "ma divine, ma triste amie") he instantly inspires me with a violent antipathy. One unrequited love in the life of a hero is as much as I can stand; but when it comes to two unrequited loves, mutually aware of their misfortune, and gazing gratefully (and together) into the beloved absent eyes, then I own to pity for a writer who is without a sense of humour. It would be

difficult to name a writer more lamentably deficient in humour than M. Zola; so that when he leaves the region of strife and misery and wickedness, where he shines with a grim and ghastly originality, and plunges into the raptures of blessedness, of purity, of fraternity, he becomes that worst of bores, the ridiculous man who takes himself with fervent gravity. And so I lay down *Travail* with a sensation of illimitable boredom, marvelling at the energy and labour so grotesquely misspent, and glad we have not arrived, and assuredly will not arrive, in our day at the stage of perfection so madly dreamed of by M. Zola.

H. L.

Dreyfus.

THERE ought to be no delusion about Alfred Dreyfus's book, *Five Years of My Life*, of which a translation has been published this week by Messrs. Newnes. It has been promptly and widely noticed, but with a certain absence of comment and abundance of quotation not to be misunderstood. Our own opinion is that the book is an unnecessary and, in the end, an uninteresting record of the captivity and torture undergone by Dreyfus on the Ile du Diable. It is in no way concerned with what is now the vital part of the Dreyfus position; that is to say, with the future vindication of his honour. Yet any book which Dreyfus published at this juncture ought, we think, to have begun where this book leaves off, and to have taken purpose and colour from his final declaration: "The Government of the Republic gives me back my liberty. It is valueless to me without honour. From this day, I shall continue to demand the reparation of the frightful judicial error of which I am still the victim." In publishing the mere narrative of his mental and bodily sufferings on the Ile du Diable Dreyfus is indulging himself, and is rather presuming on the interest felt in his unfinished and still darkly clouded case. It was conceivable, however, that he might make good this claim to the world's attention. He might have enthralled us by the dignity and pathos of his story, and by a wisdom distilled from suffering. But he has not done this. That ghastly prosaicism which has clung to the whole Dreyfus drama is preserved in this crude record. We have seen the causes of Dreyfus's misery; here is the effect without noble surprises or conquest of soul. The treatment he received was calculated to make a man writhe, and he writhes. He certainly endures, too; in what manner and to what extent we shall see. That Dreyfus was condemned by infamous methods is agreed, that he suffered frightful tortures is agreed, and that his liberation was a tardy act of justice is agreed; but all this does not bind us to love the man. His book might have bound us: it fails to do so because it is an inventory of obvious suffering, unlighted and unlifted. Wild and ceaseless protestations of innocence are but tit-for-tat unless the power and peace of innocence descend and are seen like a garment. Expressions of agony do not prevail unless they subside. Dreyfus gives himself, and us, no rest from himself; and the effect is often that of a child endeavouring to cry when it is no longer natural to do so. He recites every worry and privation, and brings no scorn to his own aid, or our relief. From Nature and from books he draws no comfort, though for comfort he clamours without ceasing. One's pity is rudely awakened, but it is not the reverential pity which one would fain offer to the man who for five years was the chief of "all prisoners and captives." If only the diary showed us once or twice how the human mind can beam like the sun on the dreariest shoal of Time! That it can we know, and we wish to see a little of that sublimity. But Dreyfus wearies us even of his innocence. We are defeated by the miscellany of woe—black cruelty and a cut finger, an infamous fate and eyes that "suffer atrociously" from

the smoke of a fire, world-shaking injustice and no dinner plates. Nor are we interested—why should we be?—to read:

The wretch who committed this infamous crime will be unmasked. Oh, if I only had him here for five minutes, I would make him undergo all the torments that he has been the means of making me suffer; I would tear out his heart and his entrails without pity.

That these words could be written in the hut on the Ile du Diable, when the eyes of his guards were scorching his brow, and night was drawing near with chains and dreams, we can well understand. But why, in another mood, were they not expunged? And why, after five years, are they published from an armchair? For it is the Dreyfus of to-day who is responsible for this picture of Dreyfus of yesterday. He has reproduced his groans in a phonograph, and that, we submit, is a proceeding neither useful nor dignified. Still less is it literature. Indeed, the literary lesson of the book is the powerlessness of a theme—however poignant—to hold the mind when neither imagination nor simplicity is there to give it pathos.

But the chief regret we have about this book is that it depresses one's idea of the mental and spiritual resources which an innocent man may hope to find in years of bitterest trial. What is innocence if it only enables us to shout "I am innocent" in every key of hatred, wrath, and pleading, without moments in which scorn, or humour, or pity, or the serene vision of the littleness of man and the majesty of nature, are helpful. But if we misconceive what is possible to human nature on the Ile du Diable, if Dreyfus's conduct was the top of endurance, then we shall still ask: why publish the record now, when the furnace is cooled, and good judgment possible?

Correspondence.

The History of the English Jesuits.

SIR,—I do not propose to reply to the strictures of your reviewer; I prefer to allow the readers of my book to form their own opinion. But as the authenticity of the portrait I give as Robert Parsons's has been questioned I must ask you to allow me space to set forth certain facts connected with the picture.

Your reviewer says the frontispiece "is not that of Parsons at all. It is that of a mitred abbot painted in 1622—the date is apparent on the canvas." I notice your reviewer follows the lead of the *Tablet*, and I have little difficulty in identifying the source. My eyes told me, at least four years ago, that the date was 1622. Anyone but a blind man could see that. I might have been credited with sufficient intelligence to know that 1622 is not the date of Parsons's death, which I give on the same page as 1610; and also with the knowledge that Parsons did not wear a mitre nor use a crozier. It might, therefore, have been supposed that I had reasons, perhaps beyond the ken of your reviewer, for selecting that particular portrait.

The question is: Is my frontispiece the portrait of Parsons? Your reviewer says "No." I say "Yes." And my reasons are as follows: All the existing portraits of Parsons are, as far as I know, posthumous. I have not been able to find one contemporary representation. In the various pictures—some nine or ten—I have collated one has to allow for those same fancies of artists and those same idiosyncracies of engravers that one finds, say, in the portraits of St. Ignatius himself. These artists worked from sketches supplied probably from memory. On three separate occasions I collated the engravings, and on the last occasion I had the advantage of the opinion of an expert. The conclusion he came to coincided with mine—viz., that all these portraits (mine included) come from one original. He had not the slightest hesitation in saying that the one reproduced as a frontispiece to my book is the same individual represented in all the other engravings.

Did your reviewer take the trouble to collate the engravings before making so decided a judgment?

I have now to face the difficulty of the date and the coat of arms. In view of the identity of the personage these, at first sight formidable, sink into a secondary position. May they not be connected with the artist and his patron? Such a custom is not unknown. I should be glad if your reviewer will mention any existing portrait of a contemporary abbot (why not a bishop?) in a similar dress. I can safely say the dress is not prelatial, but it is that of a Jesuit. The strange, seemingly furry garment can be traced in various engravings to the reverse of the Jesuit mantle, and in this particular case it shows the engraver's fancy was at work. I will add, for your reviewer's information, that on my copy the engraver adds the words: "Robert Parsons, Jesuit." Is it likely that an engraver would make a mistake about the personage he was representing?

As regards the Valladolid portrait your reviewer mentions, it has been known to me for at least four years, and a copy is before me as I write. It is a more imaginative production than any of the others. There is a group of enraptured seminarists gazing in wonder and awe at an ecstatic Father Parsons. I may fairly be asked why, when I had so many portraits to choose from, I should select the one reproduced. The answer is easy. This one is the least repulsive, the least forbidding and harsh representation of the great Jesuit. I wanted to present Parsons at his best. Perhaps the care I have taken about this portrait will be the best answer to so ridiculous a statement as that I do not always quote from first-hand authorities nor invariably verify my references.—I am, &c.,

ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

P.S.—I let other people call me "Reverend," and I do not see it is necessary to emulate the laundry-woman who signs her receipts "Mrs. Brown." The general custom nowadays is to omit the prefix on the title-page. There is nothing Jesuitical about it, except that the Jesuit fathers do the same.

[Father Taunton's letter throws no new light on the subject under discussion. We must still consider the date and the motto to be objections fatal to his theory; and we shall be interested to hear from Father Taunton the name of the "expert" who would deprive these indications of their commonly recognised significance, or would set against them, as of equal or greater value, the oft-erring engraver's label. We hear without surprise that the *Tablet* takes the same view; and we must still hold by our little point that Father Taunton, writing as a secular priest against a Jesuit, would have done well to fly his flag. Does he really mean by his postscript that a Jesuit author, who openly appends S.J. to his name, and does not, therefore, need to prefix the "Reverend" to be identified as such, is in the same case with himself? If so, we must really begin to discover in our author a Jesuit in disguise.]

* * We regret that owing to pressure on our space several letters are necessarily held over.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 84 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best character sketch of bird or beast. We award it to Mr. C. Fred Kenyon, Westminster House, Ellesmere-park, Eccles, for the following:

THE PARROT.

He was distinctly a bird of a decadent turn of mind. Life to him was one long, all-absorbing pose—a pose that never deceived any one, least of all himself. It was his desire to be thought dangerous, the kind of bird that should not be permitted to mix freely with younger members of the same species, for fear lest he should corrupt their morals. He was *blasé*—oh! so dreadfully tired of existence that he never moved except to wink dolefully and say: "I've no morals at all. I'm a social outcast. The vicar never calls on me!" And then, with a subtly-refined gesture of the right foot, he clearly indicated that his wickedness was to be taken for granted, and that

polite protestations of disbelief could not possibly be accepted. He had one day heard these words from the lips of a chance visitor, who had related them in connexion with a humorous anecdote, and, for some occult reason, they had remained on his tongue ever since. "I've no morals at all!" This was his hourly exclamation, and the dirty condition of his newly-cleaned cage gave colour to the truth of this remark.

After an absence of three weeks, during which the immoral parrot was left in the hands of a caretaker, we discovered him asleep. His cage was beautifully clean, and his feathers in correct and conventional order. We looked on amazed. Was *this* our parrot? Surely not. He awoke with a start, and eyed us for one second, and one second only; then swiftly he dived his foot into the pot in which his food was placed, and scattered the contents in all directions. With ruffled feathers, he shrilly insisted: "I'm a social outcast! I've no morals at all!" The *poscur* had been discovered. [C. F. K., Eccles.]

Other character-sketches follow:

THE COLLIE DOG NEXT DOOR.

Jimmy's most striking characteristic was his composure: no dog ever performed the most ordinary actions with such a consequential air as he. But for his self-imposed duties, our street would have rapidly degenerated, for who but he kept it free from intruders in the shape of strange dogs and passing tramps? Who but he concerned himself that no squalling children should remain within his precincts? Jimmy would have been perfectly happy but for his evident belief in the motto, "Waste not, Want not," for no sooner was he given food which he did not want, but was too polite to refuse, than his troubles began. With an anxious, careworn expression, he used to hurry about in search of a secret burying place, where it could lie hid until he needed it. It was often hours before he considered himself sufficiently free from observation to bury his booty. Sometimes he laid aside his seriousness and indulged in a game of romps, like any other puppy; but should he meet us in the street the following day, he invariably cut us dead; I think he feared that we might have forgotten ourselves and have made familiar advances in public. He cherished undying hatred towards lady cyclists—they were the "abomination of desolation" to him; and never was he more calmly complacent than when he had accomplished the downfall of one. Tourists he tolerated—I think for the sake of their sandwiches, of which he was a connoisseur. But one day he was compelled to follow his master's trap, just like any other dog; he did not long survive this disgrace. Some say that he died of exhaustion, but the truth was that the degradation was more than Jimmy could bear; he had nothing left to live for; his supremacy over all the other dogs vanished when, metaphorically speaking, he had been seen attached to his master's chariot wheels.

[K. M. P., N. Wales.]

TOBY.

He was a large, white cat, his name was Toby, and he was the possessor of as dual a personality as is possible to cat nature. Apparently very slow and gentle, he was actually most predatory. Frequently we missed him for days together, but, as he became known to the fishermen of the village, we received tidings of him. "We had a heavy catch of herrings this morning, miss, and that white cat of yours is down on the beach carrying the fish away and coming back for more." This was one of his favourite performances. One day the house smelt unaccountably of fish; a search revealed several herrings hidden under various beds and doormats. When fish was scarce he still had periods of absence; then we should hear: "That cat of yours, miss, has been rabbiting on the cliffs the last three days." He always came back as gentle as if he had never stirred from home; would allow children to dress him in doll's clothes and wheel him about in a perambulator without a mew or a scratch. He had his self-respect, too, and a tinge of vanity. When the snow was melting on the sloping roofs of the old house, and it was difficult even for a cat to keep its footing, he would slide down on one side; but, once in the house, lay on that side, and show only an apparently spotless coat. In those snowy days, many a poor frozen sparrow fell an easy victim to the keen hunter, who, at the sight of prey, set all gentleness aside. Like some great men of whom there has been much talk lately, he showed, linked to a war-like spirit, great love of peace and domesticity.

[A. M. B., Wimbledon.]

Thirty other contributions received and considered.

Competition No. 85 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best note on some current new word, phrase, or habit of speech. Limit 200 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, May 8. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

THE CHEAPEST COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY IN THE WORLD.

THE S.P.C.K. ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY,

Consisting of 5,336 Pages, Imperial 8vo,

Is the Largest DICTIONARY Published—over 200,000 Words. It is an Easier, Simpler, Handier Dictionary than any other, and is an ENCYCLOPÆDIA as well.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY.

Its comprehensiveness and its wideness of range in point of time.
"The Encyclopædic Dictionary," by combining in one all these special Glossaries or Vocabularies, effects a double saving, an economy of time and of money.

Its richness and completeness of the illustrative quotations.

Its thoroughly encyclopædic character.
The large number and practical character of its illustrations.
The numerous pictorial illustrations, although eminently artistic in character, are in no sense mere embellishments, but in every case help to elucidate the text.

INVALUABLE FOR THE HOME, THE COLLEGE, AND THE SCHOOL.
In Seven Volumes, cloth, 25s.; half-bound, 32s.

EARLY CHURCH CLASSICS.—A HOMILY of CLEMENT of ALEXANDRIA, entitled "Who is the Rich Man that is being Saved?" By the Rev. P. MORDAUNT BARNARD. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 1s.

THE STORY of FIFTY YEARS' MISSION WORK in CHHOTA NAGPUR. By the Rev. EYRE CHATTERTON, B.D. With a Preface by the LORD BISHOP of CHHOTA NAGPUR. With Map and numerous Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 4s.

STORY of the SIEGE HOSPITAL in PEKING, and Diary of Events from May to August, 1900. By JESSIE RANSOME, Deaconess, Church of England Mission, Peking. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

HANDY BOOK (A) of the CHURCH of ENGLAND. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, D.D. With an Appendix bringing the Book up to the end of 1900. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

REFLECTED LIGHTS from CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S "THE FACE of the DEEP." Selected and Arranged by W. M. L. JAY. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

THE OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK of the CHURCH of ENGLAND for 1901. Furnishing a Trustworthy Account of the Condition of the Church of England and all Bodies in Communion with her throughout the World. Demy 8vo, paper boards, 3s.; cloth boards, red edges, 4s.

WHY DO YOU BELIEVE the BIBLE to be the WORD of GOD? An Argument to Prove the Divine Authority and Inspiration of Holy Scripture. By the late Rev. J. BATEMAN, M.A. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s.

HENRY CALLAWAY, D.D., M.D., First Bishop of Kaffraria: his Life-History and Work. A Memoir by MARION S. BENHAM. Edited by the Rev. Canon BENHAM. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

IN the DAY of TROUBLE. By the Rev. Charles T. OVENDEN, D.D., Canon of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 2s.

"LIFE" in ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL. By the Rev. J. GURNEY HOARE, M.A. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 1s.

THE DRIVING WHEEL: a Sketch of our Political System. By a PARLIAMENTARY REPORTER. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 6d.

CHRISTIANITY and INDIAN NATIONALITY. A Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on 24th April, 1901, by JAMES MACARTHUR, D.D., Lord Bishop of Bombay. Small post 8vo, paper cover, 3d.

THE PASSING of the EMPIRES, 850 B.C. to 330 B.C. By Professor MASPERO. Edited by the Rev. Professor SAYCE. Translated by M. L. McCURE. With Maps and numerous Illustrations, including 3 Coloured Plates. Demy 4to (approximately), cloth, bevelled boards, 25s.; half-morocco (bound by Riviere), 50s.

"For some time it must form the standard work upon the subject."

Pall Mall Gazette.

"Scholars, as well as unlearned seekers after unbiased facts, owe M. Maspero and Mrs. McCure a deep debt of gratitude."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"An interesting book, and one which will give the reader a good general view of a most eventful period in the history of the world."—*Nature.*

"As a narrative it reads clearly and often brilliantly, which says much for Mrs. McCure's sympathetic translation. Altogether this is a book to read and re-read; it is the best authority on its wide subject at present."

Saturday Review.

"The work is beautifully produced, and the hundreds of illustrations are in the highest style."—*Daily Chronicle.*

STAR ATLAS Containing Maps of all the Stars from 1 to 65 Magnitude between the North Pole and 34° South Declination, and of all Nebulae and Star Clusters in the same Region which are visible in Telescopes of moderate powers. With Explanatory Text by Dr. HERMANN J. KLEIN. Translated by EDMUND McCURE, M.A., M.R.I.A., F.L.S. With 18 Maps. Third Edition (R.A. and Dec.), brought up to 1900, as far as text is concerned, Revised and Enlarged. Imp. 4to, cloth boards, 10s.

FEDERATED AUSTRALIA. A Rare and Elaborate Collection of Photographic Views, depicting Scenery, Cities, Industries, and interesting phases of Australian Life in New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania. Oblong 4to, 2 vols., 10s.

EARLY BRITAIN: Anglo-Saxon Britain By the late GRANT ALLEN. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

THE ROMANCE of SCIENCE.—SOUNDING the OCEAN of AIR. Being Six Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston in December, 1898, by A. LAWRENCE ROTCH, S.B., A.M. Small post 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

THE ROMANCE of SCIENCE.—The MACHINERY of the Universe. Mechanical Conceptions of Physical Phenomena. By A. E. DOLBEAR, A.B., A.M., M.E., Ph.D., Professor of Physics, Tufts College, U.S.A. Small post 8vo, with several Diagrams, cloth boards, 2s.

MATTER, ETHER, and MOTION: the Factors and Relations of Physical Science. By A. E. DOLBEAR, A.B., A.M., M.E., Ph.D., Professor of Physics, Tufts College, U.S.A. English Edition, edited by Prof. ALFRED LODGE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

"Every page shows that the author is alive to the far-reaching consequences and implications of modern science. Professor Dolbear's pages are eminently readable, and his presentation of the philosophy of modern physics is lucid, interesting, exhaustive, and for the most part convincing."—*Literature.*

MANUALS of ELEMENTARY SCIENCE: Geology. By the Rev. T. G. BONNEY, Sc.D., LL.D., F.G.S., &c. New and Revised Edition. Fcap. 8vo, limp cloth, 1s.

FLOWERS of the FIELD. By the late Rev. C. A. JOHNS, B.A., F.L.S. (Twenty-ninth Edition.) Entirely Rewritten and Revised by Professor G. S. BOULGER, F.L.S., F.G.S., Professor of Botany in the City of London College. With numerous Woodcuts. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, gilt edges, 14s.

POISONOUS PLANTS in FIELD and GARDEN. By the Rev. Professor G. HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., F.E.S. With numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d. [Ready shortly.]

FREAKS and MARVELS of PLANT LIFE; or, Curiosities of Vegetation. By M. C. COOKE, M.A., LL.D. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

THE FERN PORTFOLIO. By Francis G. Heath. With 15 Plates, elaborately drawn, life size, exquisitely coloured from Nature, and accompanied by Descriptive Text. Cloth boards, 8s.

WHERE to FIND FERNS. By Francis G. Heath. With numerous Woodcuts. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

WILD FLOWERS. By Anne Pratt, Author of "Our Native Songsters." 2 vols. With 192 Coloured Plates. 16mo, cloth boards, 8s.

BOTANY. By the late Prof. R. Bentley. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo, limp cloth, 1s.

LIBRARY EDITION of MRS. EWING'S WORKS. COMPLETE IN EIGHTEEN UNIFORM VOLUMES. Crown 8vo, half-cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

THE COMPLETE SERIES, VOLUMES I.—XVIII., in cloth case, 48s.

This is the only Complete Edition of Mrs. Ewing's Works. The last two volumes contain much new matter.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
LONDON: NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.; 43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
BRIGHTON: 129, NORTH STREET.

READY MONDAY NEXT, PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

At all Booksellers', Libraries, and Bookstalls.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES. PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES. PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.

By **KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,**

Author of "Penelope's English Experiences" and "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland."

London: GAY & BIRD, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

Agency for American Books.

CHEAP EDITION, Now Ready, price 2s.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE BY LAND.

Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific, undertaken with the view of Exploring a Route across the Continent to British Columbia through British Territory, by one of the Northern Passes in the Rocky Mountains.

BY

VISCOUNT MILTON and Dr. CHEADLE.
With 12 Illustrations.

* * To this Cheap Edition Notes have been added by Dr. CHEADLE in the form of an Appendix.

CASSSELL & COMPANY, Limited, London,
and all Booksellers.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

ENLARGED AND CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

(Over 500 pages, 8vo, bound in green cloth).

All the Principal Works in Circulation at
the Library

ARRANGED under SUBJECTS.

Forming a Comprehensive Guide to Notable
Publications in most Branches of
Literature.

Books of Permanent Interest on POLITICAL
and SOCIAL TOPICS, the ARMY, NAVY,
ARTS, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, SPORT,
THEOLOGY, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, and
FICTION. Price 1s. 6d.

Also a FOREIGN CATALOGUE, contain-
ing BOOKS in FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
RUSSIAN, and SPANISH.

Price 1s. 6d.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road; and

48, Queen Victoria Street, London.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS

2% on the minimum monthly balances,
when not drawn below £100. 2%

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

2 1/2% on Deposits, repayable on
demand. 2 1/2%

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post
free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.
Telegraphic Address, BIRKBE.

Foolscap 4to, 76 pp., price 3s. 6d. net.

NOW READY.

VAGROM VERSE

AND

RAGGED RHYME.

By **ROBERT GEORGE LEGGE**

Writer of "Songs of a Strolling Player,"
"Player Poems."

London: J. MILES & Co. (Ltd.),
63 70, Wardour Street, W.

Or through any Bookseller.

LONDON LIBRARY, St. James's Square, S.W.

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—LESLIE STEPHEN, Esq.

Vice-Presidents—The Rt. Hon. LORD ACTON,
the Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., the
Rt. Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P., D.C.L.
HERBERT SPENCER Esq.

Trustees—Rt. Hon. LORD ABERCROMBY, F.R.S.
Rt. Hon. EARL OF ROSEBURY, Rt. Hon.
Sir M. GRANT DUFF.

The Library contains about 200,000
Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature,
in Various Languages. Subscription, £3 a
year; Life-Membership, according to age.
Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country, and
Ten to Town Members. Reading Room open
from 10 till half-past 6. CATALOGUE, Fifth
Edition, 1888, 2 vols., royal 8vo, price 21s.
to Members, 16s.

C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D.,
Secretary and Librarian.

SELECTIONS FROM

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 3s. 6d., post free.
ILLUSTRATIONS from the SERMONS
of ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., Edited
and Selected by JAMES HENRY MARTYN.
Containing over 500 beautiful and suggestive
illustrations. With a Textual Index and Alpha-
betical List of Subjects.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"THINGS THAT ARE MADE." Devotional
Meditations in the Haunts of Nature. By
Rev. A. J. BAMFORD, B.A., of Royton.

Now Ready, Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth
boards, 1s. 6d., post free.

THE CHARTER of the CHURCH.
Lectures on the Principle of Nonconformity. By
P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D.

"Explains the position of religious dissent with
great force and eloquence."—*Manchester Guardian*.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Limited,
21 and 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, W.C.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and
New Celebrities in Literature, may still be
obtained, singly, or in complete sets for
3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43,
Chancery Lane, W.C.

"ZACK'S"

NEW NOVEL.

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

".....Told in a way that revives memories of
GEORGE ELIOT's earlier and finer novels"
C. K. S., in *The Sphere*.

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

By "ZACK."

".....She plucks out the core of elemental passion
and sets it before her readers with a directness and
simplicity that go straight to the mark.....the plot of
her new story is severely simple, but its development
is of absorbing interest."—*Spectator*.

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

By "ZACK."

"Reminds one of 'Tess.' Altogether a moving book."
Outlook.

"Shows no falling off from 'On Trial' or 'Life is
Life,' indeed it is a very great advance."
Daily Telegraph.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY.

By "ALIEN." 6s.

"'Alien's' latest novel is the best which this accom-
plished writer has yet produced.....it is far removed
from the ordinary."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

THE CURIOUS CAREER OF RODERICK CAMPBELL.

By JEAN McILWRAITH. 6s.

"Should prove of peculiar interest to Scottish people
.....it is largely concerned with the stirring events of
the '45 and the romantic wanderings of Bonnie Prince
Charlie."—*Glasgow Herald*.

KARADAC, COUNT of GERZY.

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD. 6s.

"A very real romance.... a story of love and chivalry,
a story of knights mailed and sworded."—*Scotsman*.

TWO SIDES of a QUESTION.

By MAY SINCLAIR. 6s.

"A volume we are glad to have read."—*Daily News*.

THAT SWEET ENEMY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s.

"This is Mrs. Hinkson's best novel."—*World*.

THE SHIP'S ADVENTURE.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 6s.

"Inimitably fresh and vigorous."—*Saturday Review*
"Mr. Russell has done nothing better."—*World*.

THROUGH SIBERIA.

By J. STADLING.

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 18s.

".....he discusses with much special knowledge the
political and social problem of the country; he hopes
little from the Trans-Siberian railway; the tragedy
of Siberia is not yet complete."

THE FIGHT with FRANCE for NORTH AMERICA.

By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of "Wolfe."
Demy 8vo, with Maps, 15s.

WHERE BLACK RULES WHITE:

The Black Republic of Hayti.

By HESKETH PRICHARD.
Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 12s.

ENGLAND, EGYPT, and the SUDAN.

By H. D. TRAILL. 12s.

MODERN ASTRONOMY:

Being some Account of the Revolution of the Last
Quarter of the Century.

By H. H. TURNER, F.R.S.,
Savilian Professor of Astronomy, Oxford.
Crown 8vo, fully Illustrated, 6s. net.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., LTD.,
Westminster.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW NOVELS, &c.

A SORE TEMPTATION. By John K. LEYS, Author of "The Lindsays," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

A FORBIDDEN NAME: a Story of the Court of Catherine the Great. By FRED. WHISHAW, Author of "A Boyar of the Terrible," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. May 16.

THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD. By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Blue Diamond," &c. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. May 23.

WILDERSMOOR. By C. L. Antrobus, Author of "Quality Corner," SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. May 30.

CHAPENGA'S WHITE MAN. By A. WERNER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. May 30.

WORK. By Emile Zola. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. "A powerful and impressive work."—*Scotsman*.

HER LADYSHIP'S SECRET. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

DEACON BRODIE. By Dick DONOVAN, Author of "A Detective's Triumphs." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

TOLD by the TAFFRAIL. By SUNDOWNER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. "This is a delightful book, and will be thoroughly appreciated wherever a good story cleverly and gracefully told can find favour."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

ACADEMY NOTES (Originated by HENRY BLACKBURN), with nearly 200 Illustrations, 1s., contains a number of important Copyright Pictures.

MONONIA: a Love Story of "Forty-eight." By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "Dear Lady Disdain," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. "Mr. Justin McCarthy's contemporary compatriots will appreciate, with a fulness of satisfaction such as Jane Austen's 'Emma' and Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' must respectively have inspired in their readers, his picture of life."—*World*.

RUNNING AMOK. By George MANVILLE FENN. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. "If you are in the mood for stories of hairbreadth escapes you will enjoy Mr. Manville Fenn's 'Running Amok.'"—*Truth*.

THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. "The hand of the practised novelist is apparent in every chapter of this powerful study.... One man ever occupies the foreground—John Manger, converted clown and great preacher. The situation as shown in the opening chapters is a striking one, for the man who, by his personality and grip brings vast audiences to their knees cannot appear before them until he is dosed with drink, and the hell from which he seeks to drag them is the hell into which he is himself reeling.... The minor characters are carefully drawn; the story is well told and well wrought, and entirely convincing. A book thoroughly human, and well worth reading."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE LONE STAR RUSH. By EDMUND MITCHELL. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. "The lover of fiction, sick of the novel of problems, will find no better tonic than this lively, rattling story of adventure. Mr. Mitchell has found material out of which to construct a tale with smack enough of Ballantyne and Kingston about it to fascinate the youthful, and with qualities substantial enough to hold the attention of the mature."—*Scotsman*.

QUALITY CORNER. By C. L. Antrobus, Author of "Wilder-smoor," &c. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. "The author has a story to tell that is worth telling, and knows how to tell it.... For humour and observation, and poetry and culture, you may approach Mrs. Antrobus with perfect confidence. She keeps plenty of all these good things.... We have hinted that certain qualities in Mrs. Antrobus recall George Eliot; but, seriously, in pages such as those which describe the scene of the confusion, we are not at all sure that the new writer is not distinctly at certain moments on the great forerunner's level."—*Outlook*.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN. By MAX O'RELL, Author of "John Bull and his Island," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

A HISTORY of the FOUR GEORGES and of WILLIAM the FOURTH. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY and J. H. MCCARTHY. Vols. III. and IV. (completing the Work), demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each. "Two charmingly readable volumes, which the reader would gladly find even bulkier than they are.... Like the 'History of Our Own Times,' these pleasant volumes deserve to supplant fiction for a moment with the free and subscription library public."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

EAST LONDON. By Walter Besant, With Etching by F. S. WALKER and 55 Illustrations by PHIL. MAY, L. RAYES HILL, and JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 18s. "Sir Walter Besant knows London as no one has known it since Charles Dickens. Crammed with antiquarian lore mingled with human interest, and saturated with genuine sympathy for the people is this study of 'East London.' The enthusiasm of the student pervades every page, illuminating the prosaic and the humdrum with the fruits of research.... A thoroughly masterly book."—*Literary World*.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

WALTER SCOTT'S LIST.

THE CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES

Edited by HAVELOCK ELLIS.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s., with 93 Illustrations.

THE MEDITERRANEAN RACE.

By Prof. SERGI.

In this book, which is almost entirely new, and has been specially prepared by the Author for the "Contemporary Science Series," Prof. Sergi has presented the first full statement of the facts and views that—since he first brought them forward five years ago—have done so much to revolutionise the Aryan question. The evidence there contained tends to show that the race inhabiting Southern Europe and Northern Africa formerly occupied, and to some extent still occupies, the greater part of Central and Northern Europe, including the British Isles, and has played the chief part in European civilisation.

NEW EDITION OF IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS.

Edited by WILLIAM ARCHER.

In this Edition each Play forms a Volume by itself. The typographical features of the original Norwegian Editions are, so far as possible, reproduced. The names of the characters are placed above their speeches instead of in the same line, thus giving the page a lighter and more attractive appearance. Each Volume contains a Frontispiece, representing, as a rule, one of the leading characters as embodied by a well-known actor or actress.

Royal 16mo, paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

NOW READY.

1. THE LEAGUE of YOUTH.
 2. PILLARS of SOCIETY.
 3. A DOLL'S HOUSE.
 4. GHOSTS.
 5. AN ENEMY of the PEOPLE.
- [In preparation.]

THE SCOTT LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 1s. 6d. per Volume.

NEW VOLUMES.

SCOTS ESSAYISTS: from Stirling to Stevenson. Edited, with an Introduction, by OLIPHANT SMEATON.

THE CANTERBURY POETS.

Square 8vo, cut and uncut edges, 1s. per Volume.

Also "Gravure" Edition, in rich art linen binding, each Volume with Portrait or other Frontispiece in Photogravure, 2s. per Volume.

NEW VOLUMES.

POEMS by JAMES THOMSON. With Introduction by WILLIAM BAYNE.

POEMS by ALEXANDER SMITH. With a Prefatory Note by R. E. D. SKETCHLEY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE FADING of the LIGHT, and other Stories. By ARCHIBALD DUNN, Jun. "The stories are eminently readable."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Complete Lists of any of the above Series post free on application.

London: WALTER SCOTT, Paternoster Square, E.C.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST.

DAILY NEWS.—"Full of graphic incident and interesting throughout."

With a Map and 10 Text Plans, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

Being the Diary of the

Rev. ROLAND ALLEN, M.A.,

Chaplain to the Right Rev. C. P. Scott, D.D., Lord Bishop in North China; for five years Acting-Chaplain to H.B.M.'s Legation in Peking.

Times.—"A vivid narrative, written with much judgment and good taste. Nothing could be better than Mr. Allen's story of the closing days of the siege."

Pall Mall Gazette.—"It would be difficult to call to mind a more dramatic chapter in history than that afforded by last year's tragedy in Peking, and Mr. Allen has done justice to his subject."

With a Portrait Frontispiece, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SOUTH AFRICA

A CENTURY AGO.

Letters written from the Cape of Good Hope, 1797-1801.

By the Lady ANNE BARNARD.

Edited, with a Memoir and Brief Notes, by W. H. WILKINS, F.S.A.

Athenaeum.—"Perfectly delightful, incisive, direct, and sparkling. Her letters are, in fact, as entertaining as any novel."

Daily Telegraph.—"It is no exaggeration to say that this bundle of old letters is an important literary find.... They sparkle with epigrams and good sayings; they have a high literary finish, and yet it is easy to see that they were quite unstudied and perfectly natural. Their freshness and originality are amazing."

New Novels.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

With 12 Full-Page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE SILVER SKULL.

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "Cleg Kelly," "The Red Axe," "Little Anna Mark," &c.

Scotsman.—"One of the most successful of Mr. Crockett's recent essays in romance.... Full of colour, fire, and movement."

Christian World.—"Well invented, well knit, of cumulative interest, told with a verve worthy of Crockett in his best days."

PACIFICO.

By JOHN RANDAL. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY.

By Mrs. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE SEAL OF SILENCE.

By ARTHUR R. CONDER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Two Successful Novels by New Writers
Second Printings of each now ready.

A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

By GRAHAM HOPE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

British Weekly.—"It is no exaggeration to say that this novel is fully equal to the best of Mr. Stanley Weyman's."

Scotsman.—"The appearance among novelists of an author who can turn out so sound a piece of literary workmanship as this—a work in which there are few, if any, of the defects observed in early attempts at fiction, and which bears such promise of something more brilliant still to come—is most welcome."

LOVE AND HONOUR.

By M. E. CARR. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Spectator.—"Miss Carr has originality and no little literary skill.... Her story is interesting."

World.—"A pathetic story told with considerable grace and distinction."

Pilot.—"It is difficult to accept 'Love and Honour' as the work of an unpractised hand: its fine balance of construction, its direct and forceful narrative, suggest rather a maturity of power and training."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO,
15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1514. Established 1869.

11 May, 1901.

Price Threepence
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

VICTOR HUGO's love-letters to his *fiancée*, 1820-1822, is announced for next week, following hard on the trail Bismarck's love-letters. We can but be thankful that those two great men did not know that the intimate outpourings of their deepest feelings would be published to the world at a time when love-letters are booming like sensational or pseudo-religious fiction. Many disapprove, but few have the moral courage to refuse to add the love-letters of eminent men to their library list. But protests in print are not wanting. The *Literary World* (Boston) reviewing Victor Hugo's *Love-Letters*, says:

It is getting to be that of the things that belong to a man there belongs to him—nothing. This paradox is attested by this volume. If any of a man's belongings belong to him to the degree that they ought to be buried with him, his love-letters are those things. Interesting? Of course they may be; in this case they must be, and are, extremely so; but they are too sacred to yield up their secrets to the gaze of profane curiosity. The public has no rights to these letters. They ought never to have been printed. Whose is the responsibility of parting with them for thirty pieces of silver?

THE "Letters" form of composition that has come in with the new century is too vigorous to last. Hardly have we dipped into *The Aristocrats*, and sampled "George Egerton's *Rosa Amorosa*," than we are confronted by *The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth*. The "little soul," we observe, who writes the letters in *Rosa Amorosa* does not die like the Englishwoman. She marries her correspondent, and goes to China. Before she starts she writes a letter to the "editress" of the volume, whom she addresses as "Dear old Friend, nice Woman Thing." Her lover is addressed variously as "My Own, My Very, Very Own," "Kind little Lover," "My Twin Soul," and "Dear Thing."

THE picture exhibitions are not rich in literary portraits. At the New Gallery there is a portrait of Mr. Kipling by Mr. John Collier. At first one sees nothing but the blue serge suit, but travel up the cloth, past the blue collar, and you find the small bullet head, too small, we think, and the eyes peering gravely from behind the spectacles. Mr. Kipling is standing much too near the fire for safety. At the same Gallery there is a portrait of Mr. W. T. Stead by Mr. E. A. Ward, with puckered brows, writing diligently, and one by the same artist of "Mark Twain," who wears a rather troubled look. At the Academy there is a portrait of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones by Mr. Hugh G. Rivière, and one of Mr. Frankfort Moore by Mr. Hugh de J. Glazebrooke.

WE understand that the author of *Colloquies of Criticism*, which we reviewed in our last issue, and which was heralded by advance paragraphs as to the publisher's ignorance of the name of the author, is Mr. W. H. Mallock.

READERS of Stevenson's *Kidnapped* will rub their eyes when they find their way to a certain stall at the Glasgow

Exhibition. For they will see before them Alan Breck in the flesh. It was Messrs. Cassell's idea, and every effort has been made to make the costume correct.

It is proposed to erect a memorial to the late R. D. Blackmore. Mr. R. B. Marston, who has agreed to act as hon. treasurer and hon. secretary of the memorial fund, suggests that the memorial should take the form of a marble tablet with a medallion portrait and a suitable inscription, and that any balance after defraying its cost should be invested for the benefit of the Authors' Benevolent Fund which has recently been established in connexion with the Society of Authors. The Dean and Chapter of Exeter Cathedral have consented to the erection of a memorial in the cathedral and the representatives of Mr. Blackmore approve the idea, only stipulating that the artist employed should be Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter.

A LITTLE library of poetical exercises by minor poets is again accumulating on our bookshelves, and we shall soon be confronted by the duty of reviewing them—not a light task. For we have not forgotten the flutter of letters that descended upon us from aggrieved bards after our last pronouncement. Meanwhile, we have been amused by the following little notice of a book of poetry that appeared in last week's *Speaker*. It strikes us as being just the right way of doing it—right length, right spirit, and informed by a cheery avuncular patronage:

Mr. F. Ernley Walrond must be extremely young. Nothing else could account for his inordinate solemnity, his melancholy mood, his bitter tears, his conviction that life is hollow, and that the course of true love never can run smooth. But we have a tender feeling for the Too Quick Despairer (as Matthew Arnold said), and to Mr. Walrond we say, with great sincerity: "Cheer up. When you have lived a little longer, you will find that life is not such a bad thing after all. Silvia will marry you, or, if she doesn't, Yvette will. In the meantime, eschew blank verse as you would the devil. Cultivate your real taste for nature, and your capacity for pretty rhyming. And never again, even if you live to keep your golden wedding with Silvia, make *Sun* rhyme with *Communion*, for that is wilful wrong-doing."

THE *Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff* makes a volume of 173 pages, accompanied by photographs and pictures, with such titles as "Dear Master, Tony Robert-Fleury," "The amiable and always charmed and charming Carolus Duran." In one passage, which begins "I am thinner by half," Marie goes on to criticise Daudet's *Sappho*:

I have read it twice, wishing to be reconciled with Daudet's style, which unnerves me. Am I ridiculous to be provoked by it? It runs, runs; it spins along, always quickly. It is a flight, a scattering. The reader strives to follow; breathless. It is all scraps of phrases, scraps thrown off, as if regretfully, by a pitiful man, who is too much pressed to say as much as he knows, and always something sinister in hints *à propos* of fried potatoes. It is like a picture painted in dabs—the eye is fidgeted by not being able to rest on anything solid. An endless pizzicato.

THE thousand-and-one references to *Murray* in connexion with travel which are scattered throughout novels and light verse now need annotation. It is *Murray* no longer, but *Stanford*. We do not know why Mr. Murray has parted with his famous series of hand-books; but it may be pointed out that guide-books have multiplied of late years to such an extent, and the competition has become so keen, that this branch of publishing demands specialised attention. The famous series which now changes hands was founded by Mr. Murray's father, who published the first volume—dealing with Holland, Belgium, and North Germany—in 1836. That book was based on the notes taken by Mr. Murray in several journeys through these countries at a time when—in Germany, at all events—there were neither railways nor macadamised roads. Everyone knows how the series has developed, and how in the case of each country described edition has improved on edition. There are now twenty-nine foreign and the same number of home handbooks. Baedeker's series was avowedly founded on Murray's, and of late years it has keenly contested the supremacy. It is stated, however, that every Baedeker has been preceded by a Murray; and we need not say that in the preparation of guide-books it is the pioneer work that counts for glory. All travellers will hear of the change with regret, but Mr. Stanford may be trusted to handle the series with skill, and we shall not be surprised if an important revision of prices inaugurates the new management.

MANY writers with powers insignificant beside George Eliot's share her dislike of reading their own books. Even journalists cannot all bear to read their articles when they are printed, so great is their dread of being put to small shames by their work. Printed matter is so irretrievable that its defects seem magnified many times. In a letter from the collection of the late Mr. Towneley Green, which will be dispersed at Sotheby's next week, George Eliot writes thus to Dr. Alexander Main, the editor of the *George Eliot Birthday Book*: "I have read my own books hardly at all, after once giving them forth; dreading to find them other than I wish, and now I am haunted by the fear that I am only saying again what I have already said in better fashion. For we all of us have our little store—our two or three beliefs which are the outcome of our character and experience, and there is equal danger of my harping on these too long, and of our taking up other strains, which are not at all our beliefs, but mere borrowing of echo. From both of these dangers Good Sense deliver me! that Good sense which includes Good Conscience, and a high estimate of the author's function. Every one who contributes to the 'too much' of literature is doing grave social injury."

MRS. HELEN BOSANQUET has been looking into the cheap fiction which is sold for pennies and twopences in countless weekly papers and booklets in small miscellaneous shops in London. Like Miss Corelli, the authors of these tales do not send their works to us for review; but, if they did, we think it quite possible we might be able to endorse the opinion with which Mrs. Bosanquet concludes her article: "If it were worth while to institute any close comparison between this cheap literature and that which is to be found in circulating libraries and on bookstalls, I am confident that any impartial judge would agree with me that for neatness of workmanship, directness of purpose, and absence of bad taste, some of these penny stories are far superior to many which are sold for shillings. On the other hand, they never rise to any marked degree of originality, and may fall very low."

THE Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is always sending something piquant across the Channel. This week he describes the disastrous fate of the "Word

of Honour Free Loan Office," started in that city by Mme. Jennie Robin, a benevolent literary lady, for the relief of impecunious writers who possibly (and in their own opinion certainly) only needed a small sum to enable them to complete works on which fame and money waited. No security was asked and no interest exacted. The penurious poet, the needy novelist, and the cashless critic came and borrowed. The Duchesse d'Uzès lent her patronage and wealth, and well-known writers like MM. François Coppée and Jules Lemaitre beamed on the scheme, and it was their hope that the assisted writers would rise in the world and become patrons of the institution until the funds ascended and descended like the rain that fertilises. Alas! This dream was shattered by "the fact that none of the clients of the loan office ever blossomed into successful authors; indeed, the very great majority of them remained the authors of rejected MSS. Worst of all, the proportion of repayments proved so infinitesimally small that even the trusting Mme. Robin had to admit in the end that honour among such of the denizens of Grub-street as came her way was a vain word. And so the loan office has had to close its doors after accomplishing little more than a quite unnecessary distribution of doles to literary ne'er-do-wells."

"THAT distinguished-looking poet of the National capital, Col. John A. Joyce, is at present in Baltimore collecting data for a new biography of Edgar Allan Poe. The Colonel wears his hair long, and its white locks fall over his shoulders or wave in the wind. He has already visited the Church House where Poe died, and the Westminster Cemetery where he is buried." Thus the *New York Saturday Review*. We shall be uncertain whether to buy the author's photograph or his book.

SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF, to whose new volumes of reminiscences we referred last week, and to which we shall return, is not always telling or picking up good stories. He has just delivered an address to students in connexion with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, at the Mansion House, on "The Poetry of the Victorian Age." He made some interesting points. Perhaps it is not generally realised how poets who made their reputations in earlier reigns lived on far into the reign of Queen Victoria. We quote the *Times*:

It was just about the time of the late Queen's accession that Wordsworth, who was made Poet Laureate in 1843 and died in 1850, first learned that his poems had begun to make a real impression at home and abroad. Samuel Rogers, a far inferior poet, lived still further into the Victorian era. His writings belonged to a school which, when he died in December, 1855, had vanished; but it had been, perhaps, the fashion to depreciate them too much. Landor, who began to publish before the end of the eighteenth century, produced a great deal between 1837 and September, 1864, when he passed away in extreme old age. His friend, Southey, although he lived about six years beyond 1837, showed long before his death evidence of failing powers, and could not justly be claimed as falling within the era under consideration. Perhaps, however, the most curious link between the poetry of the eighteenth century and that of the Victorian age was Peacock, of the India House, who, born in 1785, lived till 1866, writing in his youth "The Genius of the Thames," which had been said by Mr. Gosse to belong to the school of Collins in its last dissolution, and living to produce the lines: "I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing," which was the gem of "Gryll Grange." Praed, although his poems were not collected till the second half of the last century, only lived till 1839. His *vers de société* were well known, but the fact was less familiar that he could write in a very different style when he pleased, as witness his lines entitled "The Dying Girl to her Lover." It was, however, by his merry mood that he became the leader of a school in which Frederick Locker, afterwards Locker-Lampson, was the most distinguished disciple. Leigh

Hunt, although we connect his name chiefly with the third decade of the nineteenth century, was for twenty years a subject of Queen Victoria.

THE personal equation was rather strong throughout the address. Take this reference to the author of *The Earthly Paradise*:

Another poet wholly of the Victorian age was William Morris, whose earliest and by no means least charming poems appeared, he thought, in 1858. He questioned whether William Morris ever wrote anything better in later days than "Riding Together" and "The Eve of Crecy," though he wrote much through many years that was delightful. Would that he had been contented to be that most useful personage, "the idle singer of an empty day," instead of wandering into regions where his time and abilities were wasted! He heartily sympathised with the late Lord Derby who, when looking one evening for a book in his library, and, passing the candle along a shelf, remarked, as it passed the volumes of the poet who had strayed so far from his vocation: "If I had known that that fellow was going to turn Socialist I would not have gone to the expense of binding him in red morocco."

Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff has his own little preferences and enthusiasms. He thinks very great things of the war poems of Sir Franklin Lushington, the author of "The March of the Guards," and his brother Henry. The following calls for more light: "The poem 'On a Picture at Perugia,' by one of the heads of the Parliamentary Bar, which had only been privately printed, would not lose by comparison with the most successful efforts of any of our professional poets." Poor Mr. Quiller-Couch is reproached for not including in his *Oxford Book of English Verse* more specimens of "the most distinctive poetical work done by Oxford in modern days," a remark which shows a rather odd misconception of the aim of the collection. Not "one line of Shairp, one line of the Archbishop of Armagh, one line of Dr. Bright"! Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's remarks on the present passion for technical finish are reported as follows, and are interesting for their reference to Byron:

The pity was that they had sacrificed almost too much to this excellence, which was an accessory merit only, and unimportant when the deft maker of verse had little or nothing to say. We might hope that the next generation of poets would, without losing this technical skill, employ their poetical faculty only as a vehicle for something worth saying. The reaction which had set in against the ridiculous undervaluing of Byron was of good omen. Byron might have had "no technique," as a foolish critic once remarked; but at least he had something to say, and he said it with a vengeance. He should not be surprised if thirty years hence it had become an article of orthodox poetical faith that the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold" was the greatest non-dramatic poem in English.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Modbury, South Devon: "Referring to your quotation, 'Between-Girl,' in your last issue, we call her here by another name. We advertise her almost daily in the *Western Morning News* and other West Country journals as the 'Tweeney-Maid'—a prettier fashion of describing her, to my fancy. She spends her mornings with the cook 'washing dishes,' her afternoons with the parlourmaid being 'taught behaviour.' And under their joint instruction the Devon 'Tweeney-Maid' often develops into a really first-class servant. The best of our maids have begun life in that manner for a great many generations past. The 'Between-Girl' is merely a modern imitation."

UGHT a poet to read his own works in public? Mr. Edwin Markham does it in America, and this is how an American newspaper discusses the question:

Never has this country seen so prevalent a poet as Mr. Edwin Markham. It has come to such a pass that no

matter what the occasion they must have him in, poetry by Markham taking the place on the programme of music by the band. No Sunday-closing law for him. The man has put up a pumping-station at the Pierian Spring. It is all wrong—bad for the people, bad for the poet. Our instinct in regard to poets is a safe guide. They ought to be more or less remote, and if they mingle with men at all they ought to behave like the rest of us and not like poets. There is nothing more hideous than a poem in the wrong place, and when a man starts up before a placid, practical-minded audience and says, as Mr. Markham did: "When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour, Graatening and darkening as it hurried on," there is a general feeling of sheepish discomfort. And if the poet does not see it, but keeps straight on doing this kind of thing over and over, he becomes that awful scourge of mankind—the obtuse, horny-skinned, aggressive, and irrepressible parlour bard, never seen without a song inside him, which you know is sure to emerge. A social evening with one of these self-winders is the darkest form of entertainment as yet devised, the first part spent in dreading what is to come, the last in getting it.

THE philosophy of skipping is expounded with some humour by Mr. Anthony Deane in the *Pilot*. Its pith is this:

When I meet a paragraph which begins—

It is now necessary to retrace our steps somewhat to explain. . . .

Or,

The crimson sun by this time neared the horizon. Far over the hills stretched a vault of heavy cloud, its strange purple tints fading and dissolving into. . . .

Or,

But the contents of this room—his *sanctus sanctorum*—deserve more detailed description. . . .

Or,

O strange, unfathomable mystery of existence, compelling our purblind race. . . .

when, I say, I meet a passage in a novel which begins thus, I skip like anything.

And so do we all.

THE President of the New York Shakespeare Society has addressed the following letter to the *New York Sun*:—

SIR,—Mr. Sydney Lee, of London, who has quite recently taken all Shakespeare for his province, is writing letters to the literary newspapers inviting all owners of First Folios to send descriptions of them to him, presumably so that he, Mr. Lee, can get the personal *éclat* of preparing a descriptive directory of First Folios, &c., a work which the New York Shakespeare Society performed more than twelve years ago for the City of New York (of which city Mr. Lee appears never to have heard), and I believe other Shakespeare societies have performed for their localities over and over again.

If there is to be any considerable response from the United States to Mr. Lee's invitation, I suggest that some stipulation be obtained from Mr. Lee that, in preparing his directory, he condescend to remember that there is such a territory as the United States on the map, or such a dot thereon as the City of New York (in one library in which there are more copies of the First Folio than in the British Museum in Shakespeare's own capital city itself).

If it were not that, for more than seventy years "Americans" (that is, citizens of the United States) have been paying any price demanded for Shakespeare Quartos and Folios, or for any vestiges of Shakespeare, whereas Mr. Sydney Lee only appeared upon the scene about three years ago, this letter might sound invidious. But unless a Shakespeare Quarto or a Shakespeare Folio loses its verity as an original by crossing the ocean, it seems to me that Mr. Lee's performances justify me in writing it.

APPLETON MORGAN,
President of the New York Shakespeare Society.

A more churlish and contradictory communication we have not read for many a day. Mr. Lee, in the course of his

work as one of the foremost of Shakesperean scholars, wishes to catalogue and describe all existing copies of the First Folio. And the President of a presumably learned Shakespeare Society in New York resents it!

THE revival of panoramic photography is attracting considerable attention, and is interesting to authors and illustrators. A panoramic view is one which takes a wide sweep of scene into the picture. The reason why the views taken in this way appear to give a more realistic idea of the places represented as we know them is, no doubt, because the eye naturally travels round somewhere about the horizon line, and the mind gets a corresponding impression. These long, narrow-shaped views are extremely effective and make interesting subjects. The recent introduction of the very compact Panoram Kodaks may be noted in this connexion.

THE list of catalogue quips which we published a few weeks ago is supplemented as follows by a correspondent:

The Double Thread. Uncut.
The History of China. Quaint plates.
The Mantle of Elijah. Cloth, hardly soiled.
Mr. Spongs's Sporting Tour. Badly foxed.
Le Jardinier Francais. Plantin' Press.
The Compleat Angler. Front missing.
History of the Sword. Many cuts.
Don Quixote. Original old calf.
Portrait of a Lady. Name on title-page.
Frederick the Great. Wants two pages.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. 2s. 6d.
Success in Journalism. Splendid copy.

Bibliographical.

THE *Complete Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan*, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus, it is understood, are preparing to issue in two-volume form, will, no doubt, be welcome to many. Mr. Buchanan first issued his *Poetical Works* when he was only thirty-three years old—namely, in 1874. His next issue of his *Poetical Works* came ten years later—namely, in 1884. This was a substantial volume of 534 double-column pages, printed in a rather small type. Since 1884 he has put forth a good deal of verse. One has only to name *The Earthquake* (1885), *The City of Dream* (1888), *The Outcast* (1891), *The Wandering Jew* (1893), *Red and White Heather* (1894), *The Devil's Case* (1896), and *The New Rome* (1898)—the last-named being a very well-filled volume. Altogether, Mr. Buchanan's Poems must, taken as a whole, occupy a good deal of space. One always likes to have a man's Works complete, but I am not sure that Mr. Buchanan's reputation as a poet would not be most enhanced by the publication of a judicious Selection from his rhythmic work. This was done in 1882, but needs doing over again. Mr. Buchanan has the pen of a ready writer, and a very great deal of his verse is only fluent prose in "lengths." Perhaps we must leave it to the next generation to do the sifting.

I am a little surprised to see that Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton proposes to devote a volume to the professional career of Miss Ellen Terry. This has already been done by Mr. Charles Hiatt, whose *Ellen Terry and her Impersonations* came out in 1898, adorned by many portraits, and endowed with a binding which had been designed by Miss Terry's son, Mr. Gordon Craig. It will not be easy to supersede Mr. Hiatt's book, which was carefully and sympathetically done. Mr. Pemberton is a very genial biographer, and he is to be assisted, it seems, by Miss Terry, her family, and Sir Henry Irving. It is possible, therefore, that he may have something new to tell us,

though his existing theatrical biographies hardly warrant that assumption. It is not so much that Mr. Pemberton as a memoir writer is inaccurate as that he is apt to be both verbose and vague. There have been, of course, various pamphlets and other *brochures* concerning the stage life of Miss Terry, but the only adequate monograph up to now has been that by Mr. Hiatt.

Mr. Herbert Paul says, in one of his reprinted essays, that up to date (1896) there had been no Life of Lord Beaconsfield save Mr. Froude's. Of course, an adequate Life of Disraeli is yet to be written, but of biographies and memoirs of a kind there had been plenty prior to 1896. There was one by G. H. Francis so long ago as 1852, and another by T. Macknight in 1853-4; there was one by J. Mill in 1863, and one by J. McGilchrist in 1868. The first substantial Life was that by Francis Hitchman in 1878; Mr. T. P. O'Connor's book, of about the same date, was rather a political diatribe than a biography. Dr. Brandes' study came out in 1880, and there were memoirs by E. Walford and L. Abjohn in 1881. Mr. Kebbel's monograph belongs to 1888, Froude's to 1890, in which year there was also one by F. C. Brewster. This list is by no means exhaustive, but it serves to show that Mr. Paul, when he wrote as he did, wrote somewhat hastily.

It seems that I ought to have included last week among actors of a literary turn Mr. Arthur Machen, who, we are told, is a member of Mr. F. R. Benson's company. I accept the statement, though I do not remember to have seen Mr. Machen's name in any of the "bills." It is to him that we owe not only translations of Marguerite of Navarre's *Heptameron* (1886), and *Fortunate Lovers* (1887), but two volumes of original fiction, *The Great God Pan* and *The Inmost Light* (1894) and *The Three Impostors; or, the Transmutations* (1895)—volumes which certainly have the merit of individuality, always a welcome quality.

It is with mixed feelings that one hears of discoveries of unpublished verse from the pen of his sainted Majesty James I., and one wonders whether it is really worth while to put that verse into type. Mr. Arber reprinted for us, in 1868, the monarch's *Essays of a Prentise in the Divine art of Poesie*, and these seem almost more than enough.

I note with pleasure that the author of the new Life of Gilbert White, of Selborne, winds up with a note on some of the earlier editions of the *Natural History*. One can but wish that he had gone a little further and made the bibliography complete up to date. Of late years, as we all know, the editions of the *History* have been legion.

A correspondent writes: "I was reading somewhere, the other day, certain remarks about Mme. Michelet's supposed treatment of her husband's MSS. I wonder whether it is generally known that she has some pretensions to authorship herself? She was the author of a book published by the Messrs. Nelson in an English translation in 1871—*Nature; or, the Poetry of Earth and Sea*, which, I have been told, was written at the publisher's suggestion, the book being turned into English from Mme. Michelet's MS. in French. I rather fancy that the book never saw the light in French, but I may be wrong. The English version had some charming illustrations by Giacomoelli."

From another correspondent I receive this query: "Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, in his new *Notes from a Diary*, quotes the following lines:

I am not clear,
For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,
That every work which lasts in prose or song
Two thousand years deserves to last so long.

These are ascribed to a certain 'Armstrong.' Which and what 'Armstrong'?"

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Letters that Live.

The Francis Letters. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary. 2 vols. (Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

THE "Junius" controversy is obviously one of those out of which the judicious man of letters is careful to keep himself. It is, therefore, a relief to find that with it the present entertaining volumes have, on the whole, very little to do. There is, indeed, a preliminary note on the subject, by Mr. C. F. Keary, which at first sight looks alarming. But it is so effectively written, tilts so neatly at Mr. Fraser Rae and our respected contemporary the *Athenæum*, and puts the whole matter in such a nice nutshell, that it ends by being, after all, rather interesting. Certainly the case, as presented by Mr. Keary, looks bad for Sir Philip Francis. One bit of evidence is particularly striking and dramatic. During the publication of the "Junius Letters," Francis spent a winter with his cousin Tilghman at Bath. After the fashion of the day, a certain Miss Giles, a famous "toast," received one morning a copy of verses. These, with the cover in which they came, have been preserved, and when the handwriting on the cover was shown to Mr. George Woodfall, he suddenly exclaimed: "Good God! that is the feigned hand of Junius!" The verses inside are in another hand, that of Tilghman. But their author was Francis, for many years later he gave a copy of them to his second wife as a sample of his early versifying. And the copy, the actual verses sent to the young lady, and the address, are all written, as the watermarks show, upon portions of the same sheet of paper. Clearly the mystification was one in which Francis and Tilghman were joint partakers, and to suppose that Tilghman wrote the "Junius Letters" would be absurd.

The only direct reference to the famous invectives in the "Francis Letters" is made by a brother-in-law of Sir Philip, who, writing to him in the spring of 1770, says of Junius: "Who the Devil can he be?" but it is improbable that, if Sir Philip had been Junius, he would have confided the secret to this brother-in-law. For the rest, the "Francis Letters" are the personal correspondence partly of Sir Philip himself, partly of other members of the family in his own and the next generation. So far as the central figure is concerned, they show a somewhat paradoxical and certainly not an attractive personality. A kindly letter from his father while he is still at school strikes a keynote:

I sincerely rejoice with my dearest Boy on his being moved to the head class: not so much for the Honour, as that you will have it in your power to make another trial of your own Temper; whether the Lads you complain of are really the Sauciest Fellows breathing or whether you have not been Saucy enough to provoke them. Oh! my dear Phil, rather chuse to be beloved than envied. Make use of your abilities to purchase friends. Reflect a little how few will acknowledge the superiority that hurts and pains them by the insolence of exerting it. Who would not rather sit down with his own honest darkness, than be insulted by the impertinent light of others?

Francis never took the good advice. Throughout this correspondence, in spite of real talents and of principles probably above the average, his most distinguishing characteristic remains a marked insolence and inhumanity of temper. He was good enough to his father in after life, but the two quarrelled bitterly over his marriage to a lady whom the elder Francis describes, in a letter written before the engagement, as "the not too divine Miss McRabie." His family were well awake to his failings. Tilghman writes to him, only half in jest, that the Pope should have given him the Decalogue and Galateo, that he might have learnt charity from the one and politeness from the other. A curious absence of both qualities makes his letters unpleasant reading. He has a

perfect genius for saying things nastily. Of his own household he snarls:

Domestic news is as insipid as usual. Children bawling, servants fighting, my wife scolding, your father and mother weeping, and Patty raving mad.

To the same correspondent he writes:

I condole with you on the Death of your Aunt. One naturally grieves at the Death of a person who leaves one nothing to rejoice at. This has always been my case. No poor devil ever had so little reason to rejoice at the death of his relations.

As a guest of a Mr. and Mrs. Clough, he can bring himself to say:

These good folks received me as the Jews intend to do the Messiah. . . . Old mother Clough is as blind as a Horse in a Mill, and has a head like a curry-comb.

He had, indeed, a singular faculty of malicious observation. To his daughter he writes:

What do you think? I went last night to a concert, and whom should I meet but my *ci-devant* flame Lil! remember I tell you, I never will do so any more, a painted skeleton by all that's ugly—*passée, fanée, flétrie, et délabrée*, but wonderfully kind and almost flattering, so it's my turn now.

This is as ugly as the famous remark of Waller to Sacharissa in her waning beauty.

No doubt Francis in later life was a disappointed man. He made a modest fortune in India, not by the usual methods of giving illegitimate shakes to the pagoda tree, but mainly by gambling. But he was doomed to be in the opposition; and when the ministry of "all the Talents" at last came in, he was offered not India, which he had set his heart upon, but the Cape. To his credit must be set a genuine affection for his wife during long years of invalidism, and much tenderness towards his children. They were not exactly a happy family, for the paternal temper was heritable. The extravagance of a married daughter led to violent scenes, and Sir Philip became in his turn the object of the insolence of a son who, as is usual with sons, failed to share his taste in art. The lad writes to his sister:

My father has put up a cartload of *his* pictures in that elegant Dining room. You will guess how far it is improved by these ornaments. For God's sake no mention of it, I pray. The thing is without remedy, and observations that apply to a matter of vanity founded upon total ignorance and want of taste cut too deep to be risqué.

Catharine Francis takes up her father's defence, and in a long letter enumerates solid benefits done to his family and sacrifices undertaken for them, which may well outweigh asperities of temper and selfish habits in small things.

A want of the finer feelings hardly debarred a man from the best society of the Regency, and Francis was a *persona grata* at the Pavilion. The loyal admiration of the younger members of the household for their father's great friend recalls a state of mind the recoil from which brought Leigh Hunt to prison and which the present age, conscious of its own superiority to the glamour of a palace, regards with amazement.

I cannot do justice by all that I can say to the charming Prince's gracious kindness and goodness to us. Eliza is almost as equally captivated with him as your sister, who acknowledges her weakness (if it must be called so) and extreme admiration of all his amiable qualities, fascinating manners, and uncommon accomplishments—his talents for conversation and powers of entertainment are truly extraordinary and delightful. We have had many proofs that the excellence of his heart is equal to his incomparable understanding. . . . Pray burn this letter for I should not like my attachment to our future Sovereign to be publicly known, so I beg you will not leave it out but destroy it. I hope you have received the Brawn.

Francis is also intimate with old Lady Clive, with whom

he fraternises on the subject of cats, which, like all inhumane men, he loved. And he visits Lord and Lady Thanet at Hothfield, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth. An interesting correspondence with the beautiful and serious Duchess Georgiana is printed. It is conducted with much gallantry on the part of Francis, but the real subject is a profound disagreement between the Whigs of the day as to the character and position of Charles James Fox. The Duchess, as might be expected, is his thick and thin supporter. Francis, on the other hand, criticises him for a supposed desertion of the party he was bound to lead. Among the few for whom Francis had a hearty admiration was Burke. But the *Reflections on the French Revolution* were too much for him. He protests against them in a long epistle to the author. The famous passage about Marie Antoinette he declares to be "pure foppery," and asks: "Are you such a determined champion of beauty as to draw your sword in defence of any jade upon earth, provided she be handsome?" Burke is stung into an eloquent rejoinder.

Sidelights on English society of a century ago are, of course, plentiful in these volumes. The economics of fashionable society are amusingly illustrated by the financial difficulties into which, at one time, Francis's wife, at another his daughter, are brought by their desires for "a sweet house in Harley-street," or some other establishment beyond their means. One may read of the excitement occasioned in the London drawing-rooms of 1804 by the appearance of

Mrs. Graves—a lady of most singular Conduct and appearance—neither herself or her children have ever had their hair cut, and those sweeping Tails are exhibited to everybody who visits them between the hours of 2 and 4, her own lies on the ground and in colour and quality very much resembles the tail of a black cart-horse.

One may sympathise with the public spirit of Francis and the Bishop of London, who get up meetings of the dwellers in St. James's Square against the "beating of Carpets in the Tetragon," and the turning of the Square garden into a poultry-yard:

The Bishop of London is actually sitting at my left hand, talking about the weather and the Dutch fleet, and a multitude of foreign fowls, from Brook's menagerie, who are sent into our square for their health, and left them screaming and starving all day and night, and the bishop assures me that this violation of decorum is connived at by the Duke of Norfolk, who pockets sixpence a week for each of those cursed bipeds, who, not having a feather left, look very like Christians in adversity.

In the second volume is a group of letters which might be from the pen of Jane Austen. They are written by Eliza Johnson, a step-grand-daughter of Francis, and describe the rivalry of two somewhat younger girls, in the country house in which she is staying, for the attentions of an undecided admirer. The touch is inimitably light. In the end one of the girls, for all the world like Lydia Bennett, elopes with an officer, the only difference being that, owing to the unwillingness of life to adapt itself to the laws of literature, Miss Johnson's stolen match at Gretna Green turns out an exceedingly happy one. Equally Jane Austen-like are the letters of two sisters, Miss Matilda and Miss Anne Gunn, Irish beauties whose singing and dancing made a *furor* in the fashionable watering-places of 1805. The descriptions they give of their conquests are full of the most feather-headed gusto. They have "the best men" always at their parties, including "a charming creature Col. Taylor, Aide de Camp to the King—who played on the Violoncello divinely." Even the inimitable Prince succumbs.

He said many fine things which were flattering if I had the vanity to believe him, but alas! I know Princes can say prettier things even than other men and mean nothing. I am quite *au fait* now with the sex.

It is long since two more entertaining volumes came our way.

A Journalist's Life.

The Autobiography of a Journalist. By W. J. Stillman. (Grant Richards. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

This book would be noticeable were it but for the remarkable *tour de force* in wood engraving by Mr. Cole which forms the frontispiece to the second volume. Whether it be lawful so to stretch the natural powers of wood engraving as to make it mimic the technique of a drawing may be a matter of question; but there is no question about the singular skill with which this result has been achieved. It is from Rossetti's portrait of the author.

Though Mr. Stillman considers himself mainly a journalist, his has been a crowded life of multifarious activities. This American has been artist, journalist in his own land, U.S. Consul in several places, and again journalist on the staff of the *Times*. In addition he has experimented in European revolution, spiritualism, and backwoods life. He has met an infinite variety of men eminent in art, literature, and politics. It is easy to see that he was never really an artist, but rather a man of cultivated intellect, whose passion was for seeing life in the broadest sense of the term. His book would have been yet more interesting than it is but for one fatal limitation, which he shares with all but the best writers of reminiscences. Of the great men he has known his description is subjective rather than objective. (This, at least, is mainly true, as will be seen when we quote his recollections.) That is to say, he tells us abundantly what he thought about them, what impression they made on himself; but little or nothing of their appearance, talk, manner and mannerisms, the minute things which make, collectively, a recognisable and distinct personality. Of their habits we hear more; though even these are too generalised: there is a lack of eye for significant peculiarities. He writes a character of the man, in fact, rather than letting him impress his own character on the reader.

Neglecting order of time, we may take first some of our own personalities whom Mr. Stillman knew. He was familiar with most of the second Rossetti circle (as distinguished from the founders of the *Germ*):

Rossetti [he says] was one of the most fascinating characters I ever knew, open and expansive, and, when well, he had a vein of the most delightful talk of the things which interested him, mostly those which pertained to art and poetry, the circle of his friends and his and their poetry and painting. To him, art was the dominant interest of existence . . . and he tolerated nothing that sacrificed it to material or purely intellectual subjects. I remember his indignation at the death of Mrs. Wells, the wife of the Royal Academician, herself a talented painter, who died in childhood. "A great artist sacrificed to bringing more kids into the world, as if there were not other women just fit for that!" The artist was to him the *ultima ratio* of humanity, and he used to say frankly that artists had nothing to do with morality, and practically, but in a gentle and benevolent way, he made that the guiding principle of his conduct. Whatever was to his hand was made for his use, and . . . in the house at Robertsbridge [Stillman's own] he at once took the place of master of the house, as if he had invited me, rather than the converse, going through the rooms to select, and saying, "I will take this," of those which suited him best, and "You may have that," of those he had no fancy for. . . . He declined to put himself in comparison with any of his contemporaries, though he admitted his deficiencies as compared to the great Venetians, and repeatedly said that if he had been taught to paint in a great school he would have been a better painter, which was no doubt the truth; for, as he admitted, he had not yet learned the true method of painting. He refused to exhibit in the annual exhibitions, not because he feared the comparison with other modern painters, but because he was indifferent to it, though I have heard him say that he was glad to exhibit his pictures with those of the old masters, as they would teach him something about his own. . . . The only

painter of note I ever heard him speak of with strong dislike was Brett, whom he could not tolerate.

I often saw Swinburne at Cheyne Walk; and when they were together, the painter's was certainly the dominant personality, to which Swinburne's attitude was that of an affectionate younger brother. One day Rossetti had invited us all to dinner, and when we went down to the drawing-room there was great exhilaration, Swinburne leading the fun. Morris was, as usual, very serious, and in discussing some subject, . . . Swinburne began to chaff and tease him, and finally gave him a vigorous thrust in the stomach, which sent him backwards into a high wardrobe, on the outer corners of which stood Rossetti's two favourite blue and white hawthorn jars, a pair unrivalled in London, for which he had paid several hundred pounds each. The wardrobe yielded and down came the jars. I caught one, and Morris, I believe, the other, as it was falling on his head. Rossetti was naturally angry, and, for the first and only time in my experience of him, lost control of his temper, bursting out on the culprit with a torrent of abuse, which cooled the hilarity of the poet instantly, and reduced him to decorum with the promptitude of a wet bath. To hear Swinburne read his own poetry was a treat, . . . the terrible sonnets on Napoleon III., after Sedan, among the readings, being the most memorable and effective.

Another great painter with whom Mr. Stillman came once in contact was Turner. He met him in Griffiths's gallery (who was one of Turner's most enthusiastic supporters):

It was difficult to reconcile my conception of the great artist with this little and (to casual observers) insignificant old man, with a nose like an eagle's beak, though a second sight showed that his eye, too, was like an eagle's—bright, restless, and penetrating. Half-awed and half-surprised, I held out my hand. He put his behind him, regarding me with a humorous, malicious look, saying nothing. Confused, and not a little mortified, I turned away. . . . When I looked his way again, a few minutes later, he held out his hand to me, and we entered into a conversation which lasted until Griffiths gave me a hint that Turner had business to transact which I must leave him to. He gave me a hearty hand-shake, and, in his oracular way, said: "H'mph—(nod)—if you come to England again—h'mph (nod). h'mph (nod)"—and another hand-shake with more cordiality, and a nod for good-bye. I never saw a keener eye than his; and the way that he held himself up—so straight that he seemed almost to lean backwards—with his forehead thrown forward, and the piercing eyes looking out from under their heavy brows, and his diminutive stature, coupled with the imposing bearing, combined to make a very peculiar and vivid impression on me.

This is a sketch much more vivid and personal than is Mr. Stillman's wont. Griffiths assured him afterwards that his reception had been singularly cordial, the more that Turner had been in so bad a humour on entering as to make Griffiths dread he would insult the young American student. Turner died after Mr. Stillman's return to America, before he could meet him again in the flesh. We say "in the flesh," because of a very singular and remarkable spiritualistic experience which Mr. Stillman records after this return to America. It is so striking (whatever may be thought of it) that we shall quote as much of it as we can. The medium was a Miss A., daughter of the chief foreman in his brother's ironworks; a girl of fourteen, who made no exhibition of her strange powers, which rather troubled her. Mr. Stillman and his brother Jacob got permission from her father to try a *séance* with her, only himself and his brother Jacob being present. Mr. Stillman hypnotised her, and put his questions mentally, not even looking at her, so that neither looks nor words could give her any clue to what he wished to ask. Answers came, none the less, in writing from what purported to be the spirits of his dead brother and that brother's cousin, Harvey. Harvey was asked if he had seen Turner since the latter's death. He replied

"Yes"; and, being asked to fetch him, said he would "go and see." Then came the extraordinary part:

Miss A. said: "This influence is going away—it is gone"; and after a short pause added: "There is another influence coming, in that direction," pointing over her left shoulder. "I don't like it," and she shuddered slightly, but presently sat up in her chair with a most extraordinary personation of the old painter in manner, in the look out from under the brow and the pose of the head. It was as if the ghost of Turner, as I had seen him at Griffiths's, sat in the chair, and it made my flesh creep to the very tips of my fingers, as if a spirit sat before me. Miss A. exclaimed: "This influence has taken complete possession of me, as none of the others did; I am obliged to do what it wants me to."

Questions put to the supposed Turner got no answer but "a fixed sardonic stare" from the girl. Presently, however, she got up and walked across the room "with the feeble step of an old man," took down a coloured lithograph from the wall, and went through a careful pantomime of reproducing the print in water-colour, the sharpening of the pencil, and the choosing a water-colour pencil, "noting carefully the necessary fineness of the point":

Miss A. seemed much amused by all this, but as she knew nothing of drawing she understood nothing of it. Then with the pencil and her pocket-handkerchief she began taking out the lights, "rubbing-out," as the technical term is. This seemed to me so contrary to what I conceived to be the execution of Turner that I interrupted . . . "Do you mean to say that Turner rubbed out his lights?" To which she gave the affirmative sign. I asked further if in a drawing which I then had in my mind (the well-known "Llanthony Abbey") the central passage of sunlight and shadow through rain was done in that way, and she again gave the affirmative reply, emphatically.

Convinced that this must be false and contrary to Turner's habits, he took no further interest in the conversation, believing that the "influence" was merely personating Turner, spirit or no spirit. But six weeks later he sailed for England, sought out Ruskin, and told him all. Ruskin declared the contrariness (in refusing to answer the opening questions) was entirely characteristic of Turner. They took down the "Llanthony Abbey," examined it, and recognised beyond dispute that the lights *had* been rubbed out, as the "influence" asserted. Ruskin caused him to send an account of the affair to the *Cornhill*, but Thackeray rejected it.

Of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and other famous Americans, or of the great French painters, and many another celebrity, we have left ourselves no place to quote Mr. Stillman's account. But enough has been said to show what various attraction this exceedingly interesting autobiography offers to the reader. Let him "take and read."

Good Reading.

Men and Letters. By Herbert Paul. (Lane. 5s. net).

As a discursive critic Mr. Paul is more genial than Mr. Lang, and more severe than Mr. Birrell. His scholarship is abundant and discreet. But why describe Mr. Paul of the *Daily News*? Here he gives us in wider stream the criticism whose rilllets enverdure that paper at least once a week. These thirteen essays have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* during the last eight years. They are reviews of that mention-and-away type which so admirably serves the well-furnished critic. Out of the thirteen we have read six, and these we have found—what shall we say?—conventional words are unworthy. They made our armchair very comfortable and our bookshelves newly fascinating. Why cannot a man live in a cottage, eat

pulse, and read?—like him of Boulge, who did it and was content—not, of course, like Amiel, who went but half way and was miserable. After all, this is what a book of literary essays should do; it should sharpen old fine hungers, and foist on us our unclaimed wealth. The value of this book is not in its sane and interesting judgments, but in the provocation it gives to sit still and deepen one's literary life. It is as though a collector showed us his coins. Only for coins we have books, passages, sayings—not selected and dried, but found for us, growing in their own soil with wet, warm roots. To dispute with Mr. Paul over trifles would be boorish. When a man who inspires confidence shows us what he likes there is no more to do than to be nourished. And of nourishment this book is full.

The six papers we have read are on "Matthew Arnold's Letters," "The Decay of Classical Quotation," "Sterne," "The Art of Letter-Writing," "Macaulay and His Critics" and "The Autocrat of the Dinner Table." The last title would fit several men; here it stands for John Selden.

Matthew Arnold's *Letters* were received coldly, and have become a "remainder"—facts which look rather shameful in the light of Mr. Paul's delightful paper. In it these letters are made to yield up a great deal of Arnold, his little blindnesses and bigotries as well as his greatness. He is exhibited as the insufficient critic of Heine and Tennyson, as the defender of his own "levity" in dealing with Christian dogma, and as the constant lover of nature. With happy choice Mr. Paul gives us this landscape from a letter which Arnold wrote to his mother in January, 1848:

It was near dark when I left the Weybridge Station, but I could make out the wide sheet of the gray Thames gleaming through the general dusk as I came out on Chertsey Bridge. I never go along that shelving gravelly road up towards Laleham without interest, from Chertsey Lock to the turn where the drunken man lay. To-day, after morning church, I went up to Pentonhook, and passed the stream with the old volume, width, shine, rapid fulness, "kempshott" and swans, unchanged and unequalled, to my partial and remembering eyes at least.

Here we have sight of that spiritualised love of place which is the joy of wistful men like Arnold, and, indeed, the passage reads as though in an hour it would become a poem. In conclusion, Mr. Paul touches on Arnold's loyal remembrance of his father and becomes quietly eloquent:

No line of his poetry suggests anything but what is lovely and of good report. No act of his life could have been condemned by the Puritan rigour of his father. From his father also he derived much of his inbred taste and literary sense. Dr. Arnold's style is always lucid, dignified, and impressive. His mind was steeped in that standard and touchstone of perfection, the literature of Athens. Plato and Thucydides were the favourites of the father; Homer and Sophocles of the son. Greece is justified of her children.

The paper on Sterne is particularly good. Mr. Paul will not hear of the theory put forth by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald that *Tristram Shandy* was written with great carelessness, and at headlong speed, resulting in nonsense, illuminated by lightnings of fancy and humour. "I venture to affirm that *Tristram Shandy* is one of the most elaborate of human compositions, that there is not a sentence in it but Sterne knew well how it came there. . . . In *Tristram Shandy* are accumulated the experience, the meditations, the observant knowledge of many years. The eccentricity is in the treatment. The substance is elemental, and belongs to the broadest aspects of human nature." Here is an excellent remark about Sterne's dialogue: "In what may be called the art of interruption no one has ever approached him." A longer passage from this paper will serve as an example of Mr. Paul's manner:

Then follows the famous digression upon the dropping of Trim's hat. "Are we not here now," continued the corporal, "and are we not" (dropping his hat plump

upon the ground, and pausing before he pronounced the word) "gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it. "Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven, or in the best direction that could be given to it . . . it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost." Sterne goes on in a style rather more fantastic than usual to treat Trim's hat as the symbol of all declamatory eloquence and histrionic effect. Nearly a hundred years after the publication of *Tristram Shandy*, Richard Cobden and John Bright walked home together from the House of Commons. Mr. Bright had just made the great speech against the Crimean War, in which he exclaimed: "The angel of death is abroad in the land. You can almost hear the beating of his wings." It is one of the most justly celebrated passages in modern oratory. "There was one moment," remarked Cobden, "when I trembled for you. If you had said 'flapping' you would have been lost." Whether Cobden had read *Tristram Shandy* or not, he understood the moral of Trim's hat.

It has been suggested that Newman was indebted for his style to Sterne. Mr. Paul thinks it was so, but disappoints us of further talk on the subject. Nor does he enlarge upon his discovery of the influence of Sterne in almost every page of *The Dolly Dialogues*.

The paper on the "Art of Letter-Writing" is inspired by Mr. Murray's Byron, and works through Gray, Shelley, Cowper, and others, to FitzGerald, of whom Mr. Paul says with truth: "There is a perfect symmetry of careless ease in the style of his own correspondence, more agreeable to the intellectual taste than the most consummate elaboration of literary art. He was so steeped in that glorious literature which must fill every Englishman with personal humility and national pride that he never had to think about his phrases. He could not go wrong."

A Scots Philosopher.

The Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie. Selected and Transcribed from the MS. by his Nephew, Archibald Stodart-Walker. (Richards. 6s.)

THE value of apothegms strung like beads on a string is not precisely literary; but in the case of this *Day-book* the stringing has been done well, and the maker of the beads was an earnest, lovable, and interesting personality.

Blackie's was a ranging, but not a soaring, mind:

Pile your proud systems to the skies
With praise of wondering nations;
The human field before my eyes
I plough with fruitful patience.

Thus he sings, and the crowd he collects about him is of the kind that rules the world. It is a crowd of utilitarians with the granite faces of Caledonia. It is a crowd that pronounces "art" with the double "r" of contempt. It believes far more in matter than in form, though it thinks it believes in spirit as much as in either; and it dislikes professional criticism.

"Accept your limitations," is Blackie's first rule for happiness. How sane, and yet how contrary to the law of growth! "The first quality of style is to be easy and natural," says Blackie. How sensible, and yet how mean, how bourgeois! "'Tis better to walk decently than to dance awkwardly," says Blackie. How self-evident, and yet how foot-flattening!

No wonder a utilitarian crowd applauds its Blackie. His was not a soaring mind, as we have said. It was, therefore, all the plainer for men to see. But it was, as we have also said, a ranging mind. It was the mind of a philosopher. He is on his knees when he exclaims: "From three tyrants—from Custom that murders Conscience, from Fashion that strangles Nature, and from

Priests that steal Jove's thunder, Good Lord, deliver me." If the "Good Lord" hear that prayer, most of his audience must relieve him of their company; and the critic of perception, outstaying the vulgar herd, will see the aristocracy of the candid ranger and the plumber of depths in the sagacious Scotsman whom erstwhile he almost despised. Here is a sentiment "abhorred of comfortable men": "Suicide is only a desperate stroke of Nature to get rid of an overclouded, overstrained, or undermined vitality which has become unbearable. The blasted tree that will neither bend nor break must be hewn down." Such a passage will be hurried over, and much citation made of neat rhymes, for which the professor had a fatal aptitude. It is easy to discount a thing said in rhyme if it be inconvenient.

Blackie's philosophy was a structure built upon the site of inherited Christianity. The Christianity was there fragmentarily, and he held it in passionate regard. But it could not prevent him from saying that "all popular theology is exaggeration crystallised into dogma," and that "the world is too vast to be compassed by any of our creeds." Christ, for him, presented ethics "perfect in motive and perfect in balance"; brotherly love is, therefore, a salient feature of his philosophy. He is so brotherly, indeed, that he gives his "right hand to Protestantism," his "left hand to Romanism," and his "heart to both," while, like a true Scotsman, reserving his head for himself. In the limited region his modest plumage allots to his flight, his religion makes him a poet. To utilitarianism he sinks, as we have shown, but he is against commercial literalism in religion. "The efficacy of prayer," he says, "is not so much to influence the Divine counsels as to consecrate human purposes"; and, again: "Orthodoxy is merely the poetry of the Bible petrified into prose."

On the whole, one is interested rather than substantially fed by the Day-book. Though systematised philosophy is unreadable, it somehow seems the only philosophy worthy to be studied. It builds in the dark. The philosophy of most aphorists does not. It makes neat remarks about life which, more or less neatly, we might make for ourselves. Common sense is undoubtedly sensible, but it is undoubtedly common. And despite his religiousness, and his courageous vision, Blackie overbrimmed with common sense.

From America.

The Aristocrats. (John Lane. 6s.)

THIS book consists, so the title-page states, "of the impressions of the Lady Helen Pole during her sojourn in the Great North Woods, as spontaneously recorded in her letter to her friend in North Britain, the Countess of Edge and Ross." It is further dedicated to all lovers of the Adirondack forests, peaks, and lakes.

To the real lovers of the Adirondack, however, it is doubtful whether the dedication will come congenially. For in a country of profound and virgin loveliness are unfolded the entangled skeletons of shallow flirtation, superficial criticism, and somewhat curious glorifications of the British aristocracy. The criticisms are for America, the glorifications exclusively for the English, and more especially for their high-mindedness in immorality, their licences in expression, and their unembarrassed acceptance of the sins of passion as the one great factor helping to "dissipate the ennui of life," and, therefore, inevitable and sympathetic.

The book begins by Lady Helen's impressions on her first arrival at Boulder Lake with a consumptive brother, and plunges rapidly into cheap sketches of American people, all false aristocrats, all pruned by the belief that they con-

stitute America's only genuine aristocracy, all extreme, vain, and intended principally as mouthpieces to express the worst in American literature and personality. But if the character-drawing, taken as a rather merciless skit of certain people, is in its way readable, the offensive platitudes upon virtue and immorality are absolutely not. And these commence very early and characteristically with Lady Helen's blunt disgust at the reticence of American women as regards "their lovers," a delicacy she contrasts contemptuously with the proud openness of the English under similar conditions.

The following is an example of Lady Helen's opinions, and their mode of utterance: "'What,' I cried, 'am I really to meet an American woman who has committed adultery? How at home I shall feel! So many of my friends have, you know!'" As an essay on American people this book cannot be regarded as within the pale of genuine criticism. A novel it is not, lacking the essential element of plot. And for the lovers of Adirondack peaks it must be like searching for a few soiled jewels in a rubbish-heap. That here and there the impression is conveyed of a country heart-filling in its beauty is Lady Helen's redeeming act of penmanship. But is this ruthlessly "spontaneous" writer really the true aristocrat in that crowd of sham ones? There is a phrase that breeds doubt: "I used my eyelashes rather wickedly, and my upper lip . . . this in order . . . to see a man like that go off his head for me." The phrase sticks—Lady Helen's eyelashes moving wickedly. Would it fascinate? Could it be done? Is it part of the fine licence stamping Lady Helen's genuine aristocracy?

Other New Books.

LAST ESSAYS. BY THE RT. HON. PROF. MAX MÜLLER, K.M.

These Essays, as his son informs us, were selected by Prof. Max Müller for republication just as his final illness set in, and have not had the advantage of his revision. That this revision would have been considerable may be surmised, not only from his general habit, but from the fact that he left (we are told) a mass of notes for that purpose—not, however, in a form which made it possible to use them. The Lecture on Coincidences was especially destined in this way for expansion. Says his son: "He had long felt the important bearing of the coincidences between Christianity and Buddhism in their rubrics and ritual, especially since the study of the Pāli Canon made it clear that any borrowing had been from the Buddhist Canon, which was written down a century before the Christian era, and had existed orally from the time of Asoka, third century B.C." For this purpose he had collected materials enough to fill a small volume. The present Essays are on language, folk-lore, and other kindred subjects, and have at once the value and shortcomings with which we are familiar in the work of the eminent philologist. There is the wonted confidence in the unique accuracy of the nature-myth theory which he supported:

It would be an insult to all historical scholarship if our *a priori* friends were to attempt to prove once more that the worship of Zeus was derived from a general reverence felt for a gentleman of the name of Sky. . . . The identification of one single word, Dyaus in the Veda and Zeus in Homer, has done more for rectifying our ideas of the true course of ancient Aryan civilisation than all the myths and customs of savages put together.

And so on. Meanwhile, many sides of this and other shields may be right, though it was the Professor's business and nature to think otherwise. It is a publication of great interest to all students of comparative mythology and philology. (First Series. Longmans. 5s.)

EFFICIENCY AND EMPIRE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

Nothing is gained by overstating a case; as a rule, a good deal is lost. That is what has happened with Mr. Arnold White's book called *Efficiency and Empire*, which contains a great amount of obvious truth, and nearly as much truth which is not so obvious, but which it is well for us as a nation to know. But Mr. White is a prophet, and he has the faults of the prophet. He belabours John Bull so lustily, and the blows resound so rousing, that at last the thought is forced upon us that this is no club with which the blows are dealt, but only a bladder full of peas. This is an artistic mistake. The truths are there, but they are put in such violent terms that the reader, hearing so much noise and finding so little result, may be excused for thinking that it is not real, but only make-believe, and that all this indignation is but sound and fury signifying nothing. We regret that this should be so, but Mr. White lavishes such a wealth of invective upon mere follies that he has no harsher term to apply to really serious matters. A little more contrast, a little more management of light and shade, would have rendered this a most valuable book. Nearly every word is true, but there is a vein of exaggeration about it all which defeats its own aim. There is too much of the unrestrained vehemence of the old Hebrew prophet, and consequently the Englishman, who, more than all other men, dislikes anything like a scene, puts the matter aside and goes about his daily work. It is a pity that it should be so, but that is the very reason why Mr. Arnold White should keep pegging away with more moderation but no less energy. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF
CRICKET.BY CAPTAIN PHILIP TREVOR.
EDITED BY I. T. SACHS.

A light and amusing book, with plenty of substance and sound "wrinkles," for all its discursive method. The author really aims at illustrating, by a profusion of anecdotes, cricket as a game, rather than cricket as a public performance, almost rivalling the race-course or the theatre. He claims, with just pride, to have made an innovation by discussing the part of ladies in cricket; and his chapters on this subject are entertaining reading. He has also a chapter on literary cricket, which the ACADEMY is in duty bound not to overlook. The two stars of the literary cricket-world appear to be Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. J. M. Barrie. He gives the score-sheet of the historic match between Authors and Artists, containing the autographs of both elevens, wherein are famous names. In this match, he says:

There was nearly a very nasty accident. Mr. J. M. Barrie was batting, and there was a misunderstanding about a run. A fieldsmen thereupon seized the ball, and dashed it in with terrific force. It missed Mr. Barrie's head by inches. It was indeed a near thing, and the bowler and I agreed that there was nearly a Widow in Thrums. It is almost needless to say that Mr. Barrie preserved his usual impassive calm. Last year, in Dr. Conan Doyle's absence, he captained the side, and . . . it was arranged that Mr. Edwin Abbey and another should bowl to Messrs. Barrie and Meredith, and *vice versa*. The Artist partnership only realised one run; but . . . so well did our two men perform that forty runs were on the telegraph board without a wicket falling; and it was not until there was a serious change of bowling that Mr. Barrie was defeated.

But if you would read of Dr. Doyle's still more brilliant performances, and other delightful matter, you must buy the book. (Methuen. 6s.)

RECORDS OF THE BOROUGH OF
LEICESTER. VOL. II.EDITED BY
MARY BATESON.

This is a work which women may justifiably cite as a fine example of the arduous literary tasks of which the modern woman is capable. Miss Bateson is a Newnham woman, and has had other irons in the fire while carrying through her complex work at Leicester. We reviewed her *Changes in*

the Ministry, 1765-1767, a volume of unpublished letters of the Duke of Newcastle, two years ago. In the volume before us Miss Bateson brings a strong grasp to a great deal of perplexing material. Her difficulty has been to trace the history of the borough during a period of seventy-five years (1380-1455), of which nearly all records are lost. This throws the interesting Lollard period into an obscurity which even Miss Bateson cannot lift. As in the first volume, a world of detail concerning the old trades, guilds, prices of commodities, &c., is here. The Latin texts are given, and translations below them. We have a weakness for the old legal phraseologies, in which many a common word has a virginal bloom. Thus:

Item that no breweress, sworn inn-keeper, or other, shall be so bold as to brew except (at the rate of) a gallon of the best for 1d. . . .

Item that no man may have pigs going in the high street from the house of Henry Dowel as far as the house of Richard of Walcote, unless they are ringed, under pain of grievous amercement.

Will the Cooper charged that he traded with Tho. the Dyer who is not in the Gild, etc., who came and offered to acquit himself according to the Gild rule and he had day to purge himself at the next sitting; he does not come: therefore let him be distrained by the Grand Distress. He purged.

The preliminary steps taken for the production of this monumental work had the warm support of the late Dr. Creighton, whose minor literary activities seem to be continually coming to light. The work as a whole reflects the greatest credit on Miss Bateson and her revisers, Mr. W. H. Stevenson and the Rev. J. E. Stocks, of Leicester; and the Corporation has certainly reaped the reward of its enterprise. Theirs is an example that has yet to be followed by many cities and towns that could well afford the luxury. (Clay & Sons. 25s. net.)

Books on gardening, written in various styles and addressed to various classes of gardening readers, are to be looked for at this time of the year. Mr. William Williamson's *The British Gardener* (Longmans) is above the head of the beginner, but is a good half-guinea book for the experienced amateur, students, and practical workers generally. The work is arranged in five divisions, dealing with landscape gardening and the laying out of grounds, &c.; the cultivation and selection of pot plants; the various kinds of fruit, hothouse and hardy; the flower garden and table decoration; and vegetables. Concise and practical, the book can be warmly recommended. Its *Calendar of Gardening Operations* runs to thirty-five well-filled pages, and the whole work to a little more than four hundred.

Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell's book, *The Matabele Campaign*, first published in 1897, is issued in a fourth edition by Messrs. Methuen, with a new and breezy letter from "B.-P." to his publisher, in which he translates his own initials, for the benefit of us all, into "Be Prepared." We are too apt as a nation "to begin our prize-fight, as it were, by receiving a preliminary bang in the eye, which we ought, with previous practice, have learned to parry, and perhaps even to deliver."

Mr. Reginald R. Sharpe is continuing his useful task of forming a *Calendar of Letter-Books Preserved among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London*. As we explained when reviewing his first volume, these Letter-Books are so called from being distinguished by letters of the alphabet. They were exploited by Mr. H. T. Riley in his interesting *Memorials of London Life and Liber Albus*; but Mr. Sharpe's work is official and scientific. We are again struck by his careful editing. The period here covered is 1291-1309, and the volume throws much light on Edward I.'s very unsatisfactory financial relations with the citizens. Mr. Sharpe is Records Clerk to the City of London. (Library Committee, Guildhall.)

Macaulay's fame is being kept bright in these days. After Prof. Jebb's recent appreciation comes a prize essay by Mr. D. H. Macgregor, of Trinity College, Cambridge. We have dipped freely into his *Lord Macaulay* (Clay & Sons), and have alighted always on acute and agreeable criticism. Mr. Macgregor defines the "splendid fault" of the *History* as follows:

Our complaint is that he has not kept a due proportion between the two aspects of history he sought to intertwine. It is his old error. His imagination is stronger than his reason; it is a scenic rather than an intellectual imagination. It lacks the ballast of central controlling ideas. Hence continuity of development is apt to be hidden in the *History*. The overtones sometimes drown the tune. In a nation as in an individual there is that within which passeth show; the interpretation of which requires a deeper imagination than that which loves the suits and trappings of life.

To the "Famous Scots" series is added *The Academic Gregories*, by Agnes Grainger Stewart. "The claim of the Gregories," writes Miss Stewart,

to recognition in Scottish biography does not rest on the outstanding genius of any individual member of the family, so much as on the number of great and brilliant men belonging to it, who have, in their day, formed and educated generations of the youth of Scotland. From the middle of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century, with a gap of only a few years, some of the Gregorie connexion were professing either mathematics or medicine in one or other of the Scottish universities.

Miss Stewart's book is worthy of the series, and that is saying much.

Fiction.

Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

JACK is an *incompris*, son of a harlot, nephew of a Cornish vicar. At an early age he led a gang of rustic Hooligans, and was almost daily flogged by the vicar. He stole a knife, exchanged the knife for a captured mavis, and set the bird free. Thenceforward, to himself, he was not the same boy. The flight of the mavis had given him kinship with nature. The knife formed a piece of circumstantial evidence connecting him with a school scandal—a scandal of the unmentionable kind which rises over schools now and then like a miasma, the kind not referred to in *Stalky & Co.* He might have explained the knife, but he would not have been believed; besides, the incident of the mavis was "so secret and so holy." He is regarded as unfit to mix with other boys, and is sent away to a distant school. This finishes his connexion with the vicar, who was his evil genius, delighted in flogging, and had an infamous past. At the distant school Jack protected from bullying and from the same sort of scandal with which his own name was darkened a little musical genius, Theo, half a Pole, whose mother, Helen, had seen a Russian prison and unmentionable horrors. Helen adopted Jack; she understood him. After a youth of dulness Jack developed into a medical student of singular promise. He only failed in an examination once—after he had sat up all night by the bedside of Helen, who, unknown to Theo, was dying of cancer. Theo, now a great violinist, took "Berlin, Paris, and Vienna by storm." In the midst of Continental triumphs he was called to see Helen die, but contracts compelled him to return to Paris. There he played the Beethoven Concerto, and an encore was demanded with frenzy. He thought: "I can't play; my mother is dying." But he trod the platform again "... a thin mist spread ... a room seemed to grow out of the shadows ... drawn face white upon the pillow. ... He began to play. ... When he

ended there was silence." In the artist's room a man cried: "Theo, was that your own? ... Render thanks to God for His great gift of genius." Jack has a young sister who, talking of flowers, remarked: "You can look at a dicotyledonous flower every day, and be the happier for it; but I'm afraid of the spear-leaved things that grow in threes; they are like the angel with a flaming sword, and all my gates are shut." That said, she and Theo looked "at each other silently, with a long look, troubled, searching, and unsatisfied." Theo seduced her. Jack forgave her and him, and maintained her and the child; but the child died of diphtheria. At the close Jack, with only three sovereigns in his pocket, is hasting to Paris to succour Theo, who has fallen into some unnamed misfortune.

This book, despite its cleverness and crude power, has failed to impress us. Much of the theme is quite astonishingly unpleasant—Swinburne's "Anactoria" made ugly and rendered into prose; we should have deemed it impossible for an author to treat such a theme without actively disgusting the reader. It is not to the theme, however, that we object, for all themes are lawful when handled with dignity and decency, as Mrs. Voynich has certainly handled hers. It is the continual sentimentality of the story that offends. Sentimentality, as we repeat week by week, is the bane of English fiction. It always involves a conventional prettiness, and it always excludes real imaginative force. *Jack Raymond* is carefully written, but it discloses little observation of genius, freshness, or importance. The opening chapters are the best; the later ones are a mere mass of saccharine matter. The unpleasantness of the factual basis of the tale will persuade many that it is a study in realism. It is not.

Voysey. By R. O. Prowse.
(Heinemann)

FIRST of all let it be conceded that *Voysey* is a clever book. The story, when one gets to it—though that, unfortunately, is not until after a lengthy and tedious preamble—suggests veracity. The picture, such as it is, appears accurately drawn from life; but, in admitting cleverness, every possible praise is comprised and exhausted. Beyond and besides there lies nothing—not a hint of grace, not a touch of intensity, not a germ of original suggestion, to make it a novel worth picking out of the mass, worth thinking over, worth more than the briefest attention.

The story is simple enough, though the writing is minutely analytical. The story merely details with some languidness a commonplace *liaison* between the hero, Voysey, and an appallingly stupid woman, whose slightly grotesque husband is "something in the city." The vulgarity of the episode is frank, paramount, and unsupported by any kind of sentimental scaffolding. The whole treatment, moreover, is not only a complete acceptance of this vulgarity, but an almost laborious endeavour to keep the reader likewise from any insidious attempts to see redeeming qualities. What tragedy there is in this account of raw middle-class passion has to exude from the pitiable banality of the situations or not at all.

Emily Detmond, it is true, withering in her little smug villa at Bedford Park for exactly the kind of emotional experience the book unfolds, is realistic enough. But this granted, the question inevitably arises whether a long account of unredeemed domestic infidelity is, after all, worth doing? Certainly, if the final test of a book lies primarily in its atmosphere, *Voysey* is a supreme mistake. In any case it is not a novel for all stomachs; for how many remains a question of the public taste at the moment.

This also should be remembered—even in its cleverness *Voysey*, if not actually imitative, is very greatly reminiscent. From the first page to the last, one is reminded of a painting after such and such a well-known artist.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE GOOD RED EARTH. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

The frontispiece is a picture of Compton Castle, the first chapter traces the history of the castle; "amid red Devon fallows . . . ivy-mantled, solemn, silent it stands like a sentient thing and broods upon ages forgotten." With the second chapter the story begins, introducing Widow Hatherley, her brother, and her grandchild Sibella. And "on the bosom of a great hill that rose to the east of Compton Castle appeared Orchard Farm." (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE. BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

"It was July. The King of Navarre had moved up to St. Denis, in his siege of Paris, but most folk thought he would never win the city, the hotbed of the League." A lively, smartly-written historical novel, which had a successful serial life in the *Century Magazine*. The American journals seem fond of Miss Runkle. Remarks the *Boston Transcript*: "The author's fame is apparently established with this, her maiden effort"; while the *Examiner*, N.Y., says calmly, that "any writer of any age might rejoice to produce its equal." (Macmillan. 6s.)

ROBERT ANNYS, POOR PRIEST. BY ANNIE N. MEYER.

A tale of the great uprising in England under John Ball. The main theme of the book is the struggle in the mind of Annys, a pupil of Wyclif, between the attraction of the Church and the claims of the people. "Renouncing the ecclesiastical authority, an excommunicate, he is confident till the collapse of his character under the temptation of a woman drives him back to the Church and conventual discipline. Then comes the great Uprising, and he returns to his people, but too late to control them." (Macmillan. 6s.)

MY SON RICHARD. BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A romance of the Upper Thames, with the idea of the Boer War always looming behind and beyond. Says the author: "My story is not one of fighting. It treats only of the apparition of the spirit of war amid the young men and maidens summering on the river, between Maidenhead and Marlow." But the scene of the last chapter is placed at the War Office just after Knox's victory over De Wet. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

PACIFICO. BY JOHN RANDAL.

A story of romantic adventure. "Despite the military title by which Polter had addressed me," says the narrator, "a trader am I bred and born, and this, be it understood, is but a trader's story." But the house of Charlton Bros. were great traders, dating from a hundred and fifty years before, when two brothers sold a case of macaroni in a sunless den in Austin Friars. The author desires to express his acknowledgments to the late Mr. Theodore Bent, and to the narrative of a Greek statesman named Soteropoulous. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MR. LEOPOLD LUGWELL. BY PHILIP STERNE.

The sub-title is "His Birth and Up-bringing." Hence we are closely concerned with the father, Mr. Benjamin Lugwell, who from being the son of a bargee had risen to be a grasping money-lender and then an honest and benevolent banker. Benjamin Lugwell is drawn with a great deal of skill and humour. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY. BY MRS. S. CROWNINSHIELD.

A story in which the heroine comes under the influence of a lovable French archbishop, and is for a long time on the point of taking the veil. The environment is aristocratic and sunny. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

CINDERS.

BY HELEN MATHERS.

This story is nothing if not full-blooded. The hero, a war-artist, is engaged to the unsatisfactory and languid Celia, when he begins to fall in love with the vigorous, wholesome, mafficking Cinderella. "Their eyes met; why had not Celia looked like that, fired his blood with that stirring bugle-call to duty, to honour." There are other lovers, and a villain who tries to compromise Cinderella by luring her to a house in a West-end slum. It is all very rushing and wholesome. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE MODERN ARGONAUTS. BY ELIZA ORZESZKO.

Translated from the Polish by Count S. C. de Soissons, who remarks in a preface: "The great and almost unanimous enthusiasm of the English critics over Mme. Orzeszko's book, *An Obscure Apostle*, warrants the publication of this novel." We are also told that: "She no longer considers that romantic love is the absolute ruler over people's life." Which is another way of saying that Mme. Orzeszko, like the rest of us, is growing older. (Greening. 6s.)

HER MAJESTY'S MINISTER. BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

"I fear that at Downing-street they will say hard things of us," and Her Majesty's representative sighed heavily, resting his weary head upon his hand." The action of the story takes place mainly in Paris during the period immediately preceding the outbreak of the war in the Transvaal. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE WISDOM OF ESAU. BY R. L. OUTHWAITE AND C. H. CHOMLEY.

A story of Australian bush life. "On an evening of early summer in the year 1863 two bronzed and bearded men sat by a camp fire on a three-chain road in the north-eastern district of Victoria." Among the episodes is a description of a bush fire. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS. BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

A weird, well-written "fantasy," founded upon an old superstition current on the Mediterranean. The modern setting in a well-peopled villa adds to the effect of a story which will at times make the firmest flesh creep. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MY LADY OF ORANGE. BY H. C. BAILEY.

"I am English born and bred, and quarrels of Dutchman and Spaniard were no work of mine, yet something a man must do in the world, and this was the work that came to my hand: to fight Alva with his own two weapons — the sword and the lie, and with both I beat him, *cordieu!* with both!" Thus the hero, who is the narrator. (Longmans. 6s.)

A SORE TEMPTATION. BY JOHN K. LEYS.

The heroine comes from Loch Aline to London, enters society, refuses a lord, and is interested in a murder of which her lover is suspected. A normally pretty and exciting love-story ending with the usual satisfactory statements in the present tense. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

We have also received: *Her Mountain Lover*, by Hamlin Garland (Heinemann); *The Mother of the Emeralds*, by Fergus Hume (Hurst & Blackett); *Nineteen Thousand Pounds*, by Burford Delannoy (Ward, Lock); *Denver's Double*, by George Griffith (White); *Tales from Natal*, by A. R. R. Turnbull (Fisher Unwin); *The Tower of Wye*, by W. H. Babcock (Coates); *The Ghost of Tintern Abbey*, by Mrs. Arthur Traherne (Baker & Son); *Tales That Are Told*, six short stories by Mary and Jane Findlater (Methuen); *Sirius, and Other Stories* (twenty-one of them), by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Hodder & Stoughton); *Her Ladyship's Secret*, by William Westall (Chatto); *Once Too Often*, by Florence Warden (John Long); and *The Indian Bangle*, by Fergus Hume, new edition (Sampson Low).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
„ Quarterly 5/0
„ Price for one issue /5

Pictures and Personality.

WHEN the truth of his picture is challenged by a candid friend, the painter usually replies: "Well, that's how I see it." In that sentence lurks truth; also the excuse for much picture making.

We do not ask a painter to copy nature—that is impossible; we ask him to interpret to us what he has seen and felt; we ask him to paint particular and certain adventures of his personality. The force of the appeal of his picture to us depends on the quality and the strength of his personality. He pleases, he inspires, he interests, or he does not. Which means that his personality is pleasing, inspiring, interesting, or the reverse. For pictures are not like nature—never were, and never will be. A resemblance is obtained by giving each object its proper value and relation to other objects, and so we recognise, in a picture, a wave or an afterglow, a moon or a celandine, although Nature would blush at the ineptitude of the imitation.

A great artistic personality, who by inherent nobility or by heroic self-discipline has ripened, not atrophied, with the years, has kept feeling pure, vision clear, understanding childlike, can appeal to us greatly, no matter what subject he chooses. Go to the Guildhall Art Gallery and note some of the subjects by which Velasquez holds the world of art. What are they? A seller of water in a tattered doublet; an old crone making an omelette in an earthen pan; a youth drinking from a bowl; a woman with a mantilla; an ugly boy, who happened to be Don Baltazar Carlos; an old, cunning and suspicious Pope; Philip IV., who by no stretch of sympathy can be called attractive. And yet there they are, pictures for all time, to be seen again and again, and never forgotten. The generations pass before Don Baltazar, before that living "Portrait of a Man," ever watchful, ever silent. The generations look and pass on into the night. The pictures remain. They have finality!

And the Exhibition of the Royal Academy? What are we to say? Just that we take away from it the old knowledge that a painter may shout at the top of his voice, that he may key his picture to the highest pitch, that he may choose a world-moving subject, and yet, if his personality lacks entire sincerity, if his work is exterior not interior, if he has tried for effect rather than for what his colour-eye has seen or his spiritual sense has felt, he cannot move us. Pretence avails not; he cannot deceive. So we turn from two-thirds—perhaps more—of the pictures at Burlington House. They have the interest of goods in a shop window—that is all. Mr. Abbey is a draughtsman; he has shown that he can devise a regal decorative scheme; he has painted the trappings of history gorgeously, bringing to them just as much insight as they demanded, and, in his way, he has satisfied. But we cannot believe that he painted his "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem" from any sincere impulse. A Drury Lane melodrama could not shout louder than those three Crusaders crying in crescendo "I see! I see!! I see!!!" We turn away with gratitude to such a trifle as Miss Catherine Wood's "Bird-skins from Central America." Why? It is a tiny, slight thing. But the artist has painted those skins

quietly and beautifully, because she felt them to be beautiful and quiet. Neither does Mr. Byam Shaw, with all his cleverness, deceive us. He has been studying the pre-Raphaelites, and in "Boer War, 1900," he has painted a pre-Raphaelite picture—minute detail, hard crude colours, with the suggestion of infinite labour that characterises pre-Raphaelite pictures. No doubt he has done the best he could, but his attempt just lacks what makes the "Ophelia" of Millais a continual transcendental pleasure. It lacks feeling and sincerity. Mr. Shaw did not paint a pre-Raphaelite picture because the impulse was too strong to be denied, but because his versatility whispered in his ear: "Paint a pre-Raphaelite picture, you clever creature." The case of Miss Kemp-Welch is also one for regret. Hitherto she has painted what she has observed and felt, and her horses galloping and gamboling in meadows have been good. This year finds her no longer content with her own home pastures. In that desire to be up and doing a little more than the others she has spread herself, with the help of newspapers and hearsay, on the shocking insincerity of a huge picture of "Lord Dundonald's Dash for Ladysmith." Then there is M. Benjamin Constant's "Queen Victoria." The purple and crape hangings on the wall where it hangs in solitary ineffectuality, the flanking palm-trees, the House of Lords' throne, the theatrical use of sunlight, the outward splendour of royalty, together with M. Constant's facile talent, cannot hide the unreality of this Royal portrait. Looking at it, we ask ourselves, Is not, then, old age beautiful? Have Velasquez and Rembrandt painted their old men and women in vain? Was not the furrowed dignity and gravity of Queen Victoria's old age better worth putting upon canvas than this fanciful presentment of M. Constant's idea of how the Queen looked a quarter of a century ago? We are aware that M. Constant has explained that he has painted the symbolism of royalty rather than an individual. But printed explanations go to the paper-mill: Royal pictures remain.

In a way, we sympathise with the exhibitors at Burlington House. To the majority of them the painting of pictures is a business, a means of livelihood, and the Royal Academy is the best emporium for selling their wares. The painter who, unhappily, must live by his brush can no more, except in rare instances, do without or flout Burlington House than an individual, except in rare instances, can do without or flout the world. All—that is all in whom the artistic impulse is stronger than the commercial—begin by protesting; but the nets of Burlington House are wide, and her rakes are many, and cleverly constructed. In the fulness of time she calls, he comes, and soon the Artist becomes a mere Painter; for the effect of success on personality is that of weeds entangled about a swimmer's legs, dragging him down.

The artist—painter, writer, musician, architect—is beset by many foes, so insidious and gentle in assault that the citadel is often captured before he realises that the outposts have been attacked. Perhaps he himself never knows it, for the effect is a hardening of the finer perceptions, so that he does not realise that he has lost them. This hardening of personality into convention produces so deadening an effect on a painter's work that the pictures by an Academician of, say, a dozen years' standing usually cease to have any interest for the intelligent lover of art who, throughout the year, has kept his vision clear and his standard high by constantly renewing his fealty to the works of the great masters, which happily demands no more effort than taking a cab to a cricket match. He goes to the Academy each year—hoping. In a lucky year he may find one or two pictures by men to whom art has still the freshness of the morning; who paint from the same impulse that gives a true poet his first lyric. One or two of such he may find: what he always finds are the lifeless

anecdotes and landscapes of those whose personality is hardening or has already hardened into convention, barren as the desert about Dungeness Point. This year, as heretofore, we are confronted by the same inimitable marble steps and the same supers reclining on the same marble benches; Wardour-street classical scenes; Earl's Court chunks of Eastern life; Venetian women; new clothes hanging on bodies characterless as a modern biography; landscapes where no atmosphere clings, and on which no wind ever blew; the muddle of millinery babies; gentlemen in khaki; sham military episodes, and the simpering varieties of love's young dream. They come and go, leaving no more impression on the mind than the latest musical comedy or the last fashion in painted *mousseline*.

This is not a year of new reputations. It is rather the year of those who, having already sailed forth well laden, are now voyaging, with varying degrees of success, towards the ocean. Among them are Mr. J. J. Shannon, who to his many excellent portraits adds such a gem as "The Flower Girl," painted from the sheer love of painting it; Mr. Waterhouse, with his tender handling of Mrs. Schreiber; Mr. Napier Hemy, who, in "The Home Wind," has caught the very rush and depth of the sea; Mr. Clausen's "Golden Barn," with its soft, captured light and the beautiful drawing of sacks; Mr. La Thangue's "Gathering Plums" and "December in Provence"; Mr. Stott's luminous "River Bank"; Mr. Thaulow's experienced "The Old Fabrique, Christiania"; and pictures by Mr. Waterlow, Mr. East, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. Roche, Mr. Lemon, Mr. Meade, Mr. Olsson, Mr. Lindner, Mr. and Mrs. J. Young Hunter, Mr. W. W. Russell, Mr. Cayley Robinson, and Mr. E. J. B. Taylor.

These, in their varying degrees, charm, and have the shining merit of not suggesting the factory. They seem to have been prompted by genuine artistic impulses, and to have been carried out with knowledge and craftsmanship. But when we turn from them to the particular personality that dominates the walls, it is plain that the word charm must be omitted. Mr. Sargent interests, astonishes, excites, compels; but he does not charm. His technical power of painting is prodigious; his brush-work is unerring; his power of revealing the salient—never the obvious—characteristics of a sitter is so marked that it has been said that he shows what his subject will become in ten years' time. He knows! Stand close to one of his portraits and the brush-work is as muddled as a child's painting-book. Withdraw to the middle of the room, and the apparently arbitrary blotches of colour come together and compose as if by magic. His portraits are alive and combative. They entangle you in their cleverness; but they do not give the serene pleasure, the sense of finality, that the Velasquez portraits at the Guildhall give. Indeed, sometimes we have wondered if we do not linger over the accessories in Mr. Sargent's pictures with more delight than in the pictures themselves. He gives us the best of his virile, capable, clever, dashing personality; but his personality just lacks the few great simple qualities that make for ripeness, constituting the difference—that difference!—between a Sargent and a Velasquez. The one is of "our times"; the other for all time.

Things Seen.

A Greeting.

It was a special service in the Cathedral, a service of thanksgiving for the return of the local Volunteers from the war. The nave stood empty for their accommodation, but the aisles were already full. In front of me sat a husband and wife. They seemed to have come from a distance, for they were hot and travel-stained. The woman carried a paper bag of refreshments. She wore a

gaudy bodice (I conjectured it had been made for the occasion), and she was in a flutter of anticipation. Someone handed her a copy of the form of service. She took it, read the prayer for those fallen in the war, showed it to her husband, and began to weep. He was embarrassed and evidently afraid of anything which might undermine his self-control.

"Taint our Jock," he whispered hoarsely. The woman shook her head, but continued to sob into her handkerchief till the organ pealed out, and we turned to view the procession. There came the white-robed choir, the scarlet of the local Volunteers, and then a little group in varied tones of mustard-yellow and frog-green, with ill-fitting uniforms and ungainly puttees, with sunburnt faces and curiously wrinkled eyes—the men we had come to see.

As the choir reached their seats they knelt; the women in the congregation mechanically did the same; the men remained standing watching the soldiers who were still filing into their places. There was nothing dramatic or self-conscious about them. Were they being marched as prisoners into a Boer laager they would have had much the same expression. This service was the last duty they had to perform, and they would go through with it as they had gone through with the others. As they filed in batches of six into the pews, stumbling over the hassocks, each man in turn sat down, dropped his battered helmet between his knees, shaded his eyes with his hand, and then sat at attention.

The man in front of me gave a grunt and straightened himself. He caught the eye of a private, a young fellow with a boyish face very like his own. The soldier looked at him, glanced quickly at his side, saw the kneeling figure of the woman, then, reassured, looked back again to the man. After a year's danger, anxiety, and prayers, father and son had met.

For quite five seconds the lad's face never changed. Then the left corner of his mouth twitched, the wrinkles round his left eye deepened, and he winked.

That was all. An instant later the father sank back with a satisfied sigh, and the son, with "eyes front," was waiting for the word of command from the minor canon.

The Look.

It was not a performance—they were too serious for that, too entirely free from self-consciousness. It was the power of the human eye, exercised for some mysterious purpose between six and seven on a summer evening on the path that leads from the Row to the Serpentine.

They were standing quite still the first time I saw them—a collie dog, good-natured enough in his appearance, and a tall man, frock-coated, top-hatted and white-moustachioed, with the trim air of the old soldier about him. Within a yard of each other they stood, looking intently and unswervingly into each other's eyes, the man with his arms folded, the dog with his head stretched forward, his body eagerly on the alert. So they stood long before I reached them, and so they stood immovable long after I had passed them and passed again.

The next day and the next, at the same hour on the same spot, I saw them there in the same position, man and dog looking into each other's eyes as if the fate of kingdoms or their own lives hung upon that uninterrupted line of vision. Then the man backed a step or two and dropped into a chair, the dog moved slowly forward until the same space separated them as before, and so they remained, each holding the other in that steadfast gaze.

As I walked up the path I turned every now and again to see what had become of them. Once for a brief moment man and brute stood at ease, but in a second they had each other again—relentlessly. When the sun dropped—a big red ball—behind the bridge and the trees, I saw them still

The Poet as Tinkerer.

It was formerly held the most rash and perilous of poetic experiments to tamper with a poem once published to the world. We have changed all that, with the advent of "artistry," and the array of catchwords which accompany it. He is now held a doubtful poet, and beyond doubt no artist, who does not tinker with his poems, more or less, so long as he has breath and eyesight. For our part, we are suspicious of this fashion, and could wish more poets had the brave confidence of our elder singers in the rightness of the visiting Muse. We do not find that Milton has given the world much trouble with *variorum* editions, yet he was thought somewhat of an artist in his day—yea, marry was he! Apart from fashion, it is a matter of temperament, doubtless; no one certainly would blame Tennyson for it, nor will they, we think, blame Mr. W. B. Yeats.

For it is the re-issue of Mr. Yeats's collected *Poems* (Fisher Unwin) which has given us these reflections. We can hardly call them his complete poems, since they include neither "The Wind Among the Reeds," nor the lately published "Shadowy Waters"—probably because these were issued from a different house. Mr. Yeats is indubitably an artist, he is careful of form, perhaps (we should guess) polishes considerably in MS. Therefore it is not surprising that his fastidious care has led to considerable revision of his poems. The small bulk of these is favourable to the process. "A poet of one mood in all his lays," he has with singular tenacity of artistic purpose kept within the strict pale of his special and exquisite gift. Nay, more, it may be said that he has devoted all his best poetry to the elaboration of a single theme. No more perfect or characteristic poem is there of Mr. Yeats than "The Man Who Dreamed of Fairyland," which relates how life and the things of life became an idle tale to a man because his whole mind was set on *Tir-nan-Ogue*, the land of perpetual peace—

Where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue—

to quote another lovely lyric of his. *De te narratur fabula*. The man who dreamed of fairyland is Mr. Yeats himself. His finest poems (without exception that we can recollect), from the early "Wanderings of Oisín" to the "Countess Kathleen," turn directly or indirectly upon that one all-consuming vision of a country of endless peace and youth, where the "loud noises" of the world are stilled. The ingrained and unquenchable yearning for it makes Mr. Yeats a natural visionary, and his poems so many fairy songs. This rigid limitation of theme keeps his poems also small in quantity, and his dainty weeding of them makes this collected volume slenderer still. Therefore Mr. Yeats was like to be a leisurely reviser of his work, and he is.

One approaches the alterations with a natural jealousy for the *littera scripta* which in this case does not always "remain," and which is dear to us by familiarity. But with every disposition to be grudging and conservative, we can do little but approve Mr. Yeats's alterations. They are made with a rare delicacy of taste and sureness of instinct. He knows well when he has made his mark, and attempts no juggling with the really inspired passages. It is the unconsidered links which he hammers and rivets. This is as it should be. In the lyrics the alterations are so little that (with one exception) the most considerable occurs in the "Cradle Song," where the second and last lines of the final stanza are entirely rewritten. This is the original:

I kiss you and kiss you,
With arms round my own;
Ah, how shall I miss you,
When, dear, you have grown.

The revision runs thus:

I kiss you and kiss you,
My pigeon, my own;
Ah, how shall I miss you
When you have grown.

The strengthening of the second line is unquestionable, while a touch of daintiness is added to the metre by the slight verbal omission in the last two lines. We trembled at finding he had laid retouching hand on the enchanting and enchanted lyric in "The Land of Heart's Delight"; but the change proves reassuringly slender. The third line of the song—

And the lonely of heart is withered away,
became in the last line of the original—

The lonely of heart must wither away.

Now the last line is left an exact repetition of the third. Perhaps we prefer the old version; but it is very much a matter of personal whim. The changes in the text of the charming little drama are also but slight:

White-armed Nuala and Ardree the wise,
Feacra of the hurtling foam;

now runs:

White armed Nuala and Aengus of the birds,
And Feacra of the hurtling foam.

The alteration in the second line is perhaps a matter of pronunciation, or else the "lift" of an elision added to the line. More important is the insertion of a short speech from Bridget Bruin, when Shawn clasps the dead body of Maire:

Come from that image there: she is far away.
You have thrown your arm about a drift of leaves,
Or bole of an ash-tree changed into her image.

The fancy of it is a decided gain. Some of Mr. Yeats's corrections seem suggested by a desire to make his Irish folk-lore more readily comprehensible by the Saxon reader. So in those most beautiful and poetic invocations to the spirits, in the "Countess Kathleen."

And now the sheogues, like a surf of light,
becomes:

And the sea-creatures, like, etc.

So also, for—

Call hither now the sowlths and thivishes,

we have—

Call hither the fading and the unfading fires.

Again:

And now the sowlths and thivishes rise up,

becomes—

The fading and the unfading fires rise up.

In the same way an intermediate speech receives some trifling alteration to get rid of these two offending terms, "sowlths" and "thivishes"—not, it must be owned, very elegant in sound.

But the changes are not all of this calibre. Extensive interpolation in a drama like "Countess Kathleen," a rounded and beautiful thing as it stood, is of all changes the most hazardous. Addison advised Pope against the interpolation of his sylph machinery in the "Rape of the Lock"; and though Pope succeeded, it was against all laws and chances of the game. Mr. Yeats has been less daring, but daring enough. For the two scenes of the second act he has thrown into one, and interpolated between them (as they originally stood) a whole love-dialogue for the Countess and Aleel the bard. We call it a love-dialogue; but the suggestion of love is so remote and unearthly, that only Aleel's assurance he had been making love aroused us to a doubtful consciousness of the fact—a consciousness which needed to be fortified by a re-reading of the dialogue. For all that, the scene is in Mr. Yeats's best manner, if not quite at the height of his power (we

could have wished a little more poetic passion, a little more *explicit* passion, in Aleel's pleading); and it certainly adds a completion to the play. We should not have said it was needed; but being there, we discover it *is* needful. Some lesser changes and interpolations demanded or suggested by this central change are managed with admirable skill. Yes; Mr. Yeats is an artist in external polish.

For all that, we have one thing against him: he has not wholly escaped the pitfalls of revision—or not to our mind. It is in "The Dream of a Blessed Spirit." The last stanza now runs thus:

With white feet of angels seven
Her white feet go glimmering;
And above the deep of heaven
Flame on flame and wing on wing.

Lovely? Yes; but the original:

She goes down the floor of heaven,
Shining bright as a new lance;
And her guides are angels seven,
While young stars around her dance.

The new version, of course, has an amplitude of effect; but the original is so much more fresh, more daring, more *radiant*. The revision is Mr. Yeats's own in expression; but in idea it is far from original; it suggests many associated pictures: Browning's

Corregio loves to mass in rifts
Of heaven his angel-faces, &c.;

and Rossetti's

Seraphim, succinct, conjoint,
Float inward to a golden point;

with other passages of the poets; some, perhaps, coming nearer to Mr. Yeats's in expression; all probably suggested by the Italian paintings, early or mature, of wings ranked and flaming in spaces of heaven. Whereas, the first version is as new and shining as a field of daisies in the sun. True, "bright as a new lance" is an old and familiar expression in the romances. But it is applied to material things; the application of it to a young girl is perfectly fresh and bold—so apparently incongruous with all its associations, so beautifully fit and right when once the poet has captured it and flashed it before our eyes. The suggestion of maiden slenderness, the fearless comparison between the immaterial glitter of her beauty and the material glitter of the steel—not customarily applied to female beauty, which rejoices rather in the softer images of light and flowers or snow—these things make the worn image virginal. The stars are "young," and close in the morning brightness of the passage. No; with our souls we protest against the substitution, and beg Mr. Yeats to "think well on't."

But this is all our dissatisfaction; and how much worse might Mr. Yeats have done, when we consider other poets. The truth is, there are two modes of polish; what Coventry Patmore has called "polish from within," and "polish from without." The latter is easily understood; it is the method of correction when the verse has been written down and received its shape. It passes among most people for the only method of polishing a poet's work. The former is more remote from ordinary experience; it is the polish which the verse goes through in the mind, in the very act and heat of composition, while it is still fused and ductile from the fires of inspiration. Where inspiration is plenary, under these conditions it is a rapid process, the result certain, perfect, and felicitous beyond rivalry by the other method, where the verse is laid cold upon the anvil—or, rather, has to go through a process of re-fusion. When the inspiration is partial, the parts which have escaped the fusing fire need laboriously to be brought on a plausible level with the rest by after-correction—a laborious process, which never results in the great perfection of polish from within. But because it can be investigated and studied it attracts an undue amount of

admiration and is accorded an undue importance. Poets who are able to rely much on polish from within probably seldom hang long over the after-polish of their verse. They do not need it. Tennyson could have done little with *Comus* had he tried to burnish it; yet we have no evidence that Milton bestowed much "correction" on it. Poets like Wordsworth—who depended wholly on inspiration, and was also little of an artist apart from inspiration—have made very bad hands at subsequent correction, not because they did not need it. Wordsworth absolutely altered—and spoiled—the great lines about "the light that never was," &c. In the "Nightingale and the Stockdove" he changed

A creature of ebullient heart

to

A creature of a fiery heart.

Surely a destruction of the exactly right word. His disciple, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, has proved himself an over-true disciple in this also. In one of his finest poems he had the admirable line about autumnal leaves,

Tinkle their querulous tablets of wan gold.

He has, most unfortunately, substituted for "querulous," "minute tablets"; and thereby struck out the very keystone of the line, a word perfectly apt both in sense and sound. Yet not all poets strong in their first inspiration have been ill at external polish. Coventry Patmore, who dwelt so much on polish from within, almost rivals Tennyson in the felicity and judgment of his revision, as also in its extent. Rossetti also (witness the versions of "The Blessed Damozel") revised with excellent judgment. To their number must be added Mr. Yeats, for lack of first inspiration cannot be laid to his charge, if there be any trusting to the spontaneous-seeming charm of his lyric muse.

Correspondence.

Parsons's Portrait and Parsons's Ghost.

SIR,—The question as to the authenticity of the Rev. Mr. Taunton's portrait of Father Parsons has a curious incidental interest. In *Harper's Magazine* for May is an article on "Hallucinations," by Dr. Andrew Wilson. He tells the well-known story of the phantasm seen by Dr. Jessopp, when alone, late at night, in Lord Orford's library. The appearance was that of a somewhat large man, "whose face was turned away. But," says Dr. Jessopp, "I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and *shaven cheek*, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheek-bone." His dress was "a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk, or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging, about an inch broad, and satin or velvet, serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin."

Nobody, I daresay, thinks that this appearance was a ghost: I don't certainly. Dr. Wilson suggested, at the time, that it was a refraction from some person of old, about whom Dr. Jessopp had been reading or thinking. Mr. Walter Rye wrote that "the ecclesiastically dressed man with closely cut reddish-brown hair and shaven cheek appears to me to be the doctor's remembrance of the portrait of Parsons, the Jesuit father," treated of in Dr. Jessopp's "One Generation of a Norfolk House," and described by him as "tall and big of stature, smooth of countenance, beard thick and of a brown colour, and cut short." Now the *cheek* of the phantasm was "shaven," and Dr. Jessopp can say whether the phantasm wore a beard or not. Having these details in my mind, I found that Mr. Taunton's Father Parsons was not "shaven" but bearded from ear to chin. But he may have grown a beard after the date at which his phantasm (if it was his phantasm) represented him. Dr. Jessopp, however, describes

Father Parsons as bearded, and the phantasm, apparently, was "shaven," and, if so, Dr. Jessopp's memory of a portrait of Parsons (what portrait?) could not well have been the basis of his hallucination. If, however, Parsons really has a habit of appearing to people after his death, he *may* have appeared, in 1622, to give sittings to Mr. Taunton's artist, though Parsons died in 1612. This would, however, hardly account for the mitre and crozier. I think Mr. Taunton might argue (if he does not accept my suggestion as to the posthumous sittings given by Parsons), that 1622 is only the date of the engraving, not of the portrait which the engraving reproduces. The owner of the arms and motto, *Numinis Ope*, might be traced by heralds. The fur collar on a costume much like that of George Buchanan in his portraits was certainly worn by Mr. John Knox (see *Memoirs of James Melville*), and I have not heard that Mr. Knox was a Jesuit. Not much can be made of the fur collar as a proof that the sitter was a Jesuit.—I am &c.,

ANDREW LANG.

"Festus" Bailey.

SIR,—The common belief that Philip James Bailey had ended his career far back in the nineteenth century was, I confess, shared by me until three years ago, and it is only lately that I knew he has just terminated his 85th birthday.

My enlightenment in regard to his long life dates back from a call I made on an aged printer, or compositor, who now inhabits a certain almshouse at Gloucester, and was formerly employed at Nottingham (as he told me) to set up the type for the poet's *Festus*.

I listened to his resuscitation story (as it appeared to me at the time) incredulously; but the printer (Shepherd) was quite positive—and his memory apparently unailing—that "Festus" Bailey still lived.

It may interest some people to hear that the poet was travelling in Italy thirty years ago, and happened to be living for a few days in the Villa Belvedere, at Castellammare di Stabia, near Naples, during the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1872.

He occupied a bedroom next door to mine, and, being in a weak and nervous condition of health, his wife sought for my assistance to administer restoratives to him when the roar and fury of the volcano had caused him to show signs of faintness.

It was only after the event that I learned the name of my neighbour the poet, whose *Festus* I had read and admired as a youth more than twenty years before.

Since the poem was published in 1839 vague memories of its many merits have sadly outlived it.

I quote *l'envoi* of *Festus*, as it rings almost prophetically of the author's lingering old age.

Read this world! He who writes is dead to thee;
But still lives in these leaves. . . .

A few bright seeds, he sowed them—hoped them truth,
The autumn of that seed is in these pages.

Also the opening words put into the mouth of the Deity have found realisation:

Eternity has snowed its years upon them,
And the white winter of their age is come.

WILLIAM MERGER.

A Correction.

SIR,—By a printer's error I am made to say, in my "Paris Letter" of last week, exactly the contrary of what I believe. I wrote the word "none"; the printer preferred "some," which makes me assert that there are wealthy persons here in Paris capable of giving up their fortune to

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

IMPORTANT NEW WORK ON SOUTH AFRICA.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BRITAIN'S TITLE IN SOUTH AFRICA;

OR, THE STORY OF CAPE COLONY TO THE DAYS OF THE
GREAT TREK. By Professor J. CAPPON, M.A.

THREE NEW NOVELS.

Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

ROLF BOLDREWOOD. IN BAD COMPANY,
and Other Stories.

BY A NEW WRITER.

BERTHA RUNKLE. THE HELMET OF
NAVARRÉ.

ANNIE N. MEYER. ROBERT ANNYS: POOR
PRIEST.

A Tale of the Great Uprising.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

ANTHOLOGY OF LATIN POETRY. By ROBERT
YELVERTON TYRRELL, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

POEMS OF THE UNKNOWN WAY. By
SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT.

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED, London.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR AND THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA

By the Hon. A. WILMOT, K.S.G., F.R.G.S.

Crown 8vo, with Map, 5s.

The true causes of the South African War, and the historical circumstances which led up to it, should be known by every educated person. These are fully explained in this work, which comprises South African History from the earliest period to the present time.

London: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LIMITED,
Charing Cross Road, W.C.

NOTICE.—Next week will be
published "AN OUTLINE of
the RELATIONS between
ENGLAND and SCOTLAND,
500-1707," by Robert S. Rait,
Fellow of New College, Oxford.
Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

London: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, Old Bailey.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War. . . . The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

the poor at the bidding of Christ. I have never met any such form of wealthy person. I think Christ would find it far harder to Christianise the world to-day than it was nineteen centuries ago, and anyone who endeavoured to carry out the socialism of the Four Gospels would be regarded as dangerous, immoral, or mad.—I am, &c.,

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 85 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best short note on a current new word, phrase, or habit of speech. We award it to Mr. A. Sargent, Cattell-road, Small Heath, Birmingham, for the following:

"DÉSÉQUILIBRÉ."

I came across it in Mr. H. B. Irving's *French Criminals*, where it is applied to a character such as Ibsen might have created. But the word struck me as eminently characteristic of the dotage of the nineteenth century, and suggestive, by contrast, of what we may hope from the twentieth. Looking round, one cannot but be struck by the number of movements which may be traced in contemporary literature and the thought that it represents. On the one hand, we have the cynical intellectualism of Ibsen; on the other, the unreasonable sentimentalism of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*; here the "return to barbarism" of Mr. Kipling, and there the sentimental preciosity of Mr. Le Gallienne; on one side the gruesome "realism" of Zola, on the other the mystic other-worldliness of Mr. Yeats; here the "Puritan" reason-worship of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and there the sensuous ecstasy of D'Annunzio. But I think that those who are keenly alive to the signs of the times can perceive in such books, for example, as *The Column* a new and saner spirit struggling to be extricated—the spirit of proportion, temperance in the old Greek sense. [W. S., Birmingham.]

Other notes sent in are as follows:

"I'M SORRY."

For many years "awfully jolly" was the all-expressive and all-expressing exclamation of the day, and it is still used very often on emphatically inappropriate occasions: but its hey-day has passed, and, if I were asked for the fashionable catchword or phrase of to-day, I should say, undoubtedly, "I'm sorry." From the frequency with which these words are uttered by young, old, and middle aged, one would gather that this was but a sorry world; but it usually only means: "I beg your pardon," or "Excuse me." So, if one girl treads inadvertently on another's skirt, it's "I'm sorry"; and if, in righting herself from this first predicament, she comes down heavily on an old gentleman's favourite toe, it's again "I'm sorry"! Also, if she spills some salt in handing you the salt-cellar, or if she has to hopelessly refuse an offer of marriage, it's the same triplet of words. But if, in making these few remarks, I am unconsciously doing the girls of to-day an injustice, in materially restricting their choice of language, all I can say is: "I'm sorry"! [S., Chelsea.]

"TO GIVE YOURSELF AWAY."

"To give yourself away," though slang of a sort, is a most pithy and apt phrase. Those who "wear their hearts on their sleeve for daws to peck at" are the folks to give themselves away oftenest, I suppose. To make a confidential communication to the wrong person—to tell a story against yourself—to show your foibles on the slightest provocation—is to give yourself away without getting anything in exchange, save, it may be, ridicule or contempt. Give others away if you will (though the satirist has no friends), find the weak points in their armour, and probe them *sans merci* for the gratification of the company, though you will be hated for it as you deserve, but give away your money, your advice, your wrinkles (if you can)—in a word, anything but yourself. The gift may not be worth having when you do give it to others, but it is a gift that will bring you more kicks than halfpence, to use a vulgar phrase. Give away your daughter if you will (to an eligible suitor), but never yourself on any account whatever. [F. B. D., Liskeard.]

"CAMELOT."

The word "camelot" has lately obtained some popularity among the "mob of gentlemen [and ladies] who write with ease" as a synonym for newavendor and gutter-merchant generally. The real meaning of this Gallic word is "stuff, trash, rubbish," so that it is, perhaps, used by a metonymy to define the seller by his wares. The term has only crept into use during the last year or so in England. The fact is, we heard so much about the "camelots" at the time of the second Dreyfus trial that we could hardly help borrowing the appellation. As will be remembered, these grig-like Parisian ne'er-do-wells were very prominent, not merely in selling

any quantity of anti-Semitic literature—heaven save the mark!—but in raising the everlasting cry of "A bas les Juifs!" with which the ears of respectable people were dinned. They can be regularly organised for any street demonstrations—the more disreputable the character the better; so that it is a libel to compare our bagatelle-vending flotsam and jetsam, law-abiding at least, to such a herd of arabs. Garroche would have made an ideal "camelot," and the motto beloved of Danton applies to them with singular force, according to all accounts. [A. G., Cheltenham.]

"THERE'S AIR!"

On Saturday last Mr. Bickerstaff passed sentence upon Henry Airchless, for having on numerous occasions viciously and with malice aforethought made use of the objectionable phrase "There's air."

The spelling of the words in the indictment gave rise to some little difficulty. Counsel for the defence maintained that the subject of complaint was only an uttered sound, and was as incapable of logical orthography as that caused by a cough, a sneeze, or the usual admonition to silence.

Mr. Bickerstaff thought otherwise, and observed that he was determined to defend Society against these inane and senseless expressions, which, on being established, were as pestilences in speech and were for ever breaking in upon sensitive hearings with rasping iteration. He instanced his own discomfiture when, at a recent representation of Shakespeare's "King John," he became aware of the words:

"My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir," &c.

He ordered that the prisoner's head should be shaved and placed in a bag for the space of one week, during which time he intended that both his capillary appendage and respiratory supply should be reduced to a minimum. [A. E. W., London.]

"STYLIST"

During the last few years young reviewers have been much given to use the word "stylist" as the equivalent for "master of style." In this usage there seems to me, despite greater brevity, a loss of power as well as of precision. Surely the word "stylist" must have been first coined to meet the modern necessity for a word defining a master of *styles* as distinct from a master of style.

Thus Tennyson in his verse, Stevenson in his prose, Roff as a musician, and perhaps Millais as a painter, might properly be called stylists; whereas, by distinction, one would call Milton, Dryden, Addison, Mozart, or Flaxman masters of style. On the one hand there is marked versatility of manner giving distinct individuality and appropriate local colour to the several works of the same master; in the other a certain balance and restraint which tend at once to elegance and uniformity.

If, therefore, the word "stylist" be recognised as indicating the more versatile order of accomplishment, the English language is the richer by a useful term, but if it is merely regarded as a variant for "master of style" there is no gain whatever.

[F. H. C., Tunbridge Wells.]

"TO MAFFICK."

By its very phonetic spelling, this new verb seems to me to illustrate that boundless co-operative exuberance for the expression of which the word has been called into being. Whether that exuberance is to be welcomed as a fresh aspect of the national temperament may be a doubtful point, but that the word supplies a want and has come to stay is a fact admitting of no question. One who "mafficks," can readily be recognised: he has what Mr. Nuptins (*à propos* of some pre-Victorian maffickers at Ipswich) calls "an excited eye"; he provides himself with sundry aggressive weapons, purchasable at a low rate from the nearest street hawker, and, with whistle between his lips and "tickler" between his fingers, the mafficker knows himself to be fully equipped. The first article of his creed is that mafficking is the great leveller—all are equal and may be tickled; another one (not present in every mafficker-r) allows him to bridge over the great gulf fixed usually between *meum* and *tuum*. England hailed the first mafficker with ecstasy; in future it seems probable that she will order the Riot Act to be read whenever he and his comrades gather together. [H. G. H., Wniby.]

Competition No. 86 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the best and least hackneyed suggestion of a subject, taken from literary history, suitable for a painting.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, May 15. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

Crown 8vo, cloth, **Each 3/6 net.** Fully Illustrated.

Our Neighbours.

A Series of handy books Descriptive of the Home and Social Life of Continental Peoples.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

Generally speaking, they may be said to deal with the Intellectual Life of the various peoples, their Social divisions and distinctions, their Manners and Customs, Wealth and Poverty, their Armies and systems of national defence, their Industrial life, Rural life, Home life, Religious life, Amusements, and Local Governments.

"A well-conceived series of books."—*Academy*.

The following Volumes are ready:

RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER.

GERMAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

FRENCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By Miss HANNAH LYNCH.

Other Volumes in Preparation.

London: GEO. NEWNES, Ltd.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. Llangollen: DARLINGTON & Co.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. **ONE SHILLING EACH.** Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORFOLK BROADS. THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
BOSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR,
LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.
CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELL.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers'.

NOW READY at all LIBRARIES and BOOKSELLERS'.

THE WORK OF THE NINTH DIVISION.

By Major-General Sir H. E. COLVILE, K.C.M.G., C.B.

With Maps and Plans, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

THE WORK OF THE NINTH DIVISION,

covers the Capture of Cronje at PAARDEBERG, POPLAR GROVE, the March to BLOEMFONTEIN, SANNAH'S POST affair, the March from WINBURG to HEILBRON, the LINDLEY affair, and much obstinate fighting.

London: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37, Bedford Street, Strand.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per ANNUM.
LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.
N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.
Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street,
E.C., LONDON;
And at 10 to 12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War.....
The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

Selections from ALEXANDER & SHEPHEAR'S PUBLICATIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 3s. 6d., post free.

ILLUSTRATIONS from the SERMONS of ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Edited and Selected by JAMES HENRY MARTYN. Containing over 500 beautiful and suggestive illustrations. With a Textual Index and Alphabetical List of Subjects.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"THINGS THAT ARE MADE." Devotional Meditations in the Haunts of Nature. By Rev. A. J. BAMFORD, B.A., of Royston.

Now Ready, Second Edition, crown 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d., post free.
THE CHARTER of the CHURCH. Lectures on the Principle of Nonconformity. By P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D.

"Explains the position of religious dissent with great force and eloquence."
Manchester Guardian.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEAR, Ltd., 21 and 22, Fumival, St., E.C.

SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO

IMPORTANT NEW WORK BY EUSTACE MILES,
Amateur World Champion at Tennis.

**THE TRAINING OF THE BODY FOR GAMES,
ATHLETICS, GYMNASIUMS,**

And other Forms of Exercise, and for Health,
Growth, Development.

By F. A. SCHMIDT, M.D., and EUSTACE H. MILES, M.A.,
Amateur World Champion at Tennis; Winner of the Gold
Prize, 1897, 1898, and 1899; Winner of the Open Competition
in the English Amateur Racquet Championship, 1898, 1899;
Amateur Champion of the United States and Canada at
Racquets.

With 367 fine Original Illustrations. 546 pp., 8vo, with Copious
Index, 7s. 6d.

Part I. (by E. H. MILES). How to Learn and Practice
Games and Exercises.

Part II. (by E. H. MILES). Advantages of Games and Exer-
cises and of Practising them Rightly.

Part III. The Bones and Joints. Balance and Exercises.

Part IV. The Heart and Circulation, Right and Left Side
Exercises. The Lungs, Breathing and its Effects.

Part V. Positions and Movements and Exercises. Walking,
Climbing, Running, Jumping, Throwing, Bowling,
Swimming, Rowing, and Ball Games. The
Best Exercises at Different Ages.

Part VI. (by E. H. MILES). Summary and Final Hints.

Appendices (by E. H. MILES). 1. Food for Training. 2. Some
Foundation Exercises. 3. Training in Relaxation
and Repose.

The Land of the Moors. By BODGITT MEAKIN.

With a large Coloured Map of Actual Morocco, and pro-
fusely illustrated. 15s. "A careful account of a country the
fringe only of which is at all familiar to even well-travelled
Europeans."—*Yorkshire Post*. "Packed with information,
presented with great clearness and in a form easy of refer-
ence."—*Academy*. "The map of Morocco, brought down to
1898, with notes marked and long and set down accurately,
is a model of careful, accurate scholarship and research."
Daily Chronicle. "Full of all sorts of amusing and in-
structive facts illustrative of Moorish character."—*Traveller*

Knowledge, Belief, and Certitude. By
F. STOKES TURNER, R.A. 7s. 6d. net. "To prophesy is
prophetically rash, but we risk the charge of temerity. 'Know-
ledge, Belief, and Certitude' will live. It begins with bare
consciousness and ends with God. That it is the record as
well as the results of a genuine inquiry and is the touch that
is human, Mr. Stokes Turner's 'Science of Ends' does not
enlarge upon the end. It is his way (with regard to that is so
absorbingly interesting. His book is beyond compare the
most attractively lucid, example of clear thinking upon funda-
mental that has appeared for a generation."—*Literary
World*. "An honest attempt to think the problem of know-
ledge right through."—*Nature*.

**NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE, THE
PLAYER."**

The Wings of the Morning. 3s. 6d.

"In her latest novel Mrs. Savile exhibits the same qualities
of imagination and consistency, the same sincerity of senti-
ment that characterized the study of Irish life in 'Love, the
Player.' Those who enjoyed Mrs. Savile's earlier work may
turn to 'The Wings of the Morning' in the assurance that
they will be no less agreeably entertained."—*Morning Post*.

Beowulf, and the Fight at Finnsburgh:

A Prose Translation, with Introduction, Notes, and Bibli-
ography. By J. R. HALL CLARK, M.A. Ph.D. 12 Illustra-
tions. 5s. net. "Dr. Hall has made himself master of the
voluminous Beowulf MSS. He is careful to introduce
tion, his notes, and his archeological illustrations are all
real helps to the understanding of the poem, and of the
social conditions which it represents. The translation itself,
probably, for scholarly purposes, represents the original
better than either that of Messrs. Morris and Wyatt or that
of Prof. Earle."—*Academy*.

**Our Public Schools: their Influence on
English History (Chatterbox, Eton, Harrow, Merchant
Taylor's, Rugby, St. Paul's, Westminster, Winchester). By
J. G. COTTON MINCHIN, Author of "Old Harrow
Days." 6s.**

Dictionary of Quotations. By Col. DALBIAC
and T. B. HARBOTTLE. Three Uniform. Each 7s. 6d.
Each fully indexed under (1) Catchwords, (2) Subjects,
(3) Authors.

3. FOREIGN QUOTATIONS (FRENCH and ITALIAN).
Texts and Translations. 572 pages. [This day.]

2. CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS. Texts and Translations.
650 pages.

1. ENGLISH QUOTATIONS. 516 pages. [Second Edition.
Foreign Quotations.] "The two volumes of the two com-
pilers there is also no doubt. The former volume constitutes
the most important and serviceable dictionary of English
Quotations; the latter is the best existing guide to Classical
Quotations. The present volume is admirably rich. We have
tested the book again and again, and are grateful and sur-
prised at its fulness. The indexes are all that can be desired."

**Architects of English Literature (Shake-
speare to Tennyson). By R. FARQUHARSON SHARP,**
of the British Museum. 5s. net. "It is long since we have
seen a book on literature which attracted us more. The
twenty-four biographies are short, brightly written, and
accurate. The series of facsimile letters add greatly to the
charm."—*Review of the Week*.

Ethics. By Prof. W. WINDT. Vol. III. THE PRIN-
CIPLES OF MORALITY and the DEPARTMENTS of the
MORAL LIFE. Edited by Prof. E. B. TITCHENER.
7s. 6d. [Next week.]

The Romance of the Heavens By Prof.
A. W. BICKERTON, Author of "Romance of the Earth"
(2s. 6d.). 5s. "The book is admirably written."—*Nature*.

A System of Map-Drawing. By Prof. BICK-
ERTON. With Diagrams. 4to, 6d.

TO BE PUBLISHED AT ONCE.

Life of the Sea-Shore. By M. I. NEWBIGIN.
With 93 Original Illustrations.

**Aristotle's Psychology: a Treatise on
the Principle of Life (DE ANIMA and PARVA NATU-
RALIA). Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by
Prof. W. A. HAMMOND.**

Evolution and its Bearing on Religions.
By A. W. DADSON.

**The Adversaries of the Sceptic; or, the
Specious Present.** By ALFRED HODDER.

SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO., LIN., London.

**Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S
LIST.**

A NEW NOVEL by the AUTHOR of "THE RHYMER."
BLACK MARY. By Allan McAulay. (Green
Cloth Library.) 6s.

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIVOLA," &c.
**BEFORE the GREAT PILLAGE, and other
Essays.** By the Rev. Canon JESSOP, D.D., Author of
"The Coming of the Friar," &c. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

"These essays are concerned mainly with parochial and
church life in England before the great breach with Rome and
the Reformation brought in a new order of things. The work
is performed in a scholarly and interesting fashion throughout,
and the book is one which cannot be neglected by students of
the various religious and social movements in our country."

SIXPENNY EDITION.
EFFIE HETHERINGTON. By Robert
BUCHANAN. Cheap Edition. Paper covers, 6d.

"Exhibits the concentration, the skill, and the intense
dramatic power of Mr. Robert Buchanan's master mind and
hand. There is not a nerveless line in the volume. Once begun
the story has to be read to the last line, and then the reader
puts down the book with a determination to read it all over
again."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

THE LATEST SUCCESS.
**ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LET-
TERS.** By BARRY PAIN. Fifth Impression. Paper, 1s.;
cloth, 2s.

"Likely to be one of the funniest books of the year."—*Star*.

BY "MADGE" OF "TRUTH."
MANNERS for GIRLS. By Mrs. Humphry,
Author of "Beauty Adorned," &c. Cloth, 1s.

"A manual for which there can be nothing but praise."
Globe.

**COLLOQUIES OF CRITICISM; or, Literature
and Democratic Patronage.** By —? Demy 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d. net.

"In this book numerous literary questions of considerable
interest are dealt with by the author, who prefers to remain
anonymous. His vein of humour renders it essentially a book
for the pleasure and amusement of the reading public."

BY A NEW WRITER.
THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S RESOLVE. By
WALDO GRAY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE LAST STEP to RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.
By E. K. BLYTH. Paper, 6d.

A THRILLING NOVEL OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.
THE WISDOM OF ESAU. By R. L. OUTH-
WAITE and C. H. CHOMLEY. (Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

ALL ABOUT BRITISH, BOERS, AND ZULUS.
TALES from NATAL. By A. R. R. Turnbull.
Cloth, 3s. 6d.

The tone of this book is purely local and dissociated from
politics and trends mainly of the wooing of a Boer girl by two
young Boers and their jealousy and attempted crimes. Thus
the reader will be able to form some idea of the home-life and
character of the people who are now really a part of our Colonial
Empire.

AN IMPORTANT NEW WORK ON THE EASTERN
QUESTION.
AS the CHINESE SEE US. By T. G. Selby.
Cloth, 6s.

SMART PEOPLE AND THEIR WAYS.
**THE LETTERS of HER MOTHER to ELIZA-
BETH.** Cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.

AN IMPORTANT NEW WORK ON CATHOLICISM.
**FIFTY YEARS of CATHOLIC LIFE and
PROGRESS** under the Rule of Cardinal Wiseman, Car-
dinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and Cardinal Vaughan.
By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Photogravure Por-
traits. Cloth, 2 vols., 21s.

MARY E. MANN'S NEW NOVEL
AMONG the SYRINGAS. By the Author
of "Moonlight," &c. (Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

"It is long since we have seen a story so full of human
interest, woven out of so simple materials as 'Among the
Syringas.' The authoress has written clever stories before,
but none, we think, which shows such matured power."
Manchester Guardian.

**THE DREAM-WOMAN: a Psychological
Novel.** By KATHE WYLYNNE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE TRAVEL BOOK of the SEASON.

A SECOND EDITION of 1,000 COPIES READY TO-DAY.
IN TIBET and CHINESE TURKESTAN:
being the Record of Three Years' Exploration. By Captain
H. H. P. DIANE, late 18th Queen's Lanciers, Gold Medalist
of the Royal Geographical Society. With Appendices,
Maps, and 80 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 21s. net.

"Teems with curious experiences and varied adventure."
Pall Mall Gazette.

"One of the best works of Travel recently published in
England."—*Contemporary Review*.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN,
Paternoster Square, E.C.

**A. & C. BLACK'S
NEW BOOKS.****ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA:**

A Dictionary of the Bible.

Edited by the Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D.,
AND

J. SUTHERLAND BLACK, M.A., LL.D.

NOW READY, VOLUMES I. and II. (A-D and E-K).

Imperial 8vo, cloth, 20s. net; half-leather, 25s. net;
full leather, 30s. net.

(To be completed in Four Volumes.)
Vol. III. *in the press*.

THE CORRECTIONS of MARK

Adopted by MATTHEW and LUKE.

By EDWIN A. ABBOTT,

Author of "Clue," "St. Thomas of Canterbury," &c.

Demy 8vo, cloth, price 15s. net.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

By Professor ADOLF HARNACK.

Translated by the Rev. STEWART MEANS,
AND

Edited by THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

**CHRISTIANITY and
HISTORY.**

By Professor ADOLF HARNACK.

Translated, with the Author's Sanction,
By THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS.

With an Introductory Note.
Second and Revised Edition.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

SCHOPENHAUER:

A Lecture.

By THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS,

Author of "The Quest of Faith," &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

**PASSAGES from the LETTERS
of AUGUSTE COMTE.**

Selected and Translated

By JOHN K. INGRAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Outlines of the History of Religion."

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. net.

**NATIONAL LIFE from the
STANDPOINT of SCIENCE.**

By KARL PEARSON,

Author of "The Grammar of Science."

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

**THE USE of WORDS in
REASONING.**

By ALFRED SIDGWICK,

Author of "The Process of Argument," &c.

Demy 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d. net.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MAGAZINE

MAY NUMBER.

NOW READY, price Sixpence.

BLACK'S GUIDE BOOKS, 1901

A COMPLETE LIST of HOME and FOREIGN
GUIDES sent on application.

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London, W.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1515. Established 1869.

18 May, 1901.

Price Threepence
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE performance of Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," under the auspices of the Stage Society, at the Garrick Theatre, last Monday afternoon, was very interesting and quite competent. Ibsen does not court failure by a weak last act. Indeed, a spectator might well have left the theatre at the end of Act III. under the plea that his interest had not been sufficiently aroused to keep him longer from the sunshine. But that fourth act makes the play, stirs the imagination, lifts a curtain, and leaves one staring for a time, at any rate, at things as they are. Just because that is so is the reason why Ibsen, we suppose, will never be a popular playwright.

How well his "Ghosts" acts! Terrible and painful as it is, few who saw it have forgotten the performance at a small hall in Queen's Gate-road a few years ago. A new edition of "Ghosts," the fourth in England, will be published this week. In the preface Mr. William Archer says that in his opinion this play ranks with "Hernani," "La Dame aux Camélias," and possibly "Die Weber," among the epoch-making plays of the nineteenth century, and that it has probably done more than any other single play to enlarge and exalt our conception of the possibilities of modern dramatic art.

Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet is announced. The work gives a general view of the writings of Nietzsche. The first three parts consist of a series of classified extracts from all his books, exhibiting him successively as critic, philosopher, and poet: the fourth part, "Nietzsche as Prophet," consists solely of extracts from *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. There will be an introduction indicating Nietzsche's position as a writer, giving a sketch of his life, and also a brief account of each of his works.

MR. J. H. FOWLER, of Clifton College, has annotated, for use in schools, the poems in Book IV. of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. It includes the best of the shorter poems of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley, the occasional difficulties in which have hitherto received very little elucidation. The volume is designed to encourage the systematic study in schools of the poetry in which the years from 1800 to 1830 were so rich.

THERE is a completeness about the dedication of Frances Forbes-Robertson's (Mrs. Harrod's) new novel, *The Hidden Model*, which is attractive. It is dedicated "To My Beloved Husband, in the first Year of our Marriage, and to My Little Boy, in the first Year of his Life."

NOTHING seems to stop, or even to hinder, the flow of novels. No sooner is one week's batch examined, allocated, and the shelf cleared, than we are confronted by another score or so of their gay, variegated backs. The

competition is so keen that it cannot be very pleasant for an author to find the new reply post-card form of advertisement slipped between the leaves of his book, asking the buyer or reader to "please send me, when ready, Hall Caine's new novel."

For a readable novel the world is always grateful. We note with pleasure that Mr. Henry Harland has sent to the press *My Lady Paramount*, and that Mr. Percy White's *The Grip of the Bookmaker* is nearly ready. The latter is the story of a rich father's pride in his son, and the humiliation which the youth has to suffer for being the son of a bookmaker. Mrs. Henry Normand's new story may also be expected shortly.

Lena Laird is an arrow novel. The target is the Royal Academy. The author, Mr. W. J. Laidly, an exhibitor at the New Gallery, shot several arrows at Burlington House in a former book, called *The Royal Academy: its Uses and Abuses*.

OF Archibald Johnston, of Warriston, Carlyle said: "A Lord Register of whom all the world has heard. The redactor of the Covenanters' Protests, in 1637 and onwards; redactor, perhaps, of the Covenant itself; canny, lynx-eyed lawyer, and austere Presbyterian zealot; full of fire, of heavy energy and gloom—in fact, a very notable character, of whom our Scotch friends might do well to give us farther elucidations." Johnston, of Warriston, will form the next issue in the "Famous Scots" series, from the pen of Rev. W. Morison.

UNLIKE their English contemporaries, Transatlantic literary journals are nearly always amusing. We should never have dared, as *Morang's Memorandum* (Toronto) does, to give a portrait of the author of *The Visits of Elizabeth* with a baby on her lap, a motherly look in her eyes, and this extract "from one bright girl to another" below the picture: "She has a sweet, pretty, refined face, with lots of blonde hair, and dresses in a soft dainty style. She is, I believe, very accomplished, and certainly she must be clever, for the book she has written is so original and fascinating. You must tell me how you like the book, dear. I am quite sure you will enjoy it. So now, leaving you to find out its best points for yourself, I remain, yours affectionately, JUDITH."

Who can say, after reading the following paragraph, that literary men are not honoured nowadays? It is from *Thursday's Times*:

Mr. Edmund Gosse and Dr. Mantler, director of Wolff's Telegraphic Agency, have been appointed Knights of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, first-class.

THE presentation portrait of Mr. W. E. Henley, by Mr. William Nicholson, will be exhibited at the Fine Art Society's for a few weeks from Monday next.

The May Book (Macmillan), edited by Mrs. Aria, is a splendid rally for Charing Cross Hospital, in the interests of which it has been compiled. A braver show of distinguished names surely never graced a table of contents. They include Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, Mr. James, Mr. Henley, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Hichens, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Richard Pryce, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Steele, Miss Robins, Mrs. Shorter, Miss Corelli, Miss Atherton, and Mrs. Grand. The artists are equally numerous and well known in their sphere. The volume is a large quarto, with a well-designed picture cover showing Charing Cross, and everything handsome about it.

PROSE and poetry, stories and essays, sketches and criticism make up the contents. Mr. Meredith's contribution is a little poem called "The Main Regret." The first of its two stanzas runs:

Seen, too clear and historic within us! our sins of omission

Frown when the autumn days strip us so ruthlessly bare.

They of our mortal diseases find never healing physician;
Errors charged on the soul, past all hope to repair.

We need not say that the error thus charged on the soul is the omission of easy acts of kindness:

Even the limp-legged beggar a sick desperado has flattered

Back to acceptance of life cheered by the mere human tone.

Mr. Hardy also sends a poem: his subject, the knocking at the door of the younger generation. He calls it "The Superseded," and of its three stanzas we quote the last:

'Tis not that we have unforgotten

The drop behind,

We feel the new must oust the old

In every kind,

But yet, we think, must we, must we,

Too, drop behind?

Mr. Henley has a blithe song, "To a Girl Singing":

Sing to me of life, and toil, and time—

O bugle of dawn, O flute of rest,

Sing, and once more, as in the prime

There shall be nothing but the best!

We like, too, Mr. Robert Hichens's verses called "Smaïn," of which these are the first and last:

The palms of Sidi-Amrane

Stand delicately still,

Beside the Bordj the Kabyle dogs

Bark on their sandy hill:

Girl-children, veiled in purple, play

With boys in moonbeam-white—

But Smaïn, amorous and alone,

Pipes to the starry night.

Each jingling Ouled-Nail

Has laid her plumes away,

Her great gold crown, and her small gold coins,

And her Fatima-hands that pray;

The Sand-diviner drops the grains

That tell the Future's flight—

But Smaïn, amorous and alone,

Pipes to the starry night.

Mrs. Grand contributes this sprightly confession of her earlier days in the form of a "Letter to a Friend (Written When a Girl)":

Aspiring owl, I sometimes think I am,
Without brain-power to carry me up higher;

A minus-talent, meagre, mental sham,
Ambition-driven only to aspire.

How kind 'twould be of you, who never seem

With self-doubt plagued, to look into my state,

And, finding me the powerless victim of a dream,

To tell me true you think me second-rate.

I'd throw aside my pen—at least I'd never
Write any more that's destined for the press;
And from that day my whole and sole endeavour
Would be to shine for beauty and for dress.

Mrs. Aria has been served well by her poets. We have not specially sought to quote the best in the best order, else Mr. Dobson's "Angel Court" and Mr. Davidson's "Song in 'La Reine Fiamette'" would have place.

AMONG the prose contributions we are most interested in Mr. Henry James's sketch of an afternoon on the Bay of Naples, called "The Saint's Afternoon." We are on a terrace at Sorrento, "high up in the cool Capri night":

And so the afternoon waned, among the mellow marbles and the pleasant folk—the purple wine flowed, the golden light faded, song and dance grew free, and circulation slightly embarrassed. But the great impression remained and finally was exquisite. It was all purple wine, all art and song, and nobody a grain the worse. It was fireworks and conversation—the former, in the piazzetta, were to come later; it was civilisation and amenity. I took in the great picture, but I lost nothing else; and I talked with *contadini* about antique sculpture. No, nobody was a grain the worse; and I had plenty to think of. So it was I was quickened to remember that we others, we of my own country, as a race politically not weak, had—by what I had somewhere just heard—opened "three hundred saloons" at Manila.

It would be pleasant to think that each May would bring a *May Book*. Mrs. Aria is to be heartily congratulated on the result of her editorial work.

MR. WALTER H. PAGE (of the firm of Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York) has recently delivered himself on "The American Magazine," and the *Author* considers that his remarks are worthy to be taken to heart by the wise contributor: "The good editor ought to be able to see just how far each phase of development in life has advanced, and then to point out how it can go a little further. Men are divided everywhere into two classes. They live in two houses—the house of 'do' and the house of 'don't.' It is for the former that the American magazines must be written." And again: "The editor should have a well-trained sense of literary values, but he should not think that a magazine ought to have anything to do with literature. The making of magazines is not literature; it is journalism. Those editors who are trying to get out monthly literature are making dull magazines. It is not the magazine that ought to produce literature, but the book."

An editorial "shake-up," says an American literary paper, is impending on the staff of that wonderful American magazine, the *Ladies' Home Journal*. This magazine supports more than twenty editors, and Mr. Bok has for some time had in contemplation a complete freshening up of his forces. Several of the present editors, whose names have become familiar from years of usage in the columns of this magazine, will be dropped, and a new and stronger staff of writers will be organised. Three new editors from New York and Boston have already been engaged, and negotiations are now pending with others. The idea seems to be to freshen up the entire magazine. Generally such editorial changes are made when a decline in circulation is felt, but the *Ladies' Home Journal* is contemplating these changes in the very flush of its success. Every month it is understood that this magazine declines "non-returnable" orders from the American news companies, although it prints 900,000 copies, and each month it declines advertising owing to its apportionment of advertising space being crowded.

In the *Ladies' Home Journal* will appear the further instalment of "Just So" stories now engaging Mr. Kipling's attention at Rottingdean. One of the first stories to be printed will have the happy title of "How Pussy Got Her Purr." There will be a number of these "Just So" stories before Mr. Kipling works out his entire scheme of telling the children how the different animals "happened" and how they got their different characteristics.

THAT critics may differ is seen in the following extracts from reviews of the *Benenden Letters* recently edited by Mr. C. F. Hardy:

SPECTATOR.

It is the peculiar merit of these *Benenden Letters* that they were exchanged among unimportant persons. Cox, Ward, de Caulier, and the other actors in this domestic drama lived obscurely and would have remained forgotten had not their letters now been published. They achieved nothing distinguished, they played no part in the world's affairs, and to a superficial vision it might appear that they were not worth remembering. Yet the charm of their letters is indisputable. We know much about their great contemporaries. Soldiers, statesmen and poets live in the lantern's eye, and death does not extinguish the light. But what commonly escapes us in the past is the simple life of simple folk. We lose in the vast canvases of history the small touches of genuine character which tell us more of manners than all the registers, and too often it is only fiction which reminds us that the plain, meritorious intelligent man is found in every century.

Now we can sketch from the *Benenden Letters* half-a-dozen admirable characters, drawn with a firmer hand than most novelists may boast, and all drawn in that most difficult and elusive of mediums—letters.

We reviewed the *Benenden Letters* a fortnight ago, and therefore we need not say which of these views is nearer to our own.

THE ways of Chinese editors have been expounded in a paragraph which we printed many months ago, only to find it ricocheting round the world almost to this day. It is a change to come on the Chinese bookseller, who is amusingly portrayed by Mr. Isaac Taylor Headland in the *New York Critic*. He describes a visit paid by himself and some friends to a Pekin bookseller's, and the article mainly consists of the conversation that passed in the shop. The bookseller showed the party books of fiction, philosophy, history, medicine, poetry, &c.—books beyond computation; and he told them of the *Yung Lo Encyclopedia*, which contains "half as many books as there are minutes in a month." The following conversation about Chinese novels is interesting:

"Do you have any novels?"

"Yes; what novels would you like to see?"

"Will you kindly let us see the best of the standard novels in the Chinese language."

LITERATURE.

It is not easy to understand why *Benenden Letters, London, Country, and Abroad, 1753-1821*, edited by Charles Frederic Hardy (Dent, 15s.), should have been published. This budget of old correspondence is stodgy and uninteresting; it throws no new light upon public affairs, and lacks entirely the attraction so often possessed by old letters. The editor thinks that the intrinsic quality of the documents is good, and that they are somewhat remarkable from the fact that the connecting thread of a single long life runs right through them. We do not agree with him in either particular. Far more are we in accord with him when he expresses a fear that some readers may find one of the parties to the correspondence tedious and verbose. This is precisely our opinion of every contributor to the collection. Possibly the book may have some antiquarian interest in the Weald of Kent, since most of the letters were written to or from Benenden; the world at large, we fear, will yawn prodigiously and pass by.

The clerk went at once and soon returned with an armful of books, the first of which, as he placed it upon the table before us, he designated as the *Hung Lou Meng*, or *Dream of the Red Chamber*. He went on to explain that this novel had been translated into English, German, French, and other languages of Europe. The next he put before us was illustrated with a large number of well-prepared Chinese woodcuts, and was entitled *A Garden of Flowers in the Capital*. Another, which was not illustrated, but which was a beautifully hand-printed old copy, was entitled *The Student's Courtship*; and the fourth was entitled *Hsi Hsiang Chi*, the principal character in which is the Chinese ideal of a mischievous little go-between or match-maker.

"These books," said our informant, "have all been translated into some of the European languages, and contain nothing," directing his remarks to the ladies of the party, "which may not be read by ladies."

"How about your other novels?" we inquired.

"Most of them are insipid or vulgar. Have you not heard that it is because of the vulgarity of much of our light literature that many of the better families will not allow their daughters to learn to read? At times the Government has set fire to some such printing houses, burning them, with the books and blocks they contain, to the ground."

"Are these your only good novels?" we inquired further.

"We have one other historical novel which, outside of the classics, is the most widely-read book in the empire. It is called the *History of the Three Kingdoms*, and is pored over by every boy who is able to read and can secure a copy of the book."

THE question of Mr. Meredith's obscurity crops up amusingly in connexion with Mr. Herbert Paul's *Men and Letters* reviewed by us last week. In an appreciative article on this book in the *Speaker*, "A. B." says:

Mr. Paul is a true Meredith man, and is angry with "an intelligent critic, perhaps a cricketing correspondent out of work in the winter," who said that the *Amazing Marriage* was by no means devoid of interest, "but that it was a pity Mr. Meredith could not write like other people." "I presume," adds Mr. Paul, who never arraigns Providence, "such critics have their uses, or they would not be created." For my part I cannot believe that Providence intended a cricketing correspondent to devote a winter's night to the perusal of the *Amazing Marriage*, but it is to shirk the task of criticism to dismiss with a sneer the charge brought against Mr. Meredith of occasionally writing after a fashion that is well nigh intolerable. Nobody has ever complained of *Evan Harrington* or of *Rhoda Fleming*. The cricketing correspondent, who, no doubt, would have been better employed oiling his bat, confined his complaint to the *Amazing Marriage*, which Mr. Paul himself does not rank high.

Reading between these lines we are much inclined to suspect that Mr. Paul has winged his "cricketing correspondent" in the person of the reviewer of his book—"A. B." himself.

THE *Spectator* prints a personal sketch of the late Bishop Stubbs. Incidentally the writer refers to Stubbs's "power of reserve" in his writing:

When reading for my Schools at Oxford, Stubbs's *Constitutional History* was the book which absorbed my attention; such a mass of knowledge at first hand, such a marshalling of facts, such weighed and weighty sentences, such a judicial mind! But the chief power, and that possessed only by the greatest men, was his power of reserve. As one turned to any preface in the "Rolls Series," where, with more room, the master let himself go, as he wrote of Dunstan or of Henry II., one returned to the history and felt more the power of phrases, one was impressed the more with the power of restraint. Not until the last paragraph of the third volume of his greatest work comes any personal expression. "At the close of so long a book the author may be suffered to moralise. His end will have been gained if he has succeeded in helping

to train the judgment of his readers, to discern the balance of truth and reality, and, whether they go on to further reading with the aspirations of the advocate or the calmness of a critic, to rest content with nothing less than the attainable maximum of truth, to base their arguments on nothing less sacred than that highest justice which is found in the deepest sympathy with erring and straying men."

"SURELY a hatred of London is becoming a mark of those who love the arts" is Mr. W. B. Yeats's remark in a very delightful article in the *Speaker* on the recent performances of Shakespeare's plays at Stratford-on-Avon. And there is no gainsaying the charm of Shakespeare in the country. Mr. Yeats writes:

I have been hearing Shakespeare, as the traveller in *News from Nowhere* might have heard him, had he not been hurried back into our noisy time. One passes through quiet streets, where gabled and red-tiled houses remember the Middle Age, to a theatre that has been made not to make money, but for the pleasure of making it, like the market houses that set the traveller chuckling; nor does one find it among hurrying cabs and ringing pavements, but in a green garden by a river side. Inside I have to be content for a while with a chair, for I am unexpected, and there is not an empty seat but this; and yet there is no one who has come merely because one must go somewhere after dinner. All day, too, one does not hear or see an incongruous or noisy thing, but spends the hours reading the plays, and the wise and foolish things men have said of them, in the library of the theatre, with its oak-paneled walls and leaded windows of tinted glass; or one rows by reedy banks and by old farmhouses, and by old churches among great trees. It is certainly one's fault if one opens a newspaper, for Mr. Benson gives one a new play every night, and one need talk of nothing but the play in the inn-parlour, under the oak beams blackened by time and showing the mark of the adze that shaped them.

AN American firm sounds this Chaucerian note in its advertisements:

Whan that Aprille with his showres swote
The heart of March hath perced to the rote,
Than comen bookes forth from APPLETON
And folk are fain to hav them everychon!

CAVALIERE AUGUSTO SINDICI, the poet of the Roman Campagna, is to lecture to the Dante Society. He began life as a soldier, and distinguished himself in the campaigns of '58, '59, and '66, being one of the first to enter Rome with the victorious Italian Army in 1870.

Bibliographical.

AFTER all, the stage does effect something for literature, if only by causing on occasion a demand for books. Thus, the announcement that Mrs. Patrick Campbell intends to produce an English version of Björnson's "Over Ævne," should cause many to turn to the translation of that play which was published by Messrs. Longman some seven years ago. The translator was Mr. William Wilson, who re-christened the work *Pastor Sang*, after the chief character in the play. In his preface he said that the words "Over Ævne" means literally "over-power." I see Mrs. Campbell has adopted (perhaps only provisionally) the title of "Beyond Human Power." This will not be the first drama of Björnson's to be seen on the English boards. In 1894 a version of his drama, "A Gauntlet," was performed one afternoon in London. This was a sort of adaptation of a translation which Mr. Osman Edwards had made of Björnson's revised text of his play—a translation also published by Messrs. Longman. There already existed, in pamphlet form, a translation, by Mr. H. L.

Braekstad, of the first text of "A Gauntlet." This is now, probably, difficult to acquire.

Another book to which theatrical enterprise should give a fillip is *The Sister's Tragedy, with Other Poems*, of Mr. T. B. Aldrich. Therein may be found a little two-act drama in verse and prose, entitled "Mercedes," a performance of which is promised for the present summer. It is the veriest trifle. The first act consists only of a dialogue between two French officers, and the second is little more than an episode. The *dénouement* is, however, distinctly tragic. The scene is Spain in 1810. In the same volume is another, and a shorter, little play—a duologue—called "Pauline Paulovna." This, I believe, has been enacted somewhere, though I forget the circumstances.

Such a volume as *The May Book* (Macmillan) is the despair of the bibliographer. Within its covers I find new verses by Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Edmund Gosse (who is not often nowadays in the rhyming mood), Mr. Henley, Mr. Le Gallienne, and others. I am not much concerned with the excursions in verse made by masters of prose like Mr. Hardy or by wits and humorists like Mr. Zangwill; but owning, as I do, for example, a copy of the *Collected Poems* of Mr. Dobson, I have a sense almost of resentment arising from the fact that Mr. Dobson has produced a new lyric which I cannot possess, in its original printed form, without hampering my shelves with *The May Book*, which is more fitted for the ornate drawing-room table than the modest library shelves. As a bibliographer and a collector I deprecate the "charity" publication.

If Mr. Alfred Austin is really going to publish a volume made up of his laureate verse, the fact shows at least that he thinks the said verse worth re-issuing. We shall see what the critics say; we can imagine the comparisons between the laureate verse of Mr. Austin and that of his illustrious predecessor. I do not know that, had I been Mr. Austin, I should have cared to risk those comparisons. For it so happens that all Lord Tennyson's official words bore the impress of his genius, though the impress was not always of the deepest. Why, indeed, should Messrs. Macmillan not compile a volume which should contain the best of the late Poet Laureate's work, and also the best of his "patriotic" products? It should make a goodly volume, and, moreover, a highly useful one. What better "Reader" could there be for schools? Tennyson has been often enough "selected"—*Lyrical Poems* (1885, 1899), *Songs Set to Music*, *Tennyson for the Young*, and so forth—but the patriotic and the laureate verse still remain for the good offices of the anthologist.

And, talking of Tennyson, there is the promise of a book about him in Messrs. Dent's series of cyclopædic primers. I do not quite see why the poet should be treated in cyclopædic fashion; but certainly he will be sympathetically treated, for the operator is Mr. Morton Luce, who, as we all know, is an enthusiast in this matter. Did he not put forth some *New Studies* of Tennyson in 1893 and a *Handbook to the Works* of Tennyson in 1895? Surely he is a Tennysonian, if anyone is.

It would seem as if there really were room for the new book on Savonarola. It is not that books on the subject are scarce in this country. Slight biographies of Savonarola appeared in 1881, in 1882, and so recently as 1895. In 1888 there came an English version of Pasquale Villari's *Life and Times of Savonarola*—a bulky work, of which cheaper editions were available in 1890 and 1896. Nor is this all. A study of the great man, written by a Mr. W. Clark and published originally in Chicago, was put into circulation over here ten or eleven years ago. All these would seem to be enough, and yet an adequate account and estimate of Savonarola by an English writer has still to be provided. It will, no doubt, be provided in the book by Mr. Horsburgh, which Messrs. Methuen issue this week.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Out of the Depths?

The Eternal Conflict. By William Romaine Paterson (Benjamin Swift). (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE existence of evil in the world seems to "Benjamin Swift" not only an inscrutable mystery, but an excuse for the blindest despair. Pleasure, he says—and there is much to be said for the proposition—becomes as the world grows older more and more an end in itself and an end capable of being reached in this life, while the belief in the future life exercises less and less influence upon us.

So long as the good things of this world were reserved for the rich and great, so long as the multitude passed their lives in the daily and hourly expectation of death or torture at the hands of superiors who treated them only as pawns on the chessboard, it was natural that man should look on existence as a novel in which the virtuous were to be rewarded in the last chapter, and where the future life could be trusted to redress the inequalities of this. But now all this is changed. With the "democratisation of pleasure" even "Christianity, which began by despising life, has ended by enjoying it, and by determining to find as little tribulation in it as possible": and modern science not only affords us no warrant for the belief in our own immortality, but goes to show that it is possible only for "unicellular organisms." Hence Mr. Paterson, who once "looked upon the human body only as a kind of shining arras to hold the soul like a sacred missal within its fold," who "even lingered at the doors of the Church until religious collectivism repelled" him, finds that his faith has slipped from him. "Yes, yes," he says in a phrase irresistibly reminiscent of Mr. Huysmans's hero in his pre-Benedictine days—"I too once possessed all magnificent beliefs until my brain awoke with a cry to see the perishing of its illusions."

This disillusionment of Mr. Paterson's brain finds its sharpest sting in the fact that he everywhere sees evil by the side of good. Thrown back upon this world—if we understand him aright—he finds it nothing but the battlefield of the eternal struggle between Christ and Lucifer. "Human consciousness is divided into two heaps: right and wrong, wisdom and folly, corruption and incorruption, justice and injustice, mortal and immortal, good and evil, God and Devil." "We can never get away," we are told, "from these divisions and this inner passion of the soul." And this state of things makes the enlightened beholder very sad: "In this mixture of the farce and fiasco and the solemnity of human existence one steady image of doom haunts and harasses the individual who has been called out of night into day." For the soul is an "isolated thing in the midst of the unconscious universe which streams and beats on it, this too sensitive plant in a desert of dark winds." Plainly, if Mr. Paterson had been consulted at the creation of the world, he could, like King Alfonso, have saved the Maker some absurdities.

Now, this state of mind, not unusual at one time or another among those who dabble in metaphysics, would awake one's sympathy if one could only be certain of its genuineness. But the conviction is not very easy to come by in the present instance. We do not mean that Mr. Paterson is consciously trying to deceive us, but that his cries are uttered with a pretty sharp eye to their effect on the hearers. Everywhere do we find him anxious to inform us as to what sort of person he really is. "If a man's mere intellect is developed to as great a degree as his emotions, as in my own case," he says, "he will find it impossible to form one single and final judgment about the meaning of

existence." "I see nothing in life," he says again, "except the everlasting duel between the Son of Man and the Son of the Morning." And even his lightest mental impression seems to him important enough to record. We hear what he was thinking about when he "walked over ashes of Nineveh and of Tyre, and saw the place of unrepentant Chorazin and the flowers and fountains of Damascus, and the ruins of Pœstum and of Carthage"; and we are told that he has "looked closely at the human eye, and even in its dullest form it has always reminded me of the truncated apex of a flame." We do not want his confidently-expressed opinions that d'Holbach was "really a great writer," Kant "adorable," Nietzsche "a loud and hysterical thinker," Schopenhauer "not entirely satisfactory," and St. Paul "a great spiritual pathologist"; nor even the expression of his fear lest "vulgar minds" should misunderstand him, to know what disease he is suffering from.

Were Mr. Paterson really as miserable as he would have us believe, he would not make epigrams about Christianity having become "fit and *débonnaire*," nor describe its Founder as "a piquant moral analyst"; still less would he again copy Mr. Huysmans in going out of his way to abuse "the miserable wretches who write romance to-day." There is a good deal more of Pharisaic self-consciousness about such utterances than of the cry of a soul *de profundis*.

It is doubtless this feeling that the manner of making the complaint is of more importance than the complaint itself that prevents Mr. Paterson from bringing what he rightly calls "this dim book" to any definite conclusion. Although he seems to share to the full the dualistic beliefs of the Zoroastrians and Manicheans, he does not teach, as they did, that it behoves mankind to strike on behalf of good in the eternal conflict.

On the contrary, he shows that any such interference would be aimless and useless, for evil is, according to him, "unrootable and invincible," and there can be no sense in man's taking part in a struggle in which neither side can be successful.

Nor does he advocate the solution that Baudelaire and some of his admirers apparently reach, to wit, that as the Devil is to all seeming coequal with God, and his ways are as pleasant as his adversary's are hard, it is better to be on the side of Lucifer than on that of Christ. Something, indeed, he says in his very last page to the effect that "ethics is everything"; but it is very difficult to see why.

Given the eternity of his "infamous enigma"—and Mr. Paterson assures us that the riddle not only never has been but never will be found out—there is really no reason why man should do right any more than why he should do wrong.

The greatest hope that Mr. Paterson holds out to the human soul is that "it may reach a kind of peace only when it quits the empty sepulchre of its desires some bitter cold night of resurrection."

It is not, of course, our business here to expose Mr. Paterson's fallacies, nor to comfort him in his real or pretended affliction. Epicurus, to our thinking, put the matter more convincingly than he when he declared that the Creator of this world, in permitting the existence of evil within it, must have been limited either in power or benevolence. But even in the ancient world Epicureanism was not considered a respectable faith, and everywhere that it went it found itself confronted with the doctrine of the Stoics that put duty before reason, and thought it better for man to pursue virtue for its own sake without troubling himself too closely how it came to be, or even why it was, preferable to vice.

Philosophies, like religions, often change their names but not their natures, and we fancy that even now many of the best minds, in the Aryan world at any rate, are content to be Stoics.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn's Poems.

The Queen's Chronicler, and Other Poems. By Stephen Gwynn. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

NEATNESS, compactness, a sense of style and form, are the prominent characteristics of Mr. Gwynn's verse; and to these must be added, in several pieces, thought. You see them in the opening poem, "The Queen's Chronicler," a light and sketchy piece, based on Brantôme's account of Mary Stuart. It is in the *ottava rima*, which lends itself so well to the semi-serious vein. But his average point and terseness are better seen in such a poem as "The Royal House of France":

Kings and the seed of kings, they sit
From royal charges exempt,
Yet earn in many a restless fit
Their tribute of contempt.

Rich, lettered, leisured, in their band,
No strenuous soul is known:
They hint their mission, hat in hand,
Mendicants for a throne.

Merchants of hate, their game they play
With counterfeiting face;
The blood of old Egalité
Still rankles in the race.

Like him, they hail the general wrack,
Like him no sword they draw,
But tempt a frantic folk to sack
The citadel of law.

One kissed in court the branded cheat—
O brave bid for a crown!
With justice trampled in the street,
He flung their lilies down.

Not theirs the path of France to shape,
To speak her mind aloud,
Who coldly in their wisdom ape
The madness of a crowd.

Whatever shame and black mischance
May, in the scheme of things,
Await distracted, staggering France,
God send her no such kings.

That puts the case against the House of Orleans with excellent pregnancy and dexterity. The like qualities appear in "The Polar Bear," but wedded to an imaginative touch higher than in anything else Mr. Gwynn has written. We quote all but the opening stanza, which indeed were better away. It is a needless introduction, lacking the weight which most of the stanzas have.

Huge now, he lies behind the bars,
Stretches and gapes and idly rolls:
Too soft to face the winds and stars
That freeze above the icy poles.

Mangy and yellow-toothed and old
He lies, and lolls an inky tongue;
Yet in his brain's most inward fold
Still lives the world where he was young.

For still he keeps the sharp fish-head,
The sloping shoulder, the round limbs,
To cleave the water, for the dread
Of all that by the ice-field swims.

Still upon keen, clear frosty days
There comes a stirring in his blood,
Inklings of his forefathers' ways,
Of prey and battle in the flood.

He scents the blood of what they slew,
He dreams, what he can never feel,
How the snatched salmon quivers through,
And how they tore the oily seal.

Foreward and backward, like the tide,
With ceaseless motion shambling slow,
He sways himself from side to side,
As if he rode the rocking floe.

Or in his tank—how cramped and small,
After wide waters of the pole!
Contemptuously from wall to wall
He surges with great wallowing roll.
He loves no keeper's hand; cold rage
Haunts him for ever in his cell;
Thus far he keeps his heritage
Tameless and unapproachable.

That is a fine poem, and strikingly imaginative. Mr. Gwynn is also a deft writer of light verse, belonging to the order of *vers de société*. So in "Dolly." Here is a snatch of it:

Doll! Shall I say—you are just a sketch?
Only a sketch. To spoil were crime.
Who shall finish it—Love or Time?

Time, my dear, is a painter Dutch,
Owns a very laborious touch;
Very minute effects he tries,
With a deal of drawing about the eyes.
Not one touch of his work he'll slur,
And never misses the character.
But he works so slowly that all the bloom
Dies off a peach in his painting-room.

Love belongs to a different school,
Works regardless of any rule:
But let his critics say what they list,
Love is a grand impressionist:
Handles the sketch, and, hour by hour,
Glow the canvas with growing power,
Gains a meaning and light that's strange,
Flushes quicken and colours change—
The picture is finished within a day—
No sooner finished than given away.

Only, Dolly, when all is told,
The picture mounted (in black or gold),
When all are praising the flawless face,
The quaint precision of dainty grace,
Shall I wish—when wishing is all in vain—
To see the sweet little sketch again?

That has just the dainty touch of seeming ease necessary for this kind of work. Where Mr. Gwynn fails is when he tries the metres that need a heat in them—such as the form of the (so-called) "irregular" ode. He has not the furnaces of emotion which alone can make the ponderous machinery of this ode revolve with vital irresistibility of power. Nor, as regards the substance, are thought and pregnant expression enough. But in its proper scope, this is a finished and readable book of verse.

In Dante's Wake.

Readings in the Paradiso of Dante. By W. W. Vernon. (Macmillan. 2 vols., 21s.)

THERE is no scant now of accurate prose translations of the *Paradiso*; but the fact that all the recent versions—Norton's excepted—accompany the text, page by page, permits the inferences that Dante is being read much more commonly in the original, and that the literary paraphrase cannot thrive in the atmosphere of scholarship and precision—art losing what knowledge gains. How tyrannical the fetish of accuracy may become Mr. Vernon himself quite unconsciously testifies in a note to his translation of

E con ardente affetto il sole aspetta,
Fiso guardando pur che l'alba nasca;

(. . . "while her wistful gaze is solely watching for the breaking of the dawn.")

I am obliged to paraphrase [he writes] this a little, so as to give the full effect of *pur*, which explains that the bird is solely occupied in watching for the dawn.

These two volumes of "readings" consist of text, translation, running commentary (based on that of

Benvenuto da Imola), introductory essays, and very full footnotes. As the author confesses, he has "taken toll of the labours of many ancient and modern commentators," and modestly applies to himself the words of Bartholomæus Anglicus: "... right little or naught have I set of mine owne, but I have followed veritie and truth, and also followed the wordes, meaning, and sences, and comments, of Holy Saints and Philosophers." As an example of the translator's workmanship we cite the following from the opening of Canto XXIII.:

Even as a bird amid the well-loved branches, sitting upon the nest of her cherished brood throughout the night which hides all things from us, and who, to behold the objects for which she yearns (i.e., her young ones), and to find the food with which she may nourish them, in which (task) heavy toils are sweet to her, anticipates the time (by flying) upon the unsheltered twig, and with burning eagerness awaits the sun, while her wistful gaze is solely watching for the breaking of the dawn. Thus was my lady standing erect and vigilant, turned towards the quarter (the meridian) beneath which the Sun shows his least speed; so that I, beholding her eagerly expectant, became as is one who in desire yearns after something, and is appeased by his (very) hope.

If the notes are occasionally tedious, and the examination of difficulties tiresomely adequate, if, with all the learning and evident anxiety to glean the best that has been said on every *vexata questio*, there is a plentiful lack of suggestiveness and freshness, yet the author's intimate knowledge of the Tuscan dialect, and the frequent use made of the *Gran Dizionario* increase enormously the value of the philological notes and rescues the reader from the pits into which translators have dropped him. A single example must suffice:

Some translators have fallen into the error of rendering *mescre*, "to mingle," as though it were the same as *mescolare*. *Mescre* is the common Tuscan word for "to pour out." A waiter bringing one a flask of Chianti at Florence would ask: "Devo mescre?" ("Shall I pour it out?") In like manner a milkman selling fresh cream will ask: "Vuole panna montata, o panna da mescre?" ("Will you have whipped cream, or cream to pour out?"—i.e., in the liquid state).

Such notes compensate for much redundancy. Sometimes, however, the author's translations do not bring out the "point" made in the notes. For example, in the second line of the first Canto occurs the word *risplende* which we find translated by "shines," heedless of Dante's own interpretation, in a letter to Can Grande, of this very passage, which, strangely enough, however, Mr. Vernon refers to in a footnote. *Risplende* should be translated by to re-shine, to re-glow, to reflect; and not a little of Dante's philosophy is missed if his fundamental conception of Nature (organic and inorganic) as revealing God not directly but indirectly as by reflected light—an anticipation, by the -by, of modern physics that everything is seen by diffused light—is not borne in mind by the translator throughout the whole poem. "The will of God," writes Dante in *De Monarchia*, "is *per se* invisible, but the invisible things of God are seen through the things which have been made."

But in spite of all that scholarship can do, the *Paradiso* will remain probably for all time the least popular of the three *cantiche*, for the simple reason that its conventions—astronomical and metaphysical—are difficult to master. The reader too readily accepts, without reading, Dante's own account of the difficulty of his voyage, and refuses to embark on so perilous a sea: "Non è pilleggio da picciola barca quel che fendendo va l'ardita prora" ("No passage is it for a little bark, this which my daring prow goes cleaving"). And yet for that much-pampered creature, the "general reader," there are lyrics of peerless beauty scattered here and there, which retain some of their fragrance, as gathered violets, even when detached from their natural surroundings.

Bernard's prayer to the Virgin, Cacciageuida's prophecy, and Justinian's idealised history of Rome are the parts which for many readers of the *Paradiso* make up the whole. And unquestionably such selections give some faint intimation of its decorative splendours; but of the architecture of the poem not a hint. Were such passages multiplied a hundredfold we should still miss the structure, the continuity, the subordination of the merely æsthetic to the Idea. It is an axiom in art that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts: to few poems does this axiom apply with more force than to the third *cantica*. Looked at from one side it is the Apotheosis of Beatrice; from another, the Beatitude of the Intellect; from another, the Synthetic Philosophy of the Middle Age; from another, it is a political and moral satire, and from all sides there is the personality of the proud exile conscious that this cry of his, like the wind, will smite the loftiest summits (XVII., ll. 133-134). Such art, by the very nature of its convention, will always be read in selections.

A Woman in Italics.

The Journal of Mrs. Fenton (1826-1830). With a Preface by Sir Henry Lawrence, Bart. (Arnold. 8s. 6d. net.)

It is written on the heart;
Alas! that there Decay
Should claim from Love a part—
"Passing away."

So sang Mrs. Hemans, who, writes Mrs. Fenton, with all the authority of a copious versifier, "is, to my taste, the Sappho of English poetry, but dignified by a lofty and pure imagination which Sappho never knew." The melancholy lines we have quoted exactly suit the predominating mood of Mrs. Fenton's Journal. For italics she has tears—an effective substitute. She looms to us as one of those women who are always collapsing as though to show their power of resilience, a woman much jolted in life's journey—tossed from Ireland to India, from India to the Isle of France, from the Isle of France to Tasmania—a twice-married woman whose often-mentioned and envied hair was worshipped by her first husband. The 'twenties and the 'thirties are a long time ago, but the Bessie Knox who became successively Bessie Campbell and Bessie Fenton is, by virtue of her own inky fingers, a woman no less real than she was.

Very little trouble has been taken in presenting her Journal. One does not know her age, and flounders among relationships with context for sole guide. She is airily allowed to misquote her Addison and her Byron; but there is a wisdom in leaving alone, and, on the whole, the Journal thrives on our attention.

The Mutiny was not to take place for thirty years after the date of Mrs. Fenton's sojourn in India; and one accepts straws from her as an indication of the wind which was to blow as a hurricane. One of these straws was, we know, snobbishness. Writing from Dinapore in March, 1827, she remarks:

It is, I must tell you, the extremity of bad taste to appear in anything of Indian manufacture—neither muslin, silk, flowers, or even ornaments, however beautiful. This at first amazed me; when I wanted to purchase one of those fine-wrought Dacca muslins I was assured I must not be seen in it, as none but half-castes ever wore them. These dresses sell in London as high as £7 and £10. I do remember thinking myself as fine as the Queen of Sheba in one given me by dear Aunt Angel. So much for the variations in taste.

The proper pose for an Englishwoman in India in those days was absolute helplessness. One said, in Mrs. Fenton's hearing, "she could not put on her own stocking. I had good reason," adds the fair diarist, "to know she seldom had any to wear before she was sent to India."

Mrs. Fenton abhorred ayahs for their "disgusting servility"; a Hindoo dancing girl is a "wretch," and her performance "frightful contortions." An ideal borrowed from "Lalla Rookh" is entirely upset by a Persian lady with vermilion tinted hair "in the act of smoking a hookah."

The diarist lost her first husband in 1827 at one fell wrench. He was saying that he "never felt better in his life" two days before he was buried. "Bessie, we have been too happy for this world," were his last words, and it is curious to reflect, with one's mind bent on much small tribulation chronicled before this calamity, that perhaps they were.

Campbell's successor, however, was all that could be desired, but the journal is a warning to those who think to find ample lodging in a widow's heart. She is married to Captain Fenton when "the half-dried tears gush again" at encountering a friend of "Niel's."

Captain Fenton settled in Tasmania in 1829, where he became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the Colony. Convict labour was freely availed of in those days, and small wonder, for free labour was, comparatively speaking, very dear. The lady who paid £1 10s. 6d. for work which in India a native would have done for 6d. (four annas) was naturally astonished.

In fine, the Journal is to be read. For the matter of that, any journal sincerely kept gives the reader something of the anxious interest of a journey on a time-machine.

Anecdote.

Notes from a Diary, 1889-1891. By the Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff. 2 vols. (Murray. 18s.)

SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF would have been wiser, we think, to have called in (in Lowell's phrase) a turnip-weeder. He has left in so many things that were not worth recording at all: illustrations of the wit of well-known persons which do not transcend the ordinary give-and-take remarks of ordinary anonymous punsters. Under the influence of names, we suppose, our diarist has lost his sense of discrimination. Let us take an example or two:

Oct. 12, 1891.—Lubbock's name being mentioned in connexion with the County Council, Harrison told me that when it was proposed to throw some new work upon him, Acton had said: "No, no; he has quite enough to do with his ants and other relations."

March 30, 1890.—Mr. Hayes repeated, too, a saying of Mr. Appleton's, a Bostonian joker of jokes: "If it be true that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, I wish they would keep one at the corner of my street!"

March 24, 1890.—Mr. Ward cited a wonderfully happy phrase of Aubrey de Vere's in a letter to him about Browning's death: "We have lost a true-hearted poet and a great thinker in verse."

March 3, 1890.—To the Athenæum in the afternoon. In the entrance hall, Coleridge told me a story redolent of the *genius loci*. Once when we had given hospitality to our neighbours of the United Service, Sir Henry Acland saw an old General or Admiral struggling with his coat, and helped him on with it.

"Much obliged to you," said the veteran; "it's a damned heavy coat!"

"Well," replied Acland, "it is certainly a heavy coat, but whether it is a damned coat is a theological question which I am not competent to answer."

March 20, 1889.—Dined with the Thrings. Miss Thring, speaking of Sir George Grove, of musical celebrity, said, in illustration of his quickness, that someone had once remarked to him, "That is the house of So-and-so, the great aurist. Now make a pun, Sir George." "Hear! Hear!" was the answer.

None of these, we hold, was worth recording in print. And there are many others hardly less feeble. To read them gives one a kind of headache, a dulling sensation. Even the best repartees are tiring when reported in any

quantity. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff is also far too fond of a pun. Before he sends the next instalment of his *Diary* to the printers we recommend him to read a passage on that form of humour in Lamb's essay on "Distant Correspondents."

But grumbling is now over, and we can confess to having laughed much over these volumes. Some of their good things are very good. The story, for instance, of Ewart's, who being asked if he proposed to attend someone's funeral—a bore's—replied: "No, but I quite approve of it"; the story of Father Healy's score off the two opinionated and ill-bred Protestants, his fellow-passengers in a tramcar, to whom he had to listen while they abused the Roman Catholic Church. As he left the car, Father Healy remarked: "I observe, gentlemen, that you do not believe in purgatory." "No, indeed, we think it is one of the many soul-destroying errors of your system." "In that case," replied the priest, "you may go to hell." We like also for a kind of foolishness which it has the story of the short-sighted Bishop who was waiting on Reading platform at the same time that the Duke of Connaught was also there. The Duke, recognising him, wished him good morning. The Bishop, not recognising him, returned the salutation, and wishing to be polite, remarked: "How's your father?" "I regret to say," replied the Duke, "that he has been dead for many years." "Oh!" said the Bishop; "how's your mother?" "She, I am happy to say, is very well," was the answer. "Who was that young man?" the Bishop asked his Chaplain. There is also a pleasant glimpse of Browning afforded in his answer to Sir Aubrey de Vere on the question of the alleged obscurity of his poems, that he had heard that criticism before, and had gone twice through them without being able to detect a single obscure expression.

Other New Books.

VERSES POPULAR AND HUMOROUS. BY HENRY LAWSON.

Mr. Lawson's work should be well known to our readers; for we have urged them often enough to make acquaintance with it. This book, however, is not of his finest vintage: it is somewhat more rough-and-ready, making its appeal rather to those that run than those that sit studiously. But good too—that is to say, racy; genuinely Australian, but not polished or very important; not like his stories of the larrikins, for example, or "The Drover's Wife," or "The Cambaroora Star." One thing, however, Mr. Lawson, even at his most casual, can teach many a more serious and cultured poet—movement. He has the gift of movement, and he rarely offers a loose rhyme. Technically, short of anxious lapidary work, these verses are excellent; and Mr. Lawson usually chooses a metre fitting to the subject. He also varies sentiment and humour very agreeably. Of his sentimental poems we like, as well as any, "The Shake-down on the Floor," of which this is the beginning:

Set me back for twenty summers—
For I'm tired of cities now—
Set my feet in red-soil furrows
And my hands upon the plough,
With the two "Black Brothers" trudging
On the home-stretch through the loam—
While, along the grassy siding,
Come the cattle grazing home.
And I finish ploughing early,
And I hurry home to tea—
There's my black suit on the stretcher,
And a clean white shirt for me;
There's a dance at Rocky Rises,
And, when all the fun is o'er,
For a certain favoured party
There's a shake-down on the floor.

You remember Mary Carey,
 Bushmen's favourite at the Rise?
 With her sweet small freckled features,
 Red-gold hair, and kind grey eyes;
 Sister, daughter, to her mother,
 Mother, sister, to the rest—
 And of all my friends and kindred
 Mary Carey loved me best.

Far too shy, because she loved me
 To be dancing oft with me;
 What cared I, because she loved me,
 If the world were there to see?
 But we lingered by the slip-rails
 While the rest were riding home,
 Ere the hour before the dawning,
 Dimmed the great star-clustered dome.

Small brown hands that spread the mattress
 While the old folk winked to see
 How she'd find an extra pillow
 And an extra sheet for me.
 For a moment shyly smiling,
 She would grant me one kiss more—
 Slip away and leave me happy
 By the shake-down on the floor.

The comic pieces are not so happy as the others. Mr. Lawson has not a purely comic mind: he should always blend his humour with his seriousness. But they are authentic, none the less; and no one can rise from this volume without a better idea of Australia and a respect for Mr. Lawson's gift of sympathy. (Angus & Robertson. 3s. 6d.)

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: A REVIEW OF PROGRESS.

The authors of this composite volume are many, and include names so well known to Englishmen as Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Prof. Sedgwick, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie. A history of progress in the nineteenth century would be a colossal undertaking, as the writer of the introduction observes. But this is no such attempt. It is a survey, so to speak, of the chief mountain-peaks of progress, and is confined to countries which are in nearest relation with America. American the book is, though it has English contributors, and therefore America inevitably becomes the centre and starting-point of the survey, which takes the form of a series of articles by specialists in the subjects treated. Hence arise features which would not be found in a like book emanating from a London publishing firm. That it should commence with an article on the American Constitution is expected. But when you come to the historical development of the century, it is startling to find England, Germany, Russia, Canada, China, and Japan dealt with, while France is omitted, and Mexico included. From the strict American standpoint, Mexico is of more interest than France. But it is an odd way of treating the nineteenth century, from a cosmopolitan standpoint. So, again, in the sociological section, it is startling to find side by side with the development of the steel industry, and the advance of women, a whole paper devoted to "The Phenomenon of American Life Assurance." But allowing for such things, the selection of topics is well-made and representative, while the individual articles have all the competence guaranteed by their writers' names. (Putnam's Sons.)

PRÉCIS AND PRÉCIS-WRITING.

By A. W. READY.

This is an excellent little manual, supplying a real need. Few people, perhaps, if asked off-hand what was a *précis*, would find it easy to answer: many would candidly admit their entire ignorance on the point. For these the author's statement may be quoted:

From various sources, some of them clear, some of them diffuse and obscure, information is collected; it has to be strained and filtered through the mind of the writer; and the result should be a steady current of perspicuous

narrative, divested of all superfluous ingredients. The information is supplied in the form of a number of letters and telegrams or other documents, and there are four things to be done. In the first place, the subject-matter of the documents has to be mastered; in the second place, it has to be decided what is essential, and must therefore be retained; in the third place, what is not essential, and must therefore be rejected; in the fourth place, the result has to be expressed in a simple, consecutive, and thoroughly intelligible narrative, of minimum dimensions.

Obviously this is no easy task. Yet it is a duty which falls on most public servants, and often on business men, while a knowledge of it is required in many examinations. Macaulay, it is curious to recall, was an admirable writer of *précis* and minutes; though his literary style is so copious and alien from the qualities required in either task. This little manual is intended for self-instruction, as well as for teachers, and should be most useful for either purpose. First an excellent exposition of the art of *précis*-writing is given; then follow examples of subjects for *précis* which have actually been set in public examinations; while in the final portion of the book those subjects are worked out. An admirable handbook, with no superfluities. (Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.)

COWPER AND MARY UNWIN:
 A CENTENARY MEMENTO.

EDITED BY CAROLINE
 GEARY.

In this volume the authoress retells the sad and tender story of Cowper's relations with Mrs. Unwin. She makes no pretence to have any fresh matter to communicate—as, indeed, at this time of day was not possible; but the book is none the less a delightful one. With the aid of judicious extracts from the poet's ever-charming letters, she relates her story in a style of pleasant gossip, altogether feminine, and just suited to the theme. A woman is an excellent historian for that shy field-mouse Cowper, and his simple relations with the few women who at one time or another alleviated his tragically melancholy existence; above all, the ever faithful and devoted Mary Unwin, who became virtually the life-long nurse of the man whose taint of insanity prevented the fulfilment of his engagement to her. It is difficult to realise that the writer of the exquisitely playful and observant letter on the Candidate (for example) was even then under the belief that he was predestined to eternal reprobation. Mrs. Geary's telling gives a charm even to such a well-known episode as the brief passage of friendship with Lady Austin. One divines her at once: the pretty, vivacious widow, with the air of London society, who formed a sudden passion for country retirement in the company of a middle-aged poet and his middle-aged female friend. How a romantic fraternity was not tender enough for her, but required to be spiced with warmer correspondence; how she quarrelled with the unresponsive poet and made it up again; how she engrossed his time and stimulated his best poetry, till her exactions made the poet aware that she demanded nothing less than love; and how he then broke off the intimacy in a letter which she petulantly flung on the fire—such incidents compose this quietly interesting volume, which fascinates by Cowper's sweet and mournful personality. (Drane. 6s.)

HIGHLANDS OF ASIATIC TURKEY.

By EARL PERCY.

The author of this work is already known as a traveller and as an authority on Asiatic Turkey, and his present work, although it is published at a time when such attention as the general public possesses is attracted elsewhere, will add to that reputation. Briefly, Earl Percy, in 1899, started from Constantinople on his third expedition to the interior of Asia Minor, and travelled by way of Kaisariyeh, Lake Van, and down the Tigris by Baghdad and Bassorah to the Persian Gulf. The account of his travels is well illustrated with photographs, but little attempt is made to render the record attractive to the reader. It is a

mine of useful information, however, to the politician and to the student of Asia Minor, and is intended for better things than to serve as a mere gossip book of travel. The encroachments of Russia in Persia, and her attempts to get a footing in the Persian Gulf, give point to the volumes, and Earl Percy justly observes that if our motto in the Far East is "The Open Door," in the Near East it is "British Supremacy in the Persian Gulf." He would be nearer the mark if he said "ought to be," for there seems to be no policy in the Gulf, or any determination to stop Russia poaching on what was a few years ago an undisputed sphere of British influence. As soon as the China Question is more or less settled the Persian Gulf will come up as a burning topic, and it will be as well for politicians to make a note of Earl Percy's book against the time when it will be necessary for them to have some inkling of knowledge as to the position and history of the places which will then be revealed even to the man in the street. (Edward Arnold. 14s. net.)

AN OLD MAN'S HOLIDAYS. BY THE AMATEUR ANGLER.

It is an open secret that The Amateur Angler is among the literary publishers. Mr. Methuen writes articles on the Boer War with fine statesmanship; Mr. Heinemann writes plays of dread seriousness; Mr. Nutt is a busy folklorist; Mr. Lane has compiled bibliographies and a memoir of Bodley; Mr. Grant Richards was once a busy reviewer; Mr. Brimley Johnson has edited Jane Austen; Mr. Marston, of the firm of Sampson Low, is The Amateur Angler, and a very kindly *plein-airiste* he is, with as little of Fleet-street or Paternoster-row in his books as can well be imagined. This modest collection of angling and natural history papers, now in its second edition, has a portrait of Mr. Marston for frontispiece, and a pleasant reminiscence of his old friend Mr. R. D. Blackmore by way of introduction. Long may Mr. Marston live to take bright holidays by the Lea or the Dove and to write genially about them! (Low. 2s. net.)

MODERN NATURAL THEOLOGY. BY F. J. GANT, F.R.C.S.

Dr. Gant's purpose is to restate in popular form, and to adjust to the generally received notions of evolution, the argument from Design. On such a work a man of his profession starts with the advantage of plentiful matter to serve as illustration in his specialist knowledge of the niceties of anatomy and chemistry. But well-equipped as in this regard he is, and earnest as he is in his evangelical purpose, Dr. Gant labours under a serious disadvantage. We do not demand of him literary grace, for which his learned profession is not in general noted, but at least we might fairly demand, even in a book intended for popular acceptance, sound and intelligible English. Instead, we have such amazing confusion as this:

But sex-selection is a potent factor in this battle. Individuals of the same sex possess advantages over others in the propagation of their species; whereas natural selection has no relation to sex advantages, but to the possession of any variation of organisation which shall be profitable for the preservation of life—compared with others, who, not thus equipped, are engaged in the struggle for the "survival of the fittest."

One could hardly hope in the more difficult region of psychology, or the unfamiliar ways of Biblical criticism, to find him at his best; and in fact, despite his hopeful preface, we miss there "the whisperings of a language which everyone should learn—whose lessons will bring delight in weal and happiness in woe." The earlier and principal part of the book is, apart from the faults of which we have quoted an example, full of illustrations of the happiest kind. (Elliot Stock.)

Prof. Walter Skeat has revised and rewritten his invaluable *Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* (Clarendon Press). The first edition was published in 1882, and several editions have followed it. The

present edition embodies all the new information which the advance of lexicography has made available. Prof. Skeat has also received private assistance which he gladly acknowledges. Referring to the *New English Dictionary*, Prof. Skeat says that its unique value is even now too little understood and respected by the general public.

In *Old Highland Days: The Reminiscences of Dr. John Kennedy* (Religious Tract Society) we have the record of a very long life spent in the ministry at Aberdeen and in the East End of London. The cream of the book is its transcript of old manse life in Scotland. Dr. Kennedy was born in the fifty-third year of the reign of George III. and died only last year. He was six years old when Queen Victoria was born, and he was a student before William IV. came to the throne. He tells interesting stories of the whisky-smuggling days, and illustrates the morals of the clergy by the story of a minister who accepted the bribe of a keg of whisky from a farmer who wished to escape the cutty-stool and public admonition which, as the father of an illegitimate child, he had incurred. When Dr. Kennedy's uncle objected to the bribe he only got for answer: "Weel, John, it was done afore ye were born, and it will be done when ye are rotting in the grave." The book is largely autobiography, but the later life of Dr. Kennedy is sketched by his son Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy.

"It was to be no Sentimental Journey, a Squalid Journey rather, undertaken at a time when the Kingdoms, flushed with the joy of a great triumph, were dreaming of universal empire." Thus Mr. Robert H. Sherard introduces his new book, *The Cry of the Poor*, an account of a three months' tour to the slums of our great provincial cities. In turn, Cardiff, Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and the great Yorkshire and Midland towns are visited and their seamy sides exposed. Mr. Sherard's sole aim has been "to draw attention to certain deplorable conditions, with a view to their remedy." Everywhere, however, he found philanthropic agencies at work, and it is possible to approve the motive while doubting the necessity of this book. Mr. Sherard did not spare himself; he travelled, lived and dressed as a pariah.

Fiction.

The White Cottage. By "Zack." (Constable. 6s.)

In this, her third book, "Zack" presents a problem that sometimes troubles the sensitive: Why does not Virtue obtain the reward it deserves, especially in affairs of the heart? Virtue, unallied with other qualities, misses its rewards by reason of the absence of those qualities. Just what Mark Tavy, the upright but ineffectual hero of this story, lacked is neatly shown in the following passage:

Raising her head she stood for a moment looking at him, then with a sudden movement flung herself into his arms. "Mark, Mark," she cried, "hold me, so that no wan, no matter who he be, can take me from 'ee."

He clasped her against his breast.

"Why is it," she asked, "that I can't feel 'ee close? Why do 'ee stand so far away sort o' insecure?"

"But I am here, sweetheart; my arms be round 'ee."

"Your spirit iddn't here," she cried bitterly. "I don't feel it saying kinder masterful—'Luce, you be jest Mark's, and he'll up and do wi' 'ee what he reckons best.'"

"Why should I say that?" Mark expostulated. "You've got your rights the same as me."

So Mark loses Luce, and Ben Lupin, the ne'er-do-well, the bigamist, wins her. It happens thus in life, for the call of one nature to another is often founded on something deeper than the other's virtue, something that outlives even wrongdoing, and a personal insult of a peculiarly heartless character. "Zack," being a close observer of life, has set this down vividly and with art, leaving the moral, as all good novelists should, to the winds.

The characters are peasants and fisher-folk. They talk in dialect, they have humour, good soil-sense, and they live. "Zack" is always a writer. Her style is disciplined and direct: her phrases usually happy and expressive. We have noted a few:

He drew closer, and, doing so, felt his inner self creep out and play with hers as a cat might with a mouse.

It seemed to Mark, standing there, that his heart was being drawn from his breast, and peeled piece by piece as a boy peels a willow twig.

A silence ensued, so beaten upon by thought that it seemed to both men the air was full of sound.

But "Zack" must beware of a tendency to extravagance, as in—

For a moment he stood and looked upon her face, which seemed as if all the sorrow of the world had been crushed into it.

And

He rushed away, and the hills rang with his laughter.

We doubt that: we doubt if the author really meant it.

Most readers will consider that "Zack" carries the art of repression and curtailment too far. She has a way of leaping great periods of time that makes for unreality. She is impatient of the fine work of dovetailing. Phrases like this emerge from the pages with a shock: "Some months passed away," "four summers passed away," "years passed." They are apt to destroy the illusion of the narrative. Not that "Zack" hurries over the vital parts of the story. What we miss is, rather, that leisurely delight in expressing the temperament and thought of her characters which George Eliot had in abundance.

"Zack" cultivates a small garden; we see her as an industrious figure bending over an allotment, quite indifferent to the surrounding country. Her own allotment she knows well. She knows the egoism, the meanness, that veined through Mark's nature; she understands his nobility, with that strand of a less admirable quality, shown when, having decided to atone for the wrongdoing of his rival to Luce by offering to make her "an honest woman," he is annoyed to find her somewhat disdainful of his generosity. "There seemed to him something unwomanly in this indifference on her part. He was proud to be the man who should draw the garment of respectability once more about her; still he would have been better pleased to have found her shivering for the lack of it."

"Zack," we fear, will never be a "popular novelist." Her self-repression, her neat mind that will look only at the facts of life, and those not the brightest, her contempt for sentiment, her sympathy for the unlettered, are against that. But she is a writer who counts.

The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts.
(Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)

In this brief novel, scarcely half the length of his more important works, Mr. Phillpotts has accomplished a curious and very interesting reversal of customary precedence. As one reads the book, one is more and more impressed by the fact that in the author's mind the good red earth loomed vast, lovely, and tragic—infinately paramount; while humanity, inconsiderable and transient, crept like insects over that immense bosom. The story is, first, the story of the great apple orchards that lie between Dartmoor and the sea, of the lanes and hedgerows, and the distant peaks of the moor; and, second, it is a sort of fairy tale about men and women who lived in a village by Compton Castle fifty years ago. Mr. Phillpotts has deliberately emphasised the comparative unimportance of his characters in the general scheme. When approaching an apple tree he becomes realistic, austere, and passionate, faithful always to the most minute observation and to a singularly

lofty conception of Nature. On the other hand, his human characters move in a plot which, if shapely and even exciting, is conventional and pretty, comprising as it does hidden hoards, missing documents, cabinets with secret recesses, and mysteries of birth. These mere people under the apple trees have the individuality and the quaint charm which Mr. Phillpotts invariably puts into his rustics; but he has obviously not attempted in their regard anything more than a quiet recital, or, to change the figure, a daisy-chain of events. Here is a charming glimpse of his lovers:

Then the boy rose and went home to his mother, while the girl walked without speech beside him in the gloaming through dim, vernal lanes, by grassy hedgerows, and the dewy cradles of spring flowers.

All the deep feeling, the synthetic breadth of view, and the dignity of an elaborate prose style, are reserved for the good red earth and the flower and fruit thereof. The sentence of growing trees: this is really what preoccupies Mr. Phillpotts in the present book. To him they are organisms consciously fulfilling a destiny in which beauty and usefulness have an equal share. The procession of the seasons is a drama for him, compact of obscure but profound significances. We cannot quote an extract to illustrate exactly what we mean; the spirit which we detect pervades the whole book without anywhere appearing salient. But as a specimen of Mr. Phillpotts's treatment of the overshadowing earth we will give part of his long description of "The Glory of the Orchards":

A notable pagan atmosphere marked the moment; Pomona moved invisible under the uplifted boughs; while each gnarled and crooked branch, whose fruit was nested in grey lichens, each spray of younger wood, that bent with graceful bow earthward under bossy weight of its coral and amber and orange streaked harvest, made obeisance to the goddess. Every tree seemed at once a pillar of the temple and a worshipper therein; the great orchard swam away into distance with all its mellow harmonies; it retreated and faded and covered itself with haze until all the mingled colours merged into a cloth of pale gold laid upon the shoulders of the hills. Above, silver stubbles were vanishing under the ploughs of the husbandmen; red furrows ascended to the sky line, and grain hidden there already felt the thrill of earth, and waited only for the rain to pulse an answer. Roots swelled to their round maturity; oak and beech scattered their harvests; every hedgerow and dingle, every river valley and forest dell teemed with their proper treasure of berries black and red, of seeds that fell and down that floated, of aigrettes and tassels and cup and cones, all brimming with the store and profit of the year. Hidden in the lap of the Mother the bird's eyes brightened, and the squirrel and the red mouse gloried in their garners; under ten thousand apple trees and over miles of ruddy land man plucked or dug his produce with gladness; hope reigned triumphant for the fleeting moment. Beneath this sunlit hour the cares and fears of husbandry were forgotten; and the very echo of the cooper's mallet on the cider barrel rang merry rather than melancholy, for it chimed with the shout and laughter of happy children.

How far, on mere technical grounds, and on the broader grounds of artistic principle, Mr. Phillpotts may be justified in ruthlessly subordinating man to nature we should not like immediately to say. But the book is beautiful.

Understudies. By Mary E. Wilkins.
(Harper. 6s.)

It is time that Miss Wilkins gave us another book of the character of *Jerome* or *Pembroke* or *A New England Nun*, for she has been disappointing her devoted little band of adorers for some while now. Perhaps the serial just beginning in *Harper's Magazine* may satisfy them; but certainly neither her historical venture, recently pub-

lished, nor the present volume of scraps, fills their aching void. Miss Wilkins is one of those writers who, creating a groove for themselves, are expected to remain in it. Some authors may experiment every time, and we shall not grumble; but there are others who must always deliver goods, as it were, to sample. And Miss Wilkins is almost chief of these. From her we must have sympathetic, half-humorous, half-pathetic stories of lowly, proud, and wistful New Englanders. Must. In *Understudies* Miss Wilkins seems to have been writing to order—first a series of stories connected with animals, such as the cat, the monkey, the horse, the parrot; and then a series connected with, or suggested by, flowers. As it is impossible for Miss Wilkins to write anything without power and a certain quality of tenseness and verisimilitude, this book is technically noteworthy. But it is not *our* Miss Wilkins. We may admire the grim opening of the cat story; the hard realism of that touching the parrot; the oddity of Arabella Lambert in "Peony"; but we cannot help regretting the time that has been given to them that might have gone to the making of another *Jerome*. That is the feeling.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SECOND YOUTH OF THEODORA
DESANGES.

BY MRS. LYNN LINTON.

In presenting us with this posthumous novel by Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mr. George Soames Layard, her biographer, says that in it we have her "last deliberate utterances and ripest conclusions." "One thing, however, should be clearly understood, that, unlike Theodora Desanges, Mrs. Lynn Linton was herself anything but the incarnation of satiety and fatigue. Though she waxed old in years, her heart was ever young and eager." The story upholds "that gloomy gospel of humanity" which Mr. Layard considers to be "good news, if one will, for the race, but disastrous for the individual." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE SEAL OF SILENCE.

BY ARTHUR R. CONDER.

This was Mr. Conder's first book. He died before it was published; and a friend, "A. F.," tells the brief story of Mr. Conder's life in a sympathetic preface. "I should have been surprised," he says, "if the novel had shown no traces of literary ability; but I was certainly not prepared to find in the work of so young a writer such powers of observation and description, such a sense of character, and such a delicate and unforced humour." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

A VANISHED RIVAL.

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE BURTON.

Mr. Burton's list of books, given on a fly-leaf, is divided into two sections, Romances and Novels of To-day. This is a novel of to-day, also a novel of mystery laid near Geneva, with English and foreign characters, who, we are told—we wonder why?—are "in nearly every instance drawn direct from life," as if that were a recommendation. The story is original and cleverly worked out. "In the unravelling of the mystery the author has had the invaluable assistance of a high legal authority." Really!—but how does that concern us? (Cassell. 6s.)

THE NANA'S TALISMAN.

BY MARK ASHTON.

An Indian story of the time of the Mutiny: it is based on a legend attached to a dagger presented to Nana Sahib. The author came upon the account of the legend during certain researches for Indian historical authorities at the British Museum, and the subject "struck the searcher" as being "an excellent one for a work of fiction." Hence *The Nana's Talisman*. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE DREAM WOMAN.

BY KYTHE WYLWYNNE.

A "psychological" novel. The hero and heroine having loved each other in two separate existences, meet and love again in a third. Incidentally, the doctrine of transubstantiation and other vexed questions come under discussion. As the title suggests, the book deals with dreams and dream embodiments, and it opens thus: "How shall I, his wife, do justice to the story of Merle Morne-Merne?" (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S RESOLVE.

BY WALDO GRAY.

"It needed but a glance at that strong, refined face, with its dark, deep-set eyes and sensitive mouth, to recognise in him [Frank Noble] one of Nature's gentlemen." His love-story forms the thread of this novel, and incidentally we are introduced to ritualism and to the drink question. The hero's principles on this latter point are put to the test at his father's death, which leaves the Young Squire in possession of a great brewery. His attitude at this crisis gives the title to the book. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S.

BY SIBYL CREED.

Three men sat round the study table. They belonged to the Advanced section of the Anglican Church. "Let me sketch their persons for you," says the author, "beginning with the Rev. Victorian James Goring, who, five months earlier, had read himself in as Vicar of the Parish of St. Luke's." A long modern story, with a strong clerical element. (Longmans. 6s.)

MASTER AND SLAVE.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.

A short novel by the author of *The Martyrdom of Labour*, designed to illustrate the conditions of life in agricultural districts to-day. "If I could be sartin to git work i' town, I'd go at once; but, the Lord help us! we can't do nothin'! How's one to look out for a job, an' tied here iv'ry day o' one's life for wer daily bread, an' then not git enough?" (Brimley Johnson. 2s.)

FREDERIC UVEDALE.

BY EDWARD HUTTON.

The sub-title is "A Romance," and then, on another page, Mr. Hutton expands his title into this: "The History of the Life of Frederic Uvedale, of Farley Court, in Devon, Count of the Holy Roman Empire: an account of his education and life in Devonshire and Oxford, his pilgrimage to Rome, his adventures by the way, also his experiences of the Catholic clergy in Rome and his adventures in Southern Italy, together with a true account of the Socialist plot and bread riots in Milan, and many other adventures and experiences." (Blackwood. 6s.)

A DAUGHTER OF THE VELDT.

BY BASIL MARNAN.

The prelude begins: "'Clang! . . . dang! . . . clank! . . .'" The knob-kerrie of the Hluba choir-boy smote monotonously the corrugated iron gong which, roughly hung on three inclined sticks, served to emphasise the primitive appearance of the N'Ritani Mission Chapel." Meanwhile Gertrude Richards, three miles away, was being swung into her saddle by her father. "Ask the parson to dinner," he said. The young parson had been a Puseyite, but at the end of a year "he had descended from the stars to the people; at the end of two he began to preach the Gospel." (Heinemann. 6s.)

We have also received: *Franks; Duellist*, by Ambrose Pratt (Hutchinson); *Kitty's Victoria Cross*, by R. Cromie (Warne); *In Search of Mademoiselle*, by G. Gibbs (Coates); *The Charm of Life* (Griffiths); *Horace Morrell*, by C. Haselwood (Drane); *The Emperor's Design*, by H. M. Greenhaw (Digby, Long); *Tangles*, by A. Orient (Digby, Long).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....	17/6
„ Quarterly	5/0
„ Price for one issue	/5

The Literature of Failure.

As an addition to the two volumes of her Journal Marie Bashkirtseff's *Further Memoirs* are scarcely important, but they are acceptable. The repetition of the Journal is not dull, and the curious correspondence between her and Guy de Maupassant is a gain. So are the illustrations, which show us her studio and the faces of some of her friends. One is glad that this second channel has been made for Marie Bashkirtseff's uncontained spirit to flow into the sight of forgetful men. She so desired to impress the world, and was so tortured by her unmanageable genius and her physical deafness, that one makes way for her with an anxious readiness, even while it is plain that she remains what she was. But then she was so much; and whatever may be said about her poignant chatter and profuse anguishes, they were real enough to hasten her death at twenty-four. There is not much reasoning with nerves and temperament; and as for "egomania," was she not shut up with a mirror all her life? Her journals show how she was driven to her own company, by conventions that galled her, and by people who could not understand her. "What I long for is freedom of going about alone, of coming and going, of sitting on the seats in the Tuileries, and especially in the Luxembourg, of stopping and looking at the artistic shops, of entering the churches and museums, of walking about the streets all night—that's what I long for; and that's the freedom without which one can't become a real artist. . . . Curse it all; it is this that makes me gnash my teeth to think I am a woman. . . . And when it comes to Italy and Rome? The idea of going to see ruins in a landau!" But to quote singly is to belittle, almost to ridicule, her sorrows. Their total, and her temperament, must be seen and weighed. Here one can only fly for rectification to a passage like this (she is speaking of her ambitious picture, "The Holy Women"): "I feel myself capable of everything. It is only that if I am ill. . . . I will pray to God every day to save me from that. Shall my hand be powerless to express what my head commands? Surely not! Ah, God! I fall upon my knees and beg Thee not to oppose this happiness. In all humility, prostrated in the dust I beg Thee to, not even to help me, but only to allow me to work without too many obstacles." Between these moods what ingenuities of misgiving, tangents of hope, and accidents of joy! We cannot think lightly of such a record. It belongs to a literature of failure which may proudly bear that name, since it is a literature of charm and inspiration to those who wisely use it. What do we mean by success and failure? By success is commonly meant success in certain directions, and by failure is meant failure in certain directions. But when our eyes fall on the compass, we learn how many good courses we do not steer, and how many good cargoes we do not carry. And then we learn to cherish the stories of those who timidly sailed the narrow seas, or never put to sea at all, being wrecked at their moorings, where they had spent their hour in choosing a too costly freight. And this homage is not merely what ought to be, but what is. Men long ago found out that success is not all success, but is more usually a

fruit forced at the expense of stem and leafage. And so they have turned, sooner or later, to the finely organised men and women who have had to spread their hands and exclaim:

Well now I do plainly see
This world and I shall ne'er agree.

To such the word failure can be applied only in a prepared and guarded sense. But they have all been men who have declined to make the quick and customary terms with life; who insisted on a wide survey and a lengthy debate; and who, preferring honest perplexity to a violent solution, have year by year diluted their careers in that of the universe. They have been men of all temperaments, and their behaviours have been various as their blood. They have composed themselves like Horace, and hit back like Byron; they have been wise like Montaigne, and dangerous like Heine; they have fretted like Hazlitt, and kept doves like Edward FitzGerald; they have striven like Matthew Arnold, and lost heart like Amiel; they have lived in the woods like Thoreau, and in cities like Mark Rutherford; they have sat still like Emily Brontë, and fluttered broken wings like Marie Bashkirtseff. But they have all had leisure to study life and books and themselves, and to be touched to fine, if wayward issues. They have by choice or compulsion been tasters of life, connoisseurs of happiness. They have carried our own moods further than we have done, so that we are charmed and touched by the portrayal of our obscurer selves. Reading their books, we are sentimental by proxy, and despise money while making it. We call for jugs of wine in the wilderness, and hurry home to work. These specialists in indecision have not thought, read, and kept journals without storing up the very nutriment we want in our own briefer, meaner moments of oppression. We do not think that Matthew Arnold was happy in saying that the thoughts which have positive truth and value are "precisely thoughts which counteract the vague aspiration and undeterminate desire possessing Amiel, and filling his Journal: they are thoughts insisting on the need of limit, the feasibility of performance." Of course; but then the thoughts insisting on the need of limit and the feasibility of performance commonly come to us of themselves; they are knocked into us by experience; they are sent hurtling round our youthful heads by Dr. Smiles. Was it, then, necessary to set Goethe against Amiel with his

Wer Grosses will muss sich zusammenraffen,
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister.

"He who will do great things must pull himself together: it is in working within limits that the master comes out." Again—of course. It is just because one lives, more or less faithfully, by such rules that the strung bow needs to be unbended over a book like Amiel's with its eternally interesting variants and analyses of the question "What is the good?" with its long gropings after, and sudden findings of, consolation. This Genevan professor, who was so paralysed by the whole of knowledge that he could not apply himself to a part, whose "malady of the ideal" only allowed him to browse on undefined pastures, was at least faithful to his defeated aspirations, and had his reward. What poignant reliefs he found! Under August 3, 1856, he writes:

A delightful Sunday afternoon at Pressy. Returned late, under a great sky magnificently starred, with summer lightning playing from a point behind Jura. Drunk with poetry, and overwhelmed with sensation after sensation, I came back slowly, blessing the God of life, and plunged in the joy of the infinite. One thing only I lacked, a soul with whom to share it all—for emotion and enthusiasm overflowed like water from a full cup. The milky way, the great black poplars, the ripple of the waves, the shooting stars, distant songs, the lamp-lit town, all spoke to me in the language of poetry. . . . What is happiness if it is not this plenitude of existence, this close union with

the universal and divine life? I have been happy a whole half day, and I have been brooding over my joy, steeping myself in it to the very depths of consciousness.

"Every landscape is a mood," says Amiel, and his Journal is full of such. To his critical passages Matthew Arnold does full justice. But in an essay which we have always thought a curiously cold appreciation he suggests that these are the only valuable ingredients in Amiel's self-revelation; and he even proposes that Mrs. Humphry Ward, as the translator of the Journal, should collect whatever passages are left in which Amiel "exercises his true vocation of critic." This selection of a vocation for Amiel after he had worn out his life in trying to find one—the failure of which search was his tragedy—strikes us as a very free, facile act. But Arnold goes further, and lectures Amiel retrospectively. "Probably the literary criticism which he did so well, and for which he shows a true vocation, gave him, nevertheless, but little pleasure, because he did it fragmentarily and by fits and starts. To do it thoroughly, to make his fragments into wholes, to fit them for coming before the public, composition, with its toils and habits, was necessary. Toils and limits composition indeed has; yet all composition is a kind of creation: creation gives, as I have already said, pleasure, and, when successful and sustained, more than pleasure—joy. Amiel, had he tried the experiment with literary criticism, where lay his true vocation, would have found it so." To those who have read, and lived with, Amiel's Journal this prescription of "composition with its toils and habits" must seem like a begging of the question. The whole sad point is that Amiel was incapable of deeming it worth while to assume these toils and habits. He produced his criticism in the only way he could produce it, by way of solace. He read for the refreshment of his soul, and sometimes noted the result. As for divorcing his critical passages from the Journal as a whole, it would be a barbarity. Their tone and quality and their very *raison d'être* are born of his general self-communings. It might be mechanically possible to carry out the detachment, but the result would be as deplorable as if the same thing were attempted with FitzGerald's Letters, where, however, the mechanical possibility does not exist. We might quote passage after passage from the Journal in which it would be clear that the colour and poignancy of Amiel's criticism of books depends on our understanding of the hunger which led him to read those books at all.

We are not arguing that Amiel's is a tonic book; but it is a book which may be a tonic to those who will have it so. Its loyalty, its humility, and its sweetness are past expression. And with all its divagations it is a consistent whole, revealing from its first page to its last the Amiel whose one success is this record of his failure. The same consistency is found in Marie Bashkirtseff's journals and, assuredly, in Edward FitzGerald's Letters. To speak of FitzGerald as of a man who only half fulfilled himself seems to us ingrate and impious; nor do we know how anyone can so speak of him who has read the Letters through, following him year by year with sympathy. If by any effort which he did not make FitzGerald could have left us a finer legacy than the letters which he wrote from Woodbridge to his friends, then, doubtless, he fell short of his powers. But who can prove this? And if it were so, shall we even mention this "if" in the presence of the known good he has left us? For profit and delight the Letters are exquisite; let us rejoice that we were born to read them. We would rather dwell on the opulence of such lives as Amiel's and FitzGerald's than on their incompleteness, especially when we find that the sense of incompleteness, felt by themselves, has accented and humanised all their work. The men and women of whom we speak are not pattern beings, but fountains of suggestion from which to drink with discreet and grateful lips. We do not come to them

to seek direction, but to match and understand our moods not to adopt experiences, but to observe results. It is one of the functions of literature to relieve us of sentiments which are ours, but in us are not vital or permanent. We go, say, to Byron, and find them vital and permanent in him. We roll his words on our tongue—words, it may be, as little profitable, yet in turn as sincere and in all of us as recurrent as these:

Ecclesiastes said that all is vanity—

Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity;

In short, all know, or very soon may know it;
And in this scene of all-confessed insanity,

By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
Must I restrain me through the fear of strife,
From holding up the Nothingness of life?

An indulgence from which we pass, satisfied, to to-day's task of upholding the somethingness of life.

The literature of failure is helpful because it is an inventory of life made by lookers-on, rather than by groove-bound actors. It shows life more various and rhythmical than we see it in the street. If in our enjoyment of such literature we seem to reap where we have not sowed, and gather where we have not straved, there is yet no self-reproach. That vanishes with the conviction that, after all, lives like Amiel's or Marie Bashkirtseff's or Mark Rutherford's have satisfactions all their own—brimming moments, blessed releases, sudden ineffable calms, not to count a host of ministering whims and vanities. Marie Bashkirtseff, who demanded deathless fame, was pleased to find that she had set a fashion in fichus; and, in the same evening in which she wrote "I no longer see the necessity of anything at all. . . . I am weary before I have done anything," she went to a party to receive compliments in "black dress, velvet corsage *décolleté*, a bit of black tulle on the shoulders, and violets. . . . Massenet played and sang. . . . The Marshal took me in to supper." She thinks Bastien-Lepage pleases her; next day, not. "But if I thought no more of him, of whom should I think? For, I tell you this, I must always have something, no matter what, for the stories that I tell myself in a whisper to send myself to sleep at night."

"No matter what." It is indeed hard to evade one's share of happiness and sleep. These tortured spirits, if we will call them such, doubtless receive theirs one way and we ours another. Theirs a quick, irregular measure; ours slow and certain. But for them, as for us, it is the way of every hurt to bring its healing, and of every storm to rock itself to rest.

Things Seen.

The Nonagenarian.

He was an old man, over ninety, tottery, with blue eyes and level brows. Time had furrowed and muddled his face, but not his clear soul. He was the owner of a farm and some thousands of sheep down on the marsh, those green lands of innumerable birds, waterways, and rich pastures. Every morning as the church clock struck nine, carrying his thistle-spud, he walked down the village street on his journey of many miles to count and tend his sheep. Every afternoon at the same hour he would return. Nothing escaped him. He was interested in everything that happened in the village—not inquisitively. He did not pry, but peered around as if he were a steward under a great master, and must render an account of his stewardship. He seemed to be guided and inspired by some control that was independent of the chances and shocks of the day, as if he were "doing the King's work all the dim day long." There are such men and women—most fortunate—who

find their happiness in this service. He was not an indoors man. When the day's work was over, he would stand at a corner of that hill village, and his eyes would roam from sky to sea, and then back to the pines, and beyond to where the sun was setting. In those moments he was off duty, and could look entirely at the great things that encircled him. How he spent his time in that small, plain house that overlooked the village I know not; but once, through the open window, I saw him seated in a high chair with book and paper before him; and I know he was frugal, and that when the clock struck ten he went to bed. Year after year have I seen him, and I never think of him but certain lines of Browning's poem, "How It Strikes a Contemporary," come into my mind:

Thro' a whole campaign of the world's life and death,
Doing the King's work all the dim day long.

You remember:

He walked and tapped the pavement with his cane,
Scenting the world, looking it full in the face;

Trying the mortar's temper 'tween the chinks;

He stood and watched the cobbler at his trade;

He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye;

Yet stared at nobody—you stared at him,
And found, less to your pleasure than surprise,
He seemed to know you and expect as much.

Did I ever speak to him? Once. It was at the chapel, a poor little Primitive Methodist affair, with a congregation of a dozen or so. We sat in the last pew, and as he came out, seeing strangers, he grasped our hands and said a few words of welcome. His face shone with such a confident joy that I longed to have talk with him. Later I found him standing at his favourite corner, swaying on his old legs, his head upraised. I spoke of his daily walks on the lonely marsh. He confessed to frequent attacks of giddiness. I asked if these attacks did not make him afraid to wander so far from home. He looked at me with astonishment, and said: "When I am ill I just say, 'Saviour, if Thou wilt Thou canst heal me.'"

Birds.

THE trees in the Tuileries Gardens stood bleak and bare, and Paris seemed to shiver under the grey and leaden sky. But he stood surrounded by brown-feathered mites which gaily chirped their greetings as if a spring sun shone. If he had worn the garb of an Oriental magician, or the brown cowl of St. Francis, I might have ceased to wonder, but he was only a shabbily dressed Frenchman with rough hands and a worn face. Nor were the birds either rare or beautiful; they were the sparrows of the neighbourhood, sharp, hungry, their bright eyes on the alert for food or foe. But they crowded round this man whom they trusted, and gathered in twos and threes upon his hands to eat the bread he held. And all the while he crooned to them in some caressing bird-language to which they responded with a love that knew no fear.

"Regardez, ma petite, c'est à toi," he would say as he threw a crumb high into the air and pointed to some favoured sparrow which immediately fluttered up to catch the morsel. Baby birds, won by his gentleness, hopped shyly for their share—indeed, not one of the brown-clad throng but listened to the voice, and waited its turn, contentedly pecked with its companions, or shrilly chirped its thanks. Some minutes afterwards he had disappeared in the throng of hurrying passers-by, and the birds were scattered on the winds of heaven.

Had nature taught this man some strange secret—whispered it to him not in the quietness of the country, but amid the whirl of modern Paris?

The Philosopher.

THE philosopher reclined on a window-sill of a small house in the suburbs. His attitude suggested the thoughtfully planned and carefully carried out arrangements for comfort, of which only a thoroughly lazy being is capable. The sunshine, the whirr of bird and bee, the scent of flowers, and all the indescribable sounds and signs of summer, were merely ingredients in his cup of comfort. He took them much as an English gentleman takes his pleasure, with the accustomedness that simulates want of interest. He had long ago probed the complexities of the inexorable system of necessity called life. He had tasted, no doubt, the bitter and the sweet, and had mastered the true spirit of a philosophy which teaches that a proper application of the sweet proportionately lessens the unpleasantness of the bitter. He had experienced his disappointments, of course—the mouse that had eluded his vigilance, the delusive saucer that had proved on examination to contain two-thirds water and one-third watered milk. He had suffered very material insults from inferior animals, who could only boast two legs to his four, animals who preferred to spend the hours of darkness in brutish sleep, rather than hang them with the brilliant draperies of plunder, revelry, and song. Yes, he had had his anxious moments, his worries, his disillusion. It was more than probable that he would have them again. But what of that? All was merged into the present golden hour of absolute serenity. Nothing was there to mar his happiness. The sun shone for him, the birds twittered and chirped for him, the gentle breeze wafted delicate odours all for him. What mattered the want of yesterday's dinner, or the interesting uncertainty of tomorrow's breakfast? Surely, surely the present was enough!

But, alas! The dream was rudely interrupted. A door opened, a small figure appeared with too evidently hostile intentions. A shrill, unmusical voice screamed: "Oh mother, here's a strange cat! Shoo! Get away, shoo!" Worse than this, a ball was thrown, fortunately with less deadliness of aim than of purpose. It was not to be endured! The philosopher rose, stretched, cast at the outrager of his mental harmony a look which comprised pity, disgust, and unutterable scorn, gave himself a shake (obviously the feline equivalent for a shrug of the shoulders), and then, having quietly selected a window-sill a few yards further down the road, took up the thread of his dream where the exigencies of a senseless convention had snapped it.

John Ford.

Who reads Ford now? But few, I fancy; the well-known "quotations" from his plays one finds invariably attributed to the all-devouring Shakespeare; and the very title of his finest play sounds, as Mr. Swinburne says, "strangely in the ears of a generation 'whose ears are the chastest part about them.'" Yet Lamb sounded his praises years ago in an essay aflame with enthusiasm.

Ford was a Devon man, who went, like many of his countrymen, to Exeter College, Oxford, where, however, he stayed but a twelvemonth. In 1602 he entered the Middle Temple. He was a gentleman playwright; is, indeed, always impressing that fact upon us. "I write for love, not money," he seems to say; and, in spite of this, there is something especially modern in his work—something that especially appeals to our own age, beyond that which (in Shakespeare and his friends) is for all time. His two finest plays, "Tis Pity" and "The Broken Heart," are not so much examples of great poetry, it seems to me, as of great intellectual power; the "idea," as it were, being always for Ford of more importance than the manner of expressing it. So that

one finds no glorious outbursts of poetry, no mighty flood of verse, but a restrained, an even style, which sets forth to perfection the "idea" he has embodied in his play. In "The Broken Heart," for instance, the characters seem to assume abstract meanings, to be so many forces of human nature acting and reacting upon one another.

In spite of the unfair advantage that the subject of "Tis Pity" gives him, or may have given him, it is a piece of work so excellent, so natural in its expression, as to give distinction to any age. After Giovanni has told his love, and found Annabella more than ready to love him too; after they have broken down all that lay between them, he says:

I marvel why the charter of your sex
Should think this pretty toy called maidenhead
So strange a loss: when being lost 'tis nothing
And you are still the same.

ANN. 'Tis well for you;
Now you can talk.

Can you not hear the words? It is followed by one of Ford's very rare excursions into the rush and hurry of words, the intoxication of sound.

I envy not the mightiest man alive,
But hold myself, in being king of thee,
More great than were I king of all the world.

The story is one of the "world well lost for love," and has never, I think, been so intellectually put into words that, after all, can never die. In that marvellous fifth act, far and away the finest scene in Ford, it is difficult to decide which is the finer—scene v. or scene vi. Perhaps that curiously modern atmosphere in the dialogue between Giovanni and Annabella in scene v. must be allowed to be first:

ANN. Be not deceived, my brother,
This banquet is an harbinger of death
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,
And be prepared to welcome it.

GIOV. Well, then;
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.

ANN. So I have read too.

GIOV. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn; could I believe
This might be true, I could as well believe
There might be hell or heaven.

ANN. That's most certain.

GIOV. A dream, a dream! else in this other world
We should know one another.

ANN. So we shall.

GIOV. Have you heard so?

ANN. For certain.

That, in my opinion, is not to be approached in our day; nor, indeed, does Ford ever reach so high again. But it is modern in feeling rather than for all time; it is not the ice-cold words of Hamlet and the Gravedigger that we hear, but something very much nearer to ourselves, that appeals especially to us, as we stand to-day perhaps, who knows, on the verge of a new age of faith. And it is in this modern mood we can understand those lines that might have been written by Crashaw:

How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds
Triumphing over infamy and hate.

In "The Broken Heart," a much less notable play, we find, as I have said, a kind of symbolism under all the speeches of the characters, in a story that Ford probably invented for himself. It has almost the effect of one of Maeterlinck's plays on one, so that one disregards all the improbability, the impossibility of the story, as a matter of no importance, finding the real meaning hidden deeper; in the very characters themselves—in their qualities, as Ford himself calls them. It is a play without a hero and without a heroine. Panthea is so silent, so quiet, so ghostlike; not one of Shakespeare's girls, nor made of the stuff of heroines. One is not surprised at her

death, fading away in silence, till in the midst of all the brightness of a Southern day, in all the joy of a wedding ceremony, that cry, "Death, death, death," falls on our ears, not suddenly, nor able to startle us at all, for we have been expecting it so long. It is like the great fresco of Orcagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Those words of hers, said with half a sob over only a half regret:

Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty, prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled, and for certain
I should have cried when they cried.

For she sees—

Nay, no whispering.
Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness
Will make poets proud, they say.

Have you seen
A straying heart! all crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

And in this play, too, it is in the fifth act we find the greatest scene. For Ithocles, the representative of all that is lovely in youth, victory, and beauty, has been murdered. Loved by the Princess Calantha, who was to have married the King of Argos, he is brought, crowned like a king, dead, in the robes of the majesty he missed, into the chapel prepared for a marriage; and there Calantha marries him. After making such excuses as they could understand, or as concerned them, to the King of Argos and her friends assembled there, she turns at last to Ithocles dead on the bier beside her:

CAL. Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! Bear witness, all,
I put my mother's wedding ring upon
His finger. . . . Oh, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antick gesture
When one news straight came huddling on another
Of death! and death! and death! still I danced forward.
But it struck home, and here and in any instant . . .
They are the silent griefs which cut the heartstrings;
Let me die smiling.

And so this play ends. Ford is ever on the border of that other world, ever telling us that

The counsels of the gods are never known
Till men can call the effects of them their own.

And in that I find his modernity, his especial appeal to our own time. The heights of poetry were far above him; he never cared to try to reach them, but set out on other business, setting before our eyes the people of an inner world, full of a beauty all its own, unguessed at by his own generations, but full of appeal to us who set so much store by those things which are neither seen nor heard in a world that for us has become pregnant with silences.

E. H.

Correspondence.

George Eliot.

SIR.—My attention has been drawn to a kindly but slightly erroneous paragraph in the *ACADEMY* and other papers, concerning an edition of *Adam Bede* in the "Temple Classics" which has been committed to my care.

The frontispiece to the second volume is not, as your paragraphist supposes, a house at Tewkesbury (a town which is associated with John Halifax, not with Adam Bede), but is a house at Ellaston, thought to be of special interest. With regard to the portrait of George Eliot's father, which I obtained permission to use as a frontispiece to the first volume, since the paragraph in question speaks of "the original of Adam Bede," I should like to point out that in the accompanying Note to this edition I have been careful to remind the readers of the novel of

the following words, from Mr. Cross's *Life of George Eliot*, in which the words in italics are mine: "The character of Adam and one or two incidents connected with him were suggested by my father's early life; but *Adam is not my father* any more than *Dinah is my aunt*."—I am, &c.,

ANNIE MATHESON.

P.S.—I might hardly have troubled you with this letter but for the fear of seeming to run counter to George Eliot's expressed feeling in this matter by allowing such an announcement, though doubtless most kindly intended, to pass unchallenged.

Titles.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of April 27 your correspondent, George Stronach, unconsciously reveals a deplorable case of peculiar "publishing." His topic is the duplication of titles, and he opines that novelists are getting "desperately hard up." Well, I have heard of those terrible brain-sucking publishers who make all haste to reissue the early writings (which were dead) of a modern fashionable success. That lucky, even if late, individual soon states his grievance in the literary papers—and the *Author*.

George Stronach has unearthed another side of the question. I am told that "Weatherby Chesney," the author of *Four Red Night Caps*, is, and always was, C. J. Hyne; but that he wished to experiment like other novelists have done: to test the public under a strange *nom-de-guerre*! Is it myself whom you buy, or my writings? I agree with George Stronach that "such awkward repetitions of titles might be easily avoided by consulting *The English Catalogue*." Librarians are complaining of the deluge of novels, but here we have a new storm-cloud on the horizon—I am, &c.,

"RUPERT."

FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

SIR,—In your notice, in a recent ACADEMY, of "Mr. John Lane's 'Flowers of Parnassus' edition of FitzGerald's first rendering" of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, you ask if the statement made by Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts, in his introduction to the above work, that it was "once on sale for a penny," is a correct record.

Perhaps the following extract from *The Life of Edward FitzGerald*, by Mr. John Glyde, pp. 169-170, will be of interest to your readers, and will also substantiate Mr. Money-Coutts's statement:

In 1859 Edward FitzGerald went to the shop of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, in Castle-street, Leicester-square, and dropped a heavy parcel there, saying: "Quaritch, I make you a present of these books."

The parcel consisted of nearly two hundred copies of the first edition of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. Mr. Quaritch tried to sell the books, first at half-a-crown, then at a shilling; and, again descending, he offered them at sixpence, but buyers were not attracted. Then, in despair, he reduced the book to one penny, and put copies into a box outside his door, with a ticket, "All these at one penny each." At that price the pamphlet moved, in a few weeks the lot was sold, and in this way one of the finest gems of English literature was dispersed among a not over-discerning public."

—I am, &c.,

J. D. DICKENS.

Baedeker's Handbooks.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for May 11 (p. 396) occurs the sentence: "It is stated, however, that every Baedeker has been preceded by a Murray."

I do not know where, when, or by whom this statement was made, but, in any case, it is not correct.—I am, &c.,

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD,
English Editor of Baedeker's Handbooks.

FROM

MR GRANT RICHARDS'S SPRING LIST.

SIXTY YEARS on the TURF: the Life and Times of George Hodgman, 1840-1900. Arranged by CHARLES R. WARREN. With 10 Illustrations. Medium 8vo, cloth gilt, £1 1s. net. [Ready May 21.]

FROM GLADIATEUR to PERSIMMON: Turf Memories for Thirty Years. By SYDENHAM DIXON ("Vigilant" of the *Sportsman*). Illustrated in Colours. Medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 18s. net.

The DAILY NEWS says: "It is with unfeigned pleasure that every lover of a good horse will welcome the first book published by a son of 'The Druid'."

The SPORTSMAN says: "It is pleasant to write that the author of the work under notice has acquitted himself well in a difficult and toilsome undertaking."

THE REGIMENTAL RECORDS of the BRITISH ARMY: an Historical Resume, Chronologically Arranged, of their Titles, Campaigns, Honours, Uniforms, Facings, Badges, and Nicknames. By J. S. FARMER. Profusely Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d. net.

The ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE says: "A useful book of reference to any one interested in Army matters."

A HISTORY of ROME. Arranged especially for Use in the Higher Forms of Schools, or the Universities, and for the Civil Service Examinations. With Essays, Maps, and Aids to Memory. By EUSTACE H. MILES, M.A. Crown 8vo, buckram, 8s. 6d.

NIETZSCHE as CRITIC, PHILOSOPHER, POET, and PROPHET. Selections from his Works. Compiled by THOMAS COMMON. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. [Ready May 21.]

ROBERT BUCHANAN: the Poet of Modern Revolt. An Introduction to his Poetry. By A. STODART-WALKER, Author of "The Struggle for Success." Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s. net.

THE BRITON'S FIRST DUTY: the Case for Conscription. By GEORGE F. SHEE. With Diagrams. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The ATHENÆUM says: "A book which should be studied by all who are interested in the present condition and the future of the defence of the Empire. We put down the book with the feeling that he has given us the best statement which exists in favour of a conscript Army."

HOW SAILORS FIGHT: an Account of the Organisation of the British Fleet in Peace and War. By JOHN BLAKE. With an Introduction by Captain the Hon. HEDWORTH LAMBTON, R.N., late of H.M.S. "Powerful." With 68 Illustrations. Cover Design by T. Norman Wilkinson. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 6s.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTER. By Harold Owen. With Supplementary Chapter by the DUCHESS of SUTHERLAND. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The DAILY CHRONICLE says: "This is a thoroughly good bit of industrial history.... a number of careful appendices treating special aspects of the work and life of the potter, gives a greatly enhanced value to a really admirable book."

TOLSTOY and his PROBLEMS: Essays by Alymer Maude. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

PATRIOTISM and ETHICS. By J. G. Godard, Author of "Poverty: its Genesis and Exodus." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE FURTHER MEMOIRS of MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. Together with a correspondence between Marie Bashkirtseff and Guy de Maupassant. Edited by G. H. PERRIS. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 5s.

The DAILY CHRONICLE says: "A correspondence far more entertaining than the imaginary letters of which we have lately had a surfeit."

The SCOTSMAN says: "An interchange of ideas between two people of such uncommon talent could not be dull."

"British Regiments in War and Peace."

1. THE RIFLE BRIGADE: a History. By Walter Wood. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The STANDARD says: "The purpose of the present series is to cover the ground for the general reader as well as the military expert, and to show what each regiment has done in the maintenance of Empire. The plan is admirably carried out in the Rifle Brigade, the history of which is brought down to the time of its recent achievement in South Africa. Mr. Wood has conspired the abundant material at his command into about two hundred pages, and has satisfactorily accomplished an interesting task."

The MORNING POST says: "Mr. Wood claims that the regiment on whose behalf he writes has seen more fighting than any other regiment in the British Army."

2. THE NORTHERNBERLAND FUSILIERS: a History. By WALTER WOOD. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

[Ready May 21.]

THE CHINESE CRISIS from WITHIN. By Wen Ching. Edited by the Rev. G. M. REITH, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

ROSA AMOROSA. The Love-Letters of a Woman. By GEORGE EGERTON, Author of "Keynotes," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

The DAILY CHRONICLE says: "Some of these confidences, even when they are pure fiction, are a little too intimate and sacred for cold print."

The DAILY TELEGRAPH says: "The book is valuable not as a collection of irresponsible love-letters, but as a sort of practical guide, very thoughtful, very precise, and clear in the conduct of love-matters with modern and emancipated Eve. Every young man should get it by heart."

THE BISHOP'S GAMBIT. By Thomas Cobb, Author of "Scraples," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

The ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE says: "Mr. Thomas Cobb is always excellent reading."

The SPEAKER says: "Mr. Thomas Cobb is doing a very patriotic work and one for which we are extremely grateful. He is saving us the trouble and humiliation of always going to France for good, light fiction."

HIS FAMILIAR FOE. By E. Livingstone Prescott, Author of "Scarlet and Steel." Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

LITERATURE says: "The book is well constructed and brightly written."

The SCOTSMAN says: "The characters are well defined and interesting, and the story is developed with literary skill and strength."

LOVE the LAGGARD. By R. S. Warren-Bell, Author of "Bachelorland," &c. With Picture Cover by John Hassall. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

The WORLD says: "Mr. Bell's wags are pleasant, and his people are not commonplace."

The MORNING LEADER says: "A pretty little comedy."

The SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT says: "Mr. Bell has scored a success in 'Love the Laggard.'"

The STAR says: "For those who like the lightest of light reading, 'Love the Laggard' could hardly be better."

THE LORD of the SEA. By M. P. Shiel, Author of "The Yellow Danger." With Picture Cover by F. R. Kimbrough. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

[Ready May 21.]

Mr. Grant Richards will have pleasure in forwarding his List of Spring Publications post free on application.

London: GRANT RICHARDS, 9, Henrietta Street,
Covent Garden, W.C.

Digitized by Google

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 86 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best suggestion of a literary subject for a painting. We award the prize to Mr. R. W. D. Naukivell, 79, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W., for the following :

NAPOLEON AND HEGEL AT JENA.

The meeting of Hegel and Napoleon I. in Jena. Hegel, if I remember, was on his way to the publisher's with the MS. of the "Phenomenology" under his arm. Napoleon was riding into the town after the battle, and they met at a point where a little alley now turns out of the street.

[R. W. D. N., London.]

Other replies are as follows :

THE POET KEATS AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.

A picture to illustrate the following passage in W. M. Rossetti's *Life of Keats* :

"Cowden Clarke once inquired how far Keats liked his studies at the hospital. The youth replied that he did not relish anatomy. 'The other day, for instance, during the lecture, there came a sun-beam into the room, and with it a whole troupe of creatures floating in the ray, and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland.'"

[H. A. M., London.]

SWIFT AND VANESSA.

The closing scene between Swift and Vanessa at Marley Abbey, intensely dramatic and tragic, might be the subject of a painting worthy to stand beside that of Swift teaching the little golden-haired Stella at Moor Park. Roscoe relates that after the death of her sister, Vanessa became still more absorbed by the unhappy passion that consumed her life; and believing herself more neglected by Swift than before, she resolved to ascertain the nature of that influence which prevented him from avowing the affection which she believed he entertained for her. Without giving the least intimation of her purpose, she addressed a letter to Stella, with a request to be informed of the nature of the acquaintance so long known to exist between her and the dean. What must have been poor Vanessa's astonishment to hear, in reply, that Swift had bound himself by the strongest of legal ties to her rival, while that rival, feeling no less indignant at the supposed intimacy which such an inquiry indicated, withdrew to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. At the same time she sent Vanessa's letter to Swift, who, filled with sudden rage, rode with it to Marley Abbey, and entered the unfortunate lady's room with a countenance which struck terror into her gentle and sorrowing heart. It was with difficulty she faltered out a few words to ask if he would not take a seat. His sole reply was to throw her own letter upon the table, and in the same paroxysm of passion to rush from the room and remount his horse. (Three weeks later she died.)

[H. L., Landaff.]

SHAKESPEARE AS "THE GHOST."

I wish one of our artists would paint us a scene from literary history that I—and others, I suspect—have often imagined: Shakespeare, attired as the ghost in *Hamlet*, waiting for his cue in the "sides" of the old Globe Theatre, on the first night that *Hamlet* was performed, perhaps. He would be anxiously watching the actors on the stage, of whom we might catch a glimpse, and there would be several of the other characters grouped behind him, also looking, and watching the great man who had created it all. The figures would contrast strangely with their surroundings, and there would be something—a silent excitement—in the scene to hold one spell-bound.

[H. M. G., London.]

CHATTERTON'S BOYHOOD.

The life of Chatterton has before now afforded subjects for pictorial treatment; but I am not aware that the sexton's child has yet been depicted burying himself among the musty manuscripts in the crypt of St. Mary's, Redclyffe, Bristol. Yet the subject is simple—a great point from the artist's point of view; is significant, for it contains the germ of his life's history, and lends itself to such detail and effects of light and shade as appeal to the artist.

[F. H. C., Tunbridge Wells.]

MILTON LISTENING TO THE SINGING OF LEONORA BARONI FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Milton young with the beautiful youth which gained for him the appellation of the "Lady of Christ's"; his face "alight, alive, awake, and aware," as the greatest singer in the world at that time

stirs his musicianly and poetic soul to its depth; his delicate fairness surrounded by dark Southern types at that concert in the Barbarini palace; the glitter and gorgeousness of the aristocratic assembly, and the face and form of the singer herself, who sings for all she is worth, feeling the inspiration consciously or unconsciously derived from a listening, kindred soul. Would not the representation of this scene make a beautiful picture? Milton blind, Milton forlorn and bereft of earthly hope and joy we have seen pictured many times. Should not some master of his art show us the lovely youth whose imagination was fired by the singing of the Baroni in Italy; the Milton whose youthful joy bubbled over and broke into "L'Allegro"? Of the last, sad years of the poet we have heard much: let us have him presented to us before his days were made heavy by national strife and personal grief; and before his happy muse had been brought to work, as it were, in bonds.

[M., Chester.]

JAMES I. AND LADY JOAN BEAUFORT.

I have often thought that a fine picture could be made out of the following lines from (the Scotch) James I.'s "The King's Quhair," describing how, when a prisoner at Windsor, he used to watch for the Lady Joan Beaufort to come and walk in the gardens beneath his window :

"And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair, fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned hae, and furth her wayis went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night."

Beautiful surroundings, pathos, and passion all help to make the incident most picturesque.

[H. G. H., Whitby.]

KAISHISH AND LAZARUS."

The meeting of Kaishish, the Arab physician, and Lazarus, as described by the former near the end of Browning's poem in "Men and Women" :

"I met him thus:
I crossed a ridge of short, sharp, broken hills,
Like an old lion's cheek teeth. Out there came
A moon made like a face with certain spots,
Multiform, manifold, and menacing:
Then a wind rose behind me. So we met
In this old sleepy town at unaware,
The man and I."

[R. P. McC., Whitby.]

TUSITALA.

I suggest a painting of R. L. Stevenson relating the story of "The Bottle Imp" to the natives of Samoa.

[H. W., Sutton.]

FINAL!

The least hackneyed, and at the same time best, subject suitable for a painting taken from literary history is to be found in Short-house's description of the farewell love scene between John Inglesant and Mary Collet, which you will find at the close of Chapter VII. of *John Inglesant*.

[J. DE V. M., Manchester.]

Other replies received from: C. M. Ventnor; H. F., Exmouth; E. L., Didsbury; R. E., London; F. J., Northallerton; E. H. H., Streatham; S. H., Catford; J. B., Gateshead; E. C. M. D., Crediton; E. B., Bideford; J. J. P., Oswestry; E. H., London; F. C., Reigate.

Competition No. 87 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best original prose description of an actual garden. Limit, 350 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, May 22. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

The Thrush.

A Periodical for the Publication of Original Poetry.

Price Fourpence.

Edited by T. MULLETT ELLIS.

Monthly.

THIS miscellany consists exclusively of Original Poems. It is published every month at Fourpence. The first number commenced with the new century, and already works of high poetic merit have been issued.

In addition to the poems which have been already published, the following will shortly appear :—

A short unpublished poem by the late LORD LYTTON, Author of "The Last Days of Pompeii."

A selection from the unpublished poems of LADY FLORENCE DOUGLAS.

"Themistocles," by LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

"The Unknown Guide," by SARAH DOUDNEY.

"Milton 5 a.m.," by VICTOR PLARR, M.A.

"The Sea," by SIR WYKE BAYLISS.

"The Clavichord (to Madame Dolmetsch)," by DOLLIE RADFORD.

And "Remonstrance," by MACKENZIE BELL.

Amongst the list of Contributors whose poems are promised in "The Thrush" are Thomas Hardy, Frankfort Moore, Louise Chandler Moulton, A. Perceval Graves, Clifton Bingham, Norman Gale, Gilbert Murray, Edmund Gosse, William Canton, Bernard Capes, Justin Huntly McCarthy, John Hutchinson, Robert Dennis, Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), and Sir Lewis Morris.

Several poems by writers hitherto unknown have also already appeared, and it is trusted that others will be introduced to public notice through the medium of this periodical.

The only way to obtain "The Thrush" punctually is to order a newsagent to deliver it every month. Price Fourpence.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. Llangollen: DARLINGTON & Co.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE of LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORFOLK BROADS. THE ISLE of WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
{ LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, }
{ LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON. }
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.
CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICETH, and PWLLHELL.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.
LLANBRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which reaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—£0 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers'.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months, and 12 Months
CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS of the SEASON
ARE NOW IN CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE
(Second-hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS
SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street,
E.C., LONDON;
And at 10 to 12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities
in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete
sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery
Lane, W.C.

JARROLD & SONS' NEW LIST.

New Book by R. Nisbet Bain.
READY SHORTLY.

TALES FROM TOLSTOI.

Translated from the Russian, with Biography of the Author.
By R. NISBET BAIN. 6s.
With Special Photogravure Portrait of Tolstoi.
These tales include some of the finest fruits of Count Tolstoi's genius. They are a searching analysis of the motives and instincts of human nature little bits of realism palpating with actuality. They are vivid pictures of the life of the lower classes in Russia, showing us what manner of man the Muscovite peasant and the Muscovite trader really are.

NOW READY, AUTHORISED EDITION.
DISTAFF.

By MARYA RODZIEWICZ, Author of "Animi Vilis"
Translated from the Polish by Count S. C. DE ROISSONS.
With a specially engraved Portrait of the Author. 6s.

In "Distaff" there is the same vigour of the brush, the same strength in depicting characters, as in "Animi Vilis," but in the meantime there is something new, not only in the idea but in the language. This new element concerns the everlasting but always interesting question of the relation between men and women—love.

PUBLISHED SHORTLY.

WAGNER, BAYREUTH, and the FESTIVAL PLAYS.

With special Photogravure Portrait of Wagner.

By FRANCES GERARD. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.

PUBLISHED SHORTLY.

THE ROMANCE OF KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA.

HIS RELATIONS WITH WAGNER AND HIS
BAVARIAN FAIRY PLACES.

By FRANCES GERARD.
With Portraits and Illustrations.

ISSUED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

LETTERS and NOTES on the NATURAL HISTORY of NORFOLK

More especially on the Birds and Fishes.

From the MSS. of Sir THOMAS BROWNE, M.D. (1605-1682),
in the Sloane Collection, in the Library of the
British Museum.

With Notes by THOMAS SOUTHWELL, F.Z.S.

Cloth, 6s.; or handsome Roxburgh binding, 7s. 6d.

London: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, Warwick Lane, E.C.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS

are contained in the Fifth and Last
Volume of his COMPLETE WORKS, Edited
by H. BUXTON FORMAN, just published.
Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.

"An ideal edition."—*Saturday Review*.

GOWANS & GRAY, Glasgow.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON, London.

SERMONS BY REV. ALEX. MACLAREN, D.D.

THE UNCHANGING CHRIST, and other Sermons.

"Distinguished by the finest scholarship and most
exquisite literary finish."—*Christian Leader*.

THE GOD of the AMEN, and other Sermons.

"The several sermons contained in this volume are
replete with a keen spiritual insight, combined with
an aptness of illustration and beauty of diction which
cannot fail to both impress and charm the reader."
Methodist Times.

THE WEARIED CHRIST, and other Sermons.

"They show the same wonderful fertility of apt and
beautiful illustrations, the same exquisite use of
language, the same direct heart-searching power
which we are accustomed to find in all Dr. Maclaren's
works."—*Christian World Pulpit*.

PAUL'S PRAYERS, and other Sermons.

"They are plain enough to be understood by the
unlearned, and yet have sufficient richness and
agency to attract the most cultivated."
New York Observer.

CHRIST'S "MUSTS," and other Ser- mons.

"Felicitous exposition, rugged, intense eloquence,
and beautiful illustration."—*Word and Work*.

THE HOLY of HOLIES. A Series of Sermons on the 14th, 15th, and 18th Chapters of the Gospel by John.

"No British preacher has unfolded this portion of
Scripture in a more scholarly style."
North British Daily Mail.

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, LIMITED,
21 & 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW NOVELS, &c.

A SORE TEMPTATION. By John
K. LEYS, Author of "The Lindsays," &c. Crown 8vo,
cloth, gilt top, 6s.

**A FORBIDDEN NAME: a Story of
the Court of Catherine the Great.** By FRED. WHISHAW,
Author of "A Boyar of the Terrible," &c. Crown 8vo,
cloth, gilt top, 6s.

THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD. By
L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Blue Diamond," &c.
SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
(May 23.)

WILDERSMOOR. By C. L. Antrobus.
Author of "Quality Corner." SECOND EDITION. Crown
8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. (May 30.)

CHAPENGA'S WHITE MAN. By
A. WERNER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. (May 30.)

WORK. By Emile Zola. Trans-
lated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. Crown 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d.
"A powerful and impressive work."—*Scotsman*.

HER LADYSHIP'S SECRET. By
WILLIAM WESTALL. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

DEACON BRODIE. By Dick Dono-
VAN, Author of "A Detective's Triumphs." Crown 8vo,
cloth, 3s. 6d.

TOLD by the TAFFRAIL. By
SUNDOWNER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"This is a delightful book, and will be thoroughly appreciated
wherever a good story cleverly and gracefully told can find
favour."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

**ACADEMY NOTES (Originated by
HENRY BLACKBURN), with nearly 200 Illustrations, 1s.,
contains a number of important Copyright Pictures.**

**MONONIA: a Love Story of "Forty-
eight."** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "Dear Lady
Disdain," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
"Mr. Justin McCarthy's contemporary compatriots will
appreciate, with a fulness of satisfaction such as Jane Austen's
'Emma' and Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford' must respectively have
inspired in their readers, his pictures of life."—*World*.

RUNNING AMOK. By George
MANVILLE FENN. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
"If you are in the mood for stories of hairbreadth escapes you
will enjoy Mr. Manville Fenn's 'Running Amok.'"—*Truth*.

THE CHURCH of HUMANITY. By
D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat," &c.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"The hand of the practised novelist is apparent in every
chapter of this powerful study. One man ever occupies the
foreground. John Manger converted clown and great preacher.
The situation is slow in the opening chapters is a striking
one, for the man who by his personality and grip brings vast
audiences to their knees cannot appear before them until he is
dressed with drink and the hell from which he seeks to drag
them is the hell into which he is himself reeling. The minor
characters are carefully drawn; the story is well told and well
wrought, and entirely convincing. A book thoroughly human,
and well worth reading."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE LONE STAR RUSH. By
EDMUND MITCHELL. With 8 Illustrations. Crown
8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"The lover of fiction, sick of the novel of problems, will find
no better tonic than this lively, rattling story of adventure.
Mr. Mitchell has a fund of material out of which to construct a
tale with smack enough of Balzac and Kingsland about it to
fascinate the youthful, and with qualities substantial enough
to hold the attention of the mature."—*Scotsman*.

QUALITY CORNER. By C. L. An-
TROBUS, Author of "Wildersmoor," &c. SECOND
EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"The author has a story to tell that is worth telling, and
knows how to tell it. For humour and observation, and
poetry and culture, you may approach Mrs. Antrobus with per-
fect confidence. She keeps plenty of all these good things. We
have hinted that certain qualities in Mrs. Antrobus recall
George Eliot; but, seriously, in pages such as those which
describe the scene of the confession, we are not at all sure that
the new writer is not distinctly at certain moments on the
great forerunner's level."—*Outlook*.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN.
By MAX O'RELL, Author of "John Bull and his
Island," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

A HISTORY of the FOUR GEORGES
and of WILLIAM the FOURTH. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY
and J. H. MCCARTHY. Vols. III. and IV. (completing
the Work), demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each.

"Two charmingly readable volumes, which the reader would
gladly find even bulkier than they are. Let the 'History of
Our Own Times,' these pleasant volumes deserve to supplant
fiction for a moment with the free and subscription library
public."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

EAST LONDON. By Walter Besant.

With Etching by F. S. WALKER and 35 Illustrations by
PHIL MAY, L. RAVEN HILL, and JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy
8vo, cloth, gilt top, 18s.

"Sir Walter Besant knows London as no one has known it
since Charles Dickens. Cramped with antiquarian lore
minded with human interest, and saturated with genuine
sympathy for the people is this study of 'East London.' The
enthusiasm of the student pervades every page, illuminating
the prosaic and the humdrum with the fruits of research. A
thoroughly masterly book."—*Literary World*.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY.

With Portraits of Piet De Wet and of a
Group of Convalescents.

Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

YEOMAN SERVICE:

Being the Diary of the Wife of an Imperial
Yeomary Officer during the Boer War.

By the Lady MAUD ROLLESTON.

RE-ISSUE OF THE CHEAPER EDITION OF "THE LIFE OF LORD LAWRENCE."

NOW READY. SEVENTH EDITION. 2 vols.
Large crown 8vo, with 2 Portraits and
2 Maps, 21s.

THE

LIFE OF LORD LAWRENCE.

By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A., late
Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, As-
sistant Master at Harrow School, Author
of "Mohammed and Mohammedanism,"
"Carthage and the Carthaginians," &c.

NEW EDITION OF SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S "MODERN CREMATION."

FOURTH EDITION. Revised and Enlarged.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.; or in paper cover, 1s.

MODERN CREMATION:

Cremation: its History and Practice to
the Present Date. With information re-
lating to the latest improvements and
experience both in this country and abroad.
By Sir HENRY THOMPSON, Bart.,
F.R.C.S., M.B. Lond., &c., President of
the Society since its Foundation in 1874.

World.—"No reasonable person who studies the
arguments so lucidly marshalled in this little work
can deny the strength of the crematist's case."

THREE NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

Now Ready at all Libraries and
Book-sellers.

PACIFICO.

By JOHN RANDAL. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Speaker.—"Mr. Randal's narrative skill carries all
before it. He never lets the reader's interest flag,
but carries him, like an eager traveller, up hill after
hill with the sun of accomplishment and an extended
view at the top of each. There are very few good
story-tellers to-day, and we hope Mr. Randal will
soon 'tell us another.'"

World.—"We cannot easily thank Mr. John Randal
sufficiently for the delightful romance called
'Pacifico.' Here is the real thing in brigandage."

THE SEAL OF SILENCE.

By ARTHUR R. CONDER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Spectator.—"Mr. Conder unquestionably belonged
to the rare tribe of literary benefactors, of whom Mr.
Jacobs and Mr. Anstey are perhaps the most con-
spicuous representatives. Given the situations, the
temperaments and antecedents of the *dramatis
personae*, and the development of the story is above
cavalier. Add a charming heroine, a delightful old
clergyman, and a superlatively interesting and
irresponsible rogue, and some notion may be formed
of the exhilarating quality of 'The Seal of Silence,' a
title sadly appropriate to the circumstances of its
issue."

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY.

By Mrs. SCHUYLER CROWNINGSHIELD.
Crown 8vo, 6s.

Spectator.—"The setting of the story is gracefully
contrived, and the final defeat of the Archbishop in
his desire that the heroine should take the veil will
be agreeable to Protestant readers."

Academy.—"Aristocratic and sunny."

London Advertiser.—"As pretty a love-story as
could be wished."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO.,
Digitized by, Waterloo Place, S.W.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1516. Established 1869.

25 May, 1901.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THERE is grave news from Christiania regarding Dr. Ibsen's health. The complaint from which he is suffering is in the nature of paralysis, by which the distinguished dramatist's organs of speech are so seriously affected that he has almost lost the use of his voice. Dr. Ibsen can only walk with difficulty with the aid of a stick, and cannot speak more than a few words at a time. In other respects his condition is said to be improving, but he requires complete rest.

MR. KIPLING has lost the suit which he brought against Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for breach of copyright. Messrs. Putnam send us the following statement: "The jury was not called upon to pass an opinion upon the issues presented. The judge directed a verdict in favour of the defendants, which means that in the opinion of the court the charges of the plaintiff were without foundation. The case has been in train nearly two years, during which time the defendants have done what was practicable to hasten the trial. They were from the beginning confident that Mr. Kipling's action had been based on some serious misapprehensions, and that he had doubtless been misled by his legal adviser. They find renewed regret that in place of leaving his counsel instructed to take the matter into court, Mr. Kipling had not been prepared to meet the suggestion for adjustment submitted by Messrs. Putnam. Messrs. Putnam had purchased for their retail department from Mr. Kipling's American publishers a small supply of the authorised editions of his books. It did not occur to them that in binding these books for sale, exclusively for their retail customers, and with the title-pages of the original publishers, they were doing anything that would be likely to cause annoyance to the distinguished author. As soon as they learned of this annoyance they promptly offered to do anything to meet the wishes of Mr. Kipling short of a sacrifice of the property which they had bought from his authorised agents. His counsel was, however, permitted to take the position that no satisfaction would be considered short of a 'substantial payment for damages.' In the confidence that there was on their part no infringement of law, and in the further certainty that they were free from any intention of causing annoyance to the author, and were ready to do all that might be practicable to meet the author's wishes, it was, of course, impossible for Messrs. Putnam to agree to an adjustment in the form of a payment of damages, which would have constituted an admission of wrongdoing on their part."

"COPIES of this book have been purchased by the Admiralty for the libraries of the fleet" is the text of a footnote appended to certain books in publishers' catalogues. Among them we notice Mr. Arthur H. Norway's *Parson Peter*. It would be interesting to know how, when, and by whom the selection is made.

THE bibliography of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* grows. This week we have received two more volumes.

One is a parchment-covered book, tied with pale blue ribbons, and called *The Lover's Replies to an Englishwoman's Love-Letters*. It consists of answers to various letters in the original volume, to letters and notes never published, an epilogue, and an "explanation," which we have not been able to master. The other volume is called *The Missing Answers*. It comes from New York, and the preface is signed "Annette Matthews," who says: "Just before my darling died she gave me a bundle of letters to be put in the coffin near her heart. I promised to do it, and did; but after the burial I found them on a table where they had been placed and forgotten while arranging the flowers." How simple! And the next step was also simple—to transport them across the Atlantic to Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Limited, who send them to us with their compliments.

MR. FRANK HOLLINGS, of 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn, will shortly issue, in a limited edition, an enlarged reprint of the *Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald*, by Colonel W. F. Prideaux, of which a few copies were printed for private circulation last year. In addition to a bibliographical list of all the works which were published or privately printed during the lifetime of FitzGerald, this edition will contain some notes on Crabbe, which have never been previously reprinted in England, and a characteristic back view of FitzGerald seated at his harmonium, from a sketch by the late Charles Keene, in the possession of Mr. Bain, of the Haymarket, who has kindly undertaken its reproduction. A few copies will be struck off on large paper, with the frontispiece on Japanese vellum.

WE regret to record the death, on the 19th inst., of Mr. Ebenezer Ward, late of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., of which firm he was one of the founders. Mr. Ward, who was born eighty-three years ago, was educated at Christ's Hospital, and obtained his initiation into the publishing business in the house of Mr. Henry G. Bohn. He was connected with Mr. Bohn for about ten years, and subsequently took the management of the book department of Messrs. Ingram, Cook & Co. In 1854, however, he decided to start in business for himself, and through Mr. T. D. Galpin (who with Mr. George Petter had established the firm of Petter & Galpin—now Cassell's) he was introduced to Mr. George Lock, with whom he entered into partnership, and commenced operations as Ward & Lock at 158, Fleet-street. Mr. Ward attended to the financial department of the house for more than twenty-six years, and owing to ill-health he retired from active business about twenty years ago. For the benefit of his health Mr. Ward had for many years past spent most of his time abroad, and consequently had lost touch with many of his old friends and associates. He leaves a widow and three daughters.

THE *Life of R. L. Stevenson*, which Mr. Sidney Colvin, owing to the pressure of work, was unable to undertake, will be published in the autumn. It is by Mr. Graham Balfour.

THE announcement of a new annotated edition of the complete works of Hazlitt has rightly attracted considerable attention. Hazlitt needs that new edition, and we have no doubt that it will prosper in the hands of Mr. Arnold Glover and Mr. A. R. Waller. Mr. Waller is known for his admirable notes and glossary to the "Temple Classics" edition of Montaigne's Essays. By the way, why does not Mr. Dent give us a library edition of Mr. Waller's work? It would be very acceptable. The Hazlitt volumes will be twelve in number, and Constable will print them in big type. There will be portraits of Hazlitt, his friends, and doubtless of those whom he imagined to be his foes. A feature of the edition will be the inclusion of much matter ranked as "fugitive," and much that has not yet been ascribed to Hazlitt at all.

MR. ARCHER's real conversation this month, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, is with Mr. Stephen Phillips, and it is full of matter about the relationship of criticism to the drama, and about Mr. Phillips's experiences and hopes of the future. Mr. Phillips is righteously sore about the way in which critics who are capable only of writing readable chatter about farces like "In the Soup," and musical comedies like "San Toy," are sent, in the mere routine of their calling, to write about the five or six plays of a season "which can only be maltreated if not treated as literature." Speaking of the treatment accorded to "Herod," Mr. Phillips mentioned the illiterate remarks of one paper which did his play temporary harm. From later passages in this most interesting conversation we select a few plums, tearing them ruthlessly from their sockets in the pastry:

You know, of course, the paper I mean—

W. A.: When hostility to the higher drama is in question there can be no doubt what paper you have in mind. I hope it accorded you the honour of its contumely.

MR. PHILLIPS: It is all very well to treat the thing lightly, but it is a serious matter for the future of the drama. You may judge what was said of "Herod" from one little incident. On the morning after the production, before I had read the papers, I noticed a visible embarrassment in the demeanour of the stationmaster and porters (very good friends of mine), at the roadside station where I take the train for town. At last the stationmaster came up to me, very much as you might to the chief-mourner at a funeral, and said: "Well, well, sir, we mustn't take these things too much to heart." "What do you mean?" I asked. "I saw all about it in The Paper," he said—as if there were only one in all England. He had received the impression that the play was a dead failure, and you know whether that impression was a just one, either as regards its first-night reception, or its chances of popularity.

MR. PHILLIPS declared his conviction that the Elizabethan tradition depresses the drama, and the conversation proceeded:

MR. PHILLIPS: Well, then, we come back to our point of agreement, which is, that a deliberate rebellion against the Elizabethan tradition is the best hope for English poetic drama. That, at any rate, has always been my view; and I have tried to act up to it and enfranchise myself from the Shakespearean ideal. But people can't, or won't, see that. . . .

W. A.: But have I not seen it stated that in "Ulysses" you are departing from these principles, and trying to produce something in the nature of an Elizabethan masque, rather than a condensed, organic drama?

MR. PHILLIPS: No, no; the opposite is the fact. The whole task before me is to make out of a series of disconnected episodes a well-knit drama, with "a beginning, a middle, and an end." My whole case, as against the Elizabethan drama, is that I claim to be judged rather by the cumulative effect of a whole work than by isolated, and even irrelevant, patches of splendour.

Talking of his future, Mr. Phillips confessed to being attracted by the story of David, Uriah, and Bathsheba,

a project which Mr. Archer warned him would probably never pass the censor:

In godless and tyrant-ridden countries like France, Italy and Germany, Racine could write "Esther" and "Athalie," Alfieri, "Saul," Sudermann "Johannes." But in free, enlightened and virtuous England, such enormities are not to be thought of. You may travesty and degrade religion in "The Sign of the Cross," but you must not lay unhallowed hands on an episode in Old Testament history.

MR. PHILLIPS: I suppose I should have to do as Massinger did with the story of Herod—make the characters mediæval Italians, or something of that sort, and so lose all the colour and character of the theme. No, I shall not do that; but I have another theme in my head. What do you say to the Tragedy of Wealth?—the idea of a man who inherits millions, and gradually realises how the millions have been built up through injustice, oppression, cruelty, until they become accursed in his eyes, and he can neither use them nor shake himself free of them? I think there is a tragedy in that—don't you?

W. A.: Certainly—a fine one. Bernard Shaw has approached the idea of the analysis of wealth from the satiric, the farcical, side; but you will have the tragic aspect of the theme all to yourself. What about form, though? If you don't treat wealth under modern conditions, the fable will lose half its force; and, on the other hand, do you think blank verse is compatible with modern costume?

MR. PHILLIPS: I don't see why it shouldn't be. But I might write the play in prose.

W. A.: Westland Marston tried the experiment of modern drama in blank verse, without any very decisive result, one way or another. But Westland Marston was only a somewhat subdued Sheridan Knowles.

MR. PHILLIPS: True, oddly enough, encourages me to try it in blank verse. He sees no difficulty in the matter. And now, good night. I have just time to catch my train.

W. A.: One word more: when are we to see "Paolo and Francesca"?

MR. PHILLIPS: As soon as Alexander can get it cast.

MEANWHILE Mr. W. D. Howells is great on "The New Poetic Drama," in the *North American Review*. His remarks are many points of the compass away from those of Mr. Archer and Mr. Phillips. His opinion of "Cyrano de Bergerac" is that it is tinsel, written for the theatre, "that arch-enemy of the drama." From this paradoxical interjection, Mr. Howells proceeds in this surprising strain:

I have to confess a like painful misgiving as to Mr. Stephen Phillips. I may be quite wrong, but, in reading this poet's tragedy of "Herod," I had an uncomfortable sense as of the presence of a third party, which, upon closer examination of my consciousness, appeared to be an actor. It was as if the poet had taken instruction of the player, whose business it is most strictly and obediently to take instructions of the poet, if their common art is to prosper in forms of permanent beauty. The poet, to this end, may indeed humbly and carefully study the stage, but mainly to save himself from its falsity, and learn how to bend its traditions to his own veracity. He cannot know it too well, in order to make himself its master; but he had better not learn it at all, if he intends to make it his master. His affair is supremely with the literary side of the drama. It is the subordinate affair of the actor to adapt himself to the poet's conception, and find it theatricable.

FINALLY, Mr. Howells places M. Rostand and Mr. Phillips together, and delivers a judgment which has at least the merit of being forcible and interesting. We have no doubt, also, that it can be endorsed as a statement, though the theories on which it rests are open to much discussion:

So far as M. Rostand and Mr. Phillips have possessed themselves of the theatre, they have taken it back to the time when it was still believed that the theatre must be

literary. But it must not be supposed that they are reforming the stage. The stage was already reformed. As poetry, Mr. Pinero's "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" is greater than Mr. Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," and a more heart-breaking tragedy than his "Herod" is the "Hännle" of Herr Hauptmann. "Un Drama Nuevo" of the Spanish dramatist, Estebanez, is a nobler melodrama on the romantic lines than "Cyrano de Bergerac"; and one hour of Ibsen in "Ghosts" or the "Wild Duck" or "Little Eyolf," or "Hedda Gabler," is full of more ennobling terror, more regenerative pathos, than all that both these poets have done.

In this same magazine Mr. Harold Begbie continues his series of characterisations in verse, called "Common Heroes." This month it is The Journalist. Mr. Raven Hill supplies a very good drawing of the Journalist in his littered den in the newspaper office, writing and thinking for dear life under the electric light, one hand holding the pen, the other groping for a galley-proof which he is conscious is being handed to him by a "devil." The strenuous yet mechanical glare in the Journalist's eye is very true to life. Mr. Begbie:

When you're wrapt in easy slumber in your comfortable crib,

He is scratching, scratching, scratching with a furious-driven nib,

He is listening, he is listening with a hot and aching head,
To the clicking of the cables from the ocean's quiet bed;

Hark! the mighty press is stirring, hear its flyers flap and bang

Just a Bimetallic column, just a par. on Li Hung Chang,
Hurl the Muscovite a warning, set these blessed Generals right,

Give the Belleville Boiler toko, tell Lord Rosebery he must fight!

And if cables fail to chatter, if the world is calm and still,
Roars the linotype for copy—O the columns he must fill!
O the eggless incubation! O the rumour! O the myth!—
For the fool who flings his penny on the stall of Mr. Smith!

Is not the publisher (asks the *Daily Chronicle*) becoming a little vulgar in his methods? The sandwich-man was bad enough. But now this sort of thing is thrust into one's letter-box: "Private. A personal friend recommends to your notice a new book entitled —. It is written by a Mr. —, and published by —." This communication bears neither name nor address, except those of the publisher. Personal friends who meet one with handbills in the Strand suggest unthought-of extensions of Miss Harraden's *Ships that Pass in the Night*.

FROM the Pear-Tree Press, White Cottage, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent—delectable address—comes once more the voice of culture crying delicate wares in the lanes of London. *Some Poems of Edgar Allen Poe*—only some, mark you!—and these "limited to 100 copies for sale in England and fifty in America," in six quarterly parts, price 5s. each; "the letterpress will be in the style of the best work of the eighteenth century, and will be set up and printed by the artist." Also, you may buy—at the Pear-Tree Press, White Cottage, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent—*An Album of Drawings*, containing "twenty-six pictures, including 'The Seasons,' 'The Watcher,' 'Castle Wonderful,' 'Rye,' 'The Wood,' 'Elf,' 'When the Moon was Young,' 'The Avenue,' 'Moonlight after Rain,' 'Morning Star,' 'Will-o'-the-Wisp,' two book-plates, title-page, and cover designs. Price 3s. 6d." Also, in the "Brownie" series: "No. 2. 'Snaw-fleck; or, the Little White Veil: a Story for the Boys.' By Dolly Pentreath. Price 2s. (*Ready shortly.*)" How pleasant it must be to make these books at the Pear-Tree Press, White Cottage, Shorne, near Gravesend, Kent. The maker is Mr. James Guthrie.

THE authors' profits on some novels which have sold largely in America in the past year are given as \$75,000, \$45,000, \$39,000, and \$30,000, and like sums. On this a writer in the *New York Evening Post* remarks:

Four of these novels have been dramatised, and are now presented on the stage. With one exception, the publishers are not in a position to state definitely what additional royalty the authors receive for the right of dramatisation. It is said that two authors sold the right for a stipulated amount. The lowest royalty considered for a success is usually five per cent. of the gross receipts of every performance. Those, therefore, whose good fortune has been associated with the three plays which have enjoyed continuous success since the early autumn, and often drawn audiences paying eight and nine thousand dollars a week, will have received between four and five hundred dollars every seven days from the theatrical manager. Old Dr. Johnson's notion that Thrane's brewery afforded "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dream of avarice" may be suggested in comparison with the idea of wealth aroused by the contemplation of the new novelist's revenues. And it should be added that two of these novels were published serially, for which separate payment was received before they were brought out in book form.

THESE chances of wealth must powerfully affect the book-market. But we take with a sufficient pinch of salt the following vaticinations in the *Literary Era*:

It is reported from London that many English publishers who have hitherto established no branch houses in America will speedily open them. It is even intimated that some of the greater houses, long represented here by branches, will transfer their headquarters to the country which has begun to be the depot of their largest sales. They will retain their London offices merely as branches.

For during the past twelvemonth English books published in London have often found their most remunerative market here and not in England. If such be the record for a year, what may we expect from the next decade?

This portent is big with promise for the future. . . . It is not impossible that within the lives of men now living the United States may become the centre of distribution for the literature of the world!

Not only English authors, but German, French, Russian, Italian, and other authors will have to send their MSS. for approval and acceptance, not to the great cities of their own land, but to Philadelphia, to Boston, to New York, mayhap to Chicago and San Francisco.

THE discussion on the subject of "Vastness and Isolation" in the *Spectator* has been quite a big thing. The mood the contributors refer to is one well-known to essentially "introspective" writers, who, for some reason, have not been quoted at all. Thus, in Amiel's *Journal Intime*, to which we made reference last week elsewhere, we light on the following passage, a favourite of M. Paul Bourget, by the way:

Shall I ever enjoy again those marvellous reveries of past days—as, for instance, once, when I was still quite a youth, in the early dawn, sitting among the ruins of the castle of Fancigny; another time, in the mountains above Lency, under the mid-day sun, lying under a tree and visited by three butterflies; and, again, another night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way? Will they ever return to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the infinite? Divine moment, hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration longer, tranquil, and profound like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven! Visits from the Muse Urania, who traces round the foreheads of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the authority, of genius—moments of irresistible intuition in which a man feels himself great as the universe and calm like God! . . . What hours, what memories!

In a similar spirit we have Obermann (Sénancour) by the Lake of Bienné.

My path lay beside the green waters of the Thiele. Feeling inclined to muse, and finding the night so warm that there was no hardship in being all night out of doors, I took the road to St. Blise. I descended a steep bank, and got upon the shore of the lake where its ripple came up and expired. The air was calm; everyone was at rest; I remained there for hours. Towards morning, the moon shed over the earth and waters the ineffable melancholy of her last gleams. Nature seems unspeakably grand, when, plunged in a long reverie, one hears the rippling of the waters upon a solitary strand in the calm of a night still enkindled and luminous with the setting moon.

Sensibility beyond utterance, charm and torment of our vain years; vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable; all-embracing passion, ripened wisdom, delicious self-abandonment—everything that a mortal heart can contain of life-weariness and yearning, I felt it all, I experienced it all, in this memorable night. I have made a grave step towards the age of decline, I have swallowed up ten years of life at once. Happy the simple, whose heart is always young.

MISS CROTTIE, two of whose books we have reviewed, has a tale of tribulation to tell concerning her book *The Lost Land*. This book, we learn, was shown to a friend of Miss Crottie, who took it away with her to read, and without the consent of the authoress sent it for inspection to a London publisher. The publisher lost the manuscript, and no trace of it could be discovered, so Miss Crottie rewrote the whole book. The new manuscript was then sent to the editor of a London magazine, and the second manuscript was also lost, and has never been recovered. Miss Crottie bore up, however, went to work again, and wrote out her book for the third time.

LONDON AND ART.

ACCORDING to the poet Yeats,
Who loves the Arts our London hates.
Lovers of London, yet take heart!
Life is a better thing than Art.
London shall claim her champions, sure,
Though Yeats be championed by George Moore.

Bibliographical.

VERY many, I feel sure, will be glad to know that we are to have, at last, a complete edition of the works of Hazlitt. Such an edition—or an edition described as complete—is on record as published in 1890 by Messrs. Gibbings. I never saw it, however, and I am told that it was merely a reprint from existing plates. Nor can I discover how far it was “complete” or not. Perhaps some Hazlitt collector will enlighten us on the point. Even as it is, we can obtain, in Bohn’s “Cheap Series,” the *Table Talk*, the *Plain Speaker*, the *English Poets*, the *English Comic Writers*, the *Characters of Shakespeare’s Plays*, and the *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. Moreover, the *Liber Amoris* was re-issued in 1893, under the editorship of Mr. Le Gallienne, and the *Conversations with Northcote*, in 1894, under the editorship of Mr. Gosse. Certain of Hazlitt’s theatrical criticisms have also been reproduced, under the title of *Dramatic Essays* (1894), and under the editorship of Mr. Archer and Mr. Lowe.

Towards the mere “popularisation” of Hazlitt a good deal has been done of late years. It was in 1889, I think, that the late Alexander Ireland brought out his book called *William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic*, consisting of selections from the works and a sympathetic and appreciative memoir. In the same year came from Messrs. Walter Scott a little volume of selected essays. This,

again, was followed in 1894 by a gathering of selected essays for which Mr. Brimley Johnson was responsible, Messrs. Putnams being the publishers. This is all very well, but a complete edition of Hazlitt’s writings remains a desideratum, and it is pleasant to think that it is to be so soon within our reach. If the *Liber Amoris* were to be deliberately excluded from it, I for one should not complain; and probably many would be pleased to hear that Messrs. Dent had determined to exclude it. It is obtainable by those who desire to obtain it, but it has nothing whatever to do with William Hazlitt the man of letters, and must always remain to his discredit. Let it be omitted from the “Works.”

In a “note” printed in his new book, *Anni Fugaces*, Mr. R. C. Lehmann remarks that “a few of the pieces included in this volume have already appeared in book form.” The pieces are ten in number, and, while five of them were included in the author’s *In Cambridge Courts* (1891), the other five figured in his *Billsbury Election* (1892). All ten first appeared in print in the *Granta* from which *In Cambridge Courts* was almost wholly taken. The *Billsbury Election* volume was made up of contributions to *Punch*, which also form the bulk of *Anni Fugaces*. I am sorry to see Mr. Lehmann reproducing for the second time his lines concerning Mr. Swinburne. One may wholly disagree with Mr. Swinburne’s depreciation of C. S. Calverley (as one regrets his sneers at A. H. Clough); but a difference in critical opinion is no excuse for the expressions which Mr. Lehmann permits himself to use in the stanzas headed “A. C. S. v. C. S. C.”

An edition *de luxe* of the “Mermaid” series of English dramatists will no doubt appeal powerfully to many; but still more satisfactory, perhaps, to the general public would have been an extension of the series. At present the dramatists represented are: Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ford, Chapman, Massinger, Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, Webster, Tourneur, Shirley, Otway, Wycherley, Congreve, Steele, and Vanbrugh. Webster and Tourneur figure together; the others have a volume, two volumes, or three volumes to themselves, as the case may be. It would be easy to suggest additions. One misses Farquhar, for example, though, of course, we have him in the two-volume form edited by Mr. Ewald. The series, it will be remembered, was started by Messrs. Vizetelly, and afterwards taken over by Mr. Unwin.

A correspondent writes from Liverpool to remind me that in my note on the English biographies of Savonarola I omitted to mention that which was written by Father Lucas and published in 1899. I am obliged to him for the reminder, and may add that I also forgot to refer to the *Life* by J. L. O’Neil, published in 1898. I still think there is room for Mr. Horsburgh’s neat and useful monograph. Savonarola, by the way, was the central figure of a drama by Mr. W. J. Dawson which came out last year, and which I feel I ought to have read. But, if I remember rightly, it is in verse, and the perusal of “poetical” plays is, perhaps, one of those duties which one may always be forgiven for postponing. Besides, I remember very well the *Savonarola* of the Poet Laureate; and, really, one has “not now that strength which in old days”—and so forth, and so forth.

“Laboremus,” I take it, is the fourth play by Bjornson to see the light in English. I mentioned two—“A Gauntlet” and “Pastor Sang”—the other day. A translation of his “Sigurd Slembe,” published at Boston, U.S.A., was circulated in this country so far back as 1888. It had already been introduced to the English reader by Mr. Robert Buchanan, in his volume of prose essays, entitled *Master-Spirits* (1873). Mr. Buchanan then thought “Sigurd Slembe” “the masterpiece” of its author—“a drama of which any living European author might be proud.”

Reviews.

A Bellona of Letters.

Mrs. Lynn Linton: her Life, Letters, and Opinions. By George Somes Layard. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

MR. SOMES LAYARD has produced a good-average biography. He has discretion and judgment; he does not ignore or explain away his subject's shortcomings; his selection of letters is, on the whole, well-proportioned, if he has not entirely avoided the usual fault of giving trivial scraps of notes which neither illustrate character nor have intrinsic interest. Yet, though candid, his attitude towards his subject is that of personal admiration, as it should be. Sympathy and personal knowledge are a main ingredient in this form of literature: most of the great biographies have been written by admiring friends, from the *Agricola* of Tacitus to Lockhart's *Scott*. Perhaps Walton's *Donne* and the bulk of Johnson's *Lives* are the chief examples of successful biography without personal knowledge.

For all its friendly sympathy, nevertheless, this *Life* hardly develops a sympathetic personality. Mrs. Linton's chief triumphs belonged to the 'sixties and 'seventies; and they scarce seem formed for perpetuity. With many executive qualities beyond the average, she lacked the novelist's central gift—the power of breathing into her characters the breath of life. At least two of her novels, by her biographer's confession, commit the error of making the hero what Mr. Henley would call “a female in breeches”—a male materialisation of Mrs. Linton herself. Her essays, and often her novels, are apt to be spoiled by excessive *parti pris*. Excess, indeed, was her literary bane, as she herself knew. In a letter to Mr. Herbert Spencer she says:

Try as I may, I cannot get to that most valuable of all literary qualities—reserve—the quality which no writer possessed to more perfection than my dear old “father” Landor. He used to say that he always left a subject before he had sated his reader, and always left it suggested rather than explained . . . but I have the tendency to “pour out” and “slop over.”

Whether this be in all respects true of Landor (it certainly is in some) may be questioned. But it is no marvel Mrs. Linton could not attain in letters what she had not in her nature. The novel which remains the pivot of her reputation, *Joshua Davidson*, is acknowledged by Mr. Layard to be a brilliant pamphlet in the form of a novel; and the description might be extended to others besides *Joshua Davidson*. Reserve was not in her, but the lust of combat was. She has admitted that she was an angry and rebellious girl, and to the last she remained an angry and rebellious woman. Neither age nor experience could allay that *maelstrom* in petticoats. She displays throughout the volume a self-centred egoism, a self-righteousness of judgment and conduct, which, allied to the wrathful energy with which she backed her own convictions in life and literature, could hardly fail to make for unhappiness. As a child in her father's rough Cumberland parish she felt herself misunderstood and misused by her large circle of brothers and sisters, and the dissatisfaction companioned her through life. She was a female Ishmael among her family; to the kindly gardener “t' plague o' t' 'varsal woorld”: she gained by revolt permission to try her literary fortune in London; she revolted against Christianity, revolted against the disabilities of women, and revolted against female revolt, when revolt became a female fashion. She had a lust for minorities and desperate causes. She married a social revolutionary, whom she did not love, because he himself (in domestic matters) needed to be revolutionised; and revolted from him when the reformer refused to be reformed. Against herself alone she neither revolted nor

saw the call for revolt. She spent the latter years of her life in a war where quarter was neither given nor taken against the “advanced” feminine movement which she had lent hand and knee to set a-rolling. She had personal quarrels, as might be expected from a woman so angry and impatient; yet fewer than might have been anticipated. For with all the relentless extremes of her character in regard to ideas, she was not without toleration for persons opposed to her, and her heart was as hot as her head. She passionately worshipped her elder brother Arthur, and her slightly elder sister Lucy; she adored a lady who captured her girlish imagination; and these things in her immature days. In after life she had ardent friendships, and was beloved by many. Nor were her polemics without reason, if violent; nor her changes without foundation, if sudden. She turned against the woman's movement, because it outwent just limits, to seek what was impossible were it not mischievous, and mischievous were it not impossible. But being what she was, she fought immoderately for moderation, and opposed excess excessively.

Yet with all her prickliness she was not a bitter woman, though she kept the heathen rule of holding fast both services and injuries; nor with all her dissatisfactions was she a soured woman. “I never lose heart,” she wrote to Mrs. Layard. “Life is to me so dear, so precious, so lovely! I want to live and work and love and admire, and see sunsets and flowers, and kiss sweet faces of dear friends, and watch the progress of events.” That last touch is Kiplingesque, and naturally she admired Kipling. Half masculine, though not mannish, her tastes in literature or life were for strong things and noble: she had an instinctive distaste for the petty illogicalities and weaknesses of the average woman, though not intolerant towards them. Curiously, but not surprisingly, this headstrong, iracund Ishmaelish woman found her mate in that headstrong, iracund Ishmael of a man—Landor. To the day of Landor's death they were “father” and “daughter” to each other, and she tended him like a daughter during her visits. For the time she was with him she bowed her belligerent nature to acquiesce and the silent avoidance of contradiction. Bellona tending the stormy old Mars—it is a pretty picture. Very characteristic are her pictures of him. Here is her first encounter with him in “Mr. Empson's old curiosity shop” at Bath, whither she was taken by Dr. Brabant (whom she alleged to have been the original of George Eliot's Casaubon):

We saw what seemed a noble-looking old man, badly dressed in shabby snuff-coloured clothes, a dirty old blue necktie, unstarched cotton shirt—with a front more like a nightgown than a shirt—and “nubbly” apple-pie boots. But underneath the rusty old hat-brim gleamed a pair of quiet and penetrating grey-blue eyes; the voice was sweet and masterly; the manner that of a man of rare distinction. . . . I remember how the blood came into my face as I dashed up to him with both hands held out, and said, “Mr. Landor? oh! is this Mr. Landor?” as if he had been a god suddenly revealed. And I remember the amused smile with which he held both my hands in his, and said, “And who is this little girl, I wonder?”

No man could well resist that from a girl—certainly not Landor. Soon she was privileged to know Mars in his tantrums.

He was always looking and overlooking, and then the tumult that would arise was something too absurd, considering the occasion. He used to stick a letter into a book; then, when he wanted to answer it, it was gone—and someone had taken it—the only letter he wanted to answer—that he would rather have forfeited a thousand pounds than have lost, and so on. Or he used to push his spectacles up over his forehead, and then declare they were lost, lost for ever. He would ramp and rave about the room at such times as these, upsetting everything that came in his way, declaring that he was the most unfortunate man in the world or the greatest fool or the most

inhumanly persecuted. I would persuade him to sit down and let me look for the lost property, when he would sigh in deep despair, and say there was no use in taking any more trouble about it, it was gone for ever. When I found it, as, of course, I always did, he would say "Thank you" as quietly and naturally as if he had not been raving like a madman half a minute before.

Yet better is the companion picture of how Boythorne—we mean Landor—lost his dog; but it is long. We must quote the admirable account of her first interview with J. D. Cooke of the *Morning Chronicle*, afterwards the famous editor of the *Saturday Review*:

A tall, cleanly shaved, powerfully built man, with a smooth head of scanty red hair; a mobile face instinct with passion; fiery, reddish hazel eyes; a look of supreme command; an air of ever vibrating impatience and irascibility, and an abrupt but not unkindly manner, standing with his back to the fireplace, made half a step forward, and held out his hand to me as I went into the room. "So! you are the little girl who has written that queer book [*Amymone*], and want to be one of the press-gang, are you?" he said, half smiling, and speaking in a jerky and unprepared manner, both singular and reassuring. I took him in his humour and smiled too. "Yes, I am the woman," I said. "Woman you call yourself? I call you a whippersnapper," he answered, always good-humouredly. "But you seem to have something in you. We'll soon find it out if you have. I say, though, youngster, you never wrote all that rubbish yourself! Some of your brothers helped you. You never scratched all those queer classics and mythology into your own numskull without help. At your age it is impossible." [She told him eagerly she did.] On which my new friend . . . startled me as much as if he had fired off a pistol in my ear, first by his laughter and then by the volley of oaths which he rolled out—oaths of the strangest compounds and oddest meanings to be heard anywhere—oaths which he himself made at the moment. . . . But as he laughed while he blasphemed, and called me "good girl" in the midst of his wonderful expletives, he evidently did not mean mischief. . . . After he had exhausted his momentary stock of oaths, he clapped me on the back with the force of a sledgehammer, and said: "You are a nice kind of little girl, and I think you'll do."

One is not surprised to know he ultimately quarrelled with her. But for the many attractive sidelights which the biography casts on eminent men we must leave the reader to the book itself, which has full store of interest. A woman whose work won the praise of Dickens, Landor, Swinburne, and a bead-roll of illustrious men and women, numbers of whom respected herself no less than her books, cannot leave a record otherwise than attractive, whether or not we are able to share their sympathy with her character.

The End of an Age.

Treason and Plot: Struggles for Catholic Supremacy in the Last Years of Queen Elizabeth. By Martin A. S. Hume. (Nisbet. 16s.)

"It is generally supposed," writes Major Hume with reason, "that with the defeat of the Armada the strenuous attempts to bring England again into the circle of the Roman Catholic Church and to a close alliance with Spain came to an end." The continuous efforts, English and foreign, to achieve this end in the last years of Elizabeth are the matter of his book, and for his purpose the Spanish MSS. transcribed by him at Salamanca, with a variety of other little-known documents—Irish, Venetian, English—have been skilfully used. The result is a vivacious narrative, upon the accuracy of which it is possible to rely with reasonable security.

It was a troubled England that awaited the inevitable end of that great reign. Sublime and ridiculous by turns, heroic and pusillanimous, staving off the burden of years

by flaunting the equipage of youth, Elizabeth was the enigmatic point upon which the eyes of Europe speculated. Spain's prestige was not yet folded away; but to those who knew best, the terror of her threatenings was discounted by the knowledge that she was already in full decadence. The nerves of her corporate life converged upon a centre that no longer responded to their message; every vital function depended upon a mind that had grown dull and dilatory—upon a will more than ever absolute but now half palsied. The centralising policy of Philip II. had resulted in an administrative dry-rot.

Where there were soldiers, arms and clothes were lacking; stores rotted in one place whilst troops starved in another; no money could be obtained from Madrid except for wasteful shows and the endowment of monasteries. Plague and famine were devastating the land, and Lisbon itself was a wilderness, for nearly the whole population had died or fled.

The faith of Philip in the cause of which for so many years he had been the champion has won the pity and admiration of so unsympathetic a watcher as Froude; in these pages the King shows no less faithful indeed to the Church, but with a fidelity in which divine and human motives are so blent as to leave the onlooker doubtful after all. The safeguarding—if one should not rather write the restoration—of Spanish dominion, identified with his personal and family aggrandisement, shows itself as no mere accident of his outlook; and that, particularly in his intercourse with the King of Scots. No one played quite so poor a part in what, after all, as we look back on it, is a sorry drama, as this Stuart. In later life James found the Anglican Prelacy greatly to his liking; it suited him very well to unite in his own august person the functions of Pope and Curia. But in these early days, when he was still one of a crowd of possible claimants, he was ready to remember that his mother was a Catholic, and somewhat of a martyr; and his intrigues with Tyrone in Ireland, and the left-handed overtures he made to the King of Spain what time his right hand was inditing conciliatory letters to Elizabeth, are sufficiently contemptible stuff. Not that she was ever deceived by him; and "Look you not," she furiously wrote, "that without large amends I may or will slupper up such indignities." Major Hume points out the irony of the situation. Philip desired, indeed, the restoration of the Catholic religion, but not in the least to put on the throne a nominal convert to the exclusion of his own blood: those two interests were hardly to be distinguished in the mind of the egoist.

One other principal player: his character, his methods, the question how far he identified himself with the remnant of genuine plots which may cautiously be accepted as authentic out of the fantastic confessions of wretches half crazy with fear or torment, are still—and at this moment more particularly—matter of dispute. But Father Parsons played the great game—that is clear. No peddling compromise, no "huddling up," for him or for those under his obedience. Toleration, the heart's desire of the scattered missionaries of the secular clergy, was the last thing he sought. That the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Vicar—with a whole soul he sought that. With a clear-cut purpose he set a mind which Major Hume ranks with Burghley's own to use as best he might the ill-tempered instruments he found to his hand. Within the limitations of the divine law they should serve him to the uttermost—if not, as many think, beyond. The ideal upon which he fixed his gaze was outworn; his success would have spelt disaster for the nation, and have turned back indefinitely the flowing tide of her imperial development. Yet to the modern man his is the most interesting of the strenuous figures upon that stage. In some sort the principle of religious liberty owes a measure of its security to the frustrate enterprise of the great English Jesuit.

The Yellow Peril.

A Year in China. By Clive Bigham. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

The Siege of the Peking Legations. By the Rev. Roland Allen. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

THE drama in China, the last act of which is, we hope, being played out now, has brought forth a plentiful crop of books historical and actual. The two volumes before us deal with the stirring events of the past year in the Far East. Mr. Clive Bigham is already known for some other books of travel. His present work is a record of nearly eighteen months' travel in the Far East, twelve of which were spent in China. Mr. Bigham just missed being shut up in the Legation when the Europeans in Peking were besieged, and thus obtained the experience of going out with Admiral Seymour's abortive expedition to the relief of Sir Claude Macdonald and his companions. This expedition, although it came to nothing, served to show what was the real attitude of the Chinese authorities to all foreigners in the Empire, and well deserves its chronicler, for some hours of glorious life were crowded into the short time it was away from Tientsin. On its return, the last hope of the expedition seemed to be to take the Chinese arsenal near Tientsin. It did so with a dash which, considering how exhausted the men were, must be considered a very brilliant feat of arms. But the worst was by no means over. This is the state of things Mr. Bigham describes just before the arrival of the relief forces:

At the Arsenal a dust-storm raged all day long, and during it we enjoyed a short respite from attack. But our spirits were not very high. Every evening hurried burials, with bullets flying over the common grave; every day renewed fears for our friends in Peking and Tientsin; every night the same forlorn expectation of a returning messenger who never came. We had long ago run out of rum, and had finished most of the ration beef and biscuit; but having, luckily, found several tons of rice in the Chinese barracks, and occasionally picking up a troop horse of the Imperial cavalry that we had shot, we contrived to exist. The wounded now numbered two hundred and thirty, and we had besides sixty-four dead. These losses, with the necessary reductions for defence, reduced our effective attacking strength so much that any sortie, except for foraging purposes, was quite precluded.

Turning to the comedy side of the question, Mr. Bigham has some very amusing remarks on the discussions which take place at the Tsungli-Yamen between the ambassadors and the ministers:

Suppose, for instance, the proposal of a British company to build a railway from Peking to the North Pole is under consideration, the Chinese objections (for there always are objections) are somewhat as follows: (1) The south aspect of the Confucian Gate at Kalfan would be subjected to a hot, unbeneficial, not to say blighting influence by the engines passing near it. (2) The Patagonian envoy would be angry. (3) The honourable inns at Peking would be so crowded by poor ignorant people coming in to see the new magnificent railway that there might be a devastating famine. (4) It would be necessary to obtain the consent of all the Mongol princes along the route selected. This would take time and cost money. Who would pay for it? (5) The feelings of many other people (not stated who) would certainly be hurt if they were not asked to take a share in the construction (and the profits). And so on. This is the usual class of opposition one has to deal with; and as fast as one argument is met another equally futile is advanced.

Mr. Bigham writes in an easy, flowing, but occasionally slipshod style. He splits his infinitives, and gets "under" his circumstances; but, putting these weaknesses aside, he is an amusing guide to the countries and events with which he has had to do.

The other book on China is the diary of the Rev. Roland Allen, M.A., called *The Siege of the Peking Legations*,

Mr. Allen was the Acting Chaplain to H.B.M.'s Legation in Peking, and was all through the siege. But he does not profess to write a history of that time; he only gives as true and as clear an account as he can of the general course of events, and of the effect which they produced on the besieged community. The main narrative extends from May 29 to August 27, 1900, and tells what happened in a simple and straightforward way that bears the stamp of actuality upon it. Mr. Allen had a good deal to do with the hospital, and his testimony to the pluck and gratitude of the Japanese wounded is very touching. The want of artillery was much felt; and the first exploits of the gun which was known as "Betsy," or the "International," are thus recounted:

Some Chinese brought in an old iron cannon which they had found in one of the shops in the Legation street, and it was determined to use that. At first it was argued that it was of British make, and had been left behind in 1860, and later it was reported that the date 1860 was actually on the gun. So stories grow! The gun was, in fact, one of the common Chinese iron cannon such as were to be seen in abundance in the City or on the Tartar wall, but it was good enough to serve our turn. The first thing was to clear the bore, then to remove a large part of the charge from the Russian shell, then to mount the gun on a carriage, finally to find a man brave enough to fire it off. Happily there were plenty such, but the honour was given to Mitchell as the inventor. The gun was mounted on 'ricksha wheels, and was fired with care. The result was magnificent; there was a deafening din, the gun turned head over heels, the 'ricksha wheels went to pieces, and the whole was mixed up in glorious confusion; but it had not burst, and henceforth it was a piece of value, and was mounted on a spare carriage belonging to the Italian one-pounder.

The arrival of the relief force in the Legation is thus described:

All the morning the conversation ran on the attempt to guess the hour at which the Allies would get in. Some thought before noon; others said it would take twenty-four hours to capture the gates. The morning was fairly quiet, and one had leisure to talk and to listen to the sounds of battle waged outside. Some went up to the wall of the city to watch the shelling of the gates. . . . I was busy all the morning till nearly two o'clock, and then I had just gone to lie down for a short rest after the somewhat scanty sleep of the last night, when suddenly I heard cheering in the compound, and, rushing out, I saw Sikhs coming on to the lawn. Everybody was there, cheering, clapping, waving handkerchiefs, shaking hands. Then came General Gaselee and his staff, and then more Sikhs, and more, until the lawn was fairly covered with them. We were all dancing for joy, and some could scarcely restrain their tears. One or two of the ladies could not appear in public. Men realised that one hour's joy can efface and outbalance years of trouble and pain.

This extract gives an idea of Mr. Allen's style. His book is valuable because it does not wander off into disquisitions on diplomacy or military tactics, but describes merely what he saw from the point of view of a besieged non-combatant.

Chatter about Wedlock.

Her Royal Highness, Woman. By Max O'Rell. (Chatto. 6s.)

Books about love and marriage do not become classics; stories of lovers and wives do. This is a book about love and marriage, and it testifies in every page to the incoherateness of a subject which touches men too singly and personally to integrate itself. There is all the artificiality of chapter headings which betrays the elusiveness of that art which it is assumed exists. But marriage is not an art; it is mainly the field in which the natural man and the natural woman have the widest play, whether for good

or evil; and the precepts which make for happy marriages ought all to have been instilled and adopted long before the marriageable age is reached. Johnson knew this when he said that the man who is fit for marriage is pat for anything; and Stevenson knew it when he said that, once married, a man is bound to be good at whatever cost.

All of which would rule books of this kind out of court, and is mere tiresome profundity to those who, being about to marry, or see their friends marry, want literature pat for the occasion. Such literature is never long in coming, and it is well that it should be as superficially wise and witty as we find it in Max O'Rell's book. It is not well that it should be hung about with such tiresome vulgarities as this:

Never go down on your knees to declare your love: you will spoil your trousers and feel very uncomfortable. Rather give the lady an opportunity of denying that you were on your knees before her, for the simple reason that she was sitting on them.

However, Max O'Rell is not often on this level. He is usually talking very pleasantly, scattering seeds of wisdom in the sun. He would have a woman marry young so that her husband may see her beauty ripen from eighteen to forty. He believes in forty. At eighteen a woman is a Watteau, but at forty she is a Rubens. She then has knowledge, self-possession, and the joy of happiness that has been and will be. A man's rule should be to marry a woman whose years are half his own, plus seven; and he should not marry before thirty: sound advice, as advice goes. "Never marry a woman richer than you, or one taller than you, or one older than you. Be always gently superior to your wife in fortune, in size, and in age." Begin slowly: "in matrimony it is not 'All is well that ends well'; it is All is well that begins well, and not too well." "Quarrel with your wife, but never bore her." "If your wife loses her temper, keep cool as a cucumber and enjoy the scene. The effect will be marvellous and instantaneous." "If the day after you are married you discover that your wife is perfect, run away for your life." And so on. Here is a point more definitely interesting:

I have always pitied the English-speaking people for using the second person singular only when addressing the Almighty. . . . Where is the Frenchwoman who does not remember with a thrill of pleasure the never-to-be-forgotten moment when her lover, after many times saying to her "Je vous aime," got emboldened enough, by her return of his deep affection, to change "Je vous aime" into "Je t'aime"?

On the whole Max O'Rell is against marriage for the literary man and the artist:

I have come across hundreds of cases where artistic and literary efforts have been checked, and sometimes killed outright, by the petty cares and worries of domestic life. The brain-worker is easily irked and tormented by the most trivial things. He is irritable and most sensitive. I have known literary men put right off their work for days simply because devoted woman came into their studies, and, after giving them an encouraging kiss, carried off their pens to make out their washing list.

"Hundreds of cases," Dear, dear. True, some wives borrow the pen in order to write books themselves. But Max O'Rell does not favour the literary woman. Consistently he leans toward the "little goose."

More Love-Letters.

Rosa Amorosa. By George Egerton. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

In this volume of fictitious love-letters are disclosed the thoughts and feelings of a certain individual, or, more correctly, the ideal held by the authoress, as to a

captivating woman's thoughts and feelings upon the great emotional crisis of existence.

In these fictitious self-revelations there are of course no relentless exposures, but in their place charming Ideals of conduct, pretty phrasing, artistic scenes and pictures, brief, selected stories of the rarer ways of love-making, and some admirably written, if not too original, criticisms upon various subjects—feminism, love, conventions, rousing more and more in the reader a regretful impression of futility, sentimentality, and undesirable insistence upon personal rarity and fascination. This is how the lady writes to her lover:

Heart of my heart, tenderly cherished half of me . . . I had learned no better way till you taught me, served no light apprenticeship, never cheapened myself with playful bartering. Had listened long years to the love-bird calling in the Holy of Holies of my heart. . . . Sometimes I stole in there alone, into the inner sanctuary of myself, and lit the lamp, a crystal lamp, untrammelled by any hands but my own.

And no man has ever entered into the outer court; I have sat alone in there with my dreams. But now the door is always ajar, and you come and go there at will, and the echo of your footsteps is pleasant to hear, and your tones penetrate to the inner court.

This is the writing of fictitious love-letters. That of the genuine ones is for the most part not of a similar nature. Two of the greatest poets of the last century, for instance, wrote sufficient love-letters to fill two volumes, and the public, having read them, was literally aghast. Little trivial circumstances, little simple details of ordinary life, little well-worn unelaborated endearments, formed the substance of them. These love-letters, for all their sincerity and grace, had nothing, or next to nothing, for the general reader. As a matter of fact, it would have been a depressing fact if they had. Fewer things are more comforting—since it has become permissible to publish the love-letters of great people—than the flatness of their reception, and the extreme thinness of the material they afford, for the sentimentality now agog.

Pretty writing *Rosa Amorosa* contains in abundance, as: "The milky way is marvellous, exquisite, a lace-work of glittering spangles on the blue-grey drapery of night"; and "It was warmer last night than I have ever known it in England, silken warm, so that one thought of lagoons with flesh-warm water washes and tropical whisperings, and pearls and coral spikes and gleaming fishes." Now and again, moreover, in *Rosa Amorosa*, comes a cry that rings true from within; also, its feminism does not suffer the quaint lapses of the Englishwoman volume. The reader is not staggered by the "commas" and "colons" and "the elaborate central composition where the heart of me has to come" with which "An Englishwoman" makes explicit a new gown to her lover. Nevertheless, in the end the result is very similar: affectation and artificiality equally oppress the atmosphere of both. As a text-book in terms of endearment *Rosa Amorosa* would, however, satisfy the most exorbitant. Here are some of the gems scattered richly through the volume: "My twin soul"; "You dear, dear, fine spun silk of a man"; "Dearest, dear thing"; "Heart friend, true lover, and shaper of my destiny"; "Dear, good little man"; "My golden-tongued little man"; "Master weaver of the fabric which makes life golden"; "You whimsicality in breeches."

If the public, and it is said there is no supply without demand, requires its literature supplemented by men and women's love-letters, let it turn to the thin volume known in English as the *Love-Letters of a Portuguese Nun*. Then having felt the force of love as it comes from the heart of a woman anguished beyond endurance, let it finger again the dainty correspondences of distinguished fiction, and see what value will emerge from them as forms of love-utterance—not enough let it be hoped to stand in future as the perfect exemplar of the English epistle to the Beloved.

"The Friend."

War's Brighter Side. By Julian Ralph. (Pearson. 6s.)

THIS book consists of snippets from the *Friend* newspaper, edited by the Press correspondents who were with Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein, and connecting narrative matter by Mr. Ralph. The result is rather ponderous and perplexing. A newspaper produced under such conditions does not make up well into a book between the cloth covers of civilisation. The wit, too, excellent, doubtless, on the spot, is a rather spent shell in London. The *Friend* was started at the instigation of Lord Roberts for the entertainment and information of the troops. The office and type of *The Friend of the Free State* were bought over for a month for £200, this sum being guaranteed by the Earl of Dudley, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Stanley; and "on March 16, 1900, there glimmered (it cannot be said to have flashed) upon the Army, and the half-wondering, half-treacherous population of Bloemfontein, the first number of the *Friend*."

The new paper went ahead and paid profits. The largest daily circulation of any Bloemfontein paper had been 400 copies, but the *Friend* had a regular circulation of 5,000 to 5,500 copies daily. It was serious and eccentric by turns; now printing official announcements and now those "Fables for the Staff" which it was Mr. Kipling's joy to write. Mr. Kipling's coming was in this wise: "We have put you down as an editor of the *Friend*," said Mr. Landon, one of the three existing editors. "Well," Mr. Kipling replied, "I should have been mortally offended if you had not. Where's the office? I want to go to work as soon as I have finished my grape jam." And he went to work, and wrote his verses on Queen Victoria's order concerning the wearing of the green. "Oh, how good it is to be in a newspaper office again!" was his grateful ejaculation; and from his pen there flowed "Kopje-Book Maxims" like unto these:

Two Horses will shift a Camp if they be dead enough.

Spare the Solitary Horseman on the sky-line; he is bound to be a Britisher.

Abandoned Women and Abandoned Kopjes are best left alone.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," as —'s Horse said when they found the poultry yard.

The Dead Gunner laughed at the Pom-pom.

There are ninety and nine roads to Stellenbosch, but only two to Pretoria. Take the other.

His "Fables for the Staff," six in all, are the cream of the volume. Here is one, called

THE PERSUASIVE POM-POM.

A Field-Artillerist passing a newly-imported Pom-pom overwhelmed it with Contumely, saying, "What has a Gunner to do with an Unqualified Sewing-machine?"

To this the virtuous Mechanism returned no answer, but communicated these atrocious sentiments to a fellow Pom-pom in the Opposing Army which, later, catching the Field-battery crossing a Donga, gave it Ten-a-penny for two Minutes to the Confusion of all concerned.

"Alas!" said the Field-Artillerist as he watched his Leg disassociate itself from the Remainder of his Anatomy, "Who would have thought that an Implement officially rejected by the War Office and what is more, damned by Myself, could have done so neat a Trick?"

MORAL. Do not condemn the Unofficial. It hits hard.

Collectors are doubtless hunting high and low for copies of the *Friend*. We wonder whether anyone was shrewd enough to make a corner in them. Mr. Ralph says that a copy fetched £25 at a London charity bazaar.

Other New Books.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF
HONORÉ DE BALZAC (1833-1842). BY D. F. HANNIGAN.

This is a large and fairly well produced English edition of the *Lettres à l'Etrangère* of Balzac, which were first put forth by M. de Lovenjoul in 1899, and of which an English translation, by Miss Katharine Wormeley, was published in Boston last year, under the title, *Letters to Madame Hanska*. It will be remembered that, in the preface to her edition, Miss Wormeley practically charged the Vicomte de Lovenjoul with having invented certain rather objectionable portions of the letters, and with having garbled and falsified them throughout, to the detriment of Balzac's reputation. The charge was a very serious one, but it broke down under examination; and there cannot be the least doubt that it is baseless. We are glad to observe that Mr. Hannigan, in his introduction, takes this view. It is also a satisfaction to us to note that, in the exhaustive article which we devoted to the disproof of Miss Wormeley's charge (ACADEMY, May 5, 1900), we were so fortunate as to hit upon an "intelligent anticipation" of Mr. Hannigan's own arguments. A couple of passages side by side will show this:

"ACADEMY," MAY 5, 1900.

MR. HANNIGAN'S INTRODUCTION.

Falsification of dates. This charge rests solely on the single passage in Balzac's letter of January 1, 1846. Might not Balzac have made an error? People frequently mis-date the most important events of their lives. All these letters were written at speed, and Miss Wormeley herself remarks that "the man who wrote them never read them over." Also, is there anything to show positively that Balzac, in the quoted passage, was referring to the *first* letter received from Mme. Hanska? Might he not have been referring to some well-remembered letter in which the loved one first exhibited a special and (to him) transcendent tenderness?

By taking Balzac's words literally, it can also, of course, be argued that the date of the first letter in the present collection (January, 1833) is false. But criticism of this sort is not only superficial, but rather puerile. It is manifest that the *Lettres à l'Etrangère* were written in violent haste. Balzac had to snatch the time from his absorbing literary labours to write them, and he never read them over. We know that even men whose memory of events is exceptionally tenacious are apt to make mistakes as to dates, especially after the lapse of a number of years. Moreover in the passage which has been quoted it is possible that the "adorable letter" referred to was not the first letter received by him from Mme. Hanska, but the first in which she had given him some assurance of her attachment to him.

It is not often that "intelligent anticipation" can be so clearly established. The merits of the letters themselves we discussed in a second article (ACADEMY, May 19, 1900), so that it is unnecessary for us to deal at length with this present version. The translation is moderately good, but is disfigured by trifling misprints. At the end of the second volume is a useful chronological list of Balzac's works from the year 1829. (Authorised translation, with introduction and notes, by D. F. Hannigan, with portraits. 2 vols. Downey. 21s. net.)

A GARDEN DIARY.

BY EMILY LAWLESS.

To entitle a book *A Garden Diary: September 1899—September 1900* amounts nowadays to a promise to communicate garden lore, or, at any rate, garden thoughts. We say nowadays, because Miss Jekyll and Mrs. Earle set the present garden fashion, and both are expert gardeners; Miss Jekyll, indeed, hardly ever averting her eyes from the soil. Before they came, a book might have "garden" in its title and say never a practical word, and

no one would object. Mortimer Collins's *Thoughts in My Garden* and Dudley Warner's *Summer in a Garden*, for example, were books of genial philosophy first, and horticulture hardly at all. But one cannot leap back to that fashion without giving notice, especially in this intensely horticultural day, and that is the ground of our first little quarrel with Miss Lawless. She puts forth a book that on the face of it is a garden book, and the garden has only a small place in it, and is not written of to any purpose there. Our second objection is that *A Garden Diary* is not interesting. It has not charm. We protest with all our heart against an author who, entitling a comely-looking book "A Garden Diary," fills it with meditations on the war that is still dragging itself out. If there is one thing that is not to be thought of in gardens it is the slaughter of enemies; but Miss Lawless marks the progress of the campaign between September 1899 to September 1900 as if she were editor of a newspaper, instead of a lady at her ease in a beautiful spot with leisure to employ her mind on lovely things. The war is not the whole book, but the rest is very ordinary. We see no just cause for its publication at all. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

THE TRAINING OF THE BODY. BY F. A. SCHMIDT, M.D.,
AND E. H. MILES, M.A.

In editing Dr. Schmidt's work for English readers Mr. Miles has added much and subtracted much. The resulting differences we need not attempt to estimate. Enough that we have here an admirably full treatise on the culture of the body, to which games are a means, and of which they are also an end. Mr. Miles is intensely scientific, and we do not know how many of his English readers will enter into such analyses as that of a lawn tennis stroke on pp. 24 and 29. But it is Mr. Miles's method to split a game or exercise up into its component parts, each of which is to be practised separately at odd moments. The book offers a whole system of physical education, and few readers will fail to find in it pages which appeal to their needs and experiences. For example, a man who is conscious that his walking step is unsightly or wasteful of muscle may probably derive great benefit from a careful perusal of the section on Walking, and from the encouraging statement that the natural step can be altered at will. In the sections dealing with the Brain there are some excellent hints. By far the most potent destroyer of brain freshness is unsuitable food. Heat deadens, or paralyses, the brain power of many; and Mr. Miles adds: "To do twelve hours' hard brainwork on a dozen Protene Biscuits and two apples is less likely to tire me than to do two hours' easy and slow brainwork on an ordinary diet. The waste products from animals' flesh probably are still waste products when they reach the brain, so that the effect is almost the same as if we had formed these waste products for ourselves by hours and hours of hard work." Everything that Mr. Miles says is said with conviction, and he evidently practises what he gently preaches. His own standpoint may partly be seen from this foot-note statement: "Personally, I avoid all flesh foods (fish, flesh, fowl) and eggs. I get my proteids chiefly from protene and cheese and other milk products; from Hovis bread, gluten, and other grain products; and from peas and lentils. I eat a great deal of fruit (fresh or stewed) and a certain amount of vegetables. I avoid stimulants and irritating sauces as much as is possible. I also avoid sugar; its immediate effect may be stimulating, but I cannot accept Kolb's account of it, for the ultimate and full effect is not considered." Excellently produced and illustrated, this work may without much reservation be recommended to those who care for the maxim: "Mens sana in corpore sano." (Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)

THE ANNUAL REGISTER, 1900.

The *Annual Register* for 1900 is to the full as good as its predecessors—complete down to Index and Obituary.

What *Whitaker* is in facts, statistics, and general information, the *Annual Register* is in affairs. Here you may place your finger on the dying pulsations of the nineteenth century. Would you know what speech was made by this or that political leader on such an occasion, here you will find it summarised. Here are the manifestations of that dying year in literature, science, art, drama, music—in England, at least. But the political history does not stop short at England; its chronicles are world-wide. Here you may, indeed, "survey mankind from China to Peru," and the large mind of Johnson would have been delighted with the ample prospect. You may learn how they manage some things better in Japan, where the ruling Premier, feeling that the Chinese crisis needed a diplomatic ability which his rival possessed in more marked degree than himself, resigned to that rival without parliamentary defeat, putting the good of the nation before his own ambition. You may discover the delights of being a *chargé d'affaires* in Guatemala, where the German occupant of that position was attacked at night by masked agents of the secret police of the government to which he was accredited. You may learn the summary way they have in Venezuela with financiers who will not lend to a government in difficulties—where the directors of two leading banks were clapped up in prison for this offence. It is a book to enlarge the mind, which cannot be said of many year-books. (Longmans. 18s.)

FAIR GIRLS AND GRAY HORSES. BY WILL H. OGILVIE.

Mr. Ogilvie is a typical Australian poet. His metre swings along, his rhymes are frequent and satisfactory, and the Bush, horses, and sentiment jostle in his pages. Thought there is none, or next to none; feeling is everything; and Mr. Ogilvie's fluency is amazing. No poet who writes of horses with any sympathy can be altogether a bad poet; and Mr. Ogilvie is far better than that. This is the kind of thing:

O, some prefer a single,
Or double not too free;
But let the lead-bars jingle—
It's Four-in-Hand for me;
With a level road and a lively load,
Whose chorus songs shall beat
To the hoof-struck stars, and the rattling bars,
And the ring of the red roans' feet.

Mr. Ogilvie's fancy for choruses will, we fear, block his way to becoming the Laureate of the Four-in-Hand Club; but his heart is in the right place. The book is almost always too wordy, too copious. Had Mr. Ogilvie shown oftener the restraint of the ballad "In Mulga Town," of which this is the first stanza, he would have made a more noteworthy book:

We played at love in Mulga town,
And, O, her eyes were blue!
We played at love in Mulga town,
And love's a game for two.
If three should play, alack-a-day!
There's one of them will rue,
Dear Heart!
There's one of them will rue.

This is, perhaps, the best poem in the book. Mr. Ogilvie's verses, we observe, have had a great popularity in Australia. We wonder, by the way, what the poets are doing in connexion with the Royal visit. (The *Bulletin* Co.)

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT AND
CANADIAN IMPERIALISM: A
STORY AND A STUDY.

BY W. S. EVANS.

This is a very interesting and useful little record—interesting and useful for what it is not, no less than for what it is. The writer might so easily have missed his opportunity, have failed to see the thing that needed to be written. It might have been another story of the War, with special reference to an individual contingent of

roops, and so have been confounded with the flood of war-books which continues to flow long after the public thirst for them has been quenched to satiety. But it is by no means this. Part of its object is, indeed, to recount the doings of the Canadian troops in the South African campaigns; but the paramount purpose is to give a narrative of Canada's relation to the War. It deals much less with the men in the field than with the men at home, who were, for the first time in their history, experiencing the sensation of having kindred and countrymen fighting for the Empire far away from the mother-soil. It deals with the motives and policy of the Canadian Government, the spirit and feelings of the Canadian people, with the intimate and internal history of a great epoch and turning-point in the yet young life of the Lady of the Snows. The author makes it evident that Canada's hand was a little forced by the English Government (though he refuses to use that actual phrase), who sent a strong hint to Lord Minto regarding the absence of offered help from the Dominion Ministry at the outset of the War. But, he points out, the matter was then thought by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be one of pure sentiment: not till the investment of Ladysmith did anyone dream the mother-country actually to need aid. The author has done a task for which there was room modestly and well. (Illustrated, and with six maps. Unwin. 6s.)

How Sailors Fight, by John Blake (Richards, 6s.), is a well-illustrated, plainly written account of the inner life and routine of the British Navy. Captain Hedworth Lambton contributes a short and appropriate introduction.

Mrs. Humphry's *Manners for Girls* (Unwin) is a pleasant little book of its kind. It gives good and shrewd advice on "The Dress Allowance," "At a Ball," "Manner," "Ladies' Clubs," the "Etiquette of Mourning," &c., &c.

Adam Bede continues to pour from the press, now that its period of copyright is ended. Mr. Dent's edition in the "Temple Classics" is a handy one in two volumes; but we have never thought that the *format* of this series, dainty as it is, is suited to fiction.

"The seed-baskets of our childhood" is the Rev. F. B. Meyer's prefatory phrase for those books of our first gropings in letters, *Peep of Day* and *Line upon Line*. There must be thousands who will feel an interest in the biography of their author, which Mrs. Meyer has written under the title of *The Author of the Peep of Day, Being the Life Story of Mrs. Mortimer*. It is a simple story simply told, and Mrs. Mortimer's friendship with Cardinal Manning before he took orders, and during his early Anglican career, adds to its interest. Not the least valuable thing in the book is the attractive portrait of Mrs. Mortimer from a drawing by Mr. George Richmond, R.A.

To the fourth edition of his manual on *Modern Cremation* (Smith, Elder) Sir Henry Thompson has added fresh matter, bringing the history of the practice of modern cremation up to the present date. As before, there are six chapters and an appendix. The first three chapters relate the history of the movement "after direct communication with the numerous crematoria in Europe and in America, with complete statistics showing the progress of cremation up to the year 1900." The remaining chapters contain a consideration of the subject in its various bearings, and the appendix provides practical information.

A few copies of *Abdul Intime*, the book describing the private life of the Sultan, have reached this country. The volume seems to have been widely read in Sweden. We hear that at the instance of the Turkish Ambassador in Stockholm the sale of the book has been forbidden, and the King has ordered the seizure of all copies already sold.

Fiction.

Pastorals of Dorset. By "M. E. Francis."
(Longmans. 6s.)

To the best of our knowledge Mrs. Blundell's previous novels and tales have dealt with North of England folk. At least, those of her books that we have read were set in the north. And here she is in Dorsetshire! Well, we like her better in the south than we did before; but whether it is because she is better or because Dorsetshire people are more to our mind than those of Lancashire and Yorkshire we cannot determine. The fact remains that this is a very entertaining book. Very slight may be; but rich in quiet humour and appreciation of human nature's quaintness. It is also topical; for Mrs. Blundell has more than one story bearing on the war, including that perfect thing for a reciter, "How Granger Volunteered," which is worth a thousand of the ordinary narratives that are delivered from platforms. The impact of the war on English village life is, after all, as well worth recording as its progress, or want of progress, at what is called the Front. "A Rustic Argus" is also a capital story, extremely well told. Mr. Hardy has for so long abstained from adding to his company of humorous Dorset villagers (they have latterly all had seriousness before anything) that Mrs. Blundell's sketches are the more welcome. A most companionable and kindly book.

The Heritage. By Edwin Pugh and Godfrey Burchett.
(Sands. 6s.)

DIPSOMANIA is a subject which exerts a gloomy charm over the pens of several contemporary novelists. The authors of *The Heritage* have Mrs. L. T. Meade for a recent predecessor in a malodorous department of fiction, and, to do them justice, their work steers clear of the textbook which the lady's did not. The spectacle offered us is that of a widow who helplessly, though with passionate protest, watches the curse of her husband's family operate in her surviving son, who, to crown the tragedy, has married his first cousin, herself a toper.

The widow goes as far as to assault her daughter-in-law, an outrage which is followed by her dismissal from the position of housekeeper to the inebriates. We are spared the ultimate catastrophe, and in their reticence the writers score a point against rival speculators in horror who seem to have wished to flatter those who can divine the obvious by proving them to be right in their conjectures.

Praise must be accorded to the drawing of a would-be-hero, the father of the principal inebriate. He is an ex-soldier turned rent-collector. His ardour smoulders amid squalid surroundings, his delicacy chafes at sudden discovery of the brawler in a faithful but uneducated wife. He longs to fling away his life splendidly, and he dies in attempting to save a drowning suicide. The irony of the sacrifice is shown in the degeneracy of the son whom by living he might have saved. One is touched by the conflict of wills—the ignorant widow's with those of the clever and unscrupulous dipsomaniacs. The writers may be cautioned against the use of metaphors of excessive strength. It is both inappropriate and in bad taste to describe an egoist's disappointment in his wife as "his Gethsemane."

The Eternal Choice. By Edward H. Cooper.
(Pearson. 6s.)

UNCLE PHILIP had the annual spending of £100,000, and poured most of it into the treasuries of missionary societies. Prof. Longley's Betty—let Mrs. Luke Stanier explain the situation:

"Aye, but it's sad to think of her being an Atheist. And all her father's doing too, the wicked old man! Atheist!"

I'd Atheist him [quoth Mrs. Luke]. Does he ever tell her who made her, and where she'll go when she dies? To bring up a nice little thing like her an Atheist!"

So when Nephew Fanshawe chose Betty, he must retire to a villa at Oxford and take pupils for his life. And when Betty became a mother she vaguely discovered that she had also become a Christian. That is really rather a falling away in Mrs. Fanshawe. One cannot but question the author's sincerity. Both Longley and his daughter in their original perversity are drawn too sympathetically to leave room for the supposition that Mr. Cooper was not conscious of doing violence to nature in bringing about this unsatisfactory conversion. Fanshawe is shadowy; and his orthodoxy is of a dull, unenthusiastic kind that should hardly have withstood the influence of his wife's simple and candid unfaith. His shady cousin, Reggie, his rival in his uncle's good graces, is far more actual, and at moments acutely amusing. Another concession to "nice" feeling is the happy ending of his patched-up marriage with the girl he had seduced. The motive of his marriage, to secure from the tiresome Uncle Philip enough pennies to enable his sister to marry the man she loved, is better. Mr. Cooper has a bright, vivacious manner; his children are at times delightful; so are some of their mammas.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LONDON ONLY.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

Fifteen sketches of London life, humorous and pathetic, in Mr. Pett Ridge's ingenious and popular manner. Mr. Ridge does not waste time. He comes to the point at once. Here are the beginnings of the first two sketches: "The Climax Tea Rooms were doing an excellent trade—the hour being six o'clock p.m." "The green tram going to Finsbury Park took up, at Hampstead Road, its usual Sunday afternoon passengers." (Hodder. 6s.)

THE MAID OF MAIDEN LANE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

It was Maiden Lane in New York, not London, and the main theme of the novel is the love story of an Englishman for an American girl, "a love which ran away for a long time but came to a happy ending." The period is 1791. "Never, in all its history, was the proud and opulent city of New York more glad and gay. It had put out of sight every trace of British rule and occupancy, all its homes had been restored and refurnished, and its sacred places reconsecrated and adorned." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE EXTERMINATION OF LOVE.

BY E. GERARD.

The sub-title is "a fragmentary study in erotics," and the book is divided into Part I.—"Dream-Life," an "Intermezzo"; and Part II.—"The Awakening." It begins: "Who art thou, and what is thy genesis, terrible demon whom men call Love? Thou greatest, thou only source of misery and misfortune here below . . ." which was part of a metaphysical treatise by one of the characters—Dr. Peterstorff. The author, "E. Gerard" (Mme. de Laszowska), has written several novels in collaboration with her sister, "D. Gerard" (Mme. Longard de Longgarde). (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE LORD OF THE SEA.

BY M. P. SHIEL.

This is another of Mr. Shiel's stories of wild invention. We can best indicate the whirl of that invention by giving two extracts. The first is from Chapter II.: "Within six months from that night Europe found itself in a state of commotion. It began one midnight in the city of Prague, when the people rose and massacred most of the Jewish residents . . . and within a week from that first gory midnight had become a revolution." The second

is from Chapter LVII.: "With lugubrious under-look gazed Spinoza at the receding coast. . . . He had been Regent of the British Empire two months and sixteen days." (Richards. 6s.)

FOREST FOLK.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

Although Mr. Prior begins with the solitary horseman of tradition, his story is decidedly fresh. It is intimately concerned with the industrial troubles in Nottinghamshire in the first years of the nineteenth century; and the clue of the story is found in the article in the *Nottingham Journal* which Arthur Skrene reads in Chapter VI., on "A Bill for the most exemplary punishment of persons found guilty of destroying stocking and lace frames, by death, to wit, without benefit of clergy." (Heinemann. 6s.)

MRS. MUSGRAVE AND HER HUSBAND.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

The title suggests suburban commonplaces. But Dr. Bryan's early dictum that "medically, probably legally, certainly morally, we are all insane," and the later finding of his dead body, assure us that Mr. Marsh's conversion from melodrama has yet to begin. Rousing, clever melodrama it is in the "library" sense. (Long. 3s. 6d.)

A WOMAN AS DERELICT.

BY MAY CROMMELIN.

She is derelict "right away," and asks herself "Who am I?" With astonishment she discovers that she is sitting on the Marine Parade at Brighton at half-past nine. "Surely I must remember if I only keep quiet"; but even in the third chapter she is still trying to decipher her own initials. But readers need not be deterred by this sombre opening. Eleanor Grey does at last remember her name; and soon other names begin to scintillate: Sir Adam Lee-Hobbes, Lady Adeliza Cotswold, Basil L'Estrange, V.C., the Dallases of Dalrymple, and Mr. Smith. (Long. 6s.)

A FORBIDDEN NAME.

BY FRED. WHISHAW.

Mr. Whishaw is an expert concocter of historical-adventure stories. This one is concerned with the Court of Catherine the Great. "I, Countess Zora Levine," is the narrator, and the story is well compacted of love, politics, and fighting. (Chatto. 6s.)

DISTAFF.

BY MARYA RODZIEWICZ.

This Polish lady was introduced to English readers just a year ago by her rather melancholy novel, *Anima Vilis*. Melancholy seems to mark this story also for its own, for it begins with the statement that Pani (Mrs.) Taida Skarszewski had been "reared by misery and work; misery and work were her teachers; misery and work were her companions and guides through life. . . . Throughout her whole life she read the *Warsaw Gazette*." The story, though sufficiently gloomy, is dramatic. (Jarrold. 6s.)

THE WHIRLIGIG.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

This is Mr. Lindsay's first novel, and he has the good fortune to see it illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen. To originality it can make only limited pretension, since it is one more story of a pseudo-kingdom on the Continent. We confess to misgivings when we find the Central Europe express disgorging its passengers at Amaro in the Principality of Amalia, and discover in the crowd a Mr. Bothfield who has "run amok of the passions." However, he was no ordinary type, being "a frog of a man, clammy to the touch, and uninteresting." What becomes of him in Amalia among Counts, Commissaries, Excellencies, and Lieutenants is the story. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

We have also received: *Bitter Fruit*, by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (John Long); *The Sea of Fortune*, by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn (Digby, Long); *The Magnetism of Sin*, by Æsculapius (Greening); *Christine*, by Percy Russell (Griffiths); *The Interloper*, by S. Elizabeth Hall (Griffiths).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....</i>	17/6
<i>„ Quarterly</i>	5/0
<i>„ Price for one issue</i>	1/5

Bailey's "Festus."

It would be a nice question to ask in one of those examinations to which all critics ought to be subjected, "Do you consider Mr. Philip Bailey a minor or a major poet?" A man may, of course, fail to be a poet at all; but if he is a poet at all, then surely if he attempts greatly he ought not to be classed "minor," especially as there seems to be no class of "minimus." To have spent one's life in a great work, supposing one has any qualifications for it, is of itself a great achievement; and, assuredly, allowing for all eccentricities of individual opinion, not one of those very few persons who have studied *Festus* would dare to assert that Mr. Bailey had no qualifications for that great attempt. On the contrary, they are all far more likely to have been amazed at the wealth of poetic power the work displays.

But this is not a day of great attempts. It is not so much diffidence or inability that prevents our poets setting their hands to a *magnum opus*, as want of courage. When finished, they are apt to ask, "Will anyone read it?" And it may be feared that if they inquired of Mr. Bailey, he would answer, "Very few indeed." He, at least, has shown courage of a very rare order, since he has not only performed a stupendous task, but has not shrunk from taking the same subject as Goethe took, to say nothing of Marlowe. Moreover, he has treated his theme to a very large extent ethically and philosophically; and, nowadays, there is supposed to be a great gulf set between poetry and ethics, and philosophy and verse are declared to have bidden each other a final adieu. Even though, on high authority, Pope's *Essay on Man* may be admitted to be "the finest didactic poem in any language," it is nevertheless claimed as "the exception that proves the rule" (whatever that may mean), and didactics remain in common opinion as much outside the sphere of the Muses as ever.

There is happily, however, a small school which still holds that the highest expression is the expression of the deepest thought, and that all the greatest poetry, now almost unread, derives its beauty from the deep and accurate thinking that gave rise to it and suffuses it. As Mr. Bailey himself says:

All great lays, equal to the minds of men,
With the divine deal; have for end some good
Commensurate of the soul, some scheme of being
To illustrate; this, God's great world-drama, to sum
Prophetically.

That the devotion of Mr. Bailey's life has resulted in a most noble poem of an epic character, and yet full of sublime reasoning, will be as apparent, as it was to Lord Tennyson and Mr. Robert Browning, to anyone who is conversant with fine poetry and who can surmount the difficulty of the absolutely vile punctuation to which poor Mr. Bailey's work has been subjected. Never have I read a work that needed careful punctuation more, for the poet has some of the same kind of perverseness of expression as Mr. George Meredith; never have I read print with such confusion of stops! My edition is the tenth (1877); but the Jubilee edition (1893) is very little superior in

point of punctuation. I have never seen this great drawback to the poem noticed before, which confirms me in my opinion that very few people indeed have ever even attempted to read *Festus*. Certainly a poem of some 700 closely printed pages, most evilly punctuated, and dealing largely with philosophic conceptions of the nature of the Deity, is one not likely to tempt the present "public"! Besides, instead of condensing, Mr. Bailey has, perhaps unfortunately, enlarged his work in every new edition. The fifth edition (1854) contained about 20,100 lines, the tenth about 35,000, and the last (1893) about 41,250! I see that on the melancholy principle that life is too short to read long poems, a selection from *Festus* has been recently published. But "elegant extracts" from a great poem, however useful for girls' schools, are abhorrent to the true lover of literature. You may catch your extract, but you lose your poem. The Master demands that you put yourself under his influence, not that you merely come and listen to scraps of his conversation when it happens to amuse you; and he has the right to demand it, for he is a martyr; he has sacrificed his whole life to teach you; therefore, though selections are a compliment to Martin Tupper's *Philosophy*, which is merely a conglomeration of detached platitudes, they are an insult to Bailey's *Festus*, which has a plan and an atmosphere. It takes us wheeling through space on great orbits of verse, visiting planets, shuddering at the aspect of the bleached moon:

Not Chaos when in travail of the earth
And groaning with the birth-pang, nor the sun's
Deserts of fire, sea-deep with drifting flame,
Nor all contortions of the solemn clouds,
Can match the immarbled madness of this orb;
As though some vast wild passionate soul, ablaze
Through all its nature with volcanic sin,
By God's one word translated into light
And the pure beauty of celestial peace,
With adamant silence seized, had 'come
That instant changeless, deathless and divine.

It introduces us to a Lucifer who is in some respects a finer and more dignified conception than Goethe's, and an immeasurably more subtle one than Milton's boastful dragon. Byron, in his "Cain," alone rivals Mr. Bailey in his representation of this character. Both bring the Spirit nearer to us—both in dread and mystery—by *humanising* him. Mr. Bailey is even bold enough to make him fall in love with a mortal maiden, whose voice he says he loves:

Dipping more softly on the subject ear
Than that calm kiss the willow gives the wave.

The poem brings round us all the elemental forces. We hear "the sound of many waters"; we perceive the

Earth,
And sea all aged, grey at once with years
And green with youth.

And how well the poet knows the ocean! How well he recognises its moods!

As oft, from tide-stormed crag
Some desperate rock, surge-hounded, that at bay
Faces his white-jawed foes, a wave-path, clear
'Mid ruffling seas, scarce tremulous, we discern,

Which marches not with cliff on high, nor reef
Below; to no cloud answers; no vague keel
Cut accidentally; nor desultory gust
Scored.

And elsewhere he uses this fine metaphor:

And each one lift his arm, but no one struck;
Awhile in death-throe-like suspense they stood,
Or like the irresolution of the sea
At turn of tide.

The sea speaks to him as a lover:

I had only one thing to behold—the sea;
I had only one thing to believe—I loved.

It speaks to him as a poet :

When to its depths,
The soul itself unbosoms, and high thought
Calls to truth's far profound, as to the sea
The clouds storm-fraught, that groan with thunder-fire
And passionate flashings, blent with blinding rain.

So, light or the withdrawal of light, is constantly his theme.
The sun, the moon, the stars are his comrades. He sings
of dawn :

The long immeasurable layers of light
And beams of fire enormous in the east,
The broad foundations of the heaven-domed day.

Of evening :

The moon,
Pale ghost of light, comes haunting the cold earth,
After the sun's red sea-death, quietless.

Of night :

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths :
Though many, yet they help not ; bright, they light not.
They are too late to serve us ; and sad things
Are aye too true.

And, again :

Still youthful breasts
Reciprocally fired, imparted joy,
Imported rapture ; tenderest converse, still,
Sweet as the whisperings of imblossomed trees,
Or the low lisps of night's silvery main,
Lived on the lips of lovers, then as now,
By fount or mead, or wandering, moon-beguiled,
'Neath tall white cliffs, along the unshadowed shore.

And, again :

Night hath made many bards ; she is so lovely ;
And they have praised her to her starry face
So long, that she hath blushed and left them, oft.

But all these are the surroundings of the great Earth
drama. Festus is Man himself, just as Job is Man, or
Prometheus is Man. He passes through all experiences—
joy, sorrow, sin, death—as a precious metal passes through
the alembic. He is the Soul doomed not to descend, but
to ascend—a painful doom, though in the endless climb
the torture may become transmuted into a joy far greater
than happiness. For this is how the Soul climbs :

Now clinging to grim steeps,—the lichen grey
Scarce closelier ; steeps that in the paling light
Smile treacherous welcome, *even as death might smile,*
*Petting the plumes of some surprised soul.**

The exquisite touch about Death is anticipated in an
earlier passage :

She is silent in the hand of death ;
Soothed by his touch perchance, like a young bird
Dreadless, incredulous of cruel fate.

But, or rather, therefore, round about Man, not in spite
of, but in consequence of his strange and painful pilgrimage,
are always the everlasting arms :

There's not the tiniest lifelet flecks the air
With wing invisible, but in his coat
Quarters the arms of God.

But this image, though so lovely, does not illustrate the
poet's faith so well as this far finer one :

As, when o'er vast
And shoreward flats at murkiest noon of night,
No single element, not high heaven, not earth,
Not sea is visible, one wide-searching wind,
Sign solitary of life, blows, blows ; so sweeps
Through death's unsubstantiated state, God's vital thought.

Opportunity does not now serve me to dive deeper into
this great poet's mind. That his verse is sometimes rugged
I admit, especially when all the stops are either absent or
in the wrong place ; but it is folly to suppose that a long

* I have ventured to read "surpris'd soul" as the close of
the line, though the text gives "surpris'd soul. Now," com-
mencing a new sentence.

journey can be taken without going up and down hill,
unless it be over the monotonies of sea or desert ; and it is
precisely the transition from mountain to plain and from
valley to peak that interests us ; not the level beauty, but
the sudden glory that arrests us. Not that it must be
supposed that Mr. Bailey has no nooks of tender green,
no blossomy meadows or winding rills to show us.
Although not most successful in his lyric verse, he often
gives us phrases such as some of our younger writers are
so fond of—a kind of iridescent bubbles of expression, as,
for instance, this of a girl speaking to her piano :

What a time
Since I have touched thine eloquent fingers, white
As eminent ripples upon an elfin sea
Of sound.

And not only in that way has Mr. Bailey anticipated
many more recent poets, but also in all strange variety of
rhythm (including the frequent use of six beats in the
"blank verse" metre) and in a rich assortment of coined
words.

Still, if we honestly feel that life is too short to take
the journey that he offers us, by all means let us stay at
home ; only let us not boast of our inertia, or fancy that
by hanging up in our rooms some paintings of picturesque
spots on the road we can possibly feel or profit by the
effect of the whole tour. Not that we do stay at home,
really ; no, we rush in the dining-car of an express train
to meet our commercial agent in the next town ; and that
is the true reason why we have not time to read poems
like *Festus*, not because Mr. Bailey is not Mr. Tupper.
In other words, we attach no real importance to poetry.
We cannot see what is its use in the world. It is, to a
few of us, perhaps, an amusement, a titillation, a distrac-
tion, like a game of cards ; but it has become past the
power of this generation to have the vision of the value of
poetry that Mr. Bailey himself has :

The great bards
Of Greece, of Rome, and mine own master land,
And they who in the holy book are deathless ;
Men who have vulgarised sublimity
And bought up truth for the nations ; held it whole ;
Men who have forged gods—uttered—made them pass :
Sons of the sons of God, who, in olden days,
Did leave their passionless heaven for earth and woman,
Brought an immortal to a mortal breast,
And, rainbow-like the sweet earth clasping, left
A bright precipitate of soul which lives
Ever ; and through the lines of sullen men,
The dumb array of ages, speaks for all.

Not that he is unaware that art itself may be only one of
God's temporary modes of education :

And looking up aloft I heard in heaven
Young fluent Time discoursing of the worlds,
With starry diagrams on Night's blackboard,
Most learnedly to many a lovely Hour,
Who fain would have delayed to hear him out ;
While wise Eternity sat by and smiled,
Waving them all away.

That may be ; nevertheless, Mr. Bailey's life-work de-
serves, not an ephemeral comment, but a volume of
earnest analysis. It is hard to imagine that his voice,
like the unanswered one that he describes, will be

Wasted, like time, upon unquickened stars.

Rather, let us hope, it may still help many of us to realise
these other lines of his :

When we have hoped, sought, striven, and lost our aim,
Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness
Like a white brow through its overshadowing hair.

Not from any audience-chamber ought this great, this
conscientious, prophet-poet to be dismissed without being
fully heard, for he himself is jealously cognisant of the
dignity and significance and divineness of his art.

F. B. MONEY-COURTS.

Things Seen.

"Fields of Glory."

I SAT in the orchard, lulled by the Sunday stillness, and let my eyes ramble over the sunny land. There was the water meadow, beyond the low orchard wall, and beyond that a chequer of fields that stretched to the top of the distant hills. But it was a neighbouring field of charlock that filled my heart with most content, and so my eyes returned again and again to that blaze of yellow glory.

The telegraph poles along the railway embankment wobbled in the noonday heat; a water rat splashed into the pond beside me, and then emerged on the bank, neat, bright-eyed, and debonair, and began a belated Sunday toilet; and, all the while, from the little Methodist chapel adjoining the orchard, came the voice of a man praying. Now high, now low, he prayed on with a tireless fervour, while the water-rat and I sat without, and a cheerful bird on the apple-bough sang to us—pagans all.

Then there was a shuffling of feet, and a hymn began. I could not make out much of it, except a line or two about fields of glory and a jasper sea; and I felt very sorry, in my earthly complacency, for those sad-featured, sable-clad worshippers, sighing in their little hot box of a chapel for fields of glory, while my charlock field glowed without, and every field about them was full of strange, busy, happy little creatures. Fields of glory! why, here they were, to be sure!

But then the month was May, and my little pagan friends and I cherished maddening hopes in our hearts; perhaps the other point of view will come, and a field of yellow charlock be no more than a waste of weeds, and the fields of glory recede into that nebulous perspective wherein they can only be seen dimly with the wistful eyes of faith.

The Free Man.

WHEN I had come through the wood, and out upon the yellow road that wound over the heath, I thought I should have been alone for the rest of the journey—alone save for the gorse, the heather, and the birds. And I was well content. It was good to be once more on the open road in the time of lilac, with the town left behind, and nothing between me and night but sky and hills. It was good to be once more, if even for a little, of the mystical company of those who have sung the open road, and as I scented the good earth smell, and felt the breeze on my face, I cried aloud:

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and
all fine poems also;

I think I could stop here myself and do miracles;

I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and
whoever beholds me shall like me;

I think whoever I see must be happy!

Just then two figures swung over the hill. They were young, they were gypsies—a man and a woman—sunburnt, clear-eyed, lithe. They came towards me and stopped, health and youth in their bright eyes and on their brown faces. A wicker chair was swung over the man's back, and on the woman's shoulder dangled a cluster of feather brooms.

An idea came into my mind, a wild idea that sent the blood rioting: it was to throw in my lot with them, to disappear, to escape from myself, from the past. We stared at one another, I waiting for the man to say—"Brother, we are for the road! And you?" Instead, he said with a contemptible humility: "Buy a chair, Sir! Buy a chair!" And the woman feebly flapped the feather brooms at me. My elation dropped. It was not the question I expected. But in answer to their insistence I remarked that I had no use for an arm-chair in the middle of a heath. The man continued to whine, and he

watched me eagerly as I half-unconsciously fumbled in my pocket. It was a miserable intention that sent my hand fumbling, and I hoped, I longed, that he would not take the sixpence that my fingers clutched. I said to myself, "If he does, then good-bye to the open road and the life that makes it possible for a free man, healthy and strong, to take money from a stranger." I held out the sixpence. He took it with a cringe, and the woman curtsied in the dust. Then I parted from them, and set my face towards the town.

Tit-Bits of Remorse.

WHETHER men suffer in this life for their great sins is a question, but there is no doubt that they suffer acutely for their small ones. The agonies which follow a social solecism, a foolish remark, or a misprint might supply certain preachers with an apt simile, even a useful argument. Awful, too, is the irrevocableness of small errors. These are regularly collected by Mr. C. E. Clark, who now follows his *Mistakes We Make* by *More Mistakes We Make* (Marshall & Son). He is terribly in the right as he mows down the delusions of hasty writers. Why "Revelations"? The Bible has "Revelation." Why "Love's Labour Lost"? Shakespeare has "Love's Labour's Lost." Why "calves' foot" jelly instead of "calf's foot"? In calling Stevenson Robert Louis we follow neither the practice of his friends, who said "Lewis," nor the register, which also gives "Lewis." It appears, however, that Stevenson's father preferred Louis, and Stevenson acquiesced. Y is often substituted for i very unaccountably, as in "siren" and "siphon." And why do we write "Bill Sykes"? If Bill did murder Nancy it is but just to remember that his name was "Sikes." Where did "châlet" steal its circumflex, and Liège exchange its rightful acute accent for the grave accent which it nearly always wears?

These are straight thrusts, but Mr. Clark is now and then more easily answered. He thinks that there is no such thing as a "type-written MS.," to which we only say "Tut!" Then he condemns "out of print." The phrase is not too exact, but it is quite intelligible, and well established, and is better left alone. "Archdiocese" is bad—as improper, in fact, as "archparish." "'Question' is invariably holla'd out erroneously." Its original meaning was to call a wandering speaker to the question under discussion, whereas it is now used to express contradiction. It would be better to call the latter signification new than erroneous. "Liable" is very liable to misuse, being frequently written for "apt," as in "I am liable to forget." Mr. Clark is wrong in condemning the folk who speak of "unravelling a mystery." He says: "They mean *ravel*—if they only knew it. One has only to refer to a good dictionary to see that '*ravel*' means to unweave. As Shakespeare says: 'Make you to ravel all this matter out.'" Acting on Shakespeare's own injunction, we find that he used *ravel* in the sense of to tangle up as well as to unweave, and in a way which seems to have been expressly ordained to put Mr. Clark to confusion, for we read in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona":

As you unwind her love from him
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me.

In providing to bottom things on Shakespeare it is as well to make more than casual research. Milton, too, has:

Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved.

The truth is that *ravel* and *unravel* have meant the same thing. But *ravel* in the sense of disentangle was originally written with "out," as by Shakespeare in:

Must I ravel out
My weaved-up folly? *Ed by Google*

The "out" was often omitted with rather confusing results. As for unravel (a mystery), we have it in "The Cenci":

I have talked with my own heart,
And have unravelled my entangled will.

Mr. Clark is not very happy in his dealings with Shakespeare. He says the false quoter prefers "*Imperial* Cæsar dead and turned to clay" before "*Imperious* Cæsar," &c. But imperial is surely correct; at any rate, we should have liked some citation of standard texts. "Hoist with his own petard," we are told, should be "hoist with his own petar"—a matter of choice, unless Mr. Clark takes his stand on Shakespeare's own spelling, which would be a dangerous proceeding. Massinger has "petard" in his "Unnatural Combat":

Give but the fire
To this petard, it shall blow open, Madam,
The iron doors.

But Mr. Clark finds fair game in the common misquotation:

To pale his ineffectual fires,

for "uneffectual fire"; and

There's method in his madness,

which is quite unlike the original; and

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may,

instead of "how we will"; and

We are such stuff as dreams are made of,

Shakespeare writing "on"; and

I have supped full of horrors,

a perversion of Macbeth's "with horrors," which is itself a horror; and

Cribb'd, cabin'd and confined,

which is the universal rendering of the same character's

Cabin'd, cribb'd, confined.

We confess we have never seen "a beggarly array of empty bottles" attributed to the apothecary, instead of "a beggarly account of empty boxes"; but the mistake has a melancholy probability. Nor do we remember an error which Mr. Clark says is obstinate—that of misquoting Gray: "Far from the maddening crowd." "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa" is curtailed and hashed to any extent; and Pope's "A little learning is a dangerous thing" has become an example as well as a statement in its garbled form: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Goldsmith did not write "Passing rich on forty pounds a year," nor Dryden "None but the brave deserve the fair," nor Milton "That last infirmity of noble minds." The Bible does not say that "money is the root of all evil," nor commands us to "search the Scriptures." It does not mention Esau's "mess of pottage." In so many ways has Mr. Clark found us out! But why does he call such misquoting "timorarious"? Search of that "good dictionary" which he recommends so often to his readers obliges us to suppose that he has blended "timorous" with "temerarious" in order to express the compound cause of these departures from accuracy. The device, if it be one, and not a schoolmaster's slip, has at least more to say for itself than the reference to Mr. Cyril Davenport Adams which we noticed in a contemporary the other day—a delightfully impartial blending of two well-known writers under one name.

A visit to the Royal Academy with Mr. Clark would be a solemn affair. He counts the spokes of gun wheels, and distinguishes between rushes and reeds. He has convicted Vandyke of omitting wedding-rings, and Raphael

of making the draught of fishes include skate, which—limiting the miracle—Mr. Clark says "are not caught in the Sea of Galilee." His best correction is that which he administers to the painter of a picture called "The Signal of Death," in which the turning down of thumbs is represented as the sign that the death-blow is to be given, whereas it was at the turning up of thumbs that the gladiator was "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Copley's picture in the National Gallery, so often reproduced as "Death of Chatham," has greatly obscured the fact that Chatham died at Hayes five weeks after his fit in the House of Lords. We have little patience, on the other hand, with the correction of the pictorial death of Sir John Moore, in which the line "By the struggling moon-beams' misty light" has been proved inaccurate by—an astronomer! Illustrators are, of course, scourged heavily, and often with reason, by Mr. Clark, who points out that "Phiz" gives Captain Cuttle a hook for his left hand instead of for his right. Hablot K. Browne drew the one-armed Joe Willet in *Barnaby Rudge* with a right arm when wielding a club, and with a left arm when pressing Dolly Varden to his heart. It appears that Joe did not wield the club at all, and Dolly must have been content with his right side. The Glasgow Art Union issued a picture of Whittington reclining in a wood with Wren's St. Paul's in the distance! As for the Union Jack, we think that Mr. Clark would usefully employ himself were he to set up in business—say in Chelsea or St. John's Wood—as one of its few experts. Artists, it seems, neither draw it right nor fly it right.

Appropriately Mr. Clark closes with a "Miscellaneous Assortment"—a general sweep up of mistakes, in which "Dan Chaucer" is properly explained to mean "Don" or "Master" Chaucer, not Daniel, as some fondly suppose. And at last, from his topmost chimney-pot, Mr. Clark implores the careless to recollect that Oliver Goldsmith rests in the Temple churchyard, not in Westminster Abbey. To Noll it matters not; the arch-blunderer, who touched nothing he did not adorn, rests well. To be as right in intention as he was is the point. We cannot be too careful; but we can be too remorseful—forgetting that

The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

Correspondence.

"The Eternal Conflict."

SIR,—It seems to me that your reviewer of "Benjamin Swift's" essay, *The Eternal Conflict*, has quite missed the aim which its writer so obviously had in view when he gave to mankind this remarkable statement of the world as he finds it. He has not attempted to solve the riddle of the existence of evil, but to explain his position with regard to the eternal conflict which is constantly being waged around us; he is anxious to explain why he is only a spectator, and not one of the fierce combatants; he feels impelled to justify the conclusion at which he has been forced to arrive in spite of all the attractive glamour of all the religions. In a word, his essay is a personal statement, a "human document," a subjective treatise. This, once understood, explains his very occasional references to himself which your reviewer condemns. It is true he has worked "with a pretty sharp eye to the effect" he may have on his hearers; but, then, who does not work in this way? One must of necessity adapt one's speech to one's audience. Again, his remarks on Christianity do not preclude the possibility of his being miserable, though what that has to do with the value of his essay I fail to

see! Only those who have passed through Belief to Disbelief can know the bitterness which fills a man's heart and makes him scornful of what seems to him the wilful self-deception of all followers of Christianity. No one can make epigrams about Christianity unless he is miserable: surely that is sufficiently obvious! To my mind, the glow, the fervour, and the beauty of Mr. Paterson's work are quite sufficient evidence that he is in terrible earnest. His book is, above all, sincere and convincing; it bears in every chapter the spiritual and mental torture through which its writer has passed, and more than justifies the standpoint and atmosphere of his half-dozen novels.—I am, &c.,

C. FRED KENYON.

Baedeker's Handbooks.

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Muirhead's letter. The statement that all Baedeker's handbooks had been preceded by a Murray was made originally by my father, who died in 1892, and has been frequently repeated hitherto without being called in question.

I believe that Messrs. Baedeker have in recent years published Guide-Books to the United States and Canada. With these small exceptions, I believe the statement to be as true as on the day when it was first made.—I am, &c.,

JOHN MURRAY.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of May 18 I see a letter from Mr. James F. Muirhead, contradicting the statement as to Murray's Guides always having been followed by a Baedeker.

I, in reply to him, beg to say that if he will look up the now defunct *Murray's Magazine* for the month of November, 1889, he will there find an article signed by Mr. John Murray, showing up the Messrs. Baedeker and their Guide-Books.

The concluding sentences of the article are as follows: "I will, therefore, in winding up my statement, content myself with this remark, that although Messrs. Baedeker have brought out some eighteen different Guide-Books, everyone of them has been preceded and anticipated by a Murray's Handbook for that particular country."

Even although Mr. Muirhead is the English editor of the Baedeker Guides, his letter shows that he does not know current tattle anent Guide-Books.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT D. WAIN.

"The Literature of Failure."

SIR,—In the article (which may I be allowed to allude to as remarkable for its fulness and charm of style and delicate insight?) on the "Literature of Failure," in your last issue, the name of Thoreau is mentioned. I cannot help thinking that a phrase of his must have escaped the memory of the writer, as otherwise he could scarcely have refrained from quoting it in connexion with Marie Bashkirtseff, more especially perhaps, but generally, as being so in keeping with the spirit in which he has handled the subject-matter of the article.

The phrase I refer to (quoting from memory) is as follows: "If our failures are made tragic by courage, they are not different from success."—I am, &c.,

J. BEERBOHM.

The Function of Private Judgment in Literary Criticism.

SIR,—After quoting a dialogue from the "Tis Pity" of Ford, in your issue of May 18, "E. H." remarks: "That, in my opinion, it is not to be approached in our day." This writer evidently realises that private judgment, or one's

own individual literary taste, is a great factor in forming decisions on poetry, drama, fiction, and the *belles-lettres* generally; and therefore he qualifies a sweeping statement, with which many will disagree, by inserting the words "in my opinion." If critics generally would follow his example there would not be so many instances, as there are, of diametrically opposed literary judgments, specimens of which you have brought before your readers this week in the case of the Benenden Letters; and students who consult the literary journals with a view to having their taste cultivated and improved, and in order that they may be enabled to form an adequate judgment for themselves on literary matters, would not be so often perplexed and disheartened.—I am, &c.,

H. P. WRIGHT.

FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

SIR,—The best evidence on the point in question is naturally that of Mr. Quaritch himself. In his Catalogue, No. 194, for December, 1899, there is the following note under "Edward FitzGerald," p. 118: "*Rubaiyat*, 1859.—Nearly the whole of this, the first edition, I sold (not being able to get more) at one penny each. Mr. FitzGerald had made me a present of about 250 copies of the 250 he had printed." Mr. Quaritch also states in this catalogue that only 250 copies were printed of the *Six Dramas of Calderon*, 1853.—I am, &c.,

W. F. P.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 87 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best original prose description of an actual garden. The contributions sent in have been numerous and good. We award the prize to Miss Lorimer, 1, Bruntsfield-crescent, Edinburgh, for the following:

The garden I have in my mind lies under the walls of a grey old castle, and the garden and the house are so wedded together that no one can think of them apart. When the garden-door stands open one can see the lambs skipping in the park, a sweep of fields and trees, and beyond, the shimmering sea. It is not easy to say at what moment the garden is at its fairest. It is now! one says when the apple trees, in all the glory of their blossom, dip their boughs to meet the ranks and rows of stately tulips and delicate white narcissi. It is now! when the great Madonna lilies stand in gleaming phalanxes and the syringas wave their snowy blossoms. It is now! when the torrent of the roses is sweeping all before it; roses thrusting through the high boxwood; hedges of roses; pyramids of roses; roses tumbling over trellises; roses creeping along the ground; roses red and roses white, roses creamy and coppery; roses blushing and roses with an unwinking golden eye; roses that tarry all the summer, like the Gloire tribe, and roses whose hands "are ever at their lips bidding adieu," like the "Celestial" and the "Maiden's Blush." Roses, roses everywhere. Yes, perhaps the rose-time is the loveliest, and perhaps the gloaming on a July evening is the moment to choose in all the year. There is a garden within this garden surrounded by clipped yew-hedges and with a yew arch for entrance, whence one can watch the lingering sunset as it flushes round the sky to meet the dawn, already lightening in the east. Most of the flowers fade softly into the darkness, but the white ones and the tall, pale evening primroses shine out like stars. And over this *hortus inclusus* a little Cupid hovers, bow in hand, and of the wreathing honeysuckle might permit, one can read the legend on the high lichened pillar that supports him:

Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maitre,
Il est, le fut, ou le doit être.

Other replies are as follows:

Galvanized iron sheeting fences my garden round. So small is that little square of ground that at evening time my shadow falls across it from one side to the other. In a middle, the mould, heaped up, makes a little mound, where one solitary tulip holds aloft its slender-stemmed scarlet goblet, like the last remnant of some all-forsaken festal board. The blue sky overhead has

whispered through the spring-time to the half-barren earth, and a few frail things born of last year's faded flowers struggle upwards in response; albeit that often-times the long black drifting trail of smoke from the huge chimney-shaft near by makes a dissentient severance betwixt the two. A few marigolds push aside the loose gray earth here and there and make a further sprinkling of vivid green. In one corner a creeper lies, its black, rope-like stems twisted into a tangled mass. It can get no holding on the smooth surface of the iron sheeting, and falls back in huddled confusion. The few stray leaves that come, come only to wither. They will never be golden in the autumn-time, or yellow in the November sun as once they were in years gone by, when the creeper twisted around the black-tarred palings that once stood here. Yet all these garden-stragglers will be unnoticed in a few weeks time, for then the giant-weed will dominate the whole. Even now, here and there the long reddish bamboo-like stems start up in dense clusters, reaching perhaps as high as the shoulder, and spread out at top in long slender branches, whereon big heart-shaped leaves unfold. Underneath the ground its long snaky root-tendrils have crept on and on unseen, until now, in almost every part, up through the earth, be it tilled or trampled on, path or bed, the small red sprouting stems upstart and thrust their way through all. And now while things of sweeter promise fade, this one great weed will flourish, and of my garden be at last the lord.

[T. W. C.]

AN INDIAN GARDEN.

This is how my Indian garden looks to me. I see a stretch of green lawn, not daisy or buttercup-starred, but whitened here and there with the downy fluff of the silk-cotton tree. I see under the big mango tree the conservatory with walls of woven grass and roof of creepers, and I can feel again its fresh coolness on a hot May morning. Here I nurse maidenhair fern and begonias, and try to coax a flower from mimulus and musk. A red gravel path leads to my rose garden with its own little system of irrigation, for Mareschal Niel is a thirsty soul. I have flower-borders gay from Christmas to March with nasturtiums and phlox and the other home-flowers that bring *Heimweh*. There are pansies and carnations and violets, too, but all in pots, close battalions of pots, marshalled on the red paths. April comes, and May, and the home flowers are burned up, but the trees of the tropics are then in their glory. The glory of the gold-mohur—a mass of flame, the Indian laburnum—a larger, paler, golden rain, the bushy ixora, so purely white or else so deeply red, the clinging bougainvillea with its purple sepals, the drooping clusters of the orange bignonia, the sacred champas, so heavy scented, and many more of unfamiliar name and strange habit. But it is the middle of June, and the ground is sun-baked and parched. Then come the rains, and I see my garden grow—grow until the zinnias and balsams reach my waist, and the cannas overtop my head; and the coleus, pride of the hothouse at home, ramps over the rubbish heap; and the bamboo clump shoots higher and higher; and it seems that if one slept for a day not even a prince could cut his way through the tangle of creeper that flings its arms in a night round door and gateway. And so the seasons roll round in my Indian garden. I can smell the tuberose these thousand miles away; and though English larks are singing, and primroses are blooming, I wonder if the tailor-bird is again sewing his little nest among the crotons in the verandah, and if the pink lotus is flowering in the tank.

[M. E. D., St. Andrews.]

The garden I first heard about was the Garden of Eden. I was five years old, and my home was hard by the Jephson Gardens, in Leamington, where I wandered daily with my nurse. By making believe, as children do so easily, I had no difficulty in fitting the Jephson pleasure grounds into the Paradise of Adam and Eve. There was an old crab tree which did duty fairly well for that which ruined our first parents, but there was not much to eat except what I carried with me. The River Leam had to suffice for that which watered Eden, and, on the whole, the imagination made a very fair representation. There was no carpet-gardening in those days, and the place had the aspect of wildness and sweet confusion that to the present day makes my mental picture of the mysterious land where Adam was gardener. At sixty-five the same mental picture subsists in my brain, and when I hear the parson read in church, "And the Lord God planted a garden," the one garden of my infancy rises clearly before me. All is there. I see the place where Adam named the beasts and birds; it was an open space where the great tent was pitched when the flower shows took place. I never saw the serpent; my nurse said he always hid by a dangerous slope leading to the river side, and I was forbidden to seek him. They told me I should be sure to meet him some day! The place where God walked in the cool of the day was, of course, the shady grove where I used to hear the birds sing in the happy spring mornings, and the great clusters of laurels (there was forbidden fruit on some of them, I remember) was certainly the place where Adam and Eve hid themselves. They obtained the fig leaves from the great tree on the other side of the gravelled path. Everything was there, even the thorns and

thistles. I had no difficulty in transforming the old woman and her husband who kept the lodge-gate into the cherubims with the flaming sword, because I was assured that if my parents did not pay their subscription they would turn me out.

[E. B., London.]

Our garden is small, one can easily take it in in one glance. There is a lawn, once green and grassy, but the busy little feet of the children have gradually worn it to the semblance of a hard road, with here and there a patch of withered grass; but who cares for this or for the fact that others may keep their lawns immaculate, when we can boast that we are the proud possessors of the only tree in the terrace. It is a may tree, with spreading branches which droop to the very ground, and in spring a crimson glory of blossoms; beneath its branches we can retire into absolute privacy, when the curtain-veiled scrutiny of the lady in the house on our left and the frank curiosity of the nursemaid on our right become irksome. If we sit very close and keep our heads down we can even partake of tea beneath its shade on hot afternoons, and we flatter ourselves that the rattling of our tea-cups arouses feelings akin to envy in the hearts of our neighbours. I cannot say much for the flowers in our garden; when we first came we planted a fine show, but we either watered them too assiduously, or the saying that "A watched pot never boils" becomes applicable, and "A watched plant never flowers," I do not know, but week by week they withered under our ardent and anxious glances. We are not ambitious now; the ever-useful nasturtium serves the double purpose of brightening our garden and hiding the weeds.

But I must not forget our rose bush, which usually bears about one rose a summer; it has buds in plenty, but they always appear unequal to the task of blooming. Oh, the unspeakable joy of watching our first rose! how undecided we were whether to pluck it or to let it die a natural death; the question was decided for us—it was stolen.

[K. M. P., N. Wales.]

Other replies received from: M. A. W., London; A. E. W., Greenock; H. E., Oxford; M. W. C., Hampstead; L. L., Ramsgate; F. J. S., Edinburgh; B. G. H., Inverness; G. W., Cambridge; T. H. S., Denmark Hill; G. C., London; J. C., Glasgow; G. H., Didsbury; L. D. K. S., Felixstowe; F. A. H., Edinburgh; C. M. J., Hexham-on-Tyne; P. C. F., Cambridge; G. R., Glasgow; H. S., London; A. S. H., Dalkeith; F. W., Oxford; M. H. R., London; H. W. D., South Tottenham; F. T., Cornwall; H. G., London; F. W. S., London; G. H. W., Kensington; A. M. C., Leicester; Mrs. E. B., Liverpool; Mrs. S., Chelsea; A. F., Sutton; J. A. K., South Hampstead; R. B., Bowes; F. E. A. C., Marple; F. H. C., Tunbridge Wells; H. T., King's Cross; J. M., Farnham; M. C., Ealing; F. L. W., Bradford; L. F., Manchester.

Competition No. 88 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best written and most interesting reminiscence of schooldays. Length not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, May 29. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War..... The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

B. H. BLACKWELL'S LIST.

JUST PUBLISHED.

A PRACTICAL DISCOURSE on SOME PRINCIPLES of HYMN-SINGING. By ROBERT BRIDGES. 59 pp. Crown 8vo, sewed, 1s. net.

"Never was better sense on this subject more simply or more solidly expounded, and choir-masters anywhere would profit by a study of the essay."—*Scotsman*.

"It is most desirable that the question of what hymns and tunes are proper for congregational use should be discussed as fully and learnedly as it is here.....Should make its way into every parsonage and organ loft in England."—*Times*.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE OXFORD YEAR, and other Oxford Poems. By JAMES WILLIAMS, Lincoln College. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. net.

IN A FEW DAYS.

THE BOOK of the HORACE CLUB. 1898-1901. Royal 12mo. Printed on Arnold's hand-made paper and bound in parchment, with antique ornament on side. 5s. net.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

TENTAMINA. Essays in Translation into Greek and Latin Verse. By DAVID SLATER, M.A. Crown 8vo, boards, 3s. 6d. net.

"A collection of translations into Latin and Greek verse which we think can hold their own with others.....They are scholarly and poetical. The book deserves a place upon a scholar's shelves."—*Literature*.

"The passages are well chosen, and the renderings almost invariably attain a high level.... We can commend Mr. Slater's book to old-fashioned scholars, *quibus sunt talia curæ*."—*Guardian*.

"The author may well claim to rank with the distinguished among modern composers."—*Athenæum*.

"Classical scholars will enjoy its rare accomplishment in an art of no small refinement."—*Scotsman*.

THE PRIMACY of ENGLAND. By S. F. HULTON, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. With colotype facsimile, 254 pp., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

I.—Papal Supremacy. II.—Royal Supremacy. III.—Parliamentary Supremacy.

"This is a very useful and sensible little book..... We heartily commend its volume to our readers."—*Church Quarterly Review*.

"Many interesting points of English Church history are dealt with in this handy volume."—*English Historical Review*.

"A valuable contribution to the constitutional history of the Anglican Church.... For general impartiality and accurate and interesting treatment of its subject matter, the book is above praise."—*Law Journal*.

"There is hardly an ecclesiastical problem of the day upon which it does not throw strong and welcome light."—*The Speaker*.

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET, and other Dialogues for Female Characters. By MABEL E. TAWNEY. 69 pp., crown 8vo, sewed, 1s. 6d.

"These quiet and gracefully-written little plays are all marked by a distinctive feminine humour and tenderness, and they should prove popular among people fond of private theatricals."—*Scotsman*.

A PRIEST to the TEMPLE; or, the Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life. By GEORGE HERBERT. Edited by the Rev. H. C. BEECHING, M.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, London. Fcap. 8vo, antique boards, 3s. 6d. net.

"A delightfully quaint little book."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Mr. Beeching has supplied an excellent introduction."—*Athenæum*.

"Should be on the bookshelves of every curate."—*Academy*.

"A dainty edition of an old-world book that has not lost its charm."—*Manchester Guardian*.

MEMORIES of SOME OXFORD PETS. By THEIR FRIENDS. Collected by Mrs. WALLACE. With a Preface by W. WARDE FOWLER, M.A. With Portrait of "Oriol Bill." 145 pp., large imperial 16mo, price 3s. net.

"Let lovers of the good and beautiful read this book."—*Spectator*.

"A very friendly little book, full of good human nature and good dog and cat nature."—*Academy*.

"So good that it makes one long for more."—*Speaker*.

NOTE.—The Profits arising from the publication of this book will be given to the LORD MAYOR'S TRANVAAL WAR FUND.

B. H. BLACKWELL, Oxford.
And of all Booksellers.

DEIGHTON, BELL & CO., CAMBRIDGE.

JUST PUBLISHED.—Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

THE RISEN MASTER.

A SEQUEL TO

PASTOR PASTORUM.

By Rev. HENRY LATHAM, M.A.,
Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

"Mr. Latham's theory, which we find so convincing, about the discovery of the grave-clothes, is admirably illustrated by a drawing which shows the tomb as he conceives it. We call this the groundwork of the book, but those who know the author's previous work will understand that such a theory subserves a higher end than the gratification of curiosity as to facts.... We could find many things in the book to criticise, but these very things suggest devout thought—not hippat doubt. It has faults, but no book could do more to stimulate and corroborate faith. Our advice is to buy it and read it, to keep it and read it again."—*Church Times*.

"Mr. Latham has unquestionably rendered a real service to all thoughtful students of the Gospel records. Those whose vocation is teaching will perhaps find less to help them in this volume than in 'Pastor Pastorum'; but in any case it will stimulate their thought and quicken their interest. It will help them to realise more vividly the wisdom and tenderness of the methods employed by Almighty God in the education of His children."—*Guardian*.

Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. net.

A NEW AND ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

RONALD AND I;

Or, Scenes and Characters from a Village of the Past.

By ALFRED PRETOR, M.A.,

Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

"Stories and sketches.... There is not one which is not of its kind perfect."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"A volume of clever sketches. Indeed there is more than cleverness in them."—*Spectator*.

"There is literature here, and that of the very best; witness 'The Cruel Crawling Foam.'"—*Birkenhead News*.

"We had finished Mr. Pretor's book, and been refreshed by the knowledge and humour and tenderness."—*Literature*.

Cambridge: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.

London: GEORGE BELL & SONS.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

A NEW BOOK ON IMPERIALISM.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENTS and CANADIAN IMPERIALISM. A Story and a Study. By W. SANFORD EVANS. Illustrated, and with 6 Maps. Cloth, 6s.

"A well-written, compact statement of work done for the Empire by Canada in South Africa.....Deserves serious study by every one.... A very interesting, very suggestive, very stimulating work, and we hope it will be very widely read."—*Daily Chronicle*.

AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK ABOUT CHINA.
CHINA UNDER the SEARCHLIGHT.

By WM. ARTHUR CORNBURY, Editor of the "Chung-si-chiao-hui-pao." Cloth, 6s.

SIXTH EDITION.

THE FAR EAST. By Henry NORMAN. Fully Illustrated. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

325th THOUSAND.

EBEN HOLDEN. By Irving BACHELLER. Cheap Edition. Paper, 6d.

AMELIA E. BARR'S NEW NOVEL.

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE. A Love Story. By the Author of "Prisoners of Conscience," "Trinity Bells," &c. (Unwin's Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

THE LETTERS of HER MOTHER to ELIZABETH. By —? Cloth, 2s.; Paper, 1s.

ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS. By BARRY PAIN. Cloth, 2s.; Paper, 1s.

BY A NEW WRITER.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S RESOLVE. By WALDO GRAY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

THE LOVE-LETTERS of JOHN KEATS are contained in the Fifth and Last Volume of his COMPLETE WORKS, Edited by H. BUNTON FORMAN, just published. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.

"An ideal edition."—*Saturday Review*.

GOWANS & GRAY, Glasgow.
B. BRIMLEY JOHNSON, London.

NEW BOOKS.**OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN ALEXANDRA.**

A DAINY GIFT-BOOK.

By the Rev. Canon FLEMING, B.D.,
Of St. Michael's, Chester Square.

Dedicated by gracious permission to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

With a Photogravure Portrait of the Queen, from a Painting by Edward Hughes, and Three Illustrations of Sandringham.

Crown 8vo, white cloth gilt, and gilt top, 2s. 6d.

OLD HIGHLAND DAYS.

THE REMINISCENCES OF
DR. JOHN KENNEDY.

With a Sketch of his Later Life by his Son,

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, 6s.

Mr. H. A. Kennedy, the well-known author of the "Life of John Stuart Blackie," has prepared a biography of his father, Dr. John Kennedy, of Stepney Meeting. The first half of the book is autobiographical, and describes conditions of life and experience in the Highlands eighty years ago, which have now passed away. Dr. Kennedy lived from the fifty-third year of George III. to the last year of Queen Victoria, and during his forty years' work in London he was connected with most of the important social, philanthropic, and religious movements in the Metropolis—especially in East London—and this book records a capable man's thought and action in relation to these movements.

THE AUTHOR of the "PEEP OF DAY."

BEING THE LIFE STORY OF
MRS. MORTIMER.

By her Niece, Mrs. MEYER.

With an Introduction by the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

With a Photogravure Portrait and Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

By the Rev. J. H. JOWETT, M.A. MEDITATIONS FOR QUIET MOMENTS.

By J. H. JOWETT, M.A.,

Of Carr's Lane, Birmingham.

Cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

NEW EDITION.

A Series of brief, pointed, helpful expositions of Scripture, calculated to deepen and strengthen Christian life and practice.

Published by

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
INCORPORATED,
56, Paternoster Row, London.

FAMOUS BOOKS FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES.

BY
MAURICE THOMPSON.

About 1,750,000 copies of this remarkable novel have been called for in the United States, and the work will shortly be published in this country by Messrs. Cassell & Co. Price 6s.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

BY THE
Rev. A. J. HARRISON, M.A., B.D.

This most interesting volume is the story of a fighter, optimist, sceptic, preacher, priest, and missionary. As the Times remarks: "It is a pleasant, cheery book, full of humour, and evidently written by a man very much alive." whilst the Methodist Recorder says: "The book is full of good stories, strange happenings, and kindly wisdom." Price 6s.

A VANISHED RIVAL.

BY
J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

This is Mr. Blountelle-Burton's latest and best novel, and has already met with great success. As the Academy recently remarked: "The story is original and cleverly worked out." Price 6s.

AFIELD AND AFLOAT.

BY
FRANK R. STOCKTON.

This volume of short stories contains some of the happiest examples of Mr. Stockton's humour. The Manchester Guardian says: "The book is brimming over with the author's gifts of imagination, humour, and delicate observation." With 12 Illustrations. Price 6s.

A SOLDIER OF THE KING.

BY
DORA M. JONES.

This is a new historical novel of engrossing interest, the subject being the original of Bunyan's evangelist. The Irish Times says: "The book is full of incident and character, and pervaded with deep human interest. Miss Dora Jones is a capital story-teller." Price 6s.

AN ETON BOY'S LETTERS.

By NUGENT BANKES,
Author of "A Day of my Life at Eton."

The letters of an Eton boy to his relations and friends—from the time of his entrance to the time of his leaving, setting forth the vicissitudes of his career, and illustrating the manners and customs of the College. Ready next week. Price 5s.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1901.

Parts I. to IV. of this magnificent work are on sale, price 1s each, and the fifth and concluding part will be ready in a few days. The complete volume, handsomely bound, will be published shortly, price 7s. 6d.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,
London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne.

STANFORD'S Compendium of Geography and Travel.

REISSUE. Revised and in great part Rewritten, with new Illustrations and Maps, 12 vols., large crown 8vo, cloth, price 15s. each (sold separately).

"The new issue of 'Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel' is a publication of great value, and contains, in convenient form, the latest geographical results of travel and research adequately treated. Not only is the information accurate, but the form in which the work is produced is admirable, and English Geography may be proud of such a series. It is useful for educational purposes and for reference, and pleasant to the general reader." *Athenæum*.

NEW VOLUME JUST READY.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA. VOL. I. SOUTH AMERICA.

By A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S.

Edited by Sir CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, F.R.S.
With numerous Maps and 84 Illustrations.

EUROPE.—Vol. I. THE COUNTRIES
of the MAINLAND (excluding the North-West).
By GEO. G. CHISHOLM, M.A., B.Sc. With
31 Maps, and 101 Illustrations.

NORTH AMERICA.—Vol. I. CANADA
and NEWFOUNDLAND. By SAMUEL
EDWARD DAWSON, Litt.D. (Laval), F.R.S.C.
With 18 Maps and 90 Illustrations.

NORTH AMERICA.—Vol. II. THE
UNITED STATES. By HENRY GANNETT,
Chief Geographer of the United States Geological
Survey. With 16 Maps and 72 Illustrations.

AUSTRALASIA.—Vol. I. AUSTRALIA
and NEW ZEALAND. By ALFRED RUSSEL
WALLACE, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. With numerous
Maps and Illustrations.

AUSTRALASIA.—Vol. II. MALAYSIA
and the PACIFIC ARCHIPELAGOES. By
F. H. H. GUILLEMAUD, M.D., Author of "The
Cruise of the Marchesa." With numerous Maps
and Illustrations.

AFRICA.—Vol. I. NORTH AFRICA.
By A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S., Author of "Asia"
in the same Series, "Eastern Geography," &c.
With 9 Maps and 77 Illustrations.

AFRICA.—Vol. II. SOUTH AFRICA.
By A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S., Author of "North
Africa" in the same Series, "Eastern Geography,"
&c. With 11 Maps and 92 Illustrations.

ASIA.—Vol. I. NORTHERN and
EASTERN ASIA, CAUCASIA, RUSSIAN
TURKESTAN, SIBERIA, CHINESE EMPIRE,
and JAPAN. By A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S.
With 8 Maps and 91 Illustrations.

ASIA.—Vol. II. SOUTHERN and
WESTERN ASIA, AFGHANISTAN, INDIA,
INDO-CHINA, MALAY PENINSULA, TURKEY
in ASIA, ARABIA, and PERSIA. By A. H.
KEANE, F.R.G.S. With 7 Maps and 89 Illustrations.

Large post 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

THE EVOLUTION OF GEOGRAPHY.

A Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Geographical Knowledge from the Earliest Times to the First Circumnavigation of the Globe.

By JOHN KEANE.

With 19 Maps and 7 Illustrations.

"A short but remarkably comprehensive, well-written, and interesting sketch.... Could not well be more vividly and accurately presented."—*Scotsman*.

London: EDWARD STANFORD,
12, 13, and 14, Long Acre, W.C.

(A List of Books of interest to Yachtsmen sent on application.)

Macmillan's New Novels.

Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The First English Edition of
10,000 copies of

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S New Novel, THE CRISIS,

having been exhausted before Publication, a Second Impression will be ready in a few days.

55,000 Copies Sold.

BY A NEW WRITER.

BERTHA RUNKLE.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

IN BAD COMPANY, and other
Stories.

LATEST VOLUME of the NEW ISSUE of the BORDER EDITION of the WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE MONASTERY.

With 10 Etchings.

Crown 8vo, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt, 6s.

LATEST VOLUME OF THE NEW ISSUE OF THE WORKS OF MARION CRAWFORD.

A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s.—Contents for JUNE.

PRINCESS PUCK. By the Author of "The Enchanter." Chapters V.—VII.

SOME CHILDREN of the STATE. By W. H. HUNT.

ANCIENT PISTOL. By H. C. MICHIN.

OUT PATIENTS.

THE HUNT for the WORD.

HIS FIRST ENGAGEMENT. By POWELL MILLINGTON.

ENGLISH SURNAMES. By EDWARD WHITAKER.

IN LAVENGRO'S COUNTRY. By W. A. DUFF.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION. By P. F. ROWLAND.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.—Price 1s. 4d.—Annual Subscription, post free, 16s.

The JUNE NUMBER contains—

THE MAKING of a MARCHIONESS.—I. By FRANCES HODGSON BERNETT.

WANTED: A HERO. (A Story of a College Athlete.) By VICTOR MAPES.

MY DOG (A Hamlet in Old Hampshire.) By ANNA LEE MERRITT.

DRI and I.—IV. By IRVING BACHELLER.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Illustrated.—Price 1s.—Annual Subscription, post free, 12s.

The JUNE NUMBER contains—

CAREERS of DANGER and DARING.—VI. THE FIRE-MAN. By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

IMPRISONED in a MINE. Story. By CAROLINE ARNOT STANLEY.

THE ALGONQUIN MEDICINE BOY. Story. By FRANCIS B. PALMER.

And numerous other Stories for the Young.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1517. Established 1869.

1 June, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE translation of M. Maeterlinck's new book, *The Life of the Bee*, which is reviewed on another page, is by Mr. Alfred Sutro, who has done a like excellent service for M. Maeterlinck's other books. *The Treasure of the Humble* contained an introduction by Mr. A. B. Walkley. *The Life of the Bee* has none. It may be interesting at this moment, when Maeterlinck is again being listened to on the stage, and asked for at the libraries, to recall Mr. Walkley's analysis of his "cardinal doctrine":

His cardinal doctrine will, I conjecture, prove to be something like this. What should be of most account for us all is not external fact, but the supra-sensuous world. "What we know is not interesting"; the really interesting things are those which we can only divine—the veiled life of the soul, the crepuscular region of sub-consciousness, our "borderland" feelings, all that lies in the strange "neutral zone" between the frontiers of consciousness and unconsciousness. The mystery of life is what makes life worth living. "'Twas a little being of mystery, like everyone else," says the old King Arkel of the dead Melisande. We are such stuff as dreams are made of, might be the "refrain" of all M. Maeterlinck's plays, and of most of these essays. He is penetrated by the feeling of the mystery in all human creatures, whose every act is regulated by far-off influences and obscurely rooted in things unexplained. Mystery is within us and around us. Of reality we can only get now and then the merest glimpse. Our senses are too gross. Between the invisible world and our own there is doubtless an intimate concordance; but it escapes us. We grope among shadows towards the unknown. Even the new conquests of what we vainly suppose to be "exact" thought only deepen the mystery of life.

WE have remarked before on the extraordinary circulation, mainly in America, of certain American novels. Even a new book by a new writer like Miss Bertha Runkle's *Helmet of Navarre* has the announcement "fifteenth thousand" against its advertisements; but that is nothing to *Eben Holden*. The issue of the new sixpenny edition, Mr Fisher Unwin informs us, will bring the sales up to three hundred and fifty thousand.

A LITERARY lawsuit of much importance is now in its initial stages, and according to our present information the matter will certainly be brought to the issue of a trial. The parties are Messrs. Pearson and Mr. Hall Caine. In January of this year Messrs. Pearson started their new sixpenny home periodical, *The Lady's Magazine*. The send-off attraction was the serial production of Mr. Hall Caine's much-talked-of novel, *The Eternal City*. For the right to use this Messrs. Pearson paid £2,000, and the instalments of the story have regularly appeared. However, purchasers of the June number will be surprised to find no further instalment, but, instead, a notice that the serial is withdrawn. The explanation is that in the next instalment there is certain matter which Messrs. Pearson do not feel able to put before their

particular class of readers. This matter is essential to the story as it is written. Its deletion is, therefore, impossible in a literary sense. Messrs. Pearson, finding themselves unable to keep faith with their readers, are bringing an action against Mr. Hall Caine for the return of money, and for damages. They contend that there was an understanding that the story should be free from matter of the kind to which they now make objection. Mr. Caine is counter-claiming.

THE value of the late Mr. George Smith's estate on which duty has been paid is £761,965. We understand, however, that this splendid fortune was not amassed by publishing alone; indeed, that is self-evident. By the will, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, with its copyright and notes, is bequeathed to Mrs. Smith, the testator's wish being that his widow should cause the work to be duly completed. To Mr. Leslie Stephen the testator bequeathed £50 "for the purchase of a trifle in remembrance of our long friendship," and to Mr. Sidney Lee £500.

WE have already noticed *The May Book*, published in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital. Those who have not already bought the volume will like the following lines—Mr. Austin Dobson's contribution:

In Angel Court the sunless air
Grows faint and sick; to left and right
The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

Misnamed, you say. For surely rare
Must be the angel-shapes that light
In Angel Court!

Nay: the Eternities are there.
Death by the doorway stands to smite;
Life in its garrets leaps to light:
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
In Angel Court!

THE Lady Mayoress, Miss Kathleen Haydn Green, is publishing a book—not her first—called *Twelve Allegories*. Among the titles are "The Man who had Nothing of His Own," "The Man who Sought the Unattainable," and "The Woman who Wasted her Tears."

An Elton Boy's Letters is announced; also an anonymous biography, announced by the publisher to be "the life story of a well-known man of letters." Its title is *The Lover's Progress: Told by Himself*. It is dedicated "To all who love."

THE publishing offices of Messrs. H. S. Virtue & Co., which for nearly eighty years have been situated at Ivy-lane, will next month be removed to Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS spoke in a strong and interesting vein on "The Functions of Poetry" at the Royal Institution a few days ago. Among other things, he said: "There are properties and qualities which must be present in true poetry, but the wisest of us are often fools to a name, and we have so abused the name of poet, so prostituted and degraded it that it has almost ceased to have a serious significance. A loose and careless notion prevails that its chief aim is to please, and that we should give ourselves up to its superficial graces. We should go back to the days of the ancients, when children had school-masters to teach them and men had the poets, we must not think poetry an illusion, or, as one school put it, as a literary production which has the power of giving pleasure by its form as distinct from its matter. The poet is the lord of the visionary eye delivering authentic tidings of the invisible, as Wordsworth has said."

"THERE is always some critic about, ready to stand sponsor at the shortest notice to any aspiring author, provided only that he can count on being first in the field." Thus a writer in the June *Macmillan*, and he is right. The book particularly referred to is Mr. Marriott's *The Column*, and the writer proceeds to recite the steps which were taken in the exceedingly pushing and rather clever advertising of that novel. The novel, as it happened, was good, but the method of its introduction to the public was not so good. The article is concerned, however, with criticism, and its burden is one which we have ourselves shouldered many times. Its title is "The Hunt for the Word," and the writer justly castigates the sin of over-writing, his examples being Mr. Marriott, Mr. Bernard Capes, Mr. Neil Munro, and Mr. Quiller-Couch in his continuation of *St. Ives*. We entirely agree with the writer in thinking that the man to blame for all this is not Mr. Meredith, but Stevenson:

It is Stevenson with his preaching of a doctrine that concentrated effort not on the thing to be said but on the manner of saying it. Stevenson himself had always an infinite deal to say. His invention was endlessly prolific in stories, his critical intelligence was infinitely subtle in the ethical casuistry for which life offered endless material to his insatiable curiosity. However one may rate him as an artist, his influence upon the younger generation has unquestionably been far reaching. But, happily or unhappily, he wrote and thought like a Scot. The Scotch divines, who were his spiritual as well as his physical forefathers, transmitted to him a taste for polysyllables, and he was born a worshipper of exotic words. Anything appealed to him more than the natural way of easy speech, and he preached the deliberate cultivation of an assumed manner. He "played the sedulous ape" himself to Lamb, Hazlitt, and many another besides, and the method, like all the methods of genius, answered for himself. Other men follow it with disastrous result. They play the sedulous ape to Stevenson, and they push his tricks to the point at which imitation becomes caricature.

A WRITER in the *Daily Mail* answers the question: "What English authors find most vogue abroad?" with a list of writers so long that the "most" becomes, one thinks, superfluous. The taste for English fiction, he points out, has been greatly fostered of late years by the publication in such well-known papers as the *Figaro*, *Temps*, *Journal des Debats*, &c., of stories by Mr. Kipling, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mrs. Oliphant. *The Jungle Book* was a great success in Paris, and *The Light that Failed* and *The Naulahka* have been translated. Mr. Hardy is best known by *Jude the Obscure*. Mr. H. G. Wells is very popular, in fact a representative Paris publisher gave him the first place. Miss Corelli's and Miss Braddon's novels sell well. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is popular in Austria, Germany, and Russia. As a rule Russia cares only for our great dead. It reads Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray,

Carlyle, Macaulay, and Darwin, but is chary of our living writers. "Besides Mr. Jerome, Mark Twain is to be occasionally met with. Conan Doyle is also beginning to be known in St. Petersburg; his books have long been read widely throughout the Scandinavian Peninsula."

THE Barrois collection of MSS., the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ashburnham, will be offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheby, from June 10 to June 14. It was formed by M. Paul Barrois, Deputy for Lille, before the Revolution in Paris in 1848, and was purchased from him *en bloc* by the late Earl of Ashburnham in 1849. It originally contained a number of volumes which M. Delisle, Chief Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, conclusively proved to have belonged at some time or other to that Institution. These volumes were in 1888, by negotiation with the present Earl of Ashburnham, acquired by France. It comprises a large number of MSS. of great importance and varied interest—historical, theological, literary and artistic, and includes early French romances in verse, many connected with the Arthurian legends; the writings of Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch; Christine de Pisan, Guillaume Lorris, Jehan de Meun, and other Italian and French writers of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; early MSS. of the Gospels and Epistles; codexes of the Greek and Roman classics; the early fathers from St. Augustine; the schoolmen of the Middle Ages; old chroniclers; a long and most valuable series of Anglo-Norman Charters; original letters and papers relating to Mary Queen of Scots; and others of special English interest; modern documents connected with French and English history, many relating to Flanders and Burgundy. A large number of the MSS. are very finely illuminated, as the facsimiles in the illustrated catalogue show, many of which are of very great importance for details of the costume—civil, ecclesiastical, military and domestic—as well as the architecture, of the period in which they were written. Many of the MSS. are in fine historical bindings, some with ancient carved ivory plaques.

THE Philadelphia *Conservator* is the curious organ of Walt Whitmanism. Its reviews are like no other that we meet with, and we are not always impressed by their thought and phrasing. But the paper has its charm and surprises. On its front page it commonly quotes immense passages of Maeterlinck or Lafacadio Hearn. Inside you may find an article like the one in which the late Steve Brodie, the hero of the Bowery, is eulogised in such plain speech as thus:

He has recently passed in his checks. He was born of poor and honest parents. He was not only poor when a kid, but nigh unto starvation. His parents were in the same boat. So one day he thought what on earth he could do. After awhile something occurred to him. Just as the sun went down one day he stood on Brooklyn Bridge—and jumped! His feet parted the waters below like a wedge, and before those waters engulfing him knew what he was about he was swimming for a boat. In obedience to a law of the Empire State, Brodie was arrested for attempting suicide. But Steve's little programme was well thought out. He had no difficulty in convincing even average intelligence that what he was after was not death, but life, and that more abundantly. The wires flashed it, and Brodie was on the top wave of accumulating fortune. Within a week he was modestly sitting on a high platform in a curio hall in Boston, at a salary worth while.

The immortal Samuel Johnson said: "The first man who can ride four horses at a time, or balance a straw on his nose, does good by enlarging the boundaries of human ability." Steve did that. The latent ability in human nature to jump your highest vaulted bridges was then and there displayed. There had been bridge jumpers, or

jumpers, before him—I know not if any so clever—but, anyway, courage and the science of it was a great thing to his class. He set a high-water mark for a vast population.

A new star had arisen. And to the latest day the peanut galleries of the world cry their praises of Brodie. It is not likely that he thought much about “enlarging the boundaries of human ability.” That wasn’t “business.” That must come in, as it always does with business men, as incidental. But he got his start. Even very good people went to see him. He knew they would.

Business men say, after your first thousand dollars success comes easy. Brodie soon had his thousand two or three times over. He started a saloon and went into the show business. He made money. He died three hundred thousand dollars ahead. . . . Life’s fitful fever o’er, he may have a statue. . . . He did no mean thing, told no lies, and (though a drinking man) was temperate. . . . Few men of this Western republic have had so wide a personal influence over the lowly.

THE literary name is becoming firmly established; and we should say that registrars of births know a coming author as soon as anyone. We hope we shall be pardoned for professing our appreciation of the name borne by Mr. Volney Streamer. It is extremely well compounded, and the delicate suggestion that the owner’s works will stream from the press is in order. Mr. Volney Streamer and his friend, Mr. Louis Francis Eggers, have collaborated in making and printing a list of *Book Titles from Shakespeare*, of which they have printed a thousand copies, on hand-made paper, at the Calumet Press in New York. The result is quite interesting. It seems that Mr. Howells is the arch-borrower of titles from Shakespeare; he has taken no fewer than thirteen titles from the Plays. Here they are:

A Circle in the Water (“Henry VI.”).
The Coast of Bohemia (“A Winter’s Tale”).
A Counterfeit Presentment (“Hamlet”).
A Foregone Conclusion (“Othello”).
A Hazard of New Fortunes (“King John”).
A Modern Instance (“As You Like It”).
An Open-Eyed Conspiracy (“The Tempest”).
The Quality of Mercy (“The Merchant of Venice”).
A Sea Change (“The Tempest”).
The Shadow of a Dream (“Hamlet”).
The Undiscovered Country (“Hamlet”).
A Woman’s Reason (“Two Gentlemen of Verona”).

Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Frankfort Moore, and Mr. Robert Barr have each taken two titles from Shakespeare. Then come the many borrowers of one title. We give a few:

MRS. ALEXANDER:
Her Dearest Foe (“Hamlet”).
 GRANT ALLEN:
This Mortal Coil (“Hamlet”).
 JAMES LANE ALLEN:
The Mettle of the Pasture (“Henry V.”).
 F. ANSTAY:
The Giant’s Robe (“Macbeth”).
 GERTRUDE ATHERTON:
What Dreams May Come (“Hamlet”).
 RHODA BROUGHTON:
Not Wisely But Too Well (“Othello”).
 F. MARION CRAWFORD:
Love in Idleness (“A Midsummer Night’s Dream”).
 THOMAS HARDY:
Under the Greenwood Tree (“As You Like It”).
 JULIAN HAWTHORNE:
A Fool of Nature (“Hamlet”).
 NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE:
Twice Told Tales (“King John”).
 PERCY WHITE:
A Passionate Pilgrim (“Poems”).
 ROBERT BUCHANAN:
Come Live with Me and Be My Love (“Poems”).
 C. HADDON CHAMBERS:
John-a-Dreams (“Hamlet”).
 JOHN OLIVER HOBBS:
Journeys End in Lovers Meeting (“Twelfth Night”).

It appears that “Hamlet,” of all the plays, has afforded the largest number of titles. Mr. Volney Streamer gives forty. Next in titular wealth come “As You Like It” and “Macbeth,” with ten and eight titles respectively.

An American magazine, called the *Smart Set*, has been brought to London, and is stated to be acclimatising itself rapidly. Prizes seem to be its motive power. In the June number, now before us, we observe a £200 prize novelette, by Mrs. Poultney Biglow. It is described as “a very human tale of modern love that is sure to enrapture.” Then there is a £20 prize short story; and another story which, though it won no prize, is “a million miles removed from the decadent.” The £10 prize joke, called “Overwhelming Cordiality,” has not overwhelmed us, though the price paid for it is certainly funny.

COLLECTORS of Eugene Fieldiana are interested in the reprints of his first book, *The Tribune Primer*. The original issue, published in pamphlet form in 1882, contained forty-eight pages, and is now a rarity. A copy recently fetched \$250. Field wrote these sketches for his paper, the *Denver Tribune*, in 1881, and the first reprint of them was incomplete. Someone has now routed up the files of the paper, and scooped up every scrap published and unpublished. These have been printed with religious care in two limited editions, twenty-five copies on Japan paper, numbered from 1 to 25, and ninety copies on hand-made paper, numbered from 26 to 115. An elaborate water-mark and a single line of rubrication on the title-page complete the ritual. As for the sketches, we are told that they “grow more deliciously funny with each new reading.” If that be so our readers will be grateful for any opportunity we can afford them of indulging this crescendo of mirth. Here are five of these (alleged) laughter accumulators:

Do not Make a Noise or you will Wake the Policeman.
 He is Sitting on the Doorstep asleep. It is very Hard on him to Have to Sleep out of Doors these Cold Nights. There is a Bank being Robbed around the Corner. and a Woman is being Killed in the next block. If the Policeman Woke up he Might Find it out and Arrest somebody. Some people Believe this is what Policemen are for, but Policemen do not Think so.

This is not a Big Spider. It is a Lobster. He is Green. now, but when he Gets into Hot Water he will Look Red and Feel Blue. The Lobster carries his Teeth on his arms. Pat him on the Teeth. Maybe the Teeth will kind of Take to You.

Mabel is Sitting at the Piano and she is Singing a Song. The Song says he is Waiting for Her in the Gloaming. Mabel appears to be Giving herself Dead away. He is not Waiting for her in the Gloaming at all. He has just Drawn a hob-tail Flush, and he is Wondering whether he had Better Pull out or Stand in on a Bluff. Mabel would touch a Responsive Chord in his Bosom if she would sing “Take Back the Hand Which Thou Gavest.”

The Young Man is Reading a Letter and seems Deeply Agitated. Maybe it is a Letter from his Sweet Heart and she has Given him the Grand Bounce. How his Breast Heaves and how his Heart must Throb under his Celluloid Shirt Front! The Letter is from his Tailor. Let us not Invade the Secrecy of the Poor Young Man’s Grief.

Suppose a man with a bottle of whisky were to set down the bottle and carry the whisky. What would the result be?

THE small and simple, but interesting, example of early Georgian architecture, known as Hogarth House, Chiswick, in which the great pictorial satirist spent a good deal of time between his acquisition of it in 1749 and his death in 1764, is at present in serious and immediate danger. It has been sold as part of a property which is about to be developed for building; and it is feared that

unless assistance is promptly forthcoming, it may either be pulled down or, by being let in tenements, permitted again to fall into the condition from which the late owner rescued it. The house is placed in a garden, some three-quarters of an acre in extent, and surrounded by a high brick wall. In this garden Hogarth's historical mulberry-tree still stands and bears fruit. Early in the last century the house belonged for many years to the Rev. H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante, who there received many of the distinguished men of his time. It is proposed to purchase and repair the house, and to preserve it as a memorial and museum. The Hogarth House Preservation Committee have already received several contingent promises of Hogarth prints and relics. But before they can accept such offers, it is imperative that they should see their way to the acquisition of the property, provided they can obtain it at a reasonable price. A sum of £1,500 at least will be required for the purchase, indispensable repairs, and other expenses; and an earnest appeal is now made to all those interested for a sum of money, which is, after all, relatively small. A strong committee has been formed, with Mr. George C. Haité as chairman. Contributions may be sent to the hon. treasurer, Mr. P. W. Ramsey Murray, London and County Bank, Chiswick.

THE *Bookman* says that Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, are just about to issue "subscription" editions of the works of Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. Each author's works will probably make twelve or more volumes, which will, no doubt, be as sumptuously produced as the volumes in Messrs. Scribner's "Outward Bound" edition of the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, the agents of all three authors, have been able to reconcile the interests of the various publishers—and they are many—of the ordinary editions of the works so as to permit of Messrs. Scribner and Messrs. Appleton issuing these editions.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S sonnet in the *Cornhill*, called "Melancholia," is not the less fine because it reminds one of a stanza in Matthew Arnold's lines written on Dover beach. In the first eight lines we have "the barren beach," the "steep shingle," and the "long hiss of the backward wave." The sextet is:

And I beheld the waters in their might
Writhe as a dragon by some great spell curbed
And foiled; and one lone sail; and over me
The everlasting taciturnity;
The august, inhospitable, inhuman night,
Glittering magnificently unperturbed.

Bibliographical.

THE publication by Mr. Frederic Harrison of the text of his lecture on King Alfred's writings is a fresh reminder that we are about to celebrate the millenary (is that the correct term?) of the "Christian King" (as Mr. Wilson Barrett proposes to call him in a forthcoming drama). Coming events, in the literary world, cast their shadows before, and the river of "Alfred" literature began to flow in 1898. We then had a sixpenny pamphlet from Sir Walter Besant, a *Story of the Time of Alfred* from Mr. E. Kerr, and *The Romance of King Alfred* from Mr. E. F. Pollard. In 1899 came a new edition of Alfred's translation of *Bæthius* and *Chapters on His Life and Times* by a number of well-known persons (edited by Mr. A. Bowker), and a little *Life of Alfred the Great* by J. H. Cooke. Last year the current ran still fuller and stronger. We had Alfred's version of *Bæthius* "done into modern English" by Mr. W. J. Sedgefield; we had little memoirs of Alfred by Mr. Walter Hawkins and by Mr. Jesse Page, an account of *Alfred in the Chronicles*, a monograph on *King Alfred and the Danes*, and a book on *Alfred the Great*,

his Abbots of Hyde, Athelney, and Shaftesbury. All this is not so bad; and, if King Alfred can revisit the glimpses of the moon, he should be rather gratified by this outburst of interest in him and all that is his. No doubt there is more to follow.

A literary gossip asks why we should not have a memoir of the late Mr. Shirley Brooks. I can suggest no answer save this—that Mr. Brooks seems hardly deserving of one. I agree with my contemporary that Brooks was one of the best of our minor novelists, but that scarcely establishes his right to a biography. There are few cleverer books, of their kind, than his *Silver Cord*, his *Aspen Court*, and his *Sooner or Later*; the last-named is especially good and wonderfully "modern." Clever work like that, however, is tolerably common nowadays, and hardly to be specially distinguished. Perhaps the one book published by Brooks which is likely to float successfully down the river of time is the collection of his *Wit and Humour* (in verse), which was made from the columns of *Punch*. In this there are some excellent things, well worthy of permanence. A new edition of it, I see, was published in 1883, in which year Brooks's *Naggletons* was also reprinted. Since then, none of his books have been reproduced, and I can well believe that most of them are out of print. Perhaps the very best thing that Shirley Brooks ever did was his weekly "Essence of Parliament" in *Punch*. It was particularly notable for the felicity of its quotation and allusion. Brooks was a well-read man and a wit, but he was little more.

The announcement of a complete edition of Hazlitt's writings has naturally turned attention anew to R. L. Stevenson's avowed desire to write a memoir of that worthy. "I am in treaty," he wrote in 1881, "with Bentley for a life of Hazlitt. I hope it will not fall through, as I love the subject, and appear to have found a publisher who loves it also. That, I think, makes things more pleasant. You know I am a fervent Hazlittite; I mean regarding him as THE English writer who has had the scantiest justice." It certainly is remarkable that Mr. John Morley did not include Hazlitt in the "English Men of Letters" series; but, then, in that series there are a good many singular gaps. Even the editor of the "Great Writers" series has ignored Hazlitt up to now. Few literary men have been less written about than Hazlitt. Is it because his personality was not especially lovable? His place, however, among the essayists and the critics is high and firm; it is surprising that he should have received so little intellectual sympathy.

The June number of *Temple Bar* has not yet come my way, but I shall turn with interest to the fresh extracts from the Diary of Thomas Raikes which the paragraphists teach us to expect. I have always regarded the *Portion of the Diary of Thomas Raikes*, published in 1856-57, as one of the most entertaining things of its kind, and I have often wondered why a selection from it was not republished in England. Such a selection was made by R. H. Stoddard in America in 1875; why should not something of the kind be done here? There are some very good stories in the aforesaid *Portion*, with which, however, few people nowadays appear to be acquainted. Extracts from Raikes (who, by the way, was the nephew of the Sunday-school Raikes) are included in a *Treasury of Modern Anecdote*, published in the 'seventies, but now, I fear, out of print.

Bibliographers must note that Mr. Henry Newbolt's article in the new *Monthly Review*, on "The Romance of a Song-Book," contains three poems, Englished by Mr. Newbolt from the old French of Wenceslas, Duke of Luxembourg and Brabant. They consist of two rondels and a balade, extracted from the *Méliador* printed in Paris in 1899 by the Société des Anciens Textes Français. Let us hope that Mr. Newbolt will some day include these neatly-wrought translations in one of his books of verse.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Busy and Abominable Bee.

The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (George Allen. 5s. net.)

"MANY of those who have written on bees," says M. Maeterlinck, "have thought fit to adorn the truth—I myself have no such desire. . . . And there comes, too, a period of life when we have more joy in saying the thing that is true than in saying the thing that merely is wonderful." With which we agree. But how difficult it is to say the thing that is true when one has an imagination of such compass as M. Maeterlinck's, with its compulsion of projecting its own elusive, aerial self into the facts of life. We do not for one moment suggest that in writing on a scientific subject such as the life of the bee M. Maeterlinck embroiders on the truth, but on such a subject we certainly feel more at home at the feet of some cold, calm, dispassionate, evidence-hungry setter forth of facts. Charmed and interested we certainly have been by M. Maeterlinck on the bee, but the feeling is emotional, the elation of listening to great music rather than that truer feeling which a book in a quiet room brings. Let us take an example. The passage that follows arrests, but does it convince? Are we not justified in feeling a little shy of such words as "masterpiece," "absolute perfection," "all the geniuses," "most perfect creation"?

There is one masterpiece, the hexagonal cell, that touches absolute perfection; a perfection that all the geniuses in the world, were they to meet in conclave, could in no way enhance. No living creature, not even man, has achieved, in the centre of his sphere, what the bee has achieved in her own; and were someone from another world to descend and ask of the earth the most perfect creation of the logic of life, we should needs have to offer the humble comb of honey.

The frank recoil of the man of science from the unfathomable mystery that his few scratches, the patient work of a lifetime, reveal, rouses the imagination, and gives the brain awful pause in a way that is denied to superlatives, however strong, however peppered on the page. M. Maeterlinck's agile mind has felt this. In another passage he says:

Would you have before you the nobly humiliating spectacle of human genius battling with infinite power, you have but to follow Darwin's endeavours to unravel the strange, incoherent, inconceivably mysterious laws of the sterility and fecundity of hybrids, or of the variations of specific and generic characters. Scarcely has he formulated a principle when numberless exceptions assail him; and this very principle, soon completely overwhelmed, is glad to find refuge in some corner, and preserve a shred of existence there under the title of an exception.

M. Maeterlinck is a mystic, a dreamer, a worker in greys, a traveller in shadowland, a soaring bird; but he has not the scientific mind. What he has he gives: what he has not we miss. Knowledge of bees he certainly has. For twenty years he has been a bee-keeper, a maker of notes, an experimenter, and he now wishes to speak of them very simply "as one speaks of a subject one knows and loves to those who know it not." In six chapters he takes us through the bee's brief year, which extends from April to the last days of September, and that period's great episodes—"the formation and departure of the swarm, the foundation of the new city, the birth, combat, and nuptial flight of the young queens, the massacre of the males, and, finally, the return of the sleep of winter." Through these episodes M. Maeterlinck leads us, interspersing and decorating his narrative with scraps of Maeterlinckian philosophy that are always charming, if they are not always convincing. Its effect on the reader unlearned in bee knowledge is to touch him to wonder at the industry,

the intelligence, the unselfishness of the bee, and to disgust him by its cruelty when the "Spirit of the Hive" ordains horrible suffering and massacre.

"The Spirit of the Hive." It is M. Maeterlinck's phrase. It corresponds in a degree to the sense of duty in man, to instinct in animals, but with the bees it effects and controls not one creature alone, but the whole hive, moving them to united action at the appointed time. It impels them to that astonishing act of self-sacrifice which, says M. Maeterlinck, "undoubtedly passes the limits of human morality" when, in the hour of the swarm, thousands and thousands of bees, at the zenith of their prosperity, "suddenly abandon to the generation to come their wealth and their palaces, their homes and the fruits of their labour." All submit to this invisible, intangible dictator, every moment of their busy, unresting lives. Man observes the effect of this command, wonders, learns, thinks he knows a little, unlearns, and bows his head before the mystery.

The bee, unlike man, has no period of probation. That has been done, it may be, by his immemorial, innumerable ancestors. The bee begins and ends with one purpose in view—the accomplishment with entire self-abnegation of the duty of his existence. That duty is the welfare of his descendants, and he pursues it with an entire disregard of pleasure or ease. In obedience to the command of "the Spirit of the Hive" he will treat the living with a horrible cruelty that makes a hive in a garden recall one's childish horror of the Spanish Inquisition. For a time comes (after the "nuptial flight" of the queen bee) when the males must die. Their sins have been many. Slothful, greedy, indelicate they have been, and their punishment is summary and terrible. One morning the word goes forth that they must die. It is known immediately throughout the hive. Each male is seized by three or four executioners who "cut off his wings, saw through the petiole that connects the abdomen with the thorax, amputate the feverish antennæ, and seek an opening between the rings of his cuirass through which to pass their sword." The fat victims make no defence. Those who are killed outright are carried away to distant cemeteries. The hardier among them who do not at once succumb to their wounds are surrounded by a bodyguard and starved to death.

What, then, the townsman may well ask, is the reason of the existence of these male drones? The sole reason of their existence is that one of them, the strongest, the most capable, shall fertilise the queen bee, and perish in the act. Each day, in the hot noon hours, this honey-drunken horde of males will fly forth into the air in search of the bride, eager for "the unique kiss that shall wed him to death no less than to happiness." Day after day they seek her in the blue, never suspecting that all the time she is with them in the hive, guarded, tended with a devotion that would be incredible were it not an attested fact. The queen bee has none of the habits and passions that are inherent in her subjects. She does not need air or the sun's light; she will die without even once having tasted a flower. "Her existence will pass in the shadow, in the midst of a restless throng. Her sole occupation," after the nuptial flight, "is the indefatigable search for cradles that she must fill." Earlier she had her time of bloody strife. Once she was a princess awaiting her hour, "wrapped in a kind of shroud, motionless and pale, and fed in the darkness"; one, perhaps, of twelve princesses in a hive which will acknowledge but one queen. The victory is always to the strong, or to the first born. If two queens are hatched simultaneously the duel to the death is fought immediately. When the end comes the bees, who have watched the combat with the impartiality of a referee at a prize fight, at once remove the body of the vanquished from the hive. But if one of the queens has a clear start, her first instinct is to destroy her rivals. She flings herself on the nearest cell, tears away the cocoon, furiously

pulls off every piece of covering from the princess, stings, stabs, and having killed passes on to the next cell. That is the belligerent period of her life. Follow darkness, waiting, and preparation till the day of the nuptial flight dawns, then darkness again and the incessant laying of eggs, at the rate of two thousand a day. The nuptial flight marks the golden day of the queen bee's life, her hour of delirious freedom, and great, if momentary, joy. For that day the males have waited all their lives. But the "unique kiss" is to be the privilege of one only, and for one moment only.

The eye of man has never witnessed the queen bee's wedding, for it takes place high in the summer sky. Man only sees her hesitating departure and "her murderous return." Here is M. Maeterlinck's account of those brief, terrible nuptials in the high air, hidden from the eye of science, but revealed to the imaginative man who writes on scientific subjects:

She soars to a height, a luminous zone, that other bees attain at no period of their life. Far away, caressing their idleness in the midst of the flowers, the males have beheld the apparition, have breathed the magnetic perfume that spreads from group to group, till every apiary near is instinct with it. Immediately crowds collect and follow her into the sea of gladness, whose limpid boundaries ever recede. She, drunk with her wings, obeying the magnificent law of the race that chooses her lover, and enacts that the strongest alone shall attain her in the solitude of the ether, she rises still; and, for the first time in her life, the blue morning air rushes into her stigmata, singing its song, like the blood of heaven, in the myriad tubes of the tracheal sacs, nourished on space, that fill the centre of her body. She rises still. A region must be found unhaunted by birds, that else might profane the mystery. She rises still; and already the ill-assorted troop below are dwindling and falling asunder. The feeble, infirm, the aged, unwelcome, ill-fed, who have flown from inactive or impoverished cities—these renounce the pursuit and disappear in the void. Only a small, indefatigable cluster remain, suspended in infinite opal! She summons her wings for one final effort; and now the chosen of incomprehensible forces has reached her, has seized her, and, bounding aloft with united impetus, the ascending spiral of their intertwined flight whirls for one second in the hostile madness of love.

The lover dies in that moment—"the emptied body turns and turns on itself and sinks into the abyss." The queen bee returns to the hive. The rest, in this place, may well be silence. As for this dazzling pursuit and these magnificent nuptials, physiology explains them with the convincing simplicity of science. So we leave the busy and abominable bees, working together in perfect unison, and with untiring zeal, for—we know not what. Leave this Life of the bee, not in an altogether happy frame of mind, for man desires to see his way, to know why he walks in that way, and whither it leads. The study of the bee does not help. He obeys the command of the Will, without question, without wage, without reward, without pity. Why? M. Maeterlinck attempts no answer. He sighs in the midst of his beautiful writing and passes on. It would seem that the race of bees is content, as individual men have been content, to do the Will without question, living in the present without fear, without pause, or any amazement, because it is the Will.

The True History of Gilbert White.

The Life of Gilbert White of Selborne. By Rashleigh Holt White. 2 vols. (Murray. 32s.)

WHITE of Selborne died on June 26th, 1793, and only in the year 1901 does a formal biography of him appear. The lapse of time has obvious advantages and no less obvious disadvantages. In the course of a century the *vox populi* may be assumed to have decided finally as to whether a man's memory be worth keeping alive or not. He is either

truly famous at the end of it or he is consigned to eternal oblivion. Gilbert White, then, is certainly not forgotten, and, as the various sketches and biographies prefixed to different editions are inaccurate, a "Life" was clearly called for. Thus his great-grand-nephew, Mr. Rashleigh Holt White, had adequate reasons for making this book. It is in two handsome, beautifully-illustrated volumes, whereon the house of Murray has lavished the resources of art and skill. An objection that will certainly be taken to them, however, by all but the most enthusiastic of White's admirers, is that they are much too long. Mr. Holt White is possessed to an abnormal degree of that excellent merit in a biographer—family pride; but it seems to be a large assumption that not only White's own letters, but the mere scraps addressed to him, are worthy of being treasured in a library. Even his own letters are often trivial, as, for example, the long one to his niece on pp. 101-102, which ends thus:

Pray buy me and bring down, when you come

1 pound Hyson tea, 14s.

1 pound green tea, 10s.

1 p^d of coffee.

2 p^d of chocolate.

2 doz. Dogs toothed violets.—Y^r loving Uncle,

GIL. WHITE.

There is, to be sure, a smattering of interest in these prices for 1783; but a great many orders for cod-fish and bacon, or matters of no greater importance, needlessly fatten the pages. Unfortunately, too, our author has got hold of a long series of letters from Mulso to White which could not possibly have enthralled the naturalist when received, and are as dull as ditchwater now: thanks for civilities shown his son; a commission to buy a horse: who cares for these things now? Here is a complete extract, taken both because it is characteristic and short: "Later, on November 3, 1760, he writes: 'I enjoyed your day at the Hermitage very much.'" Surely these conventional trivialities only add weight to the book without increasing its attractiveness. And often, when a commentary would have been really valuable, Mr. Holt White offers none. Take as an example the "Yearly rent and outgoings in 1780 of farms belonging to Gilbert White." The biographer evidently believes that these figures have no importance except as bearing upon the life of his kinsman. In other words, he has conceived the idea that there is an imputation on his relative's honour, since it was asserted that Gilbert White retained his fellowship while living on an ample income. So he never thinks of appending the acreage to his figures, and thus divests them of the real and general interest.

The truth is, that Mr. Holt White entered upon his task somewhat in the spirit of a controversialist. He seems to have conceived the family to have been injured in some way by the tradition that Gilbert White was the rejected lover of Hecky Mulso, "the admirable Mrs. Chapone" of later days, and by the statement that he was "a bloated pluralist." One does not quite understand why he is so angry at the former of these assertions. It is no slur on a man to say that he was the victim of unrequited affection. And, despite what Mr. Holt White says, it remains at least possible that Gilbert suffered from "Hectic Heat" in his youth—the pun is that of Hecky's brother. However, let us see what has been actually added to White's biography. Firstly, it is a matter of regret that no portrait of him remains, though beautiful reproductions are here given of other members of the family. The impression left generally is that of an extremely respectable family; they one and all have an air of being solid, substantial members of the community; not a trace of Bohemianism can we find, and, sooth to say, very little of imagination or sentiment. Here is the biographer's description of Gilbert White:

It is greatly to be regretted that, though Thomas White urged his brother to sit for his picture, no portrait or sketch of any kind was ever made of him. It is known,

however, that he was five feet three inches in stature, and slender in person. He is said to have possessed a very upright carriage, and a presence not without dignity. If he resembled his brothers, his features were regular, his complexion fair, and his eyes brown. The expression of his countenance was intelligent, kindly, and vivacious.

Amiable of disposition and equable of temperament he must have been. The atmosphere pervading his letters is serenely calm—jog-trot one might almost say. He has little humour, no passion, very little out-of-the-wayness of any kind; the sort of man who seems to have been specially adapted to become a model husband, father, and pillar of society. Yet he remained a bachelor, and the reason why does not appear from anything in the life. Mr. Holt White has devoted much attention to the matter, but only to add to our perplexity. It was not to be expected that after a hundred and fifty years—that period has elapsed since White's marriageable days—it would be possible to unearth the love affairs of a self-possessed, reticent man who was not in the slightest degree addicted to wear his heart on his coat-sleeve or take his most intimate friend into very close confidence. Probably, too, he got more self-concentrated as he grew older, for the sort of life he lived at Selborne is thus described:

His establishment consisted during all his life of one maid-servant and one man, who was gardener, groom, and footman, with the occasional addition of a labourer or of a "weeding woman" in the garden, and of a temporary maid-servant, when visitors who brought no maid with them were entertained.

It must have been a typical bachelor's place, and in one of the letters there is a graphic description of the "weeding woman," which is extremely interesting not because it bears on White's life, but as illustrative of the female peasantry in the eighteenth century. Not that they have changed entirely even now. The sort of woman here described is still to be found in the less sophisticated country places:

I am now going to retain my weeding woman for the summer. This is the person that Thomas says he likes as well as a man; and, indeed, excepting that she wears petticoats, and now and then has a child, you would think her a man. To the care and abilities of this Lady I shall entrust my garden, that it may be neat and tidy when you come.

The vexatious thing about the biographer is that instead of collating his documents, and bringing in others equally authentic, he will go on chronicling and quoting from an interminable and dull correspondence. With the weeding woman and the rest of the women we desire to have the horses and dogs White was so fond of. Yet even Mouse has only a casual mention, and does not figure at all in the index. The omission is all the more astonishing because Mr. Holt White is admittedly no naturalist, but has got Prof. Newton to supply natural history notes where they are needed. It remained to him, therefore, to draw a picture of his kinsman in his daily life pursuits and pastimes. From a few hints we are given to understand that in his young days White was neither a recluse nor an anchorite. Of his keenness as a sportsman we get the following indication in a letter printed towards the end of the second volume:

I do not remember your ever shooting a snipe at Oxford in summer, where there used to be plenty in winter; at that time you used to practise with your gun in summer to steady your hand for winter, and inhospitably fetch down our visitants, the birds of passage; what you was then is my son John now; I see him with his rod and line at the canal, and his gun lodged against a tree, a complicated murderer

From that the obvious inference is that outdoor sport played in the life of White a far more important part than

there is anything else in these pages to show. So it is with his taste for feminine society. The most delightful part of the book is a little journal kept by Catherine Batty, who spent a few days at Selborne in her twentieth year. She has no regard for grammar or punctuation, which does not in the slightest detract from the charm of her writing.

We give a few extracts to show what life was among the genteel classes of rural Hampshire in the later half of the eighteenth century:

Friday 15 [July 1763] Mr. Harry White breakfasted with us all the morn was spent at the Harpsichord in the afternoon all the family from over the way came here except Mrs. Mulso the afternoon was spent in a delightful manner with Correlli and Handel at ten went to supper at one in the morn the gentleman & us changed Caps & wigs several minuets were danced Dr. Stebbing danced a charming one. . . .

Tuesday 19 after breakfast Mr. W. came in to ask us to go out a Riding we drest and went over to his house but the weather grew so bad that it prevented our going We spent the morn together with much mirth & cheerfulness We were all weigh'd to see how much we were worth I weigh 134 lb. oh monstrous afterwards we were all measured came home to dinner in the afternoon Mr. White the Mulsos etc etc came here with work singing & Playing we spent a very agreeable evening mem. Charles was put into long coats look'd vastly pretty. . . .

Thursday 21; after Breakfast went into the Hayfield toss'd the hay about a little then went to Mr. White's sat in the Alcove spent the morn most delightfully Mr. T. Mulso read Thomson and at Two came home to dinner at 6 we met again to walk went up to the sweet Hermitage sat viewing its various beauteous [views?] some time then walk round the wood back to the Hermitage, Mr. White read us an Acrostick made upon Nanny Miss Baker & I found a stone upon the common which we carried to the Hermitage & placed it there as a memorial of our fondness for that place.

Wed. 27: After breakfast wrote musick then went over to Mr. White's to be electrified in the evening walked to Noar Hill Oh sweet evening sure there never was anything equal to the romantickness of that Dr. Dr. Hill never never shall I forget Empshot & the gloomy Woods the distant Hills the South Downs the woody Hills on the right Hand the forest the valleys oh all are heavenly almost too much for one to bear the sight of this beauteous prospect gives me a pleasing melancholy 6 of us walk 7 rode got back at nine.

We might select a few passages to show that in the estimation of his friends White was "a marrying man"; but space forbids. The amiable man was certainly not of a very passionate nature. Even in regard to birds and beasts and flowers and trees it was always the fact he was after, never the poetry of it, what Mr. Holt White would call the sentimentality, that which caused Milton to write: "Then came still evening on," that gave charm to his greater predecessor, Walton, and his greater successor, Richard Jefferies, he had no conception of. Anyone who gainsays that will do well to turn up the letters to his nephew, which, although containing some very just criticism, exhibit on the part of the writer a complete absence of any real idea of poetry. It is not to his derogation to say this either, any more than it would be derogatory to Darwin or Herbert Spencer. The work of all three dealt with the positive facts of existence, and not on its beauties and mysteries. Of the passionate human heart, its strivings and wearinesses and triumphs and depressions, we do not expect to hear from them. And so when Mr. Holt White claims for his kinsman that his verses were "super-excellent, and not unworthy to be compared with even the 'Elegy' itself," we refuse to admit it. The reference is to "The Summer Evening Walk," which everybody has seen, and nobody reads, in *The Natural History of Selborne*. Of the "poems" given

here for the first time, that on Wasps may be taken as a fair sample :

They by th' alluring odour drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates & crouching sip
The palatable bane: joyful thou'lt see
The clammy surface all o'er strown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons off to extricate
Their feet, in liquid Shackles bound, till Death
Bereave them of their worthless souls. Such doom
Waits luxury and lawless love of gain.

Which is quite in the worst eighteenth century manner.

We have small space wherein to discuss the question of honour raised by Mr. Holt White, and regret this the less as we refuse to believe that anyone tolerably familiar with White's life ever questioned the man's absolute integrity. In our opinion far too much importance is attached to the saying of some chance essayist whose words deserve to carry no weight whatever. All the evidence shows White to have been a gentle, kind-hearted, lovable man—as the old neighbour said: "There wasn't a bit of harm in him; not a bit." And this, the first authentic history of his life, would have been very welcome indeed had it been boiled down into about a fourth of its present size, and written with some endeavour to picture for readers the rustic eighteenth century surroundings of this typical eighteenth century figure. We want to know a great deal more about Mouse and the species, and the tortoise, and much less of the "cousins twice removed," whose multitude appears to have been as the sands of the sea, but who, if they possessed spirit and vivacity, carefully suppressed the fact in their correspondence.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand.

Glimpses of Three Nations. By the late G. W. Steevens.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

THE memorial edition of the late G. W. Steevens's writings is by its periodical publication becoming too persistent a reminder of what an excellent intellect we lost in him. This new volume re-opens the old regret with poignant emphasis, for it is interesting and vital in every page, hurried work though it was; and our grudge is the greater when we pause to think of how wide a gulf separates the best descriptive reporters now in harness from this self-contained and witty observer.

The three nations are England, France, and Germany—or, rather, London, Paris, and Germany; for in neither his French nor English sketches did Mr. Steevens get away from the capitals into the country; and he is careful to emphasise the point that Paris is not France. In this kind of writing he was journalistically at his best. Without any undue suggestion of superiority he made it clear to the reader—that is, the typical reader of the *Daily Mail*, the man in the street—that he, the writer, knew everything on the subject in hand. This, of course, is what journalists should do—impart inner information to the uninformed. Steevens began from the beginning, with great skill and patience, and he did it so easily that a kind of hypnotic spell was cast over his million readers morning by morning. In these chapters that gift of seizing upon picturesque contrasts which he had in abundance, and which amounted to wit, is very prominent. Here are two examples—from Paris and London:

But Paris is both old and new—the oldest and the newest of ruling cities, the most primitive and the most complex. At night the central streets are all electric light and transparencies: to our one "Vinolia" or "Mellin's Food" they have fifty; "Express Bar," "Folies Bergère," or "Café Clure": the whole Boulevard twinkles with their rose-coloured lights. Yet beneath them go men in blouses and women in aprons who might be taken

for peasants. At Paillard's you will hardly dine for less than a sovereign; but there are a thousand places where you can fill yourself for 4d. The bicycle is almost a solecism in Paris by now, and the petroleum tricycle or landau whirrs in and out the traffic at twenty miles an hour. Yet the *fiacre* still crawls rheumatically over the cobbles at two miles an hour, and the *côcher* has not yet begun to learn to drive. Steam tramways will carry you twenty miles out of Paris; yet the omnibus is slower, heavier, uglier, more uncomfortable than a prison-van. . . . Paris is the unchallenged capital of civilisation, yet Paris is the most insular spot in the whole world. We are called insular, but the most aboriginal islander of us all would be cosmopolitan compared to the Parisian. Paris has dropped out of the world through her own cleverness. She has been too far ahead to lead others, and now she is too proud to keep step. If the new amuses her she runs wild over it; but if not, as long as the antiquated is her own, she is well pleased with it. Full of amenity, of beauty, of intelligence, she has made a life for herself which satisfies her, and she cares nothing at all for the world outside. The Parisian knows no language but his own, no other literature, no other manner of thought, no other mode of life. He has heard of the achievements of other peoples, but he has no concern to study, still less to imitate them. He is quite satisfied that the world must come to Paris, and never dreams of troubling himself to go to the world.

And this is from a description of London on Sunday—growing from the casual sight of a Parisian's astonishment on stepping outside Holborn Viaduct Station on a Sunday, fresh from his own populous non-Sabbatarian city:

The City on Sunday had never struck me as strange before. But a moment from the foreigner's point of view and you see that it is among the wonders of the world. There is nothing in the least like it in this hemisphere. Go into any other capital on Sunday—even at the height of the summer's suburban excursions—and it is fuller and brighter, livelier than in the week. Go into the heart of London and it is like a city stricken with a pestilence.

Yesterday and to-morrow the street would be jammed tight with traffic of men and goods; every shop and office implied a procession of comers and goers, the pavements vomited torrents of people, heads forward, eyes strained, intent only on the one business. The City roared and quivered and maddened with life. To-morrow it will be so again. To-day, in the centre of the greatest city in the world, you cannot buy food or drink; you cannot even find a cab or tram to take you away from it. You might be in a desert. In a street that focusses the business of the world you stare at closed doors and still windows, where only paper-clad boxes of samples look over the whitened lower half at the intruder. You can stand without a single living thing in sight, and bend your ears in vain to catch the lightest sound. When you walk, your boots thud and ring like a steamer's engines; when you halt you could hear the flower drop out of your button-hole.

I had often heard that Sunday was the only day on which you can see London, and going up one morning to look for any bits of antiquity I might encounter I found it was so indeed. On Sunday London takes on a new perspective: its most prominent features—as in duty bound—are the churches. On week days you pass them without knowing they are there; on Sunday, even though they are shut, you note them as landmarks of the time when people lived in the City.

These passages typify the book, which is another exercise in Steevens's delightful art of exhibiting peoples by concrete instances. His method may have led him astray now and then, but the general impression gained from such displays is a just one. The danger of so much Daily-Mailing was that his work would become over-metallic—as, indeed, it often did. But his æsthetic sense, though the demand for facts made by plain men in the street threatened to blunt it, was still quick to the end. Steevens always had his eye on himself; his own development was, ultimately, a vastly more important thing than the multiplication of Mr. Harmsworth's public. Amid

his glittering array of facts about London's appetite and London's follies he could write thus :

But London is my native city, and I love every smut of it. It has the gift of an air which mantles it twice daily in matchless beauty. It has a river which is truly a living river—not a carefully preserved ditch like the Spree or Wren, or a toy like the Seine, but a highway of ships and a vista of endless mystery and grandeur. Steam up it at evening in the red eye of the sun, and see the smoky majesty of London rise luridly up to heaven, and you will never call it anything but the most wonderful and most awful of all cities. It is really the heart of the world.

There is one sentence in this book which seems to suggest that Steevens had in him still another vein that he had not begun to work during his busy life. Writing of the Café de Paris at midnight he says, quite casually : "When they had gipsies here, the leader used to bend down and play his violin into women's ears and send them mad." There are in that sentence possibilities. It might have been elaborated—and weakened. Coming abruptly as it does, and so simply and unsupportedly, it has a kind of macabre uncanniness.

Mr. Lysaght's Poems.

Poems of the Unknown Way. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

WE hesitate to call Mr. Lysaght a poet, and yet his book is very far above the average of minor verse. This is because he has workmanship in a high degree. His poems may be divided into two sections. The one has thought, but has hardly any other quality ; and it is not the thought of the poet, who emphatically is exempt from the censure that "no man thinketh in his heart," for it is precisely in his heart that he does think. But Mr. Lysaght's is purely thought of the head. It is, in fact, argument, very tersely and effectually put, with a thorough knowledge of how to make verse clench a telling conclusion, but still argument, reasoning—and dialectics of every kind are not only unpoetic, but anti-poetic. They are subversive of poetry, which is essentially dogmatic, or, rather, prophetic—a teaching instrument, not a weapon of fence—when it assumes its highest function of dealing with truth. That is one reason why scepticism so disqualifies a poet. Scepticism can only be poetical so long as it wails its loss, or passionately denies—and there is not much range for poetry in the most fervid denial. The nature of poetry (affirmed in its very name) is to make, not to unmake. The sceptic who would go in poetry beyond his sterile cry of "Non Credo," or his monotonous wail, "I am wretched because I do not believe," must take to dialectics—and forthwith cease to be a poet. Leopardi cleaved to his wail of misery, which, if monotonous, was moving and poetic, so far as it went. For it uttered a truth—that unbelief is sorrowful, to any man of high aspiration, who regards the questions involved as more than a subject for the exercise of the discursive faculty. Mr. Lysaght is not content without justifying himself, and the result is as we have said. But he laments too ; withal, he has a share of imagination ; and the combined result makes up that other section of which we have spoken. Its fault—partly dependent on the causes we have indicated—is a certain vacuity, not of mind, but of substance. We "get no forrarder," but move in a circle of vain and somewhat vague repetition. Yet Mr. Lysaght's fancy and earnestness of emotion gives to it a certain charm. Above all, as we have said, he is an excellent craftsman. His metrical handling is finished, melodious, and able to a degree rather rare in recent poetry. His diction is no less excellent, perfect in tone and keeping. No poem in the

book shows his qualities and himself to such advantage as the prefatory one. That is moving and fine. It is dedicated "To my Comrades" :

You, who once dreamed on earth to make your mark,
And kindle beacons where its ways were dark ;
To whom, for the world that had no need of you,
It once had seemed a little thing to die ;
Who gave the world your best, and in return
No honour won and no reward could earn !
Sad Comrade ! we were shipmates in one crew—
Somewhere we sailed together, you and I.

O you of little faith, the promised heir
Of life eternal, mourning days that were ;
You, who to lift up one beloved head
Out of the dust, and feel one presence nigh—
To make again one vanished summer live,
Your birthright of eternal life would give !
I also murmur, "Give me back my dead !"
The comrade of your unbelief am I.

You, against whom all fates have been arrayed,
Who heard the voice of God and disobeyed ;
Who, reckless and with all your battles lost,
Went forth again another chance to try ;
Who, fighting desperate odds yet fought to win,
And, sinning, bore the burden of your sin !
We have been on the same rough ocean tossed,
And served the same wild captain, you and I.

You, who desired no laurel of the race
But the approval of one absent face ;
For whom has earth no home, no place of rest
Save in the bosom where you may not lie ;
Beggared of all but Love's immortal right,
Still for the sake of one you lost to fight !
Oh, we have met upon the unknown quest,
And watched the stars together, you and I.

O wanderer, if at last your ship should find
Home, and the sheltered havens left behind,
I shall be with you in that merry crew
Under the same old flag we used to fly ;
But if, at last, of every promise shorn,
With leaking timbers and with canvas torn,
Still for the pride of seamanship sail you—
There also, in your chartless ship, sail I.

The burden of the other poems is the same wish to believe and find, the same lament of inability to believe or find. But in some it is intermitted for passages of description and other relieving touches. Altogether, this is a book of much promise, and in execution, at least, of fine performance.

Other New Books.

A BORDER GARDEN.

BY M. P. MILNE HOLME.

The full title is *Stray Leaves from a Border Garden*, by Mary Pamela Milne Holme ; and the work, as one may guess, is yet another of the many books in which amiable ladies prattle of horticulture and other matters. "What to do with our girls ?"—that ancient question, seems to be finding its answer in garden literature. Mrs. Holme is, however, far more discursive than any of her predecessors. Indeed, one can almost believe that she wrote this book with the purpose, fell or benign, of proving how many things in heaven and earth there are that can be packed into a volume bearing a garden title. Personally, unless an author has much charm, or the quaint simplicity that amounts to charm, we object to such ramblings. We like a title to mean something definite. Two specimens will show Mrs. Holme's artless method of passing from the open-air present to the storied past :

I always think of the Queen of Spain's daughter when
I see the nut-trees in bloom all along Church-walk, as

Boy calls the path where they grow so freely, because by it we go to the little old church on the hill, the "Karkes of Foghow."

I had a little nut-tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear.
The Queen of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all for the sake
Of my little nut-tree.

This Queen of Spain's daughter is said to have been Joanna of Castile, who, with her husband, Philip the Fair of Austria, visited her sister, Katherine of Aragon, in 1505, at Windsor.

A beautiful sunny morning. Boy and I gathered quite a big bunch of white violets from under the apple-tree in the kitchen-garden, also some lovely purple auricula. Boy says he thinks it must be called "Bear's Ear," because the leaves are the shape of a bear's ear. He has such a large acquaintance with bears, no doubt he knows! But is the calm assurance of children's assertion so very different to that of philosophers of later years? Are we not always being solemnly assured the moon is, indeed, made of green cheese, and as solemnly our grand-children are told (and some of us live to hear it) that, indeed and indeed, 'tis but sweet whey consolidated? We waged war energetically this morning against the pig-weed's feathery green sprays. Bishop-weed, our Presbyterian gardener calls it. An old name for it was Herb Gerard and Gout-Wort, from the high opinion old "potecaries" had of its medicinal virtues.

When people distil information with as little restraint as this, there is no more reason why their books should end on the 340th page than on the 1000th. We do not remember ever to have met with so good an example as the present of what might be called automatic authorship.

In such a book much interesting material must naturally be accumulated, and we can recommend these pages to desultory minds who like to believe they are learning as they read. Mr. Griggs' eight drawings are so exceedingly good that we could wish the respective shares of artist and author had been different. Eight pictures are lost in such a welter of print. (John Lane. 6s. net.)

THE EXHIBITED WORKS OF TURNER. BY C. F. BELL.

This is a very laborious contribution to the study and classification of Turner's voluminous work, and should prove of the greatest value to collectors and to historians of art. The identification of any one painting by an artist whose total production, sketches included, is estimated at some twenty thousand pieces, is not unnaturally often a delicate and difficult task. It is Mr. Bell's object to clear the ground by compiling a catalogue of all the works contributed by Turner himself during his lifetime "to the Academy, the British Institution, and one or two provincial galleries." He has carried out his task with great industry and success, and at the cost of considerable research in ancient catalogues and other sources of information. In each case he describes the picture, gives its number in the exhibition in which it first appeared, traces its subsequent history so far as possible from collection to collection, and calls attention to any published engraving. Nor does he confine himself to the functions of a mere compiler. Two introductory essays—one on "Paintings in Water Colours," the other on "Oil Paintings"—contain learned and interesting accounts of the technical methods employed by Turner in either branch of his art. These essays are somewhat too professional to be fully dealt with in these columns, but they are valuable contributions to the history of the arts with which they deal, and they deserve the careful study of experts as well as of painters. Some of Turner's methods were undeniably eccentric. In early life he was jealous of the technical improvements in which he was experimenting, and would not be seen at work. But in later life he practically painted his pictures in the exhibition

room during the varnishing days, and would send in his canvases "covered only with incomprehensible designs, dead-coloured in grey, which, on varnishing days, he would convert with amazing rapidity into brilliant finished pictures." It is widely believed that Turner was in the habit of making indiscriminate use of oil and water-colour in the same picture. Mr. Bell has attempted to sift this tradition, but does not seem to have found much evidence one way or the other, or to have arrived at very definite conclusions with regard to it. (Bell. 21s. net.)

SWALLOWFIELD AND ITS OWNERS. BY LADY RUSSELL.

This is the history of a truly historic Berkshire house, which can commence its pedigree with "Swallowfield at the Conquest." St. Johns have owned it, and Despencers; it has been the dowry of Tudor Queens and connected with the White Rose; Backhouses, Hydes, and Pitts—it has seen all their dynasties, and passed on through the Hydes to the Russells—whose representative writes its history in a quite feminine book. The Preface has the trail of the petticoat over every line. "Sometimes," says Lady Russell, "the most important events are merely sketched in, and at other times I enter into minute details, which would be generally considered quite unimportant and uninteresting. But I have written this solely for my own family and neighbours at Swallowfield, and have therefore included everything that I thought might interest them." She further confesses that her authorities are often lacking, because she never contemplated the publication of her notes. She had intended the book should be revised "by one who took a great interest in it"; but, of course, that also has fallen through. It is, in fine, wickedly desultory and destitute of systematic authority or system of any kind. The femininity extends to the grammar: "Whose criticisms and suggestions I should have valued more than any other." And because of all these things it is an attractive, rambling book, like the rooms and passages of an old house itself. The writer of such a history should be an incurable gossip; and Lady Russell gossips as one would have her. The illustrations alone are a string of fascinating visual gossip, so to speak. They start with a most charming Romney, of the then Lady Russell and her child; and they include a number of interesting queenly portraits from Elizabeth Woodville to Catherine Parr—not to mention the infamous Countess of Essex who was concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Elizabeth Woodville, the hair pulled tightly back from an enormous forehead, suggests no high idea of the fourth Edward's taste in beauty. Still more astonishing appears the taste of Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn is a dismal disappointment; and the sole among his wives who have very fair good looks are the astute Catherine Parr and Anne of Cleves. The latter he sent back because Holbein's portrait proved to flatter her. (Was it this one?) Our private opinion is that he found her too good-looking for a taste educated on his previous wives. Among the many episodes recorded in the book is that of the famous Pitt diamond—now a French crown-jewel, which has successively flashed in the coronations of Louis XV., Napoleon I., and Napoleon III.; besides suggesting to Wilkie Collins the story of *The Moonstone*. (Longmans. 42s. net.)

THE STAR ATLAS. BY DR. HERMANN J. KLEIN.

This is a most valuable and complete work, translated by Edmund McClure, prefaced by a careful introduction, conveying the chief information necessary for the understanding and use of a sidereal atlas. The very completeness and rigidity of its scientific system make it, however, a work for the student rather than the man in the street. To the latter a popular atlas would be more readily available for use. It contains only the constellations given by Argelander—according to the modern decision to recognise

only those given in his *Neue Uranometrie*. For the scientific student this is a standard work. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 10s.)

ITALY TO-DAY.

BY BOLTON KING AND T. OKEY.

This book supplies a want which was beginning to be seriously felt—the want of a modern book on Italy and her relations to the Vatican and Foreign Powers. Messrs. King and Okey have written very much the book that was needed. They are committed to no party in the Peninsula, and have applied to men of all classes and politics for their information. The result is well worth examination by students of contemporary foreign politics. The men whom the authors most dislike are Signori Crispi, Depretis, and Giolitti; but, however justified their antipathy may be in the case of Depretis and Giolitti, they are surely a trifle unjust to Crispi, the one statesman of modern Italy who approaches the highest rank. The keynote of the book is the statement that the old political parties in Italy are sunk in chaos and decay, and have lost faith in their principles, their country, and themselves. Two great coalitions are springing up to contest the future of Italy: on the one hand, the party of authority, which includes the capitalists, the army, and the bulk of the clericals; and, on the other hand, the alliance of the Socialists, the Republicans, the Radicals, and the advanced Liberals. This forecast of the future of Italian politics is, in the main, correct, but a new factor has been introduced by the present King Victor Emmanuel III., whose character must modify the situation in some degree. Still, this is the hypothesis upon which the book is written, and it is the only safe one. The knowledge the authors display on all parts of the Peninsula is encyclopedic, and, on the whole, they are admirably impartial. Extremists may dislike some of their views, but that will be testimony to their worth. (Nisbet.)

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* Library (Stock, 7s. 6d. each volume) now includes in its English Topography section a volume of gatherings from the *Gentleman's Magazine* relating to Warwickshire, Westmoreland, and Wiltshire. The value of these collections, which have the advantage of the editorship of Mr. Laurence Gomme, can hardly be over-estimated, for they present in a clear and practical manner the information which Sylvanus Urban gathered with such profusion and printed so badly in his magazine. Westmoreland makes but small show, Mr. Gomme pointing out that its remoteness was a sufficient bar to travellers in the eighteenth century. Warwickshire and Wiltshire yield much matter in which “errors of fact and not a few of taste” occur, but these very defects have their value. The set of this library will soon be very covetable.

Prof. Arber continues his series of “British Anthologies” (Frowde, each 2s. 6d.), and we now have *The Dunbar Anthology*, 1401-1508, and *The Cowper Anthology*, 1775-1800. The last-named contains the whole of Coleridge’s “Ancient Mariner” and “Christabel.”

The success of their pocket edition of Dean Plumptre’s *Dante* has led Messrs. Isbister to issue, in the same beautiful format, his translation of the *Tragedies of Æschylos*. The revised text of the second edition has been carefully followed, and the seven plays, which are all that remain of the seventy or eighty with which Æschylos is credited, are presented in chronological order. These excellent little volumes are published at half-a-crown net each, and no lover of great literature can be indifferent to them.

Henry Drummond, a Biographical Sketch, by Cuthbert Lennox (Melrose, 2s. 6d. net), may appear a superfluous book to those who have read Dr. George Adam Smith’s presentment of Drummond in his *Letters and Journals*. But Mr. Lennox claims originality for his work, which seeks especially to tell the story of Drummond’s work for and with University students. Mr. Lennox adds to his narrative some “Notes for a Bibliography.”

Fiction.

The Supreme Crime. By Dorothea Gerard.
(Methuen. 6s.)

FOR this novel of modern Ruthenia, Mme. de Louggarde has contrived one of the very best plots that we have met with in recent fiction. It is a Balzacian plot—the author of *Le Curé du Village* would have seized on it like a vulture—a simple, tremendous melodrama oozing out with psychological interest. And she has handled it with that quiet, unerring realism, that entire freedom from theatrical exaggeration, which always distinguish her best work. The plight of the passionate Zenobia, daughter of the village Pope, jilted by the seminarist in favour of her more beautiful younger sister, is rendered with fine power; and when the younger sister dies poisoned on her wedding-day and Zenobia calmly marries the seminarist, defying the public opinion of the province and taking the most solemn oaths to her husband that she is not a murderess, the situation becomes more than poignant: it is intolerable in its grip on the emotions. The final and surprising development, we do not hesitate to say, is simply masterly. The whole book, from beginning to end, holds and convinces as only a thoroughly sound and able book can. The pity is that we are obliged to qualify this praise. Mme. de Louggarde appears to be quite devoid of the sense of style. If her prose was on the level of her imagination and her acute and sane observation, *The Supreme Crime* would stand with nearly any contemporary work. But, though she writes clearly, she never aims at a higher standard of English than is shown by the provincial reporter.

After the maize-heads had been thoroughly done justice to . . . there was an adjournment next door.

Such writing, unrelieved, would ruin any book, and it ruins *The Supreme Crime*. It continually stands between the reader and the author’s vision. There is no excuse for it. One can only say that Mme. de Louggarde’s gifts are imperfect. She has not the lyric note, and without the lyric note, without that instinct for the epithet and the image, which rises superior to faulty syntax and loose constructions, no really memorable novel was ever yet written. Sentences as atrocious as the one just quoted might perhaps be discovered even in, say, *Le Rouge et le Noir* of Stendhal, but there are always soaring and eloquent passages to compensate. Mme. de Louggarde’s prose never rises out of the bog of journalese. The contradictory phenomena of such a talent as Mme. de Louggarde’s are indeed highly strange.

The Hidden Model. By Frances Harrod (Frances Forbes Robertson). (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

The Hidden Model is the story of a girl with a little white face and extraordinary copper-coloured hair, who has murdered a rising barrister, and who is concealed by an artist, Wyatt Hamilton, in a secret room leading out of his studio. What she murdered the man for is never explained or explicable. But after being successfully concealed for several months in Hamilton’s garden and secret chamber, the latter betrays the fact that he loves her, and she dies of shock—the shock of happiness, it goes without saying.

The book abounds in the improbable, not because its theme is murder—murder is a crime common enough we know—but because it is murder alchymistically transfigured by a romantic imagination. All that is seen of the copper-haired girl is a very child-like, innocent, wistful creature, hiding with unutterable pathos from the hangman’s noose, and gazing at the simple, casual joys of life as one doomed to die stares at the blue between the bars.

Exactly where the winning quality of the book lies it is difficult to say, nevertheless a sympathetic quality is not to be denied to it. That the whole treatment is fanciful and unreal becomes obvious from the second chapter. The story itself is never taken hold of with both hands. It flutters past only like a person dimly, though engagingly apprehended in the twilight. But in this very slightness lies perhaps the readable quality of the volume. For out of a gruesome and repellant subject is extracted merely a pathetic little love Idyll, improbable, romantic, from the point of view of common-sense, absurd even, but touching, plaintive, and not without a kindly and gentle fascination.

The Modern Argonauts. By Mme. Eliza Orzeszko. Translated by Count S. C. de Soissons. (Greening. 6s.)

COUNT DE SOISSONS' translation of a powerful novel of Jewish life has already put English readers on good terms with Mme. Orzeszko. *The Modern Argonauts* will both puzzle and impress them. It is in essence a prose poem. The new Jason brings splendid freight to port; but he has seen Death leap a mountain of gold and bear away his dearest child. He has discovered infidelity in his wife and the frosts of cynicism in his son. His equivalent of a Golden Fleece is of little use to him; it is not needed for a shroud, and a shroud it is that his trembling fingers weave at the last. It is only as figures in a poem that Maryan, the son, and his friend, the Baron, become intelligible. For them all the virtues and the principles are "painted pots" or "mended stockings." "We are living on the world in a state of decomposition. *C'est ainsi.* And you speak of that red stocking called harmony! Ha! ha! ha!" Such is the Baron's language to Jason's daughter. Jason himself, otherwise the strenuous Aloizius Darvid, has to listen to such precocities of decadence on the part of his son as might justify Uebermenschioidé to any suburban jury. It may be inferred, therefore, that the novel has moments of tedium. It has; but its psychology, curious and oblique, atones for them. The Count's translation is marred by some solecisms and un-English phrases—e.g., "Leave me be!" which is Anglo-Hibernian, if anything.

Northborough Cross. By L. Cope Cornford. (George Allen. 6s.)

WE were prepared to be immensely interested in the Australian company-promoter, who takes up his abode with his clerical brother-in-law in a cathedral close. He is really not unamusing, and his worldly criticisms of dogmatic Christianity are acute and sometimes clever; but he does nothing except in the vaguest way restore the fortunes of the diocesan hierarchy by handsomely sharing with it a "concealed treasure-trove" of which in the most casual way he had plundered the cathedral.

We had great hopes of a canon whose under-lip hung down, especially when we discovered him in the act of injecting morphia into his arm; but beyond the impropriety of proposing a platonic marriage to one of the young ladies accustomed to resort to him for spiritual consolation and advice, he merely gives it to be understood that she had proposed to him, and so retires behind the curtain. The young lady retires to a Roman Catholic convent, whence she comes forth, with a cropped poll, to attend service at the Protestant cathedral, and reject another offer of marriage. All this sounds extremely silly; but the fact is that the book is extremely readable, and that the characters, of which these, if the most important, are not the best, are, for all their tendency to trench on the grotesque, by no means ill drawn.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

OUR FRIEND THE CHARLATAN. BY GEORGE GISSING.

This is not Mr. Gissing's first charlatan, as readers of his *Born in Exile* will remember. There the interest was theological; here it is political. "Our friend" is Dyce Lashmar, who has stocked his mind with political ideas lifted bodily out of *La Cité Moderne*, the striking sociological work of M. Jean Izoulet, of the Collège of France. "I trust," says Mr. Gissing, "that no reader will attribute to me any satirical intention with regard to M. Izoulet's remarkable book. Every reference to it in these pages is, of course, toned by the conditions of the story." (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

THE CRISIS. BY WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Although not a sequel to *Richard Carvel*, which was based on the origin and character of the Cavalier, and the contrast of London and Colonial Society, *The Crisis* is in strict historical sequence to that book. It takes up the Cavalier history nearly a hundred years later. The hero is Stephen Brice, a young New Englander, who has gone to St. Louis to make his fortune as a lawyer. On page 15 we find this specimen of dialogue: "'Clar t' goodness, Miss Jinny, yo' pa ain't heah! An' whah's Ephum, dat black good-fo'-nothin'?" (Macmillan. 6s.)

DOOM CASTLE. BY NEIL MUNRO.

Scottish. One reviewer, we notice, says that *Doom Castle* is the best book Mr. Munro has written, another that it does not sustain the reputation made by *John Splendid*. The scene passes at Doom Castle. Thither comes a French gentleman, seeking a Scotsman who has wronged a lady in whom the Frenchman is interested. Mr. Munro gives the atmosphere of the period and the place, and a full measure of fighting. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE CHRONIC LOAFER. BY NELSON LLOYD.

A new volume in the "Dollar Library"—humorous and colloquial. "In the centre of one of the most picturesque valleys in the heart of Pennsylvania lies the village, and at one end of its single street stands the store. . . . The Chronic Loafer stretched his legs along the counter, and rested his back comfortably against a pile of calicoes. 'I allus held,' he said, 'that——.'" (Heinemann. 4s.)

THE RED CHANCELLOR. BY SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY.

A spirited romance of the imaginary Continental court kind—this time the Palace of Buda. "I, Jasper Tyrrell, a mere traveller, through the friendly offices of Von Lindheim, to whom I had an introduction," tells the story. Jasper had gone abroad in a restless, roving frame of mind, ready for any adventure. He found plenty." (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

BONANZA. BY ERNEST G. HENHAM.

"All my life I had lived with my father at Yellow Sands, knowing no other relation, no other friend, except my Indians and morose MacCaskill, factor of the dying Hudson Bay station." The father is not long for this world, but before he dies he says: "Gold has ruined me, Rupert." Then follow the adventures, told well and with restraint. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE WISE MAN OF STERNCROSS. BY THE LADY AUGUSTA NOEL.

A somewhat mournful story, mainly concerned with a boy who became a sculptor in London, his struggles, and his love affair. Here is a passage from the last page: "Time passes, and Basil Dunbar's sojourn at Sterncross draws to a close. . . . He looks forward now, not back. Still, during these, his last days, he goes out often to the Fang Rock. Sometimes True is with him. Oftener he is alone, and then he gazes over the sea for hours, questioning it." A neatly written, sentimental, sad story. (Murray. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
„ Quarterly 5/0
„ Price for one issue 1/5

The Literature of Success.

A FORTNIGHT ago we endeavoured to survey a remarkable class of biographies and self-revelations under the description of "The Literature of Failure." We had then no thought of "the literature of success." This counter-phrase is not very satisfactory; but the antithesis and a perusal of the autobiography of Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P. (Hutchinson), suggest it; let it stand. A literature there is which is concerned with successful lives, which raises thoughts about success, and appeals to every man who is young enough to hope, or old enough to cast up his account. Such literature is deeply interesting; and perhaps no attempt to explore it can be made without profit. In looking into the distinguished literature of failure we doubted if things were so bad after all with those tortured spirits who have confided their sighs, doubts, and chagrins to a world which they hold captive by the grace and sincerity of their recitals. Are we merely symmetrical when we suggest that the lives which ring with performance and reward betray, quite as often, an undertone of regret and weariness which the wise observer will take into account? Symmetrical! Are we, indeed, more than commonplace? It is difficult to summon examples at need, but where, apart from the Great Twalmleys and the like pleasant fools, do you find jubilant autobiography? The thing is unknown in literature. Is there one note of jubilation, even of content, in Ruskin's *Præterita*? We trow there are better things, but where are these in that long and exquisitely mournful explanation of his life? Goethe, whose serene strength has awed the world, told Eckermann: "I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's chiefest favourites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew. My annals will render clear what I now say. The claims upon my activity, both from within and without, were too numerous. My real happiness was my poetic meditation and production. But how disturbed, limited, and hindered by my external position! Had I been able to abstain more from public business, and to live more in solitude, I should have been happier, and should have accomplished much more as a poet." The spectacle of Goethe sighing to be an Amiel is surely rather awakening. Yet if we seek a mind that indulged no such regrets, and that habitually chose and attained its highest ends, it is only to encounter the level, unrejoicing sagacity of John Stuart Mill. His autobiography is a noble book, but it never obliterates the impression made by the picture of his father, in whom the strength and gloom of a fortress were united. "He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by. This was a topic on which he did not often speak, especially, it may be supposed, in the presence of young persons: but when he did, it was with an air of settled and profound conviction. He would sometimes

say, that if life were made what it might be, by good government and good education, it would be worth having: but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility. . . . He used to say that he had never known a happy old man, except those who were able to live again in the pleasures of the young." Gibbon triumphed and he knew it; but the summary of his life at the end of his memoirs is a very solemn piece of calculation. "Twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my history, and its success has given me a name, rank, a character in the world, to which I should not have been entitled. . . . The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague, indiscriminate praise; but he cannot, he should not, be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. . . . But I must reluctantly observe that two causes—the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope—will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life. . . . In old age the consolation of hope is reserved for the tenderness of parents who commence a new life in their children, the faith of enthusiasts who sing hallelujahs above the clouds, and the vanity of authors who presume the immortality of their name and writings." But enough. To detach and assemble such passages is to prove too much.

In Mr. Broadhurst's book there is no such explicit deduction. And yet the sobriety of this "Story of His Life from a Stonemason's Bench to a Treasury Bench" is eloquent of the point of view from which a successful man comes to regard his life. And in one passage Mr. Broadhurst writes of the new century in terms which at least exclude the possibility that on any other page we shall find a pean of personal rejoicing. For Mr. Broadhurst has worked for the new century and for the new order, and now the world seems to him to mock him in his Cromer cottage. We may not accept his outlook; but it is his, and it is this: "In South Africa the largest army ever enrolled beneath the Union Jack has been decimated by disease and the rifles of the enemy, to minister to the mammon worship of greedy capitalists. At home the image of the Golden Calf stands upon almost every altar. The clock of moral and social progress has been put back a quarter of a century, while militarism and clericalism walk hand in hand to and fro in the country. How many years must elapse before the ebbing waves become the flowing tide, I cannot tell; but I fear they must be many." Thus, to Mr. Broadhurst, the world seems to wag, after he has spent his life in trying to make it wag in quite another fashion. Success may well seem to him, as it has doubtless seemed to many others, only the right to grieve on a higher plane.

Well, but we need not push too far this grey doctrine of discount. There are other things to say. One of the strongest impressions which Mr. Broadhurst's story of his life has left on our minds is the existence of a principle other than that of cause and effect in the production of success. We yield to no one in admiration of Mr. Broadhurst's mental and moral fibre, his splendid efficiency. But to say that these, and these only, raised him from a stonemason's bench to the Treasury Bench is to precipitate difficulties. Hard-headed, true-hearted, imperfectly educated men like Mr. Broadhurst are ten thousand strong, to put it safely; and we cannot be persuaded that Mr. Broadhurst's success bears to theirs the same proportion which his qualities bear to their qualities. Men and emoluments are not so nicely scaled off; and there is not room for such a scale between Mr. Broadhurst and the ten thousand, or fifty thousand, men who are like unto him. No, there is an element which cannot be extracted from the equation. And that element we take to be luck. Is this ungracious? Then we are misunderstood. To doubt the connexion between given merit and its reward is not to doubt the existence of the merit. Besides, which of us is not fully conscious of this gulf between our merits and our rewards? Which of us has not blessed his star for its strange and

lovely leading, far above anything we planned or desired. Of plans and desires Mr. Broadhurst says he had none. This man who used to tie his tattered boots to his feet on the Portsmouth Road, seeking poorly paid work, and has since closed a brilliant Parliamentary career, tells us: "I never had a way marked out in my own mind. I have gone from point to point as circumstances seemed to require me. 'One step's enough for me,' as Cardinal Newman sang. [Newman sang "step."] I am not conscious of ever having a goal for my ambition. I have never burnt the midnight oil considering my next move. Each succeeding morning I have done the work nearest to hand. . . . Whatever positions I have occupied I have blundered into them or stumbled upon them without thought or premeditation." We believe that life is generally like that.

Doubtless some men do purpose definite things and achieve them. Or have they a vision of the current of their lives? The current knows the way, and for once they perceive its set. It is not necessary to call this "set" fate, or to prate about a denial of free will. We are leagues away from all that. But in Mr. Broadhurst's life, as in that of nearly every man, one is conscious of a mysterious leadership. Only the other day we were dipping into a volume of Admiral Sir Thomas Byam Martin's letters and papers, just issued by the Navy Records Society. This gallant seaman of Nelson's day jotted down many notes and reminiscences in his old age, and, among other things, expatiated on "The Vicissitudes of a Seafaring Life." Naval people, he was led to observe by the experience of a lifetime, "may be considered more than any other class the sport of chance. In spite of ourselves we are so often governed by the chapter of accidents that officers of the greatest talents, and possessing in an eminent degree the most precious of naval virtues—namely, zeal to an unflinching degree—are often comparatively unknown, while others of sluggish habits, who do just keep their heads above water in the profession, are often hurried on by accidental circumstances and a flow of good fortune to the attainment of honour and riches, scarcely ever making an effort to obtain them." Sir Thomas is not thinking of corruption or family influence; he is thinking entirely of luck. And, lest we should apply his remarks only to his own age, his present editor Admiral Sir Richard Vesey Hamilton almost goes out of his way to tell us that these remarks are as applicable now as then. "I have always," he says, "considered the naval service as two-thirds luck, chance, or Providence, and one-third industry. . . . I can recall an instance, not quite half a century ago, of an officer now dead who, without any interest, political or private, without any naval ability or war service, but by sheer force of circumstances, was made a commander at twenty-four years of age, when he had served only a few months beyond the two years necessary to qualify a lieutenant for that rank. He sensibly never served another day, preferring to develop his real abilities as an artist." And it must be remembered that pure luck—luck as a nugget lying in the turning-point of life—is not really more remarkable than luck in the streak, now thinning and now thickening, but always making up the account and reinforcing the mere law of cause and effect. A man may not in his lifetime gain one point by pure luck, but how many has he gained by pure merit? What makes marriages? Seldom choice alone. Opportunity limits choice; and such opportunity is often presented by the blindest operation of circumstance.

Mr. Broadhurst planned nothing. Once he tramped the weary way from Southampton to London, seeking a stonemason's job. He encountered both rain and frost, and walking became a torment to his feet. At last he entered London, and thought that the Old Kent-road would never end. Westminster Bridge, rising in front of him, seemed a mountain. He crawled past the Houses

of Parliament, a poor waif of the night, without the faintest idea that one day he would walk its corridors and raise a masterful voice in its debates. Some years later he actually assisted in some carving work on the Clock Tower, but still his eyes were holden and his dreams gave him no hint. How profoundly interesting is such a progress. For its actual steps we care nothing. Mr. Broadhurst rose by interesting himself in labour questions. He organised and settled strikes, he canvassed for votes, and threw himself into local government, social statistics, workmen's trains, "Labour interests." We are powerless to indicate our lack of personal interest in all these things. But they become a stairway of romance in Mr. Broadhurst's story. We are glad that he does not refrain from giving us the details of his three days' visit to Sandringham, where the Prince of Wales poked his bedroom fire for him, and showed him over the estate and stood him a glass of ale in the village public-house among farm-labourers. Years before this, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's marriage, young Broadhurst had willingly lost a day's work in order to rejoice with the multitude. He told this to the Prince, who replied: "But you are none the worse now, Mr. Broadhurst?" The Labour Member's reply was admirable; he said that, on the contrary, he was still four shillings out of pocket, the day's wage of a mason then.

It is clear that Mr. Broadhurst cannot quite explain his success to himself. That he deserved it is to be admitted and affirmed. He commanded it too, but his prizes rather dazed than rejoiced him. This was the case when he left Mr. Gladstone's presence, when he had received the unprecedented offer of the office of Under-Secretary of State in the Home Department. "I can honestly declare that I left Mr. Gladstone's house without any of those feelings of exhilaration and pleasing excitement which the gift of office is usually supposed to awaken. . . . Like a drowning man I lived my life over again. . . . The lowly beginning of my career, its labours at the forge and the stonemason's shop. . . . Especially did my memory recall the months I had spent working on the very Government buildings which I was about to enter as a Minister of the Crown." Again we enjoy the dramatic detail that the risen stonemason found that in virtue of his office he was entitled to half a carcass of a buck from Windsor, or in lieu thereof two guineas. Like a proper man he chose the half buck and distributed joints of royal venison to his friends in Brixton.

Success, then, has its element of mystery, which the maxim-makers seldom recognise. Even a vain man does not claim all the credit, but is fed on the contemplation of the glorious luck that brought him to his unexpected height. We knew a Yorkshire mayor who never rose before a young audience during his year of office without exclaiming on his rise with a maximum of pride and a minimum of grammar; and he invariably concluded with the exclamation, accompanied by a thump on the table—as though the thing had struck him for the first time in all its wonder—"And now I'm Mair-o'-Leeds!" The boys and girls to whom he spoke ran home, and everywhere tables were thumped, and the catch-word, "And now I'm Mair-o'-Leeds," brought laughter, in which there was really more humanity than ridicule.

The literature of success, then, if it is rightly read, brings us to regard success with the right sobriety and the right hopefulness. We should bend our bow with a smile that may suit either issue, a hit or a miss. To most of us, as it is, the world is very good if we would only think so. And if circumstance, which lifts some with a jerk to high places (or imperceptibly pushes them thither as it did with Mr. Broadhurst) keeps us in the even tenour of our way, we are poor philosophers if we murmur. Other things being square, it matters less than we imagine. "Men must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither: ripeness is all."

Things Seen.

Constancy.

In the early morning, when I set forth, the farmer, ruddy and clear-eyed, was leaning on a gate contemplating his fields, not idly, but with the manner of a man who designs his work before beginning. He gave me good morning, and when I told him whither I was walking he opened his mouth and then shut it to whistle. "Why, you won't be home till nightfall," he said, "and you won't reach Netley Heath till after sunset. Most get lost on Netley Heath even in daytime; but if you follow the moon, she'll bring you home all right. Just keep her in front of you; she'll bring you home." It was a long day, and many things happened in the day, but they affected me no more than the now here, now there, of a vagrant butterfly. For I was all desire for the night, the dim heath, and the moon above leading me. Already she was there in the sky, but pale and fragile, just faintly showing herself, a mere suggestion of the full beauty she would reveal to me when the fall of night would encourage her to shine forth and be my guide in solitary places. The oncoming of "the great, thoughtful night" became a thing to live for; I ached for it. But it was not to be. Perhaps in my eagerness I walked faster than usual; perhaps the farmer had measured the distance by his own ponderous steps. At any rate, an hour before sunset, with hope still at the full, I reached the crest of a hill, and there below me were the farmer's fields. Could I win to my dream yet? Could I wrest triumph from failure? It seemed not. To loiter, to retrace my steps, would be to gain my goal by subterfuge. I renounced it, went down the hill and indoors, where it was dark and cold and lonely. The sun set, I lighted the lamp, and when that was done, in a sudden tremour I went out into my own garden, and there was the moon riding high in a luminous sky. Her beauty faced me. It was as if I had not failed.

The Little Bottles.

GUISEPPE sat on the lowest step of a flight of crooked stone stairs, leading from the door of his home. It was cool in the court, and very dark, as but little light shone down between the crazy arches which joined and supported the houses. He could see from his crypt-like dwelling-place a moving group outside the court, on a sunny terrace overlooking the valley. But Guiseppe was happier by himself, for here he could all but realise his day-dream; besides, he had a goat, bleating companionably from the window above. The boy's eyes shone from his pale face, pressed between his hands, thrilling with imagination. "They" hung before him in all their usual beauty—the little Chianti bottles of his love. Surely such little bottles had never been? Some day they should nevertheless be his—oh, great resolve: he would work for them, dream of them, think of them till then. How clear the glass; how even the wicker work; how fascinatingly tight the drum-head of white kid, stretched over their corks; and, oh! the delight of pushing the dainty tassel into their long necks, when you had once thrown away the corks, and smelt the perfume. He could feel them in imagination hanging astride his forefinger by the loop of twisted grass coupling them together.

A youthful, black-eyed, brightly-dressed crowd came sweeping in from the terrace through one of the arches, with many backward glances. Presently appeared three tall, fair women, clad in garments of unbelievable neatness. Faces suddenly appeared at every yawning, paneless window; women stood at every door. "English signorinas—how pale and strange they looked." Everyone wondered

to her neighbour what they could find so curious about Pigna. Surely they had towns at home. But look! how they laughed and chattered.

Guiseppe thought the youngest lady had a sweet face, though, to be sure, she had no hair to boast of. As they talked, surrounded by an animated crowd, he stood up to watch them more closely. The two elder girls moved on, and the youngest turned her head.

"Oh! what sweet little bottles!"

She put out one hand and touched them. A man came out of the shop. The crowd closed in on them.

"Come on!" cried one of the strangers.

"In a minute," said the youngest; "I'm just buying these little bottles. Won't Jack and Dolly love them!"

Guiseppe threw himself through the crowd, and lifted his face towards her, full of speechless terror.

"What beautiful eyes!" she said. "Poor little chap! how awfully pale he is."

Then the crowd swept on. Guiseppe leant against the shop door, tears falling down his cheeks.

The Art of Being the Man in the Street, M.A.

MACAULAY'S Schoolboy was a rather wonderful individual, but since he grew up to be the Man in the Street his wonderfulness has increased. The Schoolboy was merely a finished scholar; the Man in the Street has progressed far beyond scholarship into the bewildering realms of Actuality. He has received a degree—or rather, perhaps, conferred it on himself—the degree of M.A., Master of Actualities. He can construe Life in the terms Art, Science, and Philosophy. With striking foresight and sagacity he has taken care to become possessed of the finest possible apparatus for general culture, and we have no reason to suppose that he has not fully utilised this apparatus, which consists of—

1. Lloyd's Dictionary.
2. The Encyclopædia Britannica.
3. Bohn's Libraries.
4. The Century Dictionary.
5. The Times Atlas.
6. The Library of English Literature.
7. The Hundred Best Pictures.

Something mystical lurks in the sevenfold quality of this apparatus, something which doubtless accounts for the Man in the Street's marvellous gifts, and especially his gift of memory; for his memory is such that he never forgets anything he has once heard or read, save the day of the month on which the monthly instalment falls due, and of this, by a happy arrangement, he is constantly reminded by the apparatus-furnishings.

All newspapers and periodicals, except the *Anglo-Saxon* and the *Mark Lane Express*, are produced for the Man in the Street, not that there are many of him; there is, in fact, only one—he is unique; but editors always keep his image steadily before them, as an ideal *clientèle*, an exemplar to the common public. Editors may be conceived as saying to the common public: "You will not appreciate, understand, and comprehend the learning and the allusiveness of this publication, but the Man in the Street appreciates, understands, and comprehends. It is for him we edit. As for you, you must do the best you can. We cater for the Man in the Street, whose knowledge is boundless, but whose opinions are fixed and firm and immutable."

Where does he live, the Man in the Street? None knows, but it is certain that he promenades the Strand about one o'clock, and again about five o'clock. His age

is thirty-five; he is unmarried, and wears a short beard. He is not rich, but he can "do himself well" on a small income. He knows that restaurant, which the public has never discovered, where a really prime cut off the joint, with fixings, costs a shilling; and that tobacco-shop, shyly hidden in some aged side street, where a good fourpenny cigar can be obtained; and this is not the least part of his knowledge. He belongs to a club, which is probably the Junior Constitutional.

Does anyone know the Man in the Street by sight? We think not, for he is much too alert to "let on." For ourselves, we have a premonition that if we saw him we should recognise him; we should be aware of that calm, unsurprisable face, not distinguished, not lofty, not spiritual, but an incredible mirror of acquired facts. When we do meet him—and we have a daily expectation of the event—we shall button-hole him, and present him with the following examination paper; he will answer the questions glibly and correctly, with a look of surprise at their being even asked, and thus he will disclose his identity:

EXAMINATION PAPER.

1. How have the following people achieved fame: Mlle. Henriot, Messrs. Farquhar, North, and Co., Mr. Hearst, Mr. J. P. Hurst, Mr. Sampson Fox, Lord Acton, Blanco White, Helen Vacaresco, Mrs. Sara Lane, and Mrs. Elinor Glyn?

2. How much does it cost to sweep the streets of St. Pancras after a day's snow? How much is spent daily in London in cab fares? What is the proportion of omnibus horses to omnibuses in London?

3. What do the following abbreviations stand for: V.E.C.A., P.S.A., R.S.O., D.S.O., C.O., F.O., P.O., S.P.Q.R., N.D., F.O.S., O.K., A.M.D.G.?

4. Who invented the following phrases, to what do they refer, and under what circumstances were they written or uttered?—

- "The long arm of coincidence."
- "To praise with faint damns."
- "The age, not of Wordsworth, but of Harmsworth."
- "The yellow press."
- "Posterity, that bumptious abstraction."

5. What do you understand by: "A Wharnccliffe Meeting," "Order XIV.," "Cumulative Preference Share," "Equity Bar"?

6. If you saw the team of a coach-and-four restive in Northumberland Avenue, and felt it your duty to assist, should you try to pacify the leaders or the wheelers first?

7. What do the following trade marks cover: "Airtex," "Eagle," "Paragon," "Ewbank," "Cee"?

Euthanasia!

Let me not die in a room, shut out from the glory of Nature,
Prone on a feverish couch and girt with horrible curtains!
But when I go, may I die in the depths of shadowy wood-lands,

Far away under the leaves that whisper a threnody o'er me!
Looking my last on the Sun, setting blood-red far o'er the mountains,
Flushing the sea with his flame as he sinks to sleep in the distance!

Then as the winds of the night uprise from mystical slumber,
Singing a song of the old days, bringing me rest in the twilight,

Oh! in a dream may I pass to the shore where spirits await me,

Carrying there from the earth a picture never to vanish!
This is the death that I crave, to pass on the wings of the night wind,

Far away over the stars to the land of Infinite Silence.

F. B. DOVETON.

Correspondence.

Baedeker's Handbooks.

SIR,—In his letter to the ACADEMY of May 25 Mr. John Murray admits that some at least of Baedeker's Handbooks had no predecessors in Murray's series. This was my point.

In response to Mr. Wain, I have to say that the article he refers to in *Murray's Magazine* was answered by Herr Baedeker in the *Times* of Nov. 26, 1889, and by myself in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Nov. 30, 1889. Herr Baedeker, while fully and frankly admitting that Mr. Murray was first in the field, demonstrated the independence of his own handbooks. The following sentences in my letter seem pertinent: "I can safely say that in that (*i.e.*, my) time Baedeker's guide-books have been absolutely independent of Mr. Murray's publications. In fact, I scarcely see how it could be otherwise, seeing that I believe I am right in stating that from two to four new editions of Baedeker, thoroughly revised on the spot, generally appear to one of Murray's."

It may well be that I do not know what Mr. Wain picturesquely describes as "current tattle anent guide-books," but I thus am not so ignorant of the facts as he seems to imagine.

I must, however, confess that in my original letter to the ACADEMY I had for the moment forgotten that the article in *Murray's Magazine* contained the categorical (though not unchallenged) statement referred to.—I am, &c.,

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

Verify your Quotations.

SIR,—Miss Lorimer, the winner of your competition last week, quotes:

Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître
Il est, le fut, ou le doit être.

What Voltaire wrote (*Poésies Mûlées*, XI, "Inscription pour une statue de l'Amour") was:

Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.

And, while writing to you, I should like to ask the reviewer of a very kind notice of my *French Idioms and Proverbs* in your issue of March 2 his authority for saying that "Dussé-je en mourir" had an accent too much.—I am, &c.,

DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE.

"Festus."

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Money-Coutts's sympathetic article on "Bailey's *Festus*," I beg to submit Tennyson's verdict on that work, much to the same effect, but briefer (Tennyson's *Memoir*, by his Son, vol. i., p. 234): "I have just got *Festus*; order it, and read. You will find it a great bore, but *there are really very grand things in 'Festus.'*"—I am, &c.,

J. B.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 88 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best reminiscence of school life. We award it to Rev. I Hamilton, Market-street, Ely, Cambs., for the following:

I have met him again for the first time since our schooldays together in the 'sixties. He is still at it. His latest society was formed yesterday with nine initials. Though I cannot hope to recall the complete number of his inventions at school, yet I can testify, even at this distance of time, to his ceaseless activity. He revelled in new societies; indeed, in societies of all kinds, for once

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

ON THURSDAY NEXT.

With 197 Illustrations (many in tints), reproduced from Photographs and Sketches by the Author, 16 Maps and Plans, a Bibliography, and a Map of Armenia and Adjacent Countries. 2 vols., medium 8vo, 42s. net.

ARMENIA: TRAVELS AND STUDIES.

By H. F. B. LYNCH.

* * The book is principally a record of Mr. Lynch's extensive travels in this little-known country during recent years, and an attempt to enlarge our knowledge of the geography and physical features. At the same time, it inquires closely into the condition of the population, and deals with those problems of an economical and political nature which are likely in the future to occupy the attention of Europe to a degree even greater than in the past.

SWALLOWFIELD and its OWNERS.

By Lady RUSSELL, of Swallowfield Park. With 15 Photogravure Portraits and 36 other Illustrations. 4to, 42s. net.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S WORKS.

COLLECTED EDITION. Vol. XVI.

THREE LECTURES on the VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY delivered at the Royal Institution in March, 1894. Crown 8vo, 5s.

GOVERNMENT OF HUMAN EVOLUTION.

Part II. INDIVIDUALISM and COLLECTIVISM. By EDMOND KELLY, M.A., F.G.S., late Lecturer on Municipal Government at Columbia University, in the City of New York. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

* * Part I. JUSTICE. crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER. A

Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad for the Year 1900. 8vo, 18s.

* * * * * Volumes of the ANNUAL REGISTER for the years 1863-1899 can still be had, 18s. each.

NEW FICTION.

"Mr. Haggard at his breeziest."

ACADEMY.

"Mr. Haggard at his best."—BOOKMAN.

"A novel of most unusual power."

GUARDIAN.

LYSBETH.

A Tale of the Dutch in the Days of Alva.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

MY LADY OF ORANGE:

A Romance of the Netherlands in the Days of Alva.

By H. C. BAILEY.

With 8 Illustrations by G. P. Jacomb Hood, R.I.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The romance contains plenty of vigorous pictures of character, manners, and incidents in the Dutch struggle for independence, and the interest of the reader is carried along on a strong current."—*Scotsman*

THE VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S.

By SIBYL CREED.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The 'true inwardness' of this very able novel is, perhaps, meant to be suggested by the author's name or pseudonym. It may be unsuspected by the casual reader; and the story will commend itself, on different grounds, to the extreme Ritualist and the convinced Low Churchman; yet, with reticent and persuasive subtlety, an appeal is made on behalf of Rome which can hardly fail to prove effective with those prepared to feel the force of it. The Sibyl is more apparent than the creed, but those who listen to the one may accept the other."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,
London, New York, and Bombay.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

Price One Shilling.—Contents for JUNE.

NON-POLITICAL—

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. The Book of the Month
C. R. FRY Cricket in 1901
W. LAIRD CLOWES A Coming Revolution in Naval Warfare
R. MARRIOTT WATSON Hortus Inclusus: the Sweet of the Year
WALTER RAYMOND Orchards
C. KENNETH BURKOW Poem: a Spring Night.
Geo. A. B. DEWAR The Trout in June
C. F. CAZENOVE (A Corner in Picture Books: The Fraser Collection
DANIEL SCOTT The Ninth Jubilee of Glasgow University
And Books Worth Buying.

POLITICAL.

The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF CREWE Ireland and the Liberal Party
LUCIEN WOLF Will the Trip's Alliance Collapse?
HERBERT SAMUEL The Budget and the Future Revenue
ALFRED KINNEAR The Progress of the Session.
SIR H. GILZEAN REID, LL.D. The South African Settlement
CHARLES TREVELYAN, M.P.
ARNOLD WHITE
REGINALD MCKENNA, M.P.
GEORGE HAW (Author of "No Room to Live") The Government and the Housing Problem
H. HAWKEN The Temperance Question: The Minimum of Reform
ALEXANDER PAUL The Language Question in Malta And Notes of the Month.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

Editorial Offices: 160, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.
Publishing Office: 35, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1028.—JUNE, 1901.—21. 6d.

CHARITY. By "LINESMAN."—DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE. By NEIL MUNRO.—OLD TIMES AND NEW ON THE INDIAN BORDERLAND.—MINDS AND NOSES. By Dr. LOUIS ROBINSON.—A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE ON THE PEARL RIVER.—BETWEEN THE LINES.—SHAKESPEARE AND THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.—II. MISTRESS FITTON.—AN ERSTWHILE OWNER OF THE LAND. By A. B. FLETCHER.—MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.—THE SHADOW ON THE STAGE.—A RETROSPECT—AUTHOR AND PLAYER.—THE TRIUMPH OF THE ACTOR.—THE OLD STOCK COMPANY.—THE ST. GEORGE—MODERN REALISM.—A NATIONAL THEATRE.—THE EXAMPLE OF FRANCE.—MATTHEW'S "LIFE OF THE BEA."
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

HARPER & BROTHERS' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO.

Translated by ELIZABETH W. LATIMER.

With Comment by PAUL MEURICE.

Illustrated with Portraits, Facsimile Letter, &c. 10s. 6d.

"They are charming these letters; delightful in their freshness, their sincerity of feeling, their modesty of expression. They are doubly interesting, because they bring a new note into the published work of Victor Hugo, and reveal a new trait in the physiognomy of the man. If the epithet of 'natural' could be applied to the manner of Victor Hugo, it would be here...distinctly one of the best of his posthumous works."—*Fortnightly Review*.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE NUMBER, Now Ready, contains:

A DREAM OF YOUNG SUMMER: a Poem. EDITH M. THOMAS. With Frontispiece drawn by Howard Pyle.
A SEA TURN: a Story. THOMAS BAILLY ALDRICH. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
THE RIGHT OF WAY: a Serial Novel. GILBERT PARKER. Illustrated by A. I. Keller.
IN THE LIBRARY: a Story. W. W. JACOBS. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.
WRECKED on the SHORES of JAPAN: an Article. FORTNEY BIGELOW. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.
A HIDDEN REPUBLIC: an Article. LUCIA PURDY. Illustrated by Guy Rose.
THE PORTION OF LABOUR: a Serial Novel. MARY E. WILKINS. Illustrated by Jay Hambridge.
A WHIRLWIND WOOING: a Story. C. T. BRADY. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
THE RESCUE: a Story. EUGENE WOOD. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
AN IDYL of the SANDS. A. C. WHEELER. Illustrated by Harry Fenn.
RECIPROCAL INFLUENCE in HYPNOTISM: an Article. JOHN DUNCAN QUACKENBOS.
DONALD'S EXPERIMENT: a Story. CLAIRE WALLACE FIANS.
COLONIES and NATION: a Serial History. WOODROW WILSON. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. Fred. Remington, &c.
A WHITE PENITENT: a Story. THOMAS A. JANYIER. Illustrated by F. Luis Mora.
THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: its Debt to King Alfred. BRANDER MATTHEWS.
&c. &c. &c.

ONE SHILLING.

London: HARPER & BROTHERS,
45, Albemarle Street, W.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

No. 292.—JUNE, 1901.

BRITISH PESSIMISM. By ANDREW CARNEGIE.
IMPRESSIONS of AMERICA. By FREDERIC HARRISON.
THE STANDARD of STRENGTH for OUR ARMY: a Business Estimate. By Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, K.C.B.
THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL HALL in INDIA. By His Excellency the Viceroy of India.
THE RELIGION of the BOERS. By the Rev. Dr. WIRGMAN (Canon of Grahamstown Cathedral).
THE NEXT CORONATION. By L. W. VERNON HARCOURT.
THREE SCENES from M. ROSTAND'S "L'AIGLON." By the Right Hon. EARL COWPER.
THE EDUCATION BILL. By Dr. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P.
THE HOUSE of COMMONS. By L. A. ATHERLEY-JONES, K.C., M.P.
OUR OFFERS to SURRENDER GIBRALTAR. By WALTER FRIESEN LORD.
MR. SARGENT at the ROYAL ACADEMY. By H. HAMILTON EYRE.
THE PRESSING NEED for MORE UNIVERSITIES. By Professor ERNEST H. STARLING, F.R.S.
SOME REAL LOVE-LETTERS. By the Hon. Mrs. CHAPMAN.
A LAND of WOE. By the Countess of MEATH.
THE RECRUITING QUESTION: a Postscript to the Army Debate. By ARTHUR H. LEE, M.P.
LAST MONTH. By Sir WENYSS REID.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (Limited).

ENLARGED & CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

(Over 500 pages, 8vo, bound in green cloth).

All the Principal Works in Circulation at the Library ARRANGED under SUBJECTS, forming a Comprehensive Guide to Notable Publications in most Branches of Literature.

Books of Permanent Interest on POLITICAL and SOCIAL TOPICS, the ARMY, NAVY, ARTS, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, SPORT, THEOLOGY, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, and FICTION.

Price 1s. 6d.

Also a FOREIGN CATALOGUE, containing BOOKS in FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, and SPANISH.

Price 1s. 6d.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

30-34, New Oxford Street; 241, Brompton Road; and 48, Queen Victoria Street, London.

when an S.P.G. speaker visited the school, he asked if this venerable society could not be handed over to him to manage, as "he collected societies." Not being able to commandeer the S.P.G., he forthwith founded an opposition society with the same initials, denoting a society for the *prevention* of the Gospel in foreign lands. This was at a meeting which consisted of himself, as chairman, and two other boys (ages 7 and 8). Then came the formation of the A.E.M.B.R.R.L.C. This was an association for enabling masters with ruined reputations to recover their lost character. There were five ways of joining. You might join simply as a member. You might, if you liked, be an affiliated associate. Or you could enter the lists of semi-associated members. Then there were the consolidated associates, and the honorary semi-members. I have forgotten the respective qualifications for entering the various grades; I only know that to be a full-blown member it was necessary that you should be one of the masters. There was a heavy subscription for members; associates, &c., &c., were not expected to pay anything. This was one of the longest-lived of the societies, although it never had more than one member, and him only for a single term.

Other sketches follow :

My school life was uneventful, but one reminiscence will haunt me to my dying day, and for ever make me believe that, collectively, school children are the cruellest and the most heartless little mortals under heaven.

Our French master was very foreign, very young, very shy, and utterly unable to exercise discipline; a fact, alas, which we learned more readily than we did French, and which resulted in our setting ourselves to torment and worry him in a thousand ways.

Our behaviour during the class was horrible: we laughed, we talked, we interrupted, we even mocked him, and I have actually seen tears in poor "M'sieu's" eyes. And we, inhuman little wretches that we were, looked forward to our French lessons in a fashion that deceived our parents into calling us exemplary children. But one day, to our disappointment, "M'sieu" was absent, and his place taken by a governess who was as shocked by our ignorance as we were by her severity.

"Oh, surely 'M'sieu' will be back to-morrow!" we said to ourselves. "Won't we pay him out if he isn't?"

But no, and the next to-morrow the governess told us "M'sieu's" mother was dead.

We nudged each other in delight. What did we care about his mother? At lunch-time we planned a scheme to distress him. We procured a huge sheet of paper, upon which we drew a grave, and underneath we printed:

"Here lies your mère, who was killed by you
being such an unkind French maître."

We placed this on his desk and anxiously awaited the result. But—may Heaven forgive us, as thoughtless children—that is beyond description, and only those who know the extraordinary emotional nature of his nation could understand it.

[A. S. H., Dalkeith, N.B.]

REVELATION.

A shy, dreamy boy, and a confirmed wanderer, it was my good, though tantalising, fortune to be at school amidst wild wooded country, within sound, on still nights, of the sea's calling.

Punished often, by a long-suffering master, for breaking bounds, my offences culminated one moonlit night in May. I lay sleepless for thought of all the beauty wasting unseen without, of the moonlight sheening upon a fairy host of uncurling fern-fronds and blue-bells in my wood, till suddenly, from the heart of the night, came four long sweet notes in thrilling crescendo—the nightingale! And, once more, I had to go! Hours of purest entrancement, of half-painful excitement, of boyhood's formless melancholy followed; to end, alas! in an ignominious return to discovery and a grim appointment with the headmaster, to receive my first, though long-threatened, caning.

Trembling, but fully acquiescing in the justice of my sentence, I presented myself. I loved the man and felt ashamed in forcing such a course upon him. But, at the first stroke and pang, suddenly some devil awoke in me, and frail, timid boy though I was, I threw my master to the ground, overturning tables and chairs, and in a minute made chaos in his prim chamber!

Hours of fainting, sickness, and the doctor followed. Next morning came my good master-friend, and with wise, kind words, helped me to some sadly-needed knowledge of self, and the fearful, wondrous, secrets of heredity; took my hand, and sent me, forgiven, to his sunny garden.

O keenly-remembered, magic, morning of new knowledge, enlarged life, and forgiveness—the intoxicating air; the flower-jewels; the sense of *drinking* that shower of lilac scent; the law's exciting spring beneath my feet; the almost unbearable beauty of the apple-blossom against the blue!

[P. H. L., Broadstairs.]

THE BLOT.

Few schooldays have been less eventful than mine. Unadventurous in spirit, diligent, devoted to duty, I have missed all those glorious opportunities for fun and excitement so dear to boyhood nature. Yet there is one episode of my early schooldays which lives vividly in my memory. I remember it to-day as clearly as when it occurred, though most else of interest in this period has long since faded into oblivion. I had the bad—or was it good?—fortune to be included in a class notorious for its inattention to work and slovenly preparation of such work as it did. It was in vain that our master exhibited my own carefully-written exercises as models for imitation. Example seemed only to impel the class to more persistent carelessness. At last one day this master—good man—lost patience. "I will have clean papers to-day," said he, "or I will thrash the boy who makes the slightest blot on his work." It may have been that these words so vehemently uttered unnerved me, but certain it was that a few minutes later I was staring blankly at a huge blot on the paper before me! the first stain upon an untarnished escutcheon. And then the penalty! Shall I ever forget the look on our master's kindly face when my misdemeanour was discovered. The drastic threat I knew had been made for others, and yet here was I alone found guilty, and the whole class I knew awaited my execution with satisfaction. For a moment he looked at me and hesitated. "Your hand," he said, and I thought I detected a twinkle in his eye, though his whole demeanour was stern and inflexible. Muttering "justitia fiat," he brought the cane swishing down upon my hand much as an expert swordsman will divide an apple on his palm. The situation was saved and justice was done, but that gentle tap upon a hand hitherto innocent of the birch, has never been forgotten.

[H. W. D., Tottenham.]

PUTIFER'S TWINS.

There were but twenty of us. A score of raw, village boys, of ages varying from ten to sixteen years, and we were the Framfield Grammar School.

How well I remember that morning! Prayers were over and the history lesson was in progress. Poor old Putifer, poor neuralgic old Putifer was in one of his worst moods. Arnold Minor had met with due punishment for stating that Henry the Eighth was "excavated" by the Pope, when there came a hurried rat-tat at the door. It was Putifer's maid-servant. A whispered conversation between master and maid followed. "Boys," said Putifer, as he returned with a smile on his face as though neuralgia were unknown, "boys, you may take a holiday this morning; a holiday in honour of my son, born ten minutes ago, and here," he added, taking half-a-sovereign from his meagrely-lined purse, "is sixpence each in order to celebrate the event."

Then twenty well-pleased boys, even Arnold joining, gave a cheer, and the next minute were rushing helter-skelter towards the village tuck shop.

Two hundred yards away from the school Putifer's houseboy was met. He, too, was evidently the bearer of important news. "What's the matter, Dozer?" was asked in chorus. "It's twins!" gasped Dozer, as he hurried on to inform Putifer of increased joy.

At the tuck shop, I remember, the half-sovereign was exchanged mainly for a confection styled coconut ice, and the healths of the juniors Putifer were several times drunk in sherbet. Then Kirk—Logic Kirk, our head boy—had an idea. The half day holiday and the half-sovereign were given us prior to the news of the second Putifer's advent coming to hand. We were, therefore, clearly entitled to a whole day's respite and to a further largess.

A deputation made its way back to Putifer's house armed with Kirk's theory. Alas! Putifer's neuralgia had returned. "Don't bother me, boys. You may consider yourselves fortunate as it is, but you need not return to school until the morning," was his reply.

I suppose most of us realise now how fortunate we were, but at that time we voted Putifer mean and stingy. Poor old Putifer! He lies in the village churchyard with the half-sovereign son; the ten-minutes-later Putifer lies by Logic Kirk's side, on the banks of the Tugela.

[F. F., Haverhill.]

Eighteen other sketches received.

Competition No. 89 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the best note on "A Book That Has Influenced Me." Not to exceed 200 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, June 5. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

"In every respect 'THE LOVE-LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO' may be regarded as distinctly one of the best of the poet's posthumous works. They are charming; delightful in their freshness, their sincerity of feeling, their naivete of expression. They are doubly interesting, because they bring a new note into the published work of VICTOR HUGO, and reveal a new trait in the man."—THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO, 1820-1822.

Illustrated with Portraits, Facsimile Letters, &c.
Cloth, extra gilt, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS, whose "Jerome" and "A New England Nun" will ever remain in the memory of her readers, has still further increased her reputation by her new work,
UNDERSTUDIES.

The *Daily Chronicle*.—"Miss Mary Wilkins has given sufficient evidence already of the power and insight of her pen, but these chapters, full of delicate imagination and true sympathy, will come almost as a revelation."

The *Daily Telegraph*.—"Never has Miss Wilkins put her pen to more graceful or grateful use than in her newly-published 'Understudies.'"
Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. [Second Edition Ready.]

A Strong Political and Religious Novel of American Life in Lincoln's time.

MARTIN BROOK.

By MORGAN BATES.

While in no sense a problem novel, 'Martin Brook' is a book which cannot fail to be of interest to every thinking man and woman.

Cloth gilt, crown 8vo, 365 pp., 6s.

JOHN VYTAL.

By WM. FARQUHAR PAYSON.

A singularly romantic love story of the sixteenth century in Roanoke—Sir Walter Raleigh's "Lost Colony." The much-questioned fate of this colony is the subject of the story, which also gives a vivid picture of early colonial life.

Crown 8vo, cloth, decorated, 6s.

A PAIR OF PATIENT LOVERS.

By W. D. HOWELLS.

A Dainty Volume, containing "A Pair of Patient Lovers," "The Pursuit of the Piano," "A Circle in the Water," "The Magic of a Voice," "A Different Case," written in Mr. Howell's best vein.

Crown 8vo, ornamented cloth, gilt top, 5s. net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, 45, Albemarle Street.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.

NEW & POPULAR NOVELS

Price 6s. each.

Now Ready.—The FOURTH EDITION of
THE CAREER OF A BEAUTY.
By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

"Will be thoroughly enjoyed."—*The Sketch*.
"The book may be recommended for its interest."
Daily Mail.

"One of the very best we have had from her distinguished pen."—*Whitchell Review*.

A CRAFTY FOE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

By HUME NISBET.

DENVER'S DOUBLE.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

"A capital story of its kind."—*Scotsman*.

Price 5s.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CLASPED HANDS.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

With Illustrations by A. WALLIS MILLS.

"One of the best sensation stories we have read for a long time."—*Literary World*.

F. V. WHITE & CO.,

14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

PATERSON'S HANDY GUIDES FOR TOURISTS.

Intending Tourists in Switzerland, the Rhineland, &c., will find PATERSON'S GUIDES among the best and cheapest in the market. They are handy, well arranged, up-to-date, and full of Maps, Plans, and Illustrations.

PATERSON'S HANDY GUIDE TO
SWITZERLAND. With 10 Maps and Plans.

New Edition, brought up to date. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

PATERSON'S HANDY GUIDE TO
THE RHINE and ITS PROVINCES. New

Edition, brought up to date. With 13 Maps and Plans. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

PATERSON'S HANDY GUIDE TO
LONDON and SUBURBS. With 2 Maps.

Linen fibre covers, 6d.; cloth, 1s.

PATERSON'S HANDY GUIDES TO
SCOTLAND. Eleven Editions. List on application, post free.

The *Academy* says: "PATERSON'S GUIDES may be strongly recommended as handbooks to separate localities in Scotland. They are well mapped and illustrated, and deal severally with Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Clyde, the Southern Counties of Scotland, the Trossachs, &c."

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER,
21, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.; and Edinburgh.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS

are contained in the Fifth and Last Volume of his COMPLETE WORKS, Edited by H. BUXTON FORMAN, just published. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.

"An ideal edition."—*Saturday Review*.

GOWANS & GRAY, Glasgow.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON, London.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s. each, post free.
CHRIST'S "MUSTS," and other Sermons.

"Felicitous exposition, rugged, intense eloquence, and beautiful illustration."—*Word and Work*.

THE HOLY OF HOLIES. A Series of Sermons on the 14th, 15th, and 16th Chapters of the Gospel by John.

"No British preacher has unfolded this portion of Scripture in a more scholarly style."

North British Daily Mail.

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, LIMITED,
21 & 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW BOOKS.

In demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.: Roxburgh, hand-made paper, 10s. 6d. net; large paper, £1 11s. 6d. net.

NOW READY, THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME OF
THE

TOPOGRAPHICAL SECTION OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY

Edited by G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A.

CONTAINING:

WARWICKSHIRE, WESTMORELAND, AND WILTSHIRE.

The Previous Volumes Contain:

1. BEDFORDSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, and BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.
2. CAMBRIDGESHIRE, CHESHIRE, CORNWALL, and CUMBERLAND.
3. DERBYSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, and DORSETSHIRE.
4. DURHAM, ESSEX, and GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
5. HAMPSHIRE, HEREFORDSHIRE, HERTFORDSHIRE, and HUNTINGDONSHIRE.
6. KENT and LANCAHIRE.
7. LEICESTER, LINCOLNSHIRE, MIDDLESEX, and MONMOUTHSHIRE.
8. NORFOLK, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, and NORTHUMBERLAND.
9. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, OXFORDSHIRE, and RUTLAND.
10. SHROPSHIRE and SOMERSETSHIRE.
11. STAFFORDSHIRE and SUFFOLK.
12. SURREY and SUSSEX.

The Topographical Section of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY* contains a mass of valuable information concerning the counties of England, which is of the greatest interest to Residents, Topographers, Antiquaries, and others.

NEW NOVEL.

In crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

LADY WILMERDING of MAISON

ROUGE: a Tale of the Riviera. By J. DUNCAN

CRAIG, M.A., D.D., Soci du Félibrige.

"Most interesting and instructive."—*Irish Times*.
"Distinctly a book which should be read by all."
Rock.

In crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

THE ROMANCE of the BOER

WAR: Humours and Chivalry of the Campaign.

By MACCARTHY O'MOORE, Author of "Tips for Travellers; or, Wrinkles for the Road and Rail."

"Mr. O'Moore has gathered his stories from many quarters, tries to do justice all round, to foes as well as friends, and has made a very pleasant and cheery little volume on matters about which it is not easy to be very pleasant or cheery."—*Spectator*.

In crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

THE STORY of the SIEGE in

PEKIN. By S. M. RUSSELL, M.A., F.R.A.S.,

Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the Imperial College, Peking.

NEW STORY FOR CHILDREN.

In crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

PEGGY, a SCHOOLGIRL; or,

the Sleeper Awakened. By FRANCES STRATTON, Author of "Nan the Circus Girl," "The Rival Bands," &c.

"The author writes crisply and sympathetically."

Sheffield Independent.

"A lively and entertaining story for girls. A hearty tone pervades the book."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"A study in character which may afford useful hints to parents and teachers."

Aberdeen Free Press.

NEW VOLUMES OF VERSE.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

POEMS of the RACE. By

MARSTON RUDLAND.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

IN the LAND of MAKE-BELIEVE.

By OLIVE VERTE, Author of "A Sunset Idyll, and Other Poems."

ELLIOT STOCK,

62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

THE MILLIONAIRE MYSTERY. By FERGUS HUME. Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. [June 17.]

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN. By MAX O'RELL. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Whatever a reviewer may say about 'Her Royal Highness Woman,' he may be quite sure that an enormous number of people will read it, and be amused by it. It is indeed an amusing volume. Most of what he says about women is true enough, and wittily expressed."—*Times*.

"Max O'Rell at his best and brightest."—*Truth*.
"Never has Max O'Rell been more delightful than in his new book.... a literary salad of Socrates and Frodo, which is fast from beginning to finish. One never knows what new taste one may experience in the literary salad he provides, but it is good from the first taste to the finish."—*Weekly Dispatch*.
"A book which 'Her Royal Highness' should by all means read."—*Outlook*.
"He is witty and humorous, with a genial wisdom which is not seldom epigrammatic. His playfulness is delightful."—*Leeds Mercury*.
"A witty and laughable collection of good things."—*Scotman*.
"The book teems with brilliant passages and witty sayings, all of them full of good sense and wisdom.... Altogether, this is a delightful book."—*Court Circular*.

A FORBIDDEN NAME: a Story of the Court of Catherine the Great. By FRED. WHISHAW. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
"The novel is one of notable merit; and will be read with the greatest interest."—*Scotman*.

CHAPENGA'S WHITE MAN. By A. WERNER. Author of "The Captain of the Locusts," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

WILDERSMOOR. By C. L. Antrobus. Author of "Quality Corner." SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"A singularly original and powerful story.... contrived with remarkable ingenuity and recounted in such masterly wise as to constitute a perfectly symmetrical narrative, replete with thrilling and unflinching interest. We cannot too cordially recommend 'Wildersmoor' to the novel-reading public."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD. By L. T. MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D. Joint Authors of "The Medicine Lady." SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"For a good rousing story, with plenty of plot and incident, 'This Troublesome World' is quite to be commended.... They are handled with skill and vigour.... This book affords abundance of healthy excitement."—*Westminster Gazette*.

MONONIA: a Love Story of "Forty-eight." By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Author of "Dear Lady Disdain," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Mr. McCarthy tells his story, it need hardly be said, with fascinating simplicity and conspicuous power. In a volume of nearly four hundred pages there is not a dull passage. His creations possess lifelike, convincing reality; and his descriptions of scenes and incidents are always intensely interesting. In a word, the novel will be read with satisfaction and pleasure."—*Scotman*.

RUNNING AMOK: a Story of Adventure. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. Author of "A Crimson Crime," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"In Mr. George Manville Fenn boys will always revel: at least, if they do not they will have ceased to be boys, and become just nasty little priests. 'Running Amok' ought to delight any sound youngster from the first line to the last."—*Daily Express*.

HER LADYSHIP'S SECRET. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Author of "With the Red Eagle," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Contains some powerful situations.... Full of interest, the plot is well worked out."—*Leeds Mercury*.
"Mr. Westall's excellent story."—*Spectator*.

A SORE TEMPTATION. By John K. LEYS. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

"Mr. Leys possesses to perfection the knack of conceiving and constructing a good story.... 'A Sore Temptation' might almost serve as a model for story-writers. The threads are always perfectly clear, and the interest never drops."—*Daily Express*.

DEACON BRODIE; or, Behind the Mask. By DICK DONOVAN. Author of "A Detective's Triumphs," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"His career is romantic, and the author has succeeded in giving a very picturesque account of criminal life at the beginning of last century."—*Manchester Courier*.

TOLD by the TAFFRAIL. By SUNDOWNER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"They have undeniable cleverness."—*Spectator*.
"Charming and brilliant impressions of life in the South Seas.... delightful reading. A book crammed from cover to cover with strange and fantastic information."—*New Age*.

WORK ["Travail"]. By Emile Zola. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Zola does not choose to stop at being a mere novelist. He is a constructive idealist. In the pages of 'Work' he builds an entire system of industrial society—in fact, his ideal State—his Utopia."—*Echo*.
"A very fine piece of fiction."—*Liverpool Revue*.

A BUNDLE OF LIFE. By the Author of "The School for Saints," "Robert Orange," &c. Cheap Edition, 6d.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

UP from SLAVERY. An Autobiography. By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. Cloth, 6s. net.

THE HEART of the EMPIRE. Discussions of Problems of Modern City Life in England. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Cloth, 2s. each; paper, 1s. each.

1. **THE GODS, SOME MORTALS.** and LORD WICKENHAM. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

2. **ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.** By BARRY PAIN.

3. **THE LETTERS of HER MOTHER** to ELIZABETH. By —.

AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK ABOUT CHINA. CHINA UNDER the SEARCHLIGHT. By W. M. ARTHUR CORNABY, Editor of the "Chung-si-chiao-hui-pao." Cloth, 6s.

A NEW BOOK ON IMPERIALISM. THE CANADIAN CONTINGENTS and CANADIAN IMPERIALISM. A Story and a Study. By W. SANFORD EVANS. Illustrated, and with 6 Maps. Cloth, 6s.

"A well-written, compact statement of work done for the Empire by Canada in South Africa.... Deserves serious study by every one.... A very interesting, very suggestive, very stimulating work, and we hope it will be widely read."—*Daily Chronicle*.

FIFTY YEARS of CATHOLIC LIFE and PROGRESS under the Rule of Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Manning, and Cardinal Vaughan. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Photogravure Portraits. Cloth, 2 vols., 21s.

COLLOQUIES of CRITICISM; or, Literature and Democratic Patronage. By —? Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

BY "MADGE" OF "TRUTH."
BEAUTY ADORNED. By Mrs. HUMPHRY, Author of "Manners for Girls," &c. Cloth, 1s.

Subjects Dealt With:—
How Shall I Do My Hair?—The Complexion—Defeating Nature's Kindness—Care of the Complexion—Beauty—Simplicity a Charm—Eyes—Eyebrows and Eyelashes—About Noses—The Teeth—The Chin, the Lips—The Middle-Aged Woman—The Figure—Beauty in Middle-Age—Footgear—Dress in Hot Weather—Beauty by the Sea—Perfumes—Freshness—On Looking-Glasses: their Use and Abuse.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.
MANNERS for GIRLS. Cloth, 1s.

SECOND EDITION OF 1,000 COPIES NOW READY.
IN TIBET and CHINESE TURKES-TAN. Being the Record of Three Years' Exploration. By Capt. H. H. P. DEASY, late 16th Queen's Lancers, Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Appendices, Maps, and 80 Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 21s. net.

A NEW BOOK by the AUTHOR of "FRIVOLA," &c. BEFORE the GREAT PILLAGE, and other ESSAYS. By the Rev. Canon JESSOPP, D.D., Author of "Coming of the Friars," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

A STIRRING NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER. A THOUSAND PITIES. By Ellen TAYLOR. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

AMELIA E. BARR'S NEW NOVEL. THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE. A Love Story. By the Author of "Prisoners of Conscience," "Trinity Bells," &c. (Unwin's Green Cloth Library.) 6s.

RECENT SIXPENNY EDITIONS.
EBEN HOLDEN. By Irving BACHELLER. 325th Thousand.

EFFIE HETHERINGTON. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.
A BUNDLE of LIFE. By the Author of "The School for Saints," "Robert Orange," &c. Cheap Edition, 6d.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

GAY & BIRD'S LIST.

JUST PUBLISHED, a NEW and DELIGHTFULLY HUMOROUS STORY.
Crown 8vo, appropriately bound, 6s.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.
PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, Author of "Penelope's English Experiences," "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland," &c.
Spectator.—"Reproduces with admirable fidelity the spirit of light-hearted gaiety in which a party of young people would carry out such an expedition."
Sunday Times.—"Thoroughly fascinating."
Scotman.—"It is safe to say there has been no book written about Ireland—and there have been many—with just the charm peculiar to 'Penelope's Experiences.'"

JUST PUBLISHED, 2s. 6d. net.
THE ACME of PERFECTION. THE BISELOTS.

VOLUME XI.
LEAVES FROM PEPYS' DIARY.
LEAVES FROM PEPYS' DIARY.

VOLUME XII, JUST PUBLISHED.
CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.
CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.

Send for detailed Prospectus of the Series.

THE SPORTSMAN'S CLASSICS.
Size 6in. by 3 1/2in. Special Titles, Head and Tail Pieces, and Frontispiece by Herbert Cole. Tastefully bound in limp cloth, gilt top, 1s. 6d. net; or bound in limp leather, 2s. net.

Vol. I. **WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER.** [Just published.]

Vol. II. **NIMROD'S THE CHASE and the ROAD.** [In a few days.]

Vol. III. **NIMROD'S THE TURF.** [In the press.]

"The volume is all that the most fastidious can desire. Tastefully bound, beautifully printed, we have not for a long time past handled such a pretty edition of old Isaac's charming work."—*London News*.

This is not by any means a guide-book; it is something far better.
JUST PUBLISHED.—Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. Profusely Illustrated with Portraits and Photographs.

PARIS OF TO DAY.
An Intimate Account of Its People, Its Home Life, and Its Places of Interest.

By KATHARINE DE FOREST.
Spectator.—"This is not by any means a guide-book—it is something better. It may, indeed, be advantageously read by anyone who is meditating a visit to France. But its real value is of a more permanent kind. It is a delicate, sympathetic study of French character and French life.... It is well worth reading."

Daily Chronicle.—"A better book than this on Paris I have not chanced in our way.... Could not easily be improved upon."

NOW READY.
THIS SEASON'S REVISED EDITION OF
THE SATCHEL GUIDE.
FOR THE VACATION TOURIST IN EUROPE.

12mo. Maps. Limp leather, 6s. net.
* The most Popular Condensed European Guide published.

PENELOPE'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Holiday Edition. Profusely Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. 6d.

Times.—"It is pleasant to meet with an American lady writer so cultivated in style, so susceptible to enthusiasm, and so capable of reasoning her enthusiasm with quiet humour."

PENELOPE'S EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Holiday Edition. Profusely Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. 6d.

Full Merit Gazette.—"Mrs. Wiggin has a fund of genuine and refined humour that is simply irresistible."

THE DUKE of STOCKBRIDGE. By EDWARD BELLAMY. Author of "Looking Backward." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Glasgow Herald.—"A well-constructed narrative, with many striking situations."

DANIEL HERRICK: the Romance of a Novelist. By SIDNEY H. BURCHELL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Spectator.—"Distinctly a book to be recommended."

BLOOD TRACKS of the BUSH. By SIMPSON NEWLAND. Author of "Paving the Way." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Field.—"Adventures abound, and the descriptions of bush life are powerful and convincing."
People.—"A remarkable book."

London: GAY & BIRD, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.
Agency for American Books.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1518. Established 1869.

8 June, 1901.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE new Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. A. C. Bradley, of Balliol College, delivered his inaugural lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre on Wednesday afternoon. The lecture was on "Poetry for Poetry's Sake." In some prefatory remarks, Mr. Bradley announced that he intended to devote his future addresses to particular poets or poems, and that, in addition to his statutory lectures, he proposed to give a short course once a year addressed especially to undergraduates reading for the School of English Language and Literature.

THE annual meeting of the Dante Society was held on Wednesday. At the close of the formal business Mrs. Craigie gave a lecture on "Dante and Botticelli," which was listened to with close attention by the distinguished audience. We extract from the *Times*' report the concluding passage :

With every appreciation for the art of Walter Pater and the enthusiasm of John Addington Symonds, she felt bound to say that both writers had entirely failed to comprehend the Roman Catholic spirit in the Renaissance. That understanding had nothing to do with learning, with documents, with great intellectual gifts. It was a question of feeling. It was neither the revival of learning, nor an interest in Greek, nor the study of Ovid, nor any of these purely accidental things which drove one great man to write the "Divine Comedy" and the other to illustrate it. It was the discipline of life. It was not a disappointment in love, or an uncongenial marriage, or the woes of exile which made Dante the eternal ambassador of the Italian spirit. It was not of necessity the downfall of the Medici or the burning of Savonarola which drove Botticelli to thoughts of Heaven and Hell. Those histories did not depend upon the hearing of this or that message or the reading of this or that book. It was all a matter of human nature. They both came, by such different roads and experiences, by disillusion, distractions, bewildering grief, reactions and doubts, to the same Paradise. Let that be their encouragement.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's new volume of poetry, called *A Reading of Life*, is a volume of 127 pages. The longest poem, which furnishes the title of the volume, and is divided into four sections, fills 42 pages. The volume also contains several fragments of the *Iliad* in English hexameter verse.

To the *Times* this week Mr. Kipling contributed a poem of sixteen stanzas in praise of the "details" who guard the lines of communication in South Africa.

(Few, forgotten and lonely
Where the white car-windows shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)
Quick, ere the gift escape us,
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
And a mouthful of human speech !

THE Competition we set last week was for the best note on a "Book that has Influenced Me." A selection of the answers will be found on page 500. The books cover a wide range. We append a list of some of the titles :

Spenser's *Fairie Queen*.
The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford.
The Autobiography of John Stuart Mill.
The Autocrat, The Poet, and the Professor of the Breakfast-Table.
The Descent of Man.
The Origin of Species.
Newman's *Apologia*.
Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*.
Works of Rabelais.
Grey's *Enigmas of Life*.
Life of Thomas Huxley.
Lubbock's *The Pleasures of Life*.
Thoreau's *Walden*.
Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales*.
Hamerton's *The Intellectual Life*.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
Progress and Poverty.
The Imitation of Christ.
John Inglesant.
Dowden's *Life of Shelley*.
Sartor Resartus.
White's *Solborne*.
Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.
The Egoist.
Mrs. Besant's *The Ancient Wisdom*.
Carlyle's *French Revolution*.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON has published this week the first of a series of Testaments (price 6d.), called *The Testament of a Vivisector*. Says Mr. Davidson : " *The Testament of a Vivisector*, the first of a series of poems which I purpose publishing at intervals in this form, will hardly recommend itself to Vivisector or Anti-Vivisector, and the new statement of Materialism which it contains is likely to offend both the religious and the irreligious mind."

A NEW volume by Prof. Skeat, entitled *Notes on English Etymology*, will be issued shortly from the Oxford University Press. The book contains an introduction of an autobiographical kind. Most of the pages are made up of reprints of stray articles, and the whole may be described as a companion volume to *A Student's Pastime*.

M. JULES VERNE has just begun his ninety-ninth book. Of his ninety-eighth book, which has not yet been published, M. Jules Verne says : "In it I try to reconstruct the race that forms the missing link between the most perfect apes and the most imperfect man."

THE Index to the first ten volumes of *Book Prices Current* which has been in course of compilation for some time, is now completed, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock shortly. The Index is so arranged that under any one author's name all the copies of his works sold during the decade are brought together, and their varying prices and states are seen at one view. The work contains in all 33,000 distinct titles and over 500,000 references ; Shakespeare alone having over 1,100.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued, in a paper booklet at one shilling net, the address on *The Writings of King Alfred* which Mr. Frederic Harrison delivered during his recent American tour to the students of Harvard College. From Mr. Harrison's closing remarks we quote this eloquent passage:

We all know the often quoted, often misquoted phrase of Buffon—*le style est l'homme même*. Of no one could this be said more truly—I venture to say so truly—as of Alfred. . . . And by virtue of his noble simplicity of nature, this warrior, this ruler, this hero achieved a literary feat; for he created a prose style five centuries before Chaucer, seven centuries before Shakespeare or Bacon, eight centuries before Addison or Defoe, and the full mastery of simple English prose. This in itself is a fact peculiarly rare in the history of any literature, where prose comes so much later than poetry. It can only be explained by remembering that the language which Alfred spoke and wrote was not exactly early English, nor middle English, much less that highly composite and tessellated mosaic we call the latest and contemporary English. It was but the bony skeleton of our English, what the Palatine mount of Romulus was to imperial Rome, what Wessex was to the present empire of the Queen. But it was the bones of our common tongue; it was the bones with the marrow in them, ready to be clothed in flesh and equipped with sinews and nerves. But this simple and unsophisticated tongue the genius of our Saxon hero so used and moulded that he founded a prose style, and taught the English race to trust to their own mother-tongue from the first; to be proud of it, to cultivate it, to record in it the deeds of their ancestors, and to hand it on as a national possession to their children.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. H. V. Weisse discusses in severe terms the reading of the day, especially in relation to the young. It is curious to read: "The peculiar difference of the book problem from the tobacco problem and the wine problem is this, that it is almost entirely new." But it is in this serious spirit that Mr. Weisse surveys our magazines and new books of entertainment for the home. His great point is that the unlimited "harmless" reading of the day is destructive of the sinews of the mind and of all individuality of character. Nor is he consoled in the least with the reply that the people who read these things to-day would have read nothing fifty years ago. Of the "average collection of not unintelligent young men" Mr. Weisse says that anyone can converse with them with acceptance who reads the magazines and the sporting columns of the daily papers, and goes now and then to a music-hall. But "the man who ventures to inquire whether by chance anyone has read *One of our Conquerors*, or, should his courage run to it, recall a story of Balzac as furnishing the framework of some popular work of the day, may be fairly sure to find himself rated as a conceited coxcomb and a dull fellow, unless people have been previously warned that they are to look upon him as a very distinguished man, and therefore, in all probability, not such a fool as he looks." To hedge in young minds for a prudent period, and to use that period to form intellectual character, is Mr. Weisse's prescription. Too much reading he would check; and so by degrees build up the mental force that may "repel the pestilence that walketh in the magazine." We are afraid that Mr. Weisse is a prophet crying in the wilderness, but we have little doubt that he is a prophet.

KILBURN Public Library has included in its eighth annual report a table of the occupations of borrowers, from which it appears that Kilburn enrolled among its borrowers during 1900-1901 all sorts and conditions of men. Only one bootmaker, and one hatter, came to the Peirerian spring, but three tailors. The tailors were outnumbered by the tailors' cutters, who were five. Two sculptors unexpectedly turned up. Eleven accountants

seem quite a crowd; the "domestics" numbered the same. Clerks joined to the number of 113, against eighteen shop assistants. One policeman, one valet, one furniture remover, one cab driver, one deaconess, one wireman, and one editor became borrowers.

THE American *Bookman* publishes some genuine letters received from literary aspirants by a New York periodical, which transcend invention. Here are three gems of purest ray serene:

Madam:

As I have just written a story titled "A journey of Love," it has between 1,800 and 10,000 words in it, and would like to send it to you to judge, and if you think it worthy of publication, and would want it, but if not return it at my expense. Also please tell me how to send it to you, and the meaning of MSS.

Dear Sir.

I have three short stories I would like very much to sell the three weighed together weigh one pound and a half will you kindly let me know if you would like to examine the MSS. if so I shall send it to you hoping to hear from you at an early date I remain

Very Respectfully.

Dear Sirs:—Wont you please let me know why you kept my MSS so long and now return it? . . . Please dont take me for a freak, but a honest young man who trys to fight the battles of life senseable. . . . This I only mention as a part history of my life. If you accept, pay me a snug sum now and remainder years royalty. Then go to work and announce in the Patent Sheet and Associated Press Papers that you paid me \$100,000.00 for the MSS. This they will take up as a news item. I will keep all this strictly secret and so can you. Have a short history of my life with a large Picture of—. Under my picture have the words, "The handsome Young Hoosier Author who made himself famous and received \$100,000.00 for, "A Few Strokes of his Pen." Hoping at least to hear from you again, I remain for business,

Sincerely,

AUTHORS and literary journalists have reason to rejoice at the spread of the literary column, page, or supplement throughout the press, even the technical press. The *Colliery Guardian* is, perhaps, the latest paper of an entirely non-literary type to introduce stories and reviews to its readers. It was with the feeling that in the realms of general literature was to be found much which, while not strictly of a technical nature, yet might prove of interest to his readers, that the editor set apart a separate section of his journal to matter of this description. In it, so far, have appeared several short stories and articles by well-known authors, as well as reviews of books and periodicals.

In his wanderings through the States Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has had his surprises. One of them is the notice issued by the circulating library of Minneapolis to the effect that no married woman will be allowed to take *The Quest of the Golden Girl* from the library shelves without a written order from her husband, and no young girl without a written order from her parents and guardians. Gee Whitaker!

THE day of the colossal art book is not yet over. A sumptuous History of Normandy has been issued in French by Messrs. Lemale & Co., of Havre, and is now to be introduced into England for the first time by Mr. Elliott Stock under the title of *Picturesque and Historical Normandy*. It is a monumental work, giving an attractive account of the history of Normandy by a company of

eminent French archaeologists and literary men; it furnishes extensive information on the history of Normandy at the period when this history became blended with that of England, in the reign of William the Conqueror and during the One Hundred Years' War, when the English occupied Normandy, and their influence on the events occurring in this province was considerable. The work is illustrated with 441 plates, by the heliogravure process, and by over 1,000 smaller engravings interspersed in the text, and will be issued in five solid volumes; size, 20 in. by 15 in. Each volume is divided into two parts on account of the great size and weight of the work. The prices of *Picturesque and Historical Normandy* will be £40, £55, and £70, according to the style in which it is purchased. A higher flight remains to millionaires. Twenty-five copies have been printed on China paper, with the plates on Japanese paper. The price in this restricted form is: unbound, £120; and bound, £140.

Who published the last three-volume novel? The *Publishers' Circular* thinks that Messrs. Chatto & Windus are the honoured, or guilty, parties. Messrs. Macmillan, we understand, published sixpenny novels twenty years ago, and it was they who, by reviving the price for reprints of Kingsley's novels, set the sixpenny fashion as we now know it.

By some mistake we implied that Mr. Harold Begbie's verses "The Journalist," which we quoted in our issue of May 25, appeared in the *North American Review*. They were, of course, printed in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

CERTAINLY we have no wish to seek entertainment in the eccentricities of brother critics. But when entertainment is offered "neat," as it is in the *Twentieth Century's* reviews, we should be more than human if we did not accept it, and even pass it on. The following naïve prattle is from a notice of the recent novel *In His Own Image*, by Frederick Baron Corvo:

He is quite a stylist: O yes, for his stories are old ones in new settings, but the settings are charming. He has a style, too, not only in the settings of his stories, but in their selecting. Toto, who tells some of the stories, is a fascinating, hot-tempered, superstitious, affectionate, loyal darling, but he would be nothing without Frederick Baron Corvo, who is not fascinating, hot-tempered, and superstitious by pretence, as he would have his readers believe, but is quite really so, and he too is just such an affectionate dear darling as his own Toto. *La Sua Eccellenza!* It is all so charming and there are four hundred pages of it, but all charming. Yes; and if there were four hundred more they would be just the same. One cannot have too much of this good thing, style. It is the most potent of all intoxicants, it is the deadliest of all narcotics, and it is the most fascinating thing in the hands of a poet or a painter or a literary impressionist! But fancy there is in abundance, in *In his own Image*, a beautiful fancy that seduces one into thinking it quite the most delightful thing, which of course it isn't, but it is very nearly, really.

MR. S. BARING-GOULD has written *A Book of Dartmoor*. This "wild and wondrous region," in the opinion of the author, deserved more particular treatment than he was able to give to it in two chapters of his *Book of the West*. The new volume will contain seventeen chapters. From the preface we take the following passage:

The child is father to the man. Years have rolled away. I have wandered over Europe, have rambled to Iceland, climbed the Alps, been for some years lodged among the marshes of Essex—yet nothing that I have seen has quenched in me the longing after the fresh air, and love of the wild scenery of Dartmoor. There is far finer mountain scenery elsewhere, but there can be no more bracing air,

and the lone upland region possesses a something of its own—a charm hard to describe, but very real—which engages for once and for ever the affections of those who have made its acquaintance.

"J. A. H.-S.," the author of a poem of 89 pages, called *Alfred, the Great Anglo-Saxon*, which has just been published, dedicates his work in a strain that is almost of the eighteenth century. He writes:

MADAME,—I beg to thank you for your acceptance of the dedication of this book, the Hero of which has formed so remarkable a Leader in all that appertains to us of our National Character, and who is, and has been, and will always be acclaimed as THE FIRST GREAT ANGLO-SAXON; who, for his name and Nation, wrought so deep an impression upon our Constitutional History.

I dare hope your acceptance will be the precursor of Good-Omen for its success, and, again thanking you, beg to remain, Madame,

Ever your Obedient Servant,

J. A. H.-S.

Mrs. Croft,
Green-street, Park Lane, W.

THE clever rhymster who occasionally lights up Messrs. Hatchards' *Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow*, sings this month "The Book of the Moment" in a poem "wholly composed of lines like these":

Once our literary daughters, when the writing impulse
spake,
Spent their fancies on romances—hearts that ache and
hearts that break;
But a change has come upon them, and to-day they bend
their mind
To the fashion for a passion of a vegetable kind:
Since a book now needs within it, ere to favour it can win,
Gardens shady, with a lady babbling daintily therein—

So come into the garden, Maud,
And bring the pen and ink,
We'll put one through in an hour or two,
To make Miss Jekyll blink!

These rhymes are not untimely born. The garden book is just now like a garden run wild.

WE take the following from the *New York Times Saturday Review*:

A writer in the ACADEMY of London, in the course of a review of *Jack Raymond*, by the author of *The Gaiety*, tersely exclaims, although not exactly apropos of the book under discussion: "Sentimentality, as we repeat week by week, is the bane of English fiction. It always involves a conventional prettiness, and it always excludes real imaginative force." Well said. A short time ago we had occasion to look over a number of American stories of factory life, which are widely read by illiterate and unimaginative persons, and which for some curious reason are called "yellow-covered literature," although they are neither immoral nor unmoral. Their themes are very much alike: a poor heroine, a rich villain and a richer hero, and virtue rewarded and crime punished. And the idea occurred to us that the average English popular writer in fiction makes use of the same elements. To be sure, his English is usually good, and he is rarely ungrammatical, but he pulls the strings of the same puppets, and they respond in the same sentimental fashion as they do in American "yellow-covered literature." Undoubtedly, literature which requires no mental effort to appreciate is as popular in England as it is in America. Clearly, however, it does not appeal to the same class here that it does over there.

ON Wednesday next Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish a work entitled *The Heart of the Empire: Discussions of Problems of Modern City Life in England With an Essay*

on *Imperialism*. The authors, a brilliant group of Cambridge men who have studied their questions even to the extent of residing in model dwellings, include C. F. G. Masterman, Fellow of Christ's College; F. W. Lawrence, Fellow of Trinity College; F. W. Head, Fellow of Emmanuel College; and G. M. Trevelyan, Fellow of Trinity College and author of *England in the Age of Wycliffe*. The subjects treated are Realities at Home, the Housing Problem, the Children of the Town, Temperance Reform, the Distribution of Industry, Some Aspects of the Problem of Charity, the Church and the People, and the Past and the Future. The book is provided with a systematic analysis of each essay in place of an index.

ABERDEEN reports the following borrowings from its public library in twelve months:

Lewes. History of Philo-	Spencer. First Prin-	
sophy 9	ciples 12	
Carlyle. Sartor Resartus .. 20	Ruskin. Crown of Wild	
Richard Feverel 23	Olive 24	
Vanity Fair 23	Adam Bede 26	
Ivanhoe 26		

Bibliographical.

MESSRS. METHUEN have done well to include a selection from William Blake's writings in their "Little Library," and yet it cannot be said that of late years Blake has been at all neglected by the literary revivalists. In 1883 he figured in a series called "The Jewel Poets"; and, in 1885, an anthology from his work was made by J. Skipsey and published by Walter Scott. In 1890 came his *Poetical Works*, with a memoir by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. To 1893 belong a volume on his *Life, Character, and Genius*, by Mr. Alfred T. Story; a selection from his writings, prefaced by Mr. Laurence Housman; and a three-volume edition of his *Works, Poetic, Symbolic, Critical*, edited by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Yeats, and published by Mr. Quaritch. In 1897 Blake cropped up again, with a book by Dr. Garnett, called *William Blake, Painter and Poet*, and with *The Book of Thel: Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience*, designed and cut on the wood by Mr. C. S. Ricketts. In 1899 the *Songs of Innocence* appeared in a little "Midget" series. Blake finds his way into most of the anthologies; but it is doubtful if, even now, after all that has been done for him, from Mr. Swinburne's volume downwards, he has any large or definite place in the mind of the British public of to-day.

We are to have from Messrs. Macmillan a *Selection from the Poems of S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.*, and I should not be surprised if this publication proved to be, in the case of many English people, their introduction to Dr. Mitchell as a verse-writer. Nevertheless, we islanders have had, in the last decade or so, several opportunities of making acquaintance with Dr. Mitchell in that capacity; and if we have not taken advantage of them, the fault is ours. For instance, we have had from this veritable doctor of letters *The Masque and Other Poems* (1888), *The Cup of Youth and Other Poems* (1889), *The Mother and Other Poems* (1892), and *Collected Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous* (1896). The growth of Dr. Mitchell's vogue in England has been slow. His story called *Roland Blake* appeared here in 1886; but it was not till six years later, when his *Characteristics* came out among us, that his ability as a fictionist was really recognised, and he can hardly be said to have made himself "popular" over here till 1897, when his *Hugh Wynne* saw the light at Smith's and Mudie's.

I must join "A Man of Kent" in expressing entire ignorance of the contents of the book called *Comparative*

Literature, of which its author, Mr. Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, expresses in the *Contemporary Review* so high an opinion. That, however, there is—or was—such a volume is beyond doubt, for it was published in 1886 as part and parcel of Mr. Kegan Paul's "International Scientific Series." I suppose one ought to have read it; and perhaps one would have done so had the author's name not been Posnett. I don't know why it is so, but the name suggests an American, whereas "Hutcheson Macaulay" sounds quite Scotch and homely. Mr. Posnett is also credited with a book on *The Ricardian Theory of Rent*, published by Longmans in 1884. Now, from rent to literature is a long step, and Mr. Posnett must be a big man or he would not have been able to take it.

Yet another fictionist seized with the dramatic fever! This time it is Mr. Vincent Brown, who has written a four-act play of modern life, called "The Greater Love," which is to be produced, "for the first time on any stage," at Brighton next Monday. "The Woman Pays," "The Last Night," "The Last Morning," "The Ordeal of Silence"—such are the headings, or descriptions, given to the several acts, and they have rather a melodramatic sound. It is to be hoped that, whether "The Greater Love" does or does not succeed, Mr. Brown will not desert prose fiction, for which he seems to have a special faculty. He has achieved no great vogue, perhaps; but careful students of the modern novel will remember his publications—*My Brother* (1896), *Ordeal by Comparison* (1898), *The Romance of a Ritualist* (1898), and *Two in Captivity* (1899). In all of these there was a somewhat unusual talent.

Talking of the stage, one is a little surprised to see the announcement of an autobiography by Mr. Albert Chevalier, the interpreter of the East End coster to the West End generally—an "entertainer" now, but at one time an actor. The reading world is already favoured and happy in possessing, or being able to possess, a volume published in 1895, and entitled *Albert Chevalier: a Record by Himself*, with "biographical and other chapters by Brian Daly." It is true that only the "anecdotal" part of this book comes direct from Mr. Chevalier, but somehow or other it strikes me that this "anecdotal biography" fully supplies the public need. It will be interesting to note how much of freshness Mr. Chevalier can put into unaided narrative.

It is amusing to read that George Crosby's *Salathiel* has been republished in America under the title of *Tarry Thou Till I Come*. No doubt it was received by the uneducated as a perfectly new work of fiction. It is, however, only four years since Messrs. Routledge reprinted it in this country in a cheap form under the title of *Salathiel the Immortal*. It dates from 1829, and it is very much in its favour that it has lasted till now. Dr. Garnett has found himself able to praise it. Crosby's *Marston*, first published in 1846, has, I fear, long been in limbo.

In days when everybody "reminisces," why should not Mr. Harry Furniss produce (as announced) his Autobiography? He has already shown that he is almost as expert with the pen as with the pencil. Is he not the author of a little book called *Flying Visits*, published by Arrowsmith nearly nine years ago? That he has a measure of the literary faculty was notable in the lectures which he illustrated by magic-lantern enlargements of his own sketches. Nor must we forget that he was the editor as well as the founder of *Lika Joka*, a periodical to which the lieges, unfortunately, did not take.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Nietzsche.

Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet: Choice Selections from His Works. Compiled by Thomas Common. (Richards. 7s. 6d.)

THE England whom he despised has been cold to Nietzsche. The projected issue of his works in translation has not proceeded beyond the three which are now in the hands of Mr. Fisher Unwin. Unpublished still are translations of *Menschliches Allzumenschliches* and *Jenseits von Gut und Böse*, though these works have existed for a long period. Mr. Thomas Common's volume, which endeavours to synthetise Nietzsche's teaching by a series of selections carefully chosen and arranged, is therefore of especial interest to students of philosophy. Of Mr. Common's accomplishment as a translator this paper has already spoken favourably. He has revised even his borrowings, so that his whole volume has the effect of the labour of a single mind. He is not always careful to indicate where excision has been made in the interior of an excerpt. In his verse-translations he shows a lack of taste which is depressing, and an ear whose defection is droll. But his conscientiousness is united with an adequate knowledge of German, a considerable acquaintance with philosophical literature, and a feeling for rhetoric.

It is more difficult to speak of the philosopher whom Mr. Common presents. Philosopher? Rather is he an axe at the roots of all religions and philosophies. He is a man-axe worn to his cruel edge by suffering. He was the son of a pastor who was in turn a pastor's son. It is not mere irony which connects this fact with his announcement that "all the gods are dead." The audacious conclusion leaps to the mind that the blameless Nietzsche's philosophy was his revenge on Christian theology. It was Christian theology that said: "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off." There was a man in Russia who recently deprived himself of a member in obedience to this saying. He was foolish, but in his act he was an exponent of his religion—he was a glorifier of the ascetic ideal. Had not the tooth of that ideal bitten Nietzsche ere he wrote that the cross was the "rallying sign" of "the most subterranean conspiracy that has ever existed against healthiness, beauty . . . against life itself"?

The question is apposite because Nietzsche says:

It makes the most material difference whether a thinker stands personally related to his problems, having his fate, his need, and his highest happiness therein, or impersonally, being only able to grasp them with the tentacles of cold, prying thinking. In the latter case nothing results therefrom.

This is the remark of one who has suffered, if only from a desperation of curiosity; it is unscientific—even anti-scientific. It was certainly not "cold, prying thinking" which dictated *Der Antichrist* and that genealogy of the Christian morality which is perhaps Nietzsche's masterpiece. For Nietzsche passionately depicts Christianity as "a slave insurrection in morals" whereby cowardice and impotent hatred appealed to the avenging thews and spacious prison of an imaginary god, and mean degenerates forsook an honest envy of noble features, talents, and powers in the world they lived in to feast their eyes on the perfections of a fictitious life after death. His contempt is so neglectful of decency as to seem almost well-behaved in asking

what does it matter to us with what kind of tinsel a sick person decks out his weakness? He may parade it as his virtue; there is certainly no doubt that weakness makes people gentle. Ah! so gentle.

He seemed disinclined to give Christianity even that credit for fortitude which its denial of life—its condemna-

tion of offending limbs, its dogged delivery of its professors to martyrdom—deserves. What had Christianity done to him, one asked involuntarily, before he joined the "homeless ones" and became a "free spirit"? Christianity was the right hand which the pastor's son cut off and cast from him. He would not admit the alleged substance to exist in any living man; the thing he cut off he held to be a lie. Seeing all Europe calling itself Christian rouses him to furious scurrility. He is alone, and the surging passion within him persuades him that he is "a decisive and fateful link between two thousand centuries." His sense of greatness—"it is not impossible that I am the greatest philosopher of the century," he writes—makes him mentally tower over serried mediocrity. He deplores the unsalience of the life about him; he is willing that mediocrity should pay for a new Phidias, a new Æschylus, to the last drop of its ignoble blood. He erects in the future a giant—a "laughing lion"—called Overman, and to this creature of dream his love goes out tenderly, pathetically, intensely. We have no data whereby to fix the limit of the evolutionary scale. Overman is in harmony with Darwinism. To announce him, however, is to prophesy. It is perhaps an irony, excruciating as that of his parentage, which makes Nietzsche a prophet. Where is Overman to come from? From "Russia, the only power at present which has durability in its constitution, which can wait and can yet promise something"? What will he be—this Overman? Will he be great in special talent, as the feeblest in body, the plainest of face, have been great? He will apparently be the result of the will-to-power, the will to be strong and to command men. Lytton's Vril-ya, enriched by humour, perchance prefigure him. For his sake well-being is not to be our goal. "The discipline of suffering, of great suffering—know ye not that it is only this discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity hitherto?" When this "elevation of humanity" is visible values will be all revalued. Ugliness will be the one evil, and all that depresses and weakens man will be called ugly. The concepts of God—sin, hell, heaven—will have vanished.

But the crescendo of evolution is answered by as dismal a prophecy as any of Jeremiah. It proceeds from Nietzsche's Zarathustra, and is known as the doctrine of eternal recurrence. It is perhaps a doctrine that many regard as illustrating Nietzsche's insanity, and yet the intuition that life recurs, recurs with all its paraphernalia of circumstance and environment, is so far from betokening madness that it implies a rigid logicality of mind. The law of probabilities excludes no event in an infinite series of appeals to chance. It is not conceivable that two dice can be thrown an infinite number of times without the turning up of double-sixes. Nay, it is not conceivable that double-sixes can refrain interminably from appearing in unbroken dynasties of six, twelve, a hundred. To the mortal spectator casually attendant on the game such throws would be disquieting miracles; to the immortal and persistent watcher they would be austere necessities. Now, if we accept Haeckel's theory of a universe where all things from a nebula to a soul automatically grow and decay, emerge into form and anon dislign and subside into the great All—a universe which, in fact, is simply infinite and ageless matter for ever in motion—what more inevitable than to suppose that a return must be made in the absence of a forbidding mind to a particular combination, not from love of it, not from dearth of other combinations, but because in eternity there is time for everything, even for encores?

It is idle to question eternity, it is not idle to face it. One thing about the universe is indisputable—it can never be robbed of an iota of matter, and though the form may change the atoms must be ever the same. It is curious that all the frenzy of Nietzsche is a prelude to a prophecy that should practically paralyse passion and sustain an illusion that we are all—even Christians, *alias* conspirators

—flotsam on a circular, bankless stream. Even nihilism, pessimism, offer less unquickenng vistas.

But there was a poet as well as a logician in the Nietzsche whose spirit's eyes were shut ten years ere he died. Though he contributed loudly to the noise and rancour of the world, he was in love with the calms of wisdom's summer. For him Emerson was one of the four who wrote the great prose of the last century. He passed Schopenhauer not only because he shrugged at his reluctant altruism and scoffed at pessimism and optimism alike as the babble of babes, but because he was the poet who cried "So rich is delight that it thirsteth for me, for hell, for hatred, for shame, for the cripple, for world, for this world." *Alle Lust will Ewigkeit*. It is a great message, a great truth. Let us laugh not because to-morrow we die, but because only Joy has the courage to will Eternity.

What is the future of Nietzsche? It is to be feared or hoped, as the reader will, that he and his wrath, he and his prophecy, are but a literature, a literature that will be read for the æsthetic pleasure of sound. He loved music and he wrote as a musician. The melodies of his speech are wonderful; but the time is gone by for speech to create revolutions. Words are not as sodium any longer that they should blaze at coming into contact with the anæmic waters of the human stream. As literature he will live. It is enough.

"Hodgy."

Sixty Years on the Turf: the Life and Times of George Hodgman, 1840-1900. Edited by Charles R. Warren. With Illustrations. (Richards. 21s.)

MR. GEORGE HODGMAN — some of his friends call him "Hodgy"—appears to have attained some celebrity as an owner of racehorses and an adept in the ways of the turf. The portrait which forms the frontispiece to this volume shows him as an old man of seventy or more, with a certain faint and far-off resemblance to Mr. Gladstone—though Mr. Gladstone never wore his hat askew, nor carried a twig in his venerable mouth. Looking up the index under the reference, "Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E.," we are directed to the following:

Mr. Gale was always insisting on the likeness, and one evening at Waverley Station he and his friends passed the word round that Mr. Gladstone was travelling *incognito*. At first the crowd was incredulous, but soon the people flocked round my carriage, and misled, perhaps, by the dim light of the autumn eve, thought I was Gladstone. The station was quickly in a ferment, and "Speech! speech!" startled the porters at their work. "Speak!" said Mr. Gale, as the train was on the move. "Show yourself." So I thrust my head from the window with "Thank you, gentlemen! So - and - So will win the Cesarewitch!"

That anecdote is a very favourable specimen of the contents of the book. With the exception of one melodramatic story, relating how Palmer the Poisoner began to poison an individual named Swindell and then restored him to health because his death would have nullified a bet, and another which helps to prove that the Claimant must have been a butcher by illustrating his skill at sharpening a knife, we have found nothing of interest in the entire vacuous volume. But we have finished its perusal filled with a sense of Mr. Hodgman's shrewdness. This friend of lords started life by assisting his uncle at Ramsgate in a furniture business. "The work was none too congenial; I relieved its tediousness by copious studies of *Bell's Life*, the backing of my fancy, and the making of a little book at the 'Shipwright's Arms.'" There came a sporting hawk from London to Ramsgate, who perceived in Mr. Hodgman a pigeon, but within twenty-four hours Mr. Hodgman had won a hundred pounds from the Londoner. It was a great day for Mr. Hodgman. "You're wasting your time down here," said the bitten

biter. "Come to London. That's the place for your sort." Mr. Hodgman went. After this, the figures soon begin to rise to thousands, and lords and eminent lawyers adorn the swelling scene. Here is an incident of Lord Westmorland:

Lord Westmorland, mentioned in connexion with the Hawley-Porter business, was a great friend of mine, and many were the dealings between us. His lordship was a man gifted with charming ways, but with all his urbanity he was a keen judge of racing, though, at times, was too apt at gambling on selling races—a proceeding, as the lady novelist would say, fraught with peril. He had a very high opinion of the merits of the jockey Morris, who was apprenticed to me, or rather my trainer, at the same time as was Tom Heartfield, to my thinking one of the best boys that was ever lifted into a saddle. At the Warwick September Meeting of 1864 Lord Westmorland wished Morris to ride his Practitioner in the Shorts Handicap, wherein I was running Hawkshaw. This was rather a "tall order," and I demurred. "My lord," I said, "it's unreasonable. I want Morris for Hawkshaw." "And I want him for Practitioner. And I mean to have him." "Well, he's my boy, and, my lord, as you talk in that tone you sha'n't have him." The subsequent conversation was not of a complimentary character on either side, but I think I had the better of the verbal argument.

But Lord Westmorland got Morris.

As for lawyers, Mr. Hodgman knew both Lord Russell and Lord Brampton; the former called him "Hodgman," the later "Hodgy." Lord Russell gave Mr. Hodgman his views on whisky. Thus, and the italics are the author's:

"Sir Charles, some Scottish friends of mine say they have some fifteen-year-old whisky. Would you like to try it?"

"No thanks," he replied, "*five-year-old whisky satisfies me if it is good stuff when laid down.*"

Lord Brampton went shooting with Mr. Hodgman:

Mr. Carew said: "Come along with me, Hodgman."

"No," said Hawkins, "let Hodgy stop here."

"All right."

"Which way, Hawkins, will you shoot?"

"Up."

"Then I'll shoot down."

At that moment a rabbit flew by, and I caught her broadside, nearly cutting her in two. "I've given that — something, Hawkins," I said.

"Hush, hush!" he cried. "There's a d——d old parson the other side of the hedge."

"All right, Mr. Hawkins," piped the cheery cleric, "I heard you." Whereupon Hawkins whispered me: "Ears like a donkey, Hodgy!" Hawkins, in those days, was a regular man of the world.

That in those days is one of the compensations of the volume.

We had expected to glean from Mr. Hodgman some information upon the Secrets of the Turf, but we have been disappointed. At the synoptic heading of Chapter IX., "Sir Joseph Hawley—Reasons for engaging John Porter as trainer," our heart leapt with anticipation; the name of John Porter was known to us as that of a great man, and Mr. Hodgman begins impressively by remarking that in no previous reminiscence of the Turf has the "unvarnished tale" of the engagement of Porter by Sir Joseph been told. Well, the secret is at last out:

"Poor Manning is settled," said Sir Joseph. "I must look round for a new trainer. Can you recommend any one, Hodgman?"

"Well, Sir Joseph," I answered, "to be frank with you, you're such a funny man to please."

"I don't know that I am," he returned. "I know what I want, and, as far as I am able, what I want I mean to have. I desire a trainer—a man who can and will get my horses fit. But over them I hold complete control. The man I wish mustn't advise or suggest or do anything but train. I decide placing, accepting, running, or scratching."

"In that case," I said, "I know the very man to suit you. Perhaps Lord Westmorland may stand in your way. He might not like to part with him, as he thinks a deal of him. His name is John Porter. Where he is Mr. George Lambert and myself have horses. But that makes no difference. I cannot, however, answer for his lordship."

"Oh, bother Westmorland," Sir Joseph exclaimed. "I'll see that he is agreeable."

And it was so.

Mr. Hodgman has not lived sixty years on the Turf without acquiring a philosophy. This is it:

A man, whatever his trade or profession, has a right, by the exercise of his skill, to do the best he can for himself.

Mr. Hodgman's "editor," who took note of his reminiscences, and "welded them into some degree of cohesion," could not get through his business without dragging in the "lady-novelist." But we would back Mr. Warren against any lady-novelist that ever used a split infinitive. Here are a couple of gems from Mr. Warren's glittering treasury:

With the unmasking of the plot came a rare disturbance "among the dovescots" of those who "pulled the strings." They had taken such liberties that they had to get on somewhere somehow.

It might not in the beginning, for most on the Turf are indelibly and in painful degree wedded to fashion.

The atrocious journalese of the book is made more excruciating by the special literary delinquencies of the turf writer, who persists in referring to men by their pet names, Mr. "Billy" This, Mr. "Tommy" That, and Mr. "Jimmy" the Other; and to horses by the names of their parents, "the son of Newminster and Seclusion," &c.

"Hodgman, you ought to publish your reminiscences," said Lord Russell. It was equivalent to a command.

Before the Drawing-room.

Women and Men of the French Renaissance. By Edith Sichel. (Constable. 16s. net.)

It seems sometimes questionable whether women—our modern women—should have any dealings with the Renaissance at all. That period is so essentially masculine that even its women are men; it belongs to the days that managed without the drawing-room, and, consequently, without that drawing-room article "the proprieties." Even so skilful and well-read a person as Miss Sichel drags in "the proprieties" and "morals," proper enough things in their way, but foreign to a time when a "mistress" was a mistress, and honoured as such. Women apply the Victorian idealism to these virilities; which may, no doubt, keep them in favour with husband, lover, or friend, but is a small measure wherewith to approach those greater dead in whose service they now stand.

Let Miss Sichel, and such as tread her way, take their place outside any decent pothouse for a time; let them desert the drawing-room for quarters less polite and wait. If they persevere they will learn a new language, and one wide as life. They will find method in the "coarseness" that first offended them; the new "values" will open up a new philosophy. This philosophy it is that makes all the massive things in literature inevitable.

The people of the Renaissance were born with this philosophy; we later ones acquire it if we can, and are mainly men. If we cannot, we speak of the "coarseness" of Rabelais, Marlowe—the Old Testament, if we dare—and are mainly women.

This initial lecture is mainly provoked by Miss Sichel's treatment of Rabelais, much of whose "humour is, unfortunately, outside the pale of discussion." Nor can Miss Sichel conceive "that so noble a mind could so debase itself: that the philosopher, the star-lover, should, in a moment, turn into a pothouse boor." "His indecency"

(sic) we read, "never injured his kindness," however. And so on. Thus does Miss Sichel exhibit her limitations, and we are duly grateful. For we need say no more on this point—a point which only a stern sense of duty induced us to labour. We will now sit down to praise Miss Sichel.

She has given us in little what is a plain necessity—a compact and full guide-book to a period that is indispensable. We know too much about the Italian Renaissance, enough about the English, and we are, indeed, glad of a volume so admirably designed to lead further. It will send its readers to other and more detailed sources—to Mr. Christie's scholarly *Etienne Dolet*, to Sainte-Beuve, to Michelet, to Mary Robinson, and to a group of poets and thinkers who were at once French and naive—rare combination, and one that Miss Sichel does well to dwell upon. Here is the point of the book: it is an avenue—the reign of François I. and of his sister—crossed by many paths. We are allowed swift, fascinating glimpses that create an appetite.

Of Marguerite and her brother the king we see most of all, enough, indeed, to make us curse and bless kingship in one breath. They lavished patronage, but Paternoster-row is a safer place. They encouraged poet and scholar, but they were powerless to save either from the Sorbonne or Mother Church; from the stake and such other painful emoluments as were awarded the Darwins, Marie Corellis, and Herbert Spencers of those days. Dolet, despite the admiration of royalty, was pronounced "guilty of blasphemy and sedition," and condemned "to be hanged and burned." He had questioned the immortality of the soul.

But Dolet could not keep his mouth shut. The more prudent Rabelais could. He wasted little time in attacking dogma, advanced rather the truth with which he was filled, and was jolly as Luther in his "coarse" Gallic way. Less jolly but more dignified was that fine soul and poet Du Bellay. There is something quite Landorian and modern about his:

Mais moi que les Grâces chérissent,
Je hais les biens que l'on adore,
Je hais les honneurs qui périssent,
Et le soin qui les cœurs dévore.
Rien ne me plaît, fors ce qui peut déplaire
Au jugement du rude populaire.

Du Bellay met Ronsard at an inn, "on the road from Poitiers to Paris." They got to talking poetry and agreed so well that "when they rose they had resolved not to separate." This is romance and would look well in a novel, although no sword swings through the episode. Ronsard "lived in a College for Poetry—an experiment of yesterday—where he and a few choice spirits were brooding over Greek tragedians and dreaming poetic dreams." He took Du Bellay with him to this solitude, and between them they made more stir than ever issued from the Bodley Head.

Romance gilds this period, even the meanest of its wits has moments when the newly opened world lifts him from the ground. Mankind had found itself again and formalism was dying. The French renaissance, as Miss Sichel justly says, was rather critical than creative. The national temperament is built that way, being feminine rather than masculine. And now, as ever since, the French woman stood hardly behind her lord. Marguerite de Valois was more of a man than her brother François. When he was imprisoned in Spain it was she who did most of the negotiating; she outwitted that crafty statesman Charles V., and, when her youthful husband of Navarre went a-dallying, it was she who minded the shop. Indeed, she reminds one of those capable ladies who, to this day, conduct the retail trade of France: admirably polite, admirably capable, self-controlled and intelligent. But being a queen she had a court. This she filled with scholars, dividing her income between them and the poor. She wrote the *Heptameron* to amuse François the

invalid, and when he was well she wrote him letters equally entertaining. Her mother, Louise de Savoie, also patronised the arts, and marrying at twelve a gentleman whose consent was only won "on condition that he might bring his mistress to live at court," we can hardly set her down as immoral. To tell the truth, "morality" or "immorality" hardly exist for these people. When they are hungry they eat, and there's an end of it. Mothers devote care and thought to supplying their son with the right kind of mistress and the king's sister is on excellent terms with the king's sweetheart. Outside royal circles things are managed differently.

We would like to linger over some of the remarkable figures that troop past us: over Jeanne d'Albret, Marguerite's daughter, whose pluck in resisting a political marriage is delightful if pathetic. The Constable of France had to pick her up and literally deposit her before the altar. She gave her Duke the slip immediately after the ceremony, and in the end married her choice. Another picturesque figure is Louise Labé, the Sappho of Lyons, wife to a ropemaker, who let her have her way and love both poetry and her poets. "Her funeral was a sort of triumph," says a chronicler; "she was carried through the city with her face uncovered and her head crowned with flowers. . . . Death could do nothing to disfigure her, and the people of Lyons covered her grave with tears and with blossoms."

And here we end, congratulating Miss Sichel on a clever and thoughtful book that should lead many to the same sources that she has drawn from so efficiently. She should not, by the by, use the word "purposeful"; nor should she recirculate that old erroneous interpretation of Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love"; which, it has now been shown, was painted to illustrate the *Argonautica* of Valerius Flaccus, and represents Venus persuading Medea to fly with Jason.

Mr. Savage-Landor, China, and Some Others.

China and the Allies. By A. H. Savage-Landor. Two vols. (Heinemann. 30s. net.)

We have adopted the order of words in the title at the head of this review because, though it is not the usually accepted order of precedence, it gives the keynote to these two stout yellow volumes. Mr. Landor is well known as an explorer and traveller in the Far East, and he has been moved to write his latest book by the very laudable desire to give a record of events as they occurred, and to avoid national or personal prejudice. The putting away of prejudice is a difficult matter. The author's attitude towards Mr. Savage Landor is, no doubt, fairly expressed in his comment on the refusal of the British general to let him accompany the force into the Forbidden City. The Russians asked Mr. Landor if he was going to attend the procession. "I answered that the general of my own country would not allow me to see it. Much astonishment was expressed by the Russians present, and, to use their own words, it seemed beyond their conception that I, who had single-handed tried to do in Tibet what the Allied nations were now going to do in China, should be prevented by my own countrymen from attending the ceremony." The author has a very poor opinion of Sir Claude Macdonald, and next to no opinion at all of the American General Chaffee.

Of the origin of the outbreak which led to the war, Mr. Landor speaks with authority as one who has had more than usual opportunities of getting at the truth. Of the part played by the Boxers, or, as they should be called, "The Volunteer United Trained Bands," he says:

Contrary to what people in Europe and America have been led to believe, this movement was no local rising against missionaries, but was a well-planned crusade

against all "foreign devils." It spread more or less all over the Chinese Empire, and was backed to its utmost limit by the greatest and most powerful organisation in China, the Buddhist monks, the Lamas. With civilisation slowly finding its way to the remotest corners of the Heavenly Empire, and with the prospect before them of losing in the near future that power of oppression which the ignorance of superstitious masses had hitherto rendered possible, these monks now attempted a desperate and final stand against all that threatened their livelihood. The combination was greatly strengthened by princes of the Imperial blood throwing in their lot with this crusade against foreigners and foreign civilisation, and formally proclaiming their leadership, as well as by all corrupt societies in China joining in to support the movement.

Mr. Landor was one of those who marched to Peking to the relief of the Legations, but we shall not quote from his description either of the march or of the siege, for we have already in these columns dealt with books which give quite as good, if not better, accounts. The most valuable parts of this work are those which give Mr. Landor's own personal impressions and opinions, for he is always original and forcible, as well as eminently unofficial in his point of view. On the vexed question of women missionaries Mr. Landor writes strongly. He speaks of the

criminal error, made not only by missionaries, but by those good people at home who employ them and send them out. I mean the criminal error of despatching to dangerous and lonely places in the interior of China, without protection or assistance, young, inexperienced girls, who have a most imperfect knowledge of the country, the language, and the customs and manners of the natives. . . . The wives of missionaries might be allowed to accompany their husbands, but I maintain that it is criminal to send young women into the interior, where they can do little good, and are absolutely helpless in case of danger. . . . Shocking outrages, such as have occurred in the Boxer trouble, would be prevented, or greatly minimised; huge sums of money, now absolutely wasted, could be spared to do good at home, where it is more needed than in China, and much unnecessary friction could be prevented, making the relations of heathens and foreign devils infinitely pleasanter.

There are some gruesome photographs and details in the book, but their presence will be justified if they save the life of even one foolish girl. To the real student of China, as distinct from the general public, the value of the book would have been much increased had the superfluous matter, which can be obtained in other works, been cut out. But Mr. Landor has such a breezy style that he carries the reader along with him, even over twice-trodden ground. The illustrations are excellent and valuable, both the photographs and the water-colour sketches being the work of the versatile author.

Light Verse.

Anni Fugaces. By C. R. Lehmann. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

It is probably true that editors of strenuous daily papers bent on reform should not publish volumes of light verse—at any rate under their own names. To read a copy of the *Daily News* of the present time, with its passionate anger against this country's rulers, its clamourings for inquiries into every slip and mistake of public men, its profound interest in the housing of the working classes and a thousand social problems—and then to pick up its editor's poems, just published, is to receive a shock. Look, for example, at Mr. Lehmann's address to a cigarette:

Beloved, in spite of jeer and frown;
The more the Philistines assail you,
The more the doctors run you down,
The more I'll smoke you—and inhale you.

Though worn with toil and vexed with strife
(Ye smokers all, attend and hear me),
Undaunted still I live my life,
With you, my Cigarette, to cheer me.

Can we believe our eyes? This from the editor of the *Daily News*! And his drinking songs, too:

Come, speed me the flagon, once more we will fill it,
And pass it with jest and rejoicing again.
A bumper! no heel-taps! take care not to spill it,
Each drop is a pleasure, to spill it were pain.

These are strange *Daily News* professions.

For the rest, the book is a kindly one—perhaps a shade too sentimental in the accepted manner of *Punch*, for which Mr. Lehmann has been in the habit of writing; and not very discriminating in its critical pronouncements. To abuse Mr. Swinburne, for example, as Mr. Lehmann does—offensively, we think—because of a difference in opinion concerning Calverley, is unpardonable. The close, too, of the pleasant elegy on Bill Asplin, a Cambridge boatman:

And I think that the Angel of Mer-y who stands on the
topmost hill
Will stretch a hand, for He knows men's hearts, to our
dear old boatman Bill,

is gratuitously snobbish—as if boatmen need condescension from God's angels any more than University oarsmen. But Mr. Lehmann is a good friend, and we like his poems of friendship best, particularly the very charming lines on his old retriever, closing thus:

Such was my Dog, who now without my aid
Hunts through the shadow-land, himself a shade;
Or, couched intent before some ghostly gate,
Waits for my step, as here he used to wait.

This poem should go into all collections of verse in praise of the dog.

Other New Books.

JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.: HIS
LIFE AND MINISTRY.

BY ALBERT DAWSON.

Mr. Dawson has essayed, and failed, to give to the world an adequate sketch even of the true Life and ministry of Dr. Parker. Many pages are taken up with the compiler's autobiography, of which we do not want to know anything—at present. But of the man struggling against adverse circumstances, and rising above them; of the preacher commanding congregations, creating thought, purifying the motives of thousands; of the pastor serving in huge congregations for a generation and a half, we get only the dimmest glance in these pages. Here are the dry bones of a life pregnant with surprises; but not the man, the preacher, the pastor, the husband his people want to know. Who could write such a memoir? The present writer recalls the men of the past in whose line stands this preacher, and finds answer in Luther, whose table-talk gave the great Reformer his truest stature, his best biography; and if the world is ever to have a true conception of the life and the ministry of Dr. Parker, the fascination will come from his own pen and from no other. As a preacher his methods are worth study from their originality and their success. Think of the tens of thousands who, during the past twenty-seven years, have flowed through the City Temple, not only on the Sunday, but on one selected day of the week, to get spiritual direction in time of need; and this has been the work of one mind, heart, and voice. Of such a man his flock want to know very much more than this sketch gives. Future generations of his persuasion will want to know how he looked, how he walked, how he acted, how he solved difficult problems in church governance; how he strove to unite all branches of Christ's Church, and succeeded as far as one man could. Much of this can never be preserved. The personality of Luther is a dream now, the eloquence of Whitfield dimmed, the glamour of

Wesley's influence lost; and there is little in these pages to preserve for future generations the traits of character, the dogged steadfastness of life, which make up the characteristics of this preacher. Even his eccentricities are omitted. Mr. Dawson would not dare to treat of them; yet they exist in no slight measure in such a life; and the preacher would not be human if they did not enter into his life and pastorship. Of his ability as an author this book says nothing. A catalogue of Dr. Parker's works is included, as though an extract from a publisher's list could give the measure of a man's brain power, and the influence of his writings upon the age in which he lives. (Partridge. 1s. 6d. net.)

TROOPER 8008 I.Y.

BY THE HON. SIDNEY PEEL.

Mr. Peel has nothing to tell us which has not been common property for many months past; yet we cannot, on that account, write down his book as valueless. It is, indeed, of greater value than many more pretentious narratives for which the South African War is responsible, and that because it is eminently sane, commonsense, and good-humoured. The intelligent trooper sees with eyes which a commission might have rendered less acute, and he certainly did not fail to observe defects of training and the folly of cast-iron regulations.

Here once more are the names which have become so familiar: Maitland Camp, De Aar, Prieska, Boshof, Kroonstad, Lindley. Of fighting there is not much—fighting, that is, of the sort which stirs the reader's blood. Skirmishes, small engagements, marches—these fill up the narrative of days which must have annihilated the sense of time. Even with certain fighting ahead the common soldier does not feel any particular excitement:

He is so absolutely in the hands of fate, nothing he can say or do or think will have the slightest effect; to-morrow he will just have to do as he is bid; there is the same camp routine as usual; as usual, battle or no battle to-morrow, his evening meal to-day demands his urgent attention; probably it is cold outside his blankets, and once in them, wise or foolish, thinking or unthinking, hero or coward, he is soon wrapped in the sound slumber of a healthy tired man.

Of the hospitals, of which he had some experience, Mr. Peel has not much to say; but he does object to the hospital orderly. There he will find few to disagree with him. The orderly has been found wanting. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

TWO MOODS OF A MAN.

BY VIOLET FANE.

There is that in this book which convinces one that, did we but enjoy the privilege of her personal friendship, "Violet Fane's" envelopes would carry the cream of the post. Without the self-consciousness of print and the touch of stiffness that betokens a pen on its good behaviour, with a lot of italics thrown in and the syntax shaken up a bit, and the difficult words looking a little queer, these papers would delight us. We should say: "You ought to write a book." The essay on man as wooer and as spouse, the "Plea for the Green-eyed Monster," the paper on the "Ideal Country House" are the work of a happy-hearted Englishwoman revelling in a full life. The "Romance of Kensington Gardens" is satire upon the vanity of an elderly coquette; it is not very clever but it is not cruel, and it is mirthful. "In Praise of Certain Book Lists" betokens a nibbling epicure of Letters. The "True Story of a Midnight Murder" is somewhat overwrought burlesque. From the first we quote a passage of real insight:

A man . . . is perpetually looking forward—pressing on, as it were, in advance of his own passion. At the outset this seems only like racing with his own shadow; but, in course of time, he is pretty certain to overtake and outstrip it. . . . But a woman is only too well aware of how

rapidly things that have once been set in motion are apt to roll on to their final accomplishment, and so she would fain act as a kind of drag upon the wheels of Destiny, and will far rather revel in "the tender grace of a day that is dead" than look forward to, and so possibly forestall, the pleasures of a future one.

(Nimmo.)

SIR THOMAS BYAM MARTIN.
VOL. III.

ED. BY SIR RICHARD
VESEY HAMILTON.

This is the concluding volume of the biographical annals of this fine old seaman of Nelson's day, collected by the Navy Records Society. Early in its pages we see Sir Thomas strike his flag at Plymouth, and receive from the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Melville, a letter of warm congratulation on his career. Thenceforward Sir Thomas held the appointment of deputy comptroller and comptroller of the Navy, and head of the Navy Board. A great part of this volume is occupied by his private notes and reminiscences. These might be called the "Recreations of an Admiral," and very capital reading they make. In his paper on "Vicissitudes of a Sea Life," Sir Thomas tells some curious stories of the chances of the service:

When cruising in the Bay of Biscay, in 1799, I took a remarkably fine French privateer brig of 18 guns, which had been committing sad havoc amongst our trade for some months. The captain was soon exchanged, and being high in repute as a seaman, and as a person of great spirit and enterprise, had scarcely time to shake hands with his friends before he was appointed to the command of a large privateer then ready for sea at Bordeaux.

The vessel sailed almost immediately after my friend assumed the command of her, and within forty-eight hours he was again my prisoner. I verily thought the poor fellow would have jumped overboard in his raving when, arriving on the quarter-deck, he saw me standing before him.

Sir Thomas notes among other curious things that the only four ships ever lost at Spithead had admirals' flags flying. These were the *Mary Rose* (temp. Henry VIII.); the *Edgar*, blown up in 1707; the *Royal George*, sunk in 1782; and the *Boync*, lost in 1795. But we do not, by these citations, illustrate the importance of these memoirs, in which there is much matter of great interest to historians, who, for example, seem to have overlooked the circumstance that in 1812 the Russian fleet was sent to England to winter in order that it might be safe from the French, should they march on St. Petersburg. In his excellent introduction Sir R. V. Hamilton has ascertained by inquiry at Chatham Dockyard that this fleet was considered a white elephant, and that the authorities were glad to be rid of it. Sir Thomas Martin's remarks on Lord Keppel's court-martial acquittal, on the mutiny of 1797, on the press-gang, and kindred subjects have also substantial value. (Navy Records Society.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY INVENTIONS:
A FORECAST.

BY GEORGE
SUTHERLAND.

We are so accustomed to boast of the last century as an age of mechanical triumphs that the casual reader of Mr. Sutherland's interesting book will discover with some bewilderment how much remains to be done. Already the greatest triumph of the Victorian era, the steam locomotive, having been brought to the acme of mechanical perfection, is doomed to supersession by electric power, of which Nature herself is prepared to furnish boundless stores as soon as the instruments of transmutation and storage shall be perfected. Windmills in particular will recover their vogue, but in the future they will be accumulators of force. "From ranges and mountain peaks, and also from smaller hills, will radiate electrical power nerves, branching out into a network on the plains, and supplying power for almost every purpose to which man applies physical force or electro-chemical energy." Road

and rail will be more closely related by the development of automobile traffic; roads will be of asphalt, with a sunk rail for a guide wheel; and the road-motor (is it too late to cherish a hope that some handy and accurate name may be found for this machine?), arriving at the station, will be run on to a truck designed to receive it, and this will be slipped at the nearest point to its destination, thence to complete its journey on its own account. It is to be hoped, however, that, before this plan is carried out, some genius will find a way of stopping the joggling that goes on inside the stationary automobile. Among the force-economising inventions not yet come to the birth is a dainty device for saving up the roll of a vessel to aid her propulsion upon a system indicated by certain crustaceans:

A considerable amount of cargo is stowed away in an inner hull, taking the shape of what is practically a gigantic cradle rocking upon semi-circular lines of railway iron laid down in the form of ribs of the ship. To the sides of these large rocking receptacles are connected the rods carrying, at their other ends, the pistons of large force pumps, which draw the water in at one stroke and force it out to sternwards, below the water-line, at the other.

For war the torpedo boat on the turbine principle and capable of travelling fifty miles an hour plays a principal part, let slip like a greyhound from the leash of the cruiser that carries it. Of the submarine boat we are warned not to expect much. In art we may look for the final perfecting of the pianoforte by the addition of reservoirs of compressed air for the production of *sostenuto* effects, and a system of automatic tuning.

Mr. Sutherland concludes with a wise chapter on Collectivism as the stifler of invention. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. W. G. Waters's book on Italian cookery, called *The Cook's Decameron*, takes the pleasant form of a series of sketches or "days," showing how several English families on the Continent, being (against all the law of averages) simultaneously deprived of their cooks, took a country house together, and cooked for themselves under the inspired teachings of the Marchesa di Sant' Andrea. The idea is bright and pretty, though it comes to recipes in the end. Mrs. Waters has a complete knowledge of her subject, acquired by long experiment. She acknowledges her husband's courage in dining, "greatly daring," off many of the dishes, and adds that he still lives and thrives. As a plea for Italian methods of cookery the book is excellent in substance and diverting in form.

Mr. Grant Richards has brought out an edition of the non-copyright poems of Tennyson in his new series, "The World's Classics." The poems are those written from 1830 to 1858, and they are issued in two bindings—cloth at 1s. net, and leather at 2s. net. Each is a marvel of cheapness; indeed, we had to rub our eyes before accepting their evidence as to the price.

In a *Woman's Memoirs of the War* Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt tells of her nine months' work in connection with the Soldiers' Institute at Pretoria and elsewhere. It is a modest story of help of all kinds rendered to our sick and convalescent soldiers. It is clear that Miss Brooke-Hunt's efforts were both practical and appreciated. One glimpse of the eager-incompetent crowd of women in South Africa is afforded us: "A young lady, quite untrained as a nurse, bore down on the Surgeon-General, and asked him to send her up. 'In what capacity?' he inquired. 'To nurse wounded officers,' was her prompt reply. Ever courteous, the Surgeon-General asked her what were her qualifications. This struck her as an altogether unnecessary question. 'I am very sympathetic,' she declared indignantly, 'and, of course, I could soon learn all the rest!'"

Fiction.

Doom Castle, a Romance. By Neil Munro.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

IN giving his castle the name of Doom Mr. Munro committed the fault of Mr. Hall Caine in calling the hero of *The Christian* John Storm. The trick is entirely too obvious. One knows the book beforehand—the mysterious stronghold by the sea, with its mysterious baron; the advent of the gallant hero from overseas, and his passages with the grotesque serving-man; the hidden heroine and then the apparition of her effulgent beauty; alarms and excursions; finally, a betrothal—for a story which serves the uses of a serial must end happily. We may say at once that what Mr. Munro lacks is imagination—crude, essential imagination. Of fancy he has enough, and more than enough. He can write very skilfully and is fully aware of the fact. He is at the mercy of this fatal gift of clothing a pretty fancy with a pretty phrase:

The remainder of the night passed without further alarm, but Count Victor lay only on the frontiers of forgetfulness till morning, his senses all on sentry, and the salt wind-blown dawn found him abroad before the rest of Doom was well awake.

This is very well, but already the reader has waited a hundred pages for the heroine. Why not have said: "He dozed"? No cleverness will hide the obvious and its tedium, and this book is profoundly obvious from the title onwards. The hero is just a conventional hero:

Nobody who had acquaintance with Victor de Montaignon would call him coward. He had fought with De Grammont, and brought a wound from Dettingen under circumstances to set him up for life in a repute for valour, and half a score of duels were at his credit or discredit in the chronicles of Paris society.

Nor does the substitution of "set him up in a repute" for "give him a reputation," and "at his credit" for "to his credit," disguise the fact in the least. Your veriest historical hack, when he wants to describe a beautiful woman, writes: "She had the face of a Greek goddess," and the critic laughs at the threadbare simile. Mr. Munro writes: "Her profile might have been cut from marble by a Greek." Should not the critic laugh? And the heroine's eyes—"unfathomable, yet always inviting to the guess, the passionate surmise, that told him first here was a maiden made for love." And the first embrace—Mr. Munro is too ingenious to say: "He drew her to him, and crushed her to his breast," in the usual style. No; Mr. Munro puts: "He drew her to him, crushing the jasmine till it breathed in a fragrant dissolution, bruising her breast with the topaz."

All this futile affectation would be a harmless trifle had there been any real power behind it, had Mr. Munro really been possessed of a story to tell. But there is no story; it is all telling. To cover the absence of stuff—we use a plain term—and to flog the lame interest into a semblance of vitality, Mr. Munro is obliged to descend to the well-worn devices of the serialist. We quote a few of the endings of chapters, such as can be seen any Saturday in the *feuilleton* of any provincial weekly:

They drew back at a mutual spasm, and Montaignon saw that his antagonist was the Baron of Doom! (To be continued.)

There was a furious rapping at the outer door. (To be continued.)

He entered; a woman was busy at the open window; he stared in amazement and chagrin. (To be continued.)

"You wretch!" said he, "you must have your own way with me, even if it takes a spell!" (To be continued.)

The sentence froze on his lips when he saw the Duchess seated in a chair, and turned half round to look at him. (To be continued.)

Doom Castle is a pretty piece of workmanship and nothing whatever else. As book after book by Mr. Munro is published we begin to grow weary of waiting for the evidence which will prove that he is capable of something beyond these dexterous feats of fancy and phrase.

The Pasha. By Daisy Hugh Price.
(George Allen. 6s.)

THE Pasha is so extremely unlike the pasha of popular imagination—and *Arabian Nights*—that he is almost disappointing. Either these people are not like Turks, or Turks are very like other people. We are inclined to submit ourselves to Miss Price, and accept the latter view. For she does write like one who knows, and it is from every point of view an excellent cause that she serves by this plain setting forth of racial character.

This Turkish gentleman, who is represented as no other than a good example of the best type, is a strong, wise, liberal man, temperate in every phase of life, generous, capable of self-sacrifice. His marriage with Magdalen, the English governess of his little brother, was distinguished by even extraordinary delicacy. He insisted, indeed, on the customary isolation from the outside world, but as the outside world was busy for the moment with butchery and bombs, that was perhaps for the best. The ladies of the harem, quite a small number, and none to share her privileges—for polygamy seems to be going out of favour—might appear to a Girton girl persons of neglected education, but then they were the less critical of one's jokes. The general atmosphere is one of political unrest, and the extraordinary difficulties that must meet the best meaning of statesmen in the treatment of the turbulent tribes of Kurds, Armenians, and Greeks, of whom more than one villainous specimen are introduced, are convincingly shown. The question suggests itself, as one closes this interesting story, whether, as nations have been consolidated by tribal intermarriage, the true way to the millennium may not eventually lie along a process of similar interfusion between races.

The Extermination of Love. By "E. Gerard" (Mme. de Laszowska). (Blackwood. 6s.)

DR. PETERSTORFF's detestation of the passion of love was not surprising, seeing that it had left his mother in the lurch, made his brother a suicide, and ruined his sister. In the endeavour to overtake the latter's seducer the doctor's carriage broke down, and he, attempting the impossible on foot, slipped and sustained concussion of the brain. In his delirium he said:

There it is—the *bacillus amoris*! . . . The poisonous germ that has destroyed them all—all—father, mother, brother, and sister. Do you see it yonder swarming in millions, devouring the hearts of men and women? It gets into their blood and drives them mad. . . .

When he recovers, the doctor devotes a considerable part of his life to the discovery of a serum which shall exterminate the *bacillus amoris*; but, in order to fulfil the conditions attached to a valuable post which is offered to him in Vienna, he marries a girl whom accident throws in his way—a mere child of sixteen. After that one knows quite well what the end of the story will be, but we are not quite prepared for the duel which results in a wound to the top of the doctor's head, nor for the subsequent operation which revealed "the presence of a small encephalic tumour, quite hard, and of the size of a hazel-nut." The tumour, which has nothing to do with the wound, is removed, and of course Dr. Peterstorff falls in love with his wife.

It will be seen that the main idea of the book is too fantastic for serious treatment, and it is precisely in the

serious portions that Mme. de Laszowska is at her worst. The humour, on the other hand, is excellent and unforced, with a kindly sub-acid flavour which tends to wholesomeness. Some of the minor characters are admirably done, notably the doctor's scientific first child and the half-demented creature who snares and eats dogs and cats. It is long, too, since we have met with so entirely charming an animal as Gusti's hedgehog, Fanny Elstler, who, infected like the rest with the *bacillus amoris*, found peace at last under a tram-wheel.

Pacifico. By John Randal.
(Smith, Elder.)

A LITTLE island of the Italian coast, with a picturesque constitution of its own, and a blessed immunity from the law of extradition, is the right place for an English company promoter, a defaulting banker, a rapsallion of the law, and the plain but stalwart son of a merchant baronet to work out, with a chorus of bloodthirsty banditti and well-meaning but misguided carabinieri, the destinies of two engaging young women. The climax of the bedevilment is reached when, beneath the flag of the chief magistrate, the baronet's plain son, with the aid of the banditti, whose prisoner he is, holds that potentate in bonds in his own castle against the attack of the carabinieri sent to rescue himself, and must witness the wicked lawyer, under his name, making amorous advances to the American young lady. Mr. Randal, we think, should do well.

The Heart of the Ancient Wood. By Charles G. D. Roberts.
(Gay & Bird. 6s.)

THIS is another tale by Mr. Charles Roberts of North American forest life. The heroine, Miranda Craig, is a sort of female Mowgli, who, living in the middle of the forest alone with her mother, gradually gets into intimate relations with the wild creatures which haunt the clearing. Her special companion and protector is Kroof, the she-bear, whose feats of intelligence and guardianship easily overpass the bounds of credibility. The first amazing instance has to do with a panther:

The beast shifted his eyes uneasily under her unwavering look. He experienced a moment's indecision as to whether or not it was well, after all, to meddle with this unfrightened, clear-gazing creature. Then an anger grew within him. He fixed his hypnotising stare more resolutely, and lashed his tail with angry jerks. He was working himself up to the final and fatal spring, while Miranda watched him.

Just then a strange thing happened. Out from behind a boulder, whence she had been eyeing the situation, shambled the huge black form of Kroof. She was at Miranda's side in an instant; and rising upon her hind quarters, a towering, indomitable bulk, she squealed defiance to the panther. As soon as Miranda saw her "great big dog"—which she knew quite well, however, to be a bear—she seemed to realise how frightened she had been of the panther; and she recognised

—and so on. After this marvel follows marvel, and the circle of Miranda's dumb friends increases at such a rate that one cannot wonder at the mother's exclamation: "Drat the child! She'll be bringing all the beasts of the wood in to live with us before long."

In the end Miranda has to choose between the bear and a human lover, and the *finale* is a couple of bullets for the bear. Mr. Roberts has endowed his animals with an inordinate amount of sentimentality. In calling Miranda's experiences "semi-occult," he uses too mild an epithet. His knowledge of and sympathy with forest life are obviously rather profound, and the book is technically as good as extreme pains can make it. But it does not convince in the least, and the writing is often "fine."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE LAND OF COCKAYNE. BY MATILDE SERAO.

"The Marchesina di Formosa Bianca Maria Cavalcanti was lying on her small white bed, her head rather sloping on one shoulder, the waxen hands, with discoloured fingers clasped over a rosary." A translation of a novel by this Italian writer who has some vogue in this country. The story is modern and realistic, and begins with a lottery drawing. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN. BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

This, we believe, is Mr. Begbie's first novel. It is a story of modern life, plentifully strewn with quotations from the poets, and begins "Christmas Day, good reader. Morning service in the village church was over, and old Gregory Brough, his wife, and his callow brood were trooping over the snow-covered fields of Poyntz Park on their way home to dinner." (Richards. 6s.)

LENA LAIRD. BY W. J. LAIDLAY.

Mr. Laidlay is a painter, exhibiting at the New Gallery and elsewhere. He is also a writer whose pen has been mainly occupied in criticism of the Royal Academy. This long novel is based on the same theme. One of the characters is Mr. Impasto, R.A., another is Mr. Slyme, A.R.H. At the end is an advertisement of a pamphlet by Mr. Laidlay called *The Royal Academy: Its Uses and Abuses*, with newspaper criticisms attached. One of them remarks: "If properly directed it should move a mountain." Another (since dead) says: "The man who is not convinced by this pamphlet is beyond reason." (Sands. 6s.)

PUFFS OF WIND. BY HELEN DICKENS.

There are ten puffs. The most violent seems to be the story called "Weeping Cross," in which the face of the Reverend Gilbert Moon "scintillated with pent-up frenzy." The narrator, or nurse, discovered that his was "the most devilish nature ever put into human shape," by "a flash of inherent intuition—a behest that has never failed me." (Drane. 3s. 6d.)

LADY HAIFE. BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

The sub-title of this story, "A Novel of Character and Circumstance," almost absolves us from the duty of indicating its features, for character and circumstance are not grasped in a cursory examination. There are, moreover, no chapter headings. The story opens in the country under a pale moon and in proximity to a herd of black-cattle. Later we are in Kentish Town. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

CHAPENGA'S WHITE MAN. BY A. WERNER.

A story of Central Africa by a writer who knows the Lake Nyassa district. Chapenga is introduced to us as a shock-headed, skinny, brown boy, "part of the spoil of some village that Mlonzi and his men had raided." The story, which is evidently founded on fact, traces the evolution of this *enfant terrible* into the convert, Daniel Wosanama. (Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

LORD CULMORE'S ERROR. BY MARY ALBERT.

Rosie Brown, domestic servant, lost her railway ticket, and the Honourable Brian Beverley Lefayre paid her fare and straightway became dreamy. Later, Rosie's father treasured as "his most precious possession" the copy of the *Morning Post* in which Rosie's presentation was announced. We hardly thought that this type of story survived. (Drane. 6s.)

AN OLD WOMAN'S TRAGEDY. BY E. SIMONET THOMPSON.

The title gives no indication of the fact that this book contains eight short stories. (Drane. 3s. 6d.)

Tourist Supplement.

FROM GEORGE ALLEN'S LIST.

By JOHN RUSKIN.

GIOTTO and his WORKS in PADUA. With Index and Explanatory Criticisms of the Frescoes depicting the Life of the Holy Family. The Volume, with its 56 Illustrations, forms a Guide to the Arena Chapel. Cloth, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

MORNINGS in FLORENCE. Simple Studies of Christian Art for English Travellers. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. net. *[Eleventh Thousand.]*

ST. MARK'S REST. The History of Venice for Use of Travellers. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net. *[Second Edition.]*

THE STONES of VENICE. Selections for the Use of Travellers in Venice and Verona. 2 vols., 5s. each net. *[Eighth Edition.]*

OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US: Sketches of the History of Christendom. The BIBLE of AMIENS (including a Guide to the Cathedral). With 4 Engravings, Plan, and Index. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

FLORENCE. Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 3s. With Plan and 26 Illustrations.

VENICE. Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 3s. With Plan and 23 Illustrations.

CITIES of SOUTHERN ITALY and SICILY. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

CITIES of NORTHERN ITALY. Second Edition. With Illustrations. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.

CITIES of CENTRAL ITALY. Second Edition. With Illustrations. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.

PARIS. A New Pocket Edition. Fcap. 8vo, in 2 vols., cloth limp, 6s. With 50 Illustrations.

DAYS NEAR PARIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s.; or in 2 vols., cloth limp, 10s. 6d. With Illustrations.

NORTH-EASTERN FRANCE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. With Map and 86 Woodcuts.

Picardy—Abbeyville and Amiens—Paris and its Environs—Arras and the Manufacturing Towns of the North—Champagne—Nancy and the Vosges, &c.

SOUTH-EASTERN FRANCE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. With Map and 176 Woodcuts.

The different Lines to the South—Burgundy—Auvergne—The Cantal—Provence—The Alpes Dauphinaises and Alpes Maritimes, &c.

SOUTH-WESTERN FRANCE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. With Map and 232 Woodcuts.

The Loire—The Gironde and Landes—Creuse—Corrèze—The Limousin—Gascony and Languedoc—The Cevennes and the Pyrenees, &c.

NORTH-WESTERN FRANCE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. With Map and 73 Woodcuts.

Normandy and Brittany—Rouen—Dieppe—Cherbourg—Bayeux—Caen—Coutances—Chartres—Mont St. Michel—Dinan—Brest, Alençon, &c.

WALKS in LONDON. Sixth Edition, Revised. With additional Illustrations. 2 vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 12s.

WESTMINSTER. Fcap. 8vo, paper covers, 6d. net; cloth, 1s.

SUSSEX. Second Edition. With engraved Map and 15 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

SHROPSHIRE. With 50 Woodcuts from Drawings by the Author, and a specially engraved Map of the County. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

By the Rev. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D.

THROUGH the DOLOMITES from VENICE to TOBLACH. A Practical, Historical, and Descriptive Guide-Book. With 12 Full-Page Illustrations, a Map of the District, and an Appendix giving Railway and Diligence Stations, Times, Fares, Carriage Tariffs, Guides, Hotels, &c. Small crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE BIBLE of ST. MARK, the ALTAR and THRONE of VENICE. A History of St. Mark's Church, Venice, and a Description and Interpretation of its Sculptures and Mosaics. With 80 Full-Page Illustrations and 2 Plans. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

London: GEORGE ALLEN, 156, Charing Cross Road.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Small 4to, buckram, pp. xxiv+196, with Coloured Plates, Woodcuts, and Map, 12s. 6d. net.

THE ALFRED JEWEL: an Historical

Essay. By JOHN EARLE, M.A., LL.D., Rector of Swanswick, Prebendary of Wells, Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford.

Speculator.—"It is much more than a description of the Jewel, interesting as this is itself; it is an essay on the great King, with especial reference to the Somersetshire epoch of his life. . . . There will doubtless be a considerable 'Alfred' literature during the present year, but this volume will hardly be surpassed in interest."

Demy 8vo, pp. 1,354, buckram, 32s.

THE COMPLETE WORKS of JOHN

GOWER. Edited from the Manuscripts with Introductions, Notes, and Glossaries, by G. C. MACAULAY, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vols. II and III, ENGLISH WORKS. Already published, Vol. I, FRENCH WORKS. 16s.

8vo, half-roan, pp. xxvii+372, 16s.

LEGISLATIVE METHODS and FORMS.

By Sir COURTENAY LEBERT, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury; sometime Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India.

Literature.—"His book is not only a useful legal treatise for the student and practitioner, but a book which the layman can read with interest and profit."

8vo, pp. xiv+600, cloth, 21s.

THE LEGAL PROCEDURE of CICERO'S

TIME. By A. H. J. GREENIDGE, M.A., Lecturer and late Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford.

Four Vols., crown 8vo, pp. cx+1965, cloth, 24s.

THE WORKS of GEORGE BERKELEY,

D.D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne. Including his Posthumous Works. With Prefaces, Annotations, and an Account of his Life. By A. C. FRASER, D.C.L., LL.D. New and Revised Edition.

This is virtually a new book, having been almost wholly re-written.

* THE LIFE and LETTERS, which are not included in the new Edition, are still obtainable in one demy 8vo volume, price 16s.

2 vols., 8vo, pp. lvi+720, cloth, gilt top, 21s.

CELTIC FOLK-LORE: Welsh and Manx.

By JOHN RHYS, M.A., D.Litt., Hon. LL.D. of the University of Edinburgh, Professor of Celtic, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

Crown 8vo, pp. 206, with 2 Maps, cloth, 4s. 6d.

THE RELATIONS of GEOGRAPHY and

HISTORY. By the Rev. H. B. GEORGE, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Times.—"Mr. Hereford George has written a fascinating volume. . . . We know no book which presents modestly and succinctly, simply and in an interesting fashion, so much thought and observation on a theme rich in instruction and worthy of much more attention than it has yet received. We can conceive such a book as this falling into the hands of an intelligent youth and making a life-long impression upon him."

Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged, crown 8vo, pp. clxxvi+312, cloth, 6s. 6d.

MARLOWE'S TRAGICAL HISTORY of

DR. FAUSTUS. GREENE'S HONOURABLE HISTORY of FRIAR BACON and FRIAR BUNGAY. Edited by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD, Litt.D., Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, late Principal of the Owens College, Manchester.

Crown 8vo, with Portrait and Woodcuts, pp. xliii+500, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

GRACE ABOUNDING, and A RELATION of HIS IMPRISONMENT. Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by EDMUND VENABLE, M.A., late Precentor and Canon of Lincoln. Second Edition, Revised by MABEL PEACOCK.

Manchester Guardian.—"This Edition presents a sound text, and is as agreeable to read as any of which we know. The Notes at the end of the volume deal in a simple and effective way with the chief philological and literary questions raised by the text."

ALSO PUBLISHED BY HENRY FROWDE.

Small 4to, cloth, gilt top, pp. x+150, with a Portrait, 6s.

AT the GATES of SONG: Sonnets. By

LLOYD MITFLLIN.

Bookman.—"A revised English edition of these fresh and striking poems. Mr. Mitfllin's work, though unequal, is worth serious attention; it is imaginative and strong. When a poet's chief faults, as well as his greatest perfections, are, as in this case, the result of his originality, we may be sure he will repay critical reading."

Complete Catalogue post free on application.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press Warehouse
Amen Corner, E.C.

OUR NEIGHBOURS.

A Series of Books descriptive of the Home and Social Life of our Neighbours on the Continent.

Russian Life in Town and Country.

By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER, sometime Secretary to H.H. Prince Droutskey-Loubetsky (Equerry to H.M. the Emperor of Russia). Price 3s. 6d. net.

The Academy.—"An excellent book, manifestly the work of intimate knowledge, and in at least one respect it will come as a surprise to English readers; for it reveals a Russia unsuspected by the traveller—the country Russia."

German Life in Town and Country.

By W. H. DAWSON, Author of "Germany and the Germans," &c. Price 3s. 6d. net.

Literature.—"The book is full of interesting propositions about the different departments of life in Germany."

The Daily Mail.—"Altogether a book of unusual interest. On German social problems, education, and the position of women the author has much to say that is stimulating and suggestive."

French Life in Town and Country.

By Miss HANNAH LYNCH, Author of "Denys D'Auvrillac," "Dr. Vermont's Fantasy," &c. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

The Daily Chronicle.—"A deeply interesting, a well written, and a wise little book."

Literature.—"Bright, as well as instructive reading."

The Academy.—"Miss Lynch has France at her finger-ends."

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF TRAVEL.

Tourists, Travellers, Invalids, and Stay-at-Homes
SHOULD BUY VOLUMES I., II., AND III. OF

THE TRAVELLER.

Magnificently bound in cloth, with edges and title in gilt, price 10s. 6d. net.

VALUABLE AND UNIQUE ARTICLES
ON THE

WORLD'S CURE RESORTS, OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOTS,
SPORTING FACILITIES, &c. &c.

Magnificently Illustrated and . . .
. . . Printed on the Finest Art Paper.

The Long Expected Autobiography of

DREYFUS

Has just been published under the title

FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE.

Seven years ago the tragedy and mystery of the Dreyfus case aroused the world, convulsed France, and held French officialdom up to shame before the eyes of civilisation. Black chapter was added to black chapter in that drama of political and racial hatred and persecution; forgery, perjury, disgrace and suicide followed one after another, until no man knew whom the lightning might blast next, and through it all the central figure, helpless on his rock in mid-ocean, kept an enforced silence. Now France has tacitly confessed her error, and Alfred Dreyfus, free once more, has given to the world his own account of the trial, condemnation, martyrdom, and release. "Five Years of My Life" is a book such as is not written twice in a century; the very core of history set forth, as it is, by the principal actor in one of the most remarkable political dramas of all time.

With Maps and Diagrams. Cloth, 6s. net.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., Southampton Street, Strand,
London, W.C.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S LIST.

By Prof. W. J. COURTHOPE.

LIFE in POETRY; LAW in TASTE:

Two Series of Lectures delivered in Oxford, 1895-1900.

By WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, M.A., C.B., Hon. LL.D.,
Late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

8vo, 10s. net.

THREE NEW NOVELS.

Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

125,000 COPIES SOLD.

WINSTON CHURCHILL. THE CRISIS.

55,000 COPIES SOLD.

BERTHA RUNKLE.

THE HELMET OF
NAVARRE.

ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

IN BAD COMPANY,
and Other Stories.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS SERIES.

EAST ANGLIA.

By WILLIAM A. DUTT. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL. Extra crown 8vo, 6s. [Just published.]

NORMANDY.

By PERCY DEARMER, M.A. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

DONEGAL, &c.

By STEPHEN GWYNN. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

YORKSHIRE.

By ARTHUR H. NORWAY. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL and HUGH THOMSON. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

NORTH WALES.

By A. G. BRADLEY. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON and JOSEPH PENNELL. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

DEVON and CORNWALL.

By A. H. NORWAY. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL and HUGH THOMSON. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

ALONG FRENCH BYWAYS.

Written and Illustrated by CLIFTON JOHNSON. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 8s. 6d. net.

SPANISH HIGHWAYS and BYWAYS.

By KATHARINE LEE BATES. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 8s. 6d. net.

COACHING DAYS and COACHING WAYS.

By W. O. TRISTRAM. Illustrated by H. RAILTON and HUGH THOMSON. Globe 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MR. HISSEY'S ROAD BOOKS.

OVER FEN and WOLD.

With 14 Full-Page (and some smaller) Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 16s.

ON SOUTHERN ENGLISH ROADS.

With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 16s.

THROUGH TEN ENGLISH COUNTIES.

With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 16s.

A HOLIDAY on the ROAD.

An Artist's Wanderings in Kent, Sussex, and Surrey. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 16s.

AN OLD-FASHIONED JOURNEY in

ENGLAND and WALES. With Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, 12s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London.

Digitized by Google

Tourist Supplement.

SATURDAY: 8 JUNE, 1901.

Books about Places.

A Retrospect.

It is our custom in June to endeavour to summarise the topographical literature of the past twelvemonth. The task seldom differs from its predecessor. The same classes of books and the same proportions of number between them are seemingly maintained. There is the same difficulty, too, in making any purely literary classification. From the formal tabulated guide-book up to the book which describes places with charm and digression, the gradations of literary merit are usually either impossible or unimportant. There is no doubt, however, that books about places are rising steadily in favour, and that they are more and more becoming instruments of self-expression. The great flood of literary garden-books points in this direction. We can illustrate our meaning by a passage from a book published in July, 1900, shortly after our last summary. Nominally, E. V. B.'s book, *Seven Gardens and a Palace* (Lane), is about various homes the author has had—Dropmore, in South Bucks; Huntercombe, near Burnham; Maryculter, in remote Aberdeenshire, and so on. But the book is much more than a description of gardens, a recital of flowers; and contains many such passages as this about the wind, which would have graced any book:

The "sorry wind" is singing now. A little of the sorry wind goes a long way; and even in my new garden-room, with the wide delightful window of leaded panes—made to catch the full south pouring in great floods of light—I do not care to listen. The sorry wind in a solitary evening singing, chanting, reciting all the time, is most melancholy. What it says I am never sure of; but I know that in the music of the sorry wind is never heard aught but a strain of hopeless sorrow. . . . If pathos be, as has been said, the "sense of loss and longing mingled with melancholy," then the sorry wind is surely pathos itself. It is the saddest sound in the world to listen to.

E. V. B.'s book perhaps goes a little higher than any book of the year which is limited by the horizon of a garden or a country-side. But for observation of universal human nature within such limits Miss Pamela Tennant's *Village Notes* (Heinemann) ranks high. It contains admirable touches. Her old Anthony, the Wiltshire cowman, is a treasure. Hear him on kindness to animals:

"Noa! I says them as can be onkind to the creatures, well! I can't understand 'em. Po'r dumb animals! With the way they get to know who's friends. Ha! Knowing? Why, look at old Mary there; so soon as ever she hear me outside the shed if she doesn't begin to coo and chatter! And knew who it was afore ever I come in at the door!" Then, in a voice of unutterable tenderness, "Dormed old 'oman!"

Of books like these we can hardly have too many. Unfortunately there is a delusion abroad that they are easy to write, which they are not. In the past twelvemonth a few have been written; but, if we add to the above Miss Evelyn H. Pollard's *The Birds of My Parish* (Lane) the cream has been skimmed.

In other fields, however, some good work has been done. The interpretation of Paris to English readers has been carried far in late years. Mr. Hilaire Belloc's book will be remembered, though it does not fall within our present survey. Mr. John F. Macdonald's book, published last July, *Paris of the Parisians* (Richards), was a brilliant little study of the gaiety and whimsicality of your true Parisian. He tells us much of Montmartre, with its pleasures, and anon we are at Pré Catelan, where the

énervé drinks milk for a week and then exclaims: "Which is my cow? I refuse to go home until I have sang my cow a song." As no one can point her out, he sings a song to every cow in turn; then to Paris! Of Montmartre, too, Mr. Whiteing has much to say in his *Life of Paris* (Murray). He sees the seamy side of that hive of frivolity:

Montmartre is not so much as the Grub-street of Paris, for Grub-street was actually productive, and it was at least sincere. Most of these poets and painters are simply the failures of the schools, masquerading as coming men. They are put out of doors as soon as they cease to draw. Their very wickedness is scenic, and it bears a strong family likeness to the potations from the skull in the revels of Newstead Abbey. The contemplative ratepayer looks in, drinks his glass of beer, and goes his way, thanking heaven he was not born clever. The tourist lays out a few francs in a copy of a song or a copy of a volume, and writes well-meant, but misguiding, letters to his native papers to say that he has been at supper with the gods.

Large, tolerant, and wise is Mr. Whiteing's view of Paris.

Miss Hannah Lynch's book, *French Life in Town and Country* (Newnes), has a wider scope than Mr. Whiteing's, and it is the work of a writer who has greater stores of memory and experience to draw upon. It stands out, indeed, as a remarkable interpretation of French life as a whole, in which the portraiture of Paris is not more admirable than that of the dull life of the provinces as lived by peasants and shopkeepers and pompous little landowners. Miss Lynch knows them all, and is careful of the virtues which make all these people tolerable or lovable. Her descriptions of French landscape, too, give a charm to her always just, if not always merciful, delineations. There is nothing of Miss Lynch's ripeness in Miss Katharine Lee Bates's *Spanish Highways and Byways* (Macmillan), but this is a very good example of clever snap-shot American observation. Wide-awakeness is Miss Bates's note, and her book scintillates as though the glare of Spanish sunshine flashed on quartz. Her account of the bull-fight she had piously resolved not to see is excellent; so is her account of her remorse. "And after all," urged her Spanish host, with whom she argued it out, "animals are only animals; they are not Christians." "Who were the Christians in that Circus?" I asked. "How could devils have been worse than we?" He half glanced towards the morning paper, but was too kindly to speak his thought. It was not necessary. I had read the paper, which gave half a column to a detailed account of a recent lynching, with torture, in the United States."

Another class is formed by such books as Mr. Norman Heathcote's *St. Kilda* (Longmans), a very faithful study of the topography, resources, and natural history of this "islet set far amid the melancholy main"; Mr. Edmund G. Gardner's *Florence* (Dent), a worthy addition to the "Medieval Cities" series; and Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodds's *Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror* (Unwin), a blend of travel and history which pleases by its gaiety and slightly offends by its untroubled facility. Much more serious and masculine are Mr. Harold Owen's delineations in *The Staffordshire Potter* (Richards), a book which lights up the history and present condition of the Potteries very thoroughly. Two other English districts are treated with special aims in view in Mr. George Morley's *Shakespeare's Greenwood* (Nutt) and Mr. Albert J. Foster's *Bunyan's Country: Studies in the Bedfordshire Topography of the Pilgrim's Progress*. Mr. Morley's book is not primarily connected with Shakespeare, but with the life, customs, folk-lore, birds, and trees of Warwickshire; and with writers whose connexion with the county has been overshadowed by Shakespeare's, as George Eliot, Dr. Parr, Shenstone and Somerville. The book is rich in the dialect on which Shakespeare drew for his homelier words. A delightful example—a poem in itself—is the remark of a Warwickshire mother to her little girl: "Hey thee hev

gotten a dandy bunch o' smell smocks, my gel. Where didst raggle to get they?" Mr. Foster's book is what its title implies, an attempt to identify the topography of Bunyan's allegory with that of his native Bedfordshire. It is the elaboration of mere might-have-beens, and as such is ingenious and interesting; but the connexions between the House Beautiful and Houghton House, built by Inigo Jones for the Countess of Pembroke, and of the Valley of the Shadow of Death with a smiling vale near Millbrook, and of the Delectable Mountains with the homely Chilterns, are necessarily only a fancy good for talk at an inhabitant's dinner table, or in a walk over the spots mentioned. The prize books in this division are Mr. William A. Dutt's *Norfolk* (Dent) and his *Highways and Byways in East Anglia* (Macmillan). These are chatty guide-books, the guidance being scientific and the chat literary. Few counties lend themselves to pleasanter gossip than Norfolk and Suffolk, with their memories of Sir Thomas Browne, Crabbe, the Opies, FitzGerald, Borrow, Crome, Cotman, and the rest. Mr. Dutt knows them all; and the gratitude felt to him by East Anglians was expressed very recently in the good old way.

A rather more solid class of book embraces such works as Mr. Henry Elliott Malden's *History of Surrey* (Stock). Surrey is a county by itself; it is a rural suburb, a suburb of hills and heaths and villas and golf links. It is not, as Mr. Malden says, "a district naturally marked off as the home of a people or tribe such as Sussex, which lay between the forest and the sea, with woods and marshes defining the limits of its coast-line in the west and east. It is not like Cumberland or like Cornwall, the last relic of a Welsh kingdom; nor like Northumberland, nor like Chester, frontier districts of peculiar history." Grasping his subject thoroughly Mr. Malden has, as we pointed out in detail last August, given us a valuable addition to local history. Colonel Fishwick's *History of the Parish of Preston* is another sound piece of work by the writer of several books on Lancashire. His pages are filled with municipal ecclesiastical history, and family history; and the parish church of St. Wilfrid is very fully described; nor is the book unrelieved by stories of the local cucking stool and pillory. While disclaiming for Preston the honour of having been the birthplace of Lady Hamilton, Colonel Fishwick is careful to remind us that there the word "teetotalism" was coined, and there the first temperance hotel opened its doors. Equally conscientious in their antiquarian research are Mr. Thomas Blashill's *Sutton in Holderness* (Stock) and Mr. H. St. John Hick Bashall's *The Oak Hamlet*, the latter an account of the Surrey village, Ockham. The completion by Miss Bateson of her monumental compilation, *The Records of the Borough of Leicester*, has been noted by us very recently.

Come we to London town. What variety of books it breeds! You have guide-books like Mr. Troutbeck's *Westminster Abbey* (Methuen), Mr. Aflalo's *A Walk through the Zoological Gardens* (Sands), and Mr. Maunders's *The Royal Observatory, Greenwich* (Religious Tract Society)—all well done in their concise, useful way. You have a great history like Mr. Charles James Fèret's admirable *Fulham, Old and New* (Leadenhall Press), which is a three-volume quarto work weighing fifteen pounds and representing the labour of a lifetime. A similar industry meets you in Mr. Inderwick's *Calendar of the Inner Temple Records*, of which the third volume appeared a few weeks ago. Sir Walter Besant's *East London* (Chatto) is so freshly published, and is so easily savoured by readers of his earlier London books, that we need add nothing to our recent review, unless it be to remark that East London critics have raised an outcry against the book on account of its alleged imperfect conception of the real antiquity of East London districts and the richness of its history. This is natural, but it is evident that a book on East London, as a whole, cannot enter closely into local detail. Had some of Sir Walter Besant's general statements been rather less

sweeping the criticism from East London would have had slight justification. Mr. C. V. Heckethorn is an acceptable writer on the miscellanies of Old London life, and his *London Memories* (Chatto), published last November, is quite a treasurable little volume, though it is rather marred by such freedom of speech as "flummuxed." The study of the South Lambeth Road, called "A Microscopic Bit of Topography," is specially interesting and individual.

When, finally, we come to foreign travel there is often a doubt as to whether a given book can be said to be a guide-book even in an indirect sense. There is no such doubt in the case of Mr. C. L. Freeston's *Cycling on the Alps* (Richards), which is a practical guide to the wheeling tourist. Mr. Freeston shows that the passes of the Alps are quite practicable to experienced cyclists. In the Engadine the conditions are positively blissful. "As a cycling ground the Engadine is unique, for it affords the rider a means of cycling sixty miles on end without a yard of walking, and yet—mark this—at a mean altitude exceeding that of the topmost peak of the loftiest mountain in Great Britain. At its highest point the Engadine road is six thousand feet high; it is nearly four thousand at its lowest, and this minor difference is almost evenly distributed along the entire route." Mr. Freeston's book is one to remember against the evil day.

A pleasant, if rather careless, book is Mr. George Yeld's *Scrambles in the Eastern Graians* (Unwin). The scrambles were enjoyed with Mr. Coolidge and others over a number of years. The note of this book is its boyish gaiety and good-heartedness. The Swiss guide shines as a good fellow and a poet in the following passage:

One day when I had finished my Capri Bianco too soon, François offered me some of their red wine; and, when I objected that it would be robbing them for me to take it, he said: "Mais nous voyageons en frère dans les montagnes, n'est-ce pas?" Another day, when Sylvain and I were together in Val Tournanche, and regarding the Matterhorn, he said: "Comme il impose silence, le Cervin!"

Of books of extended travel which are not without interest to the more enterprising tourist we may name Mr. Herbert Vivian's *Abyssinia* (Pearson), which contains this testimony to English character given by Menelik himself to Mr. Vivian: "Other people often tell me things which I find out afterwards are not true; or they promise things and do not perform them. But when an Englishman says anything to me, I know that I can believe him; when he promises anything, it is as good as done." Much more solid is Mr. Augustus B. Wylde's *Modern Abyssinia* (Methuen). This book contains an amount of ripe historical, geographical, and political information, which make it of great value. As a former Vice-Consul for the Red Sea, Mr. Wylde speaks with authority. We have heard lately that even Siberia will one day be a tourist's objective and a familiar sportsmen's paradise. Hence a work like the *Through Siberia* (Constable) of Mr. J. Stadling, the Swedish traveller, may well be mentioned *en passant*. If Siberia, then, assuredly, Morocco will be tourist-ridden; and if Morocco, then Mr. Budgett Meakin should be widely known as its interpreter. His *Land of the Moors* (Sonnenschein), published two months ago, is the best *vade mecum*.

Including and, as it were, clinching the interests of all these books, comes—as we go to press—the third volume of Messrs. Newnes's admirable weekly paper, *Travel*. It is, perhaps, best described as an encyclopædia which never grows obsolete, inasmuch as week by week all that touches the traveller is reflected in its pages. Every aim and accessory of travel seems to be dealt with. The *Travel Queries* pages alone are an invaluable feature. In a paper which gives so much the reader is encouraged to ask for more: "Questions of any kind whatsoever relating to travel" may be asked, and will be answered carefully

Reviews.

Selborne.

The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By Gilbert White. Edited with Introduction and Notes by L. C. Miall and W. Warde Fowler. (Methuen. 6s.)

GILBERT WHITE is just now under a blaze of new light. We cannot wish for a better and more up-to-date presentation of his book than we have here. The biographical and critical introduction is particularly good, the more so because there is no attempt at fine writing. But a great many pertinent things are said, and said well. Mr. Miall accounts for the charm of the *History* with much insight:

His personal knowledge of nature was great, not in relation to the knowledge accumulated in books, but in comparison with the direct experience of most other naturalists of any age. Here is one great difference between him and his imitators who have hoped to succeed by more picturesque writing. White is interesting because nature is interesting; his descriptions are founded upon natural fact, exactly observed and sagaciously interpreted. Very few of his observations and not many of his inferences need correction more than a hundred years after his death.

In his remarks on noxious insects, earthworms, and the protective colour of the stone curlew, White was positively stumbling on the knowledge we have acquired "a hundred years after his death"; and his editors carefully point this out. They remark on the curious fact that while White was writing letters at Selborne, Horace Walpole was writing letters at Strawberry Hill. "How totally unlike are the two collections—unlike in bulk, in style, and in the topics chosen!" Yes, and if we add Wesley's letters and journals our wonder at the value and variety of such contemporary records must increase. Referring to Daines Barrington, White's correspondent, Mr. Miall recalls the amusing fact that in Charles Lamb's "Old Benchers" this gentleman figures as a poisoner of sparrows.

Mr. Fowler's note on White's view of the migration of Birds is very interesting; and in its attempt to explain White's persistent belief that swallows do not leave us in autumn, but remain warm and hidden in "secret dormitories" among rocks or shrubs, it is not more ingenious than convincing. A very thoroughly equipped edition. White's original text, spelling, and punctuation are retained, except that his obvious misprints are corrected. The original notes and the editors' notes appear together at the foot of the page, the latter being distinguished by brackets. All the notes on birds are by Mr. Warde Fowler. White's index is preserved, with distinguishable additions. The only fault we have to find is with the use of the wearisome "To the Same" heading, and the consequent difficulty of distinguishing the correspondent at a glance. The transition from the letters to Pennant to those to Daines Barrington is made almost by stealth near the foot of a page, and the reader is then started on another procession of "To the Same." But what is this among so many excellences?

"Malvern's Lonely Height."

The Malvern Country. By Bertram C. A. Windle. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. (Methuen. 3s.)

THERE is no doubt that a really successful *format* commends a book to the critic and the reader. What if it also inspires the writer? It is difficult to believe that poor work could get itself published so daintily as in the "Little Guides" series, of which this is the sixth volume. Mr. Windle has an excellent subject. The Malvern hills are in certain respects the finest in England. They stand

alone, rising straight out of a great plain whereon tilth and orchard and spires and grey cathedral towers stand in the ordered beauty of England. Did we wish to give an English boy his first notion of mountains we would show him the Malverns; did we wish to impress him with the beauty of a river we are not sure that we would not lead him to the banks of the Severn between Worcester and Tewkesbury. Anyhow, it is of these that Mr. Windle writes:

The Val- of Severn, Nature's garden wide
By the blue steepes of distant Malvern wall'd.

And very neatly he packs his book with the information one needs—the geology and botany of the hills, the Seven Malverns with their wells and priory church, Worcester and its cathedral, Hereford and its cathedral, Tewkesbury and its Abbey, Deerhurst and its departed glory of its monastery, Pershore so named of its pears, Bredon Hill and its weather lore. All these and much more may be seen, or located, from the Malvern Hills. Concerning the view from the hills, Mr. Windle says temperately:

The visitor to Malvern will hear the most extraordinary accounts as to the objects which can be seen from the top of the Hills, yet it would be difficult to say that, given the perfect day for a view—and that does not come often—these statements are very greatly exaggerated. . . . There seems no doubt that given favourable conditions parts of at least fifteen counties in England and Wales, and perhaps even two or three more, may come into sight. To the north the characteristic and unmistakable hump of the Wrekin is nearly the limit, to the south the Mendips, to the west possibly Plinlimmon, and to the east Bardon Hill, a part of Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire. Three cathedrals—Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester; six of the great religious houses of Catholic days—Evesham, Tewkesbury, Pershore, Great and Little Malvern, and Deerhurst; and six also of the great battle-fields of English history—Evesham, Worcester, Tewkesbury, Edge Hill, Shrewsbury, and Mortimer's Cross; such are some of the objects included in the prospect presented from almost any of the higher Malvern Peaks.

The account of Worcester is very good as far as it goes, which is, perhaps, as far as anyone can reasonably expect. It is our idiosyncrasy, however, to desire from topographers some human appreciation of towns—towns as they are, with their peculiar tones and social features, the look and manner of the people as they are to-day, their current sayings and legends, and the blend of their new and inherited life. For this we look here, as elsewhere, in vain. Yet, as a guide to the Malvern district, this little book leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. New's dozen of illustrations is a delightful embellishment.

The Mantle of Grant Allen.

The Cities of Northern Italy. ("Grant Allen's Historical Guides.") By George C. Williamson. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THE late Mr. Grant Allen, as we know, projected and set afloat a valuable series of guide-books. They were, considered as literature, something more than Baedeker and a good deal less than Ruskin. Mr. Grant Allen aimed at being the well-informed travelling companion who told you a great deal in a pocket edition.

Dr. George C. Williamson, who continues the series, adopts the same method and is no less well-informed than his predecessor. Indeed, the cities of Northern Italy are his particular field, and we make bold to prophesy that for many a year to come Milan, Ravenna, Padua or Verona will see the panoplied tourist armed with the little green book that now lies before us.

Dr. Williamson's method is, quite naturally, the personal; a dangerous one perhaps, for it leads to personalities. It is impossible to spend some weeks in the company of a

gentleman—and this is what the use of a guide-book amounts to—without arriving at a certain estimate of our companion. Zealous, beyond everything, we would call Dr. Williamson. He is an enthusiast with a heart trouble. Or else why his aversion to climbing stairs? We should also imagine him to have spent some time in instructing the very dense—say, Extensionists. For he talks to you as though you were a mere babe, which, in your generous moods, you may take kindly, in your others you may exclaim against. Personally, we feel that one gentleman should not address another thus. Superiority, either of knowledge or opportunity, should not be thus mercilessly exhibited. It is not done in private life without serious risk to the party demonstrating. Also we fail to detect one faint, evanescent glimmer of humour in all Dr. Williamson's 269 pages. And Italy is occasionally silly, and her masters—Crivelli notably—can sometimes be accused of "having a lark." But for all that we are grateful to our cicerone. He tells us all that any reasonable tourist can want to know.

Mr. Hare's Guide-Books.

Venice. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Fifth Edition. (Allen.)

Rome. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Fifteenth Edition. (Allen.)

Florence. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Fifth Edition. (Allen.)

WHERE did Mr. Hare pick up the ideas of style and *format* which have gone to the making of his extremely interesting and individual topographies? And who invented their black covers, and ruled across them those bright red lines which are seen nowhere else in bookland? We leave these questions. In part they have, we fancy, been answered by Mr. Hare in his autobiography. Enough to enjoy the result: a unique blend of cultured guidance, well-chosen quotation, and delicate little drawings reproduced by wood-engraving. The *Venice* is quite typical, though we fancy that the volume has a little more in it of feeling, of intoxication, than its many companion volumes, in which a very quiet academic manner is preserved.

The impression produced when we have passed the great railway bridge, which has dissolved the marriage of Venice with the sea, and the train glides into the railway station, is one never to be forgotten. Instead of the noise of a street, and its rattling carriages, you find, as you descend the portico of the station, the salt waves of the Grand Canal lapping against the marble steps, and a number of gondolas, like a row of black hearses, drawn up against them. Into one of these you step, take your seat in the felze, or little hut, and noiselessly, ghostly, without apparent motion, you float off into the green water.

Then follow quotations from Goethe and Clough. Then a recommendation to arrive in Venice by moonlight, when "all the shabby detail, all the ruin and decay, and poor inartistic repairs of the grand old buildings are lost," followed by quotations from Clough, Ruskin, Charles Yriarte, and Henry James. After this approach to Venice come chapters on St. Mark's, the Grand Canal, the various districts of Venice, Chioggia, Murano, and Torcello. A good index and a good map complete the volume. What we miss is a sufficient notice of Byron's life in Venice. His name does not even appear in the index. We have one anecdote of him, and mention of his literary work, in connection with his residence, the *Palazzo Mocenigo*; but his life here, his amours, his receptions of Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Moore, and Hobhouse, and his entries into society, might have suggested, in a book designed for English tourists, a special short chapter on the poet, and the inclusion of his name in the index.

Mr. Hare's *Walks in Rome* is the most voluminous, the most learned, and the least rivalled of all his guide-books, and Mr. Hare has never spared pains in its revision. The book is a classic in its way, and any examination of its detail in a fifteenth edition would be superfluous. Mr. Hare does not flatter his readers with hopes of an easy assimilation of Rome. He knows better.

It is only by returning again and again, by allowing the *feeling* of Rome to gain upon you, when you have constantly revisited the same view, the same ruin, the same picture, under varying circumstances, that Rome engraves itself upon your heart, and changes from a disagreeable, unwholesome acquaintance, into a dear and intimate friend seldom long absent from your thoughts.

The *Rome* volumes are not illustrated, but in the *Florence* we recover Mr. Hare's dainty sketches. Perhaps no single living writer has approached Mr. Hare in the excellence and variety of his guide-book work; and the intending tourist should consult the catalogue of his books as a matter of course.

Naples.

Naples, Past and Present. By Arthur H. Norway. With 40 Illustrations from Water-colour Drawings by Arthur G. Ferard. (Methuen. 6s.)

MANY guide-books, especially those that deal with Italy, are put out by the press, but few are literature. They serve their purpose and are laid aside. But here is a book, readable no less for its manner than for its matter. It is the outcome rather of its author's taste than of any settled demand. Mr. Norway would have written his *Naples* even if no tourist cried aloud for information. The history of the place fascinates him, as well it may; he loves its fiery heart, the devastating passions of man and nature that are buried there. A volcanic city lying in the shadow of Vesuvius is Naples, and so are and so ever were its people. And round about it are buried towns and towns thrice buried, wonder on wonder. "The country is a palimpsest," says Mr. Norway writing of the Campagnar Felice. "What is now written on its surface is not a tithe of what was once inscribed there. In 1861 an earthquake at Torre del Greco made a fissure in the main street. Those who dared descend it found themselves in a church long since buried and forgotten." No wonder this place haunts one, holds one like some wild romance.

From the Roman days onwards it was thus. We read of Virgil whose favourite haunt was the Scoglio di Virgilio, "and the spot in which he practised his enchantments." For here he was known as a magician: "There was no malignity in any of the spells wrought out on that little headland. Each of them conferred a benefit on the city which the poet loved." There was, for instance, a bronze horse bestridden by an archer whose notched arrow was ever ready to fly, its point directed towards the summit of Vesuvius. "This menace sufficed to hold the unruly demons in check" and there was no eruption till a countryman fired the arrow off, and then the mountain boiled over.

Later we hear of a queen, Giovanna by name, who proved her freedom from prejudice by choosing her lovers from among the people. When she grew tired, the favourite was compelled to leap from the top of a high tower, so that there should be no scandal. It was on this coast, too, that Nero planned the murder of his mother, the Empress Agrippina. Even Nelson—our own Nelson—seems to have caught the humour of the place, for there stands a tablet on a house front to the memory of "Francesco Caraccioli, Ammiraglio . . . Strangolato al 29 Guigno 1799"; and that hanging was by our admiral's orders and from the yardarm of his flagship. Blood seems to have flowed here like water. Turks, French, Spaniards, and every prince of Italy fought roundly this town. But there

are other stories, of buried treasure in the caves and grottoes formed by the restless earth; and then there is Niccolò Pesce, "so called because he was at home in the water as a fish is." He is depicted with a knife—"that which he used to cut himself out from the bellies of the fish when he had done the long, swift journeys which he was wont to make in the manner of which no other man had experience but Jonah."

We have no space for further comment—must even pass Mr. Norway's chapter on "Vesuvius and the cities which he has destroyed—Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae" without a word of commendation. But here is a varied and entertaining book, well written, fresh, and full of matter. The accompanying wash-drawings are worthy of the text.

"The Golden . . . the Blest."

Palestine in Geography and in History. By Arthur William Cooke. Vol. II. (C. H. Kelly.)

Jerusalem: a Practical Guide to Jerusalem and its Environs, with Excursions to Bethlehem, Hebron, Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, Nablous, Nazareth, Beirut Baalbec, Damascus, &c. By E. A. Reynolds-Ball. (A. & C. Black.)

In these two volumes, covering much of the same ground of perennial interest to a people of Christian traditions, the subject-matter is treated from widely diverse points of view. The former may in some sort be regarded as an incentive to the effort that the latter is intended to aid and regulate; and from its own point of view each treats with an admirable directness the matter in hand.

In Palestine we have a land which was busy with intrigue and organised warfare what time the much-ploughed lands of the Britons were a wooded waste. That land of milk and the "abominable bee" was the cockpit in which a dozen tribes contended, on the simple principle of the survival of the fittest—to be framed in a phrase of but yesterday—for its possession. The records of the triumphant sept Mr. Cooke has admirably sandwiched with the latest results of curious inquiry by the upstart West. His geographical descriptions are based principally upon the Memoirs, Quarterly Statements, Maps, and other publications of the English Palestine Exploration Fund, and Dr. George Adam Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*. Reference besides has been made to the well-known works of Stanley, Henderson, Socin, Merrill, and Conder, and Dr. Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible*.

When Mr. Cooke, or another, has fully convinced you that the one thing that positively you must do before you die is to visit the Holy Land, you can hardly do better than give your mind to the study of Mr. Reynolds-Ball's *Jerusalem*. To its rounded corners (tender to the pocket lining) it is the perfection of a guide-book—minute, comprehensive, practical. "There are three acts," wrote Count Eberhard of Wurtemberg, "which no one ought either to advise another to do or not to do. The first is to contract matrimony, the second to go to the wars, the third is to visit the Holy Sepulchre." The last is no longer a matter of difficulty and danger: the expenditure of some fifty pounds will secure safe transit by sea and land. The subsidiary questions of baggage and costume, and the choice of road and rail may be fully studied and solved within the limits of a 'bus ride from the Bank. That facility, of course, you must pay for. The fatal ingenuity that has devised it has been at the same time busy in divesting of its supernatural atmosphere the sanctuary that has grown up about the places sanctified by the bodily presence of Him whom fifty generations of Western men have adored as Incarnate God. To those who hold still by the *Credo* of Constantinople there is bitterness in a book that owes something of its practical value to a

kindly revision of the fares and times of sailing by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son. "Nevertheless, when He cometh, shall the Son of Man find faith in the earth?"—in an atmosphere of swift and ruthless disillusionment one ponders the question.

Penelope Again.

Penelope's Irish Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Gay & Bird.)

MRS. WIGGIN'S previous volumes, *Penelope's English Experiences* and *Penelope's Experiences in Scotland*, have enjoyed a wide and deserved popularity. That this volume has no less hit the public taste is evidenced by the fact that this is a second edition, though the first appeared in the same month of May, 1901. This is a case in which the critic must approve, ungrudgingly, the popular approval. Mrs. Wiggin's line is not absolutely new, but she is (so far as we are aware) without a present rival in it. Long since William Black, in his *Story of a Phaeton*, gave us a book which was, in effect, the itinerary of a journey through charming English town and country, strung upon a pleasant thread of plot involving a feather-light love story, with some incidental drawing of character. Perhaps we may trace the species even further, to an ancestry no less classic than Sterne, and his *Sentimental Journey* through France. But Mrs. Wiggin handles it in a manner all her own. There is the American standpoint, always making for freshness and interest, particularly when (as in this case) it is pleasantly and sympathetically American. To see ourselves as others see us is a gift desired before Burns made the wish immortal. But as valuable, and far more delightful, is it to see ourselves as ourselves might see us, were we born and bred away from home, yet without an alienising environment. And very much this is the effect of such American appreciation (criticism is too harsh a term) as Mrs. Wiggin's. Then she has an appetising mingling of the guide-book with perceptive, irresponsible, shrewd, humorous, playful, and altogether womanly chatter, which is as dainty a dish as the reader desiring amusement could wish. She is feminine and unashamed. Nor has she need for shame, with femininity so gay and sweet-tempered as this. The guide-book (so to speak) suffers a petticoat change into something light and winning as the flutter of ribbons and capricious skirts. The book is divided according to the divisions of the Irish provinces—Leinster, Munster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath; and its chapters are headed by quotations from "raile ould Irish" songs and ballads. Among them, however, we note a veritable fraud—a Wardour-street Irish song we might call it. Mrs. Wiggin, like many others, admits "Kitty of Coleraine" as a growth of the soil. We may be wrong; but we believe this to be an English concoction, sung by (and perhaps the work of) a once famous English singer of the early nineteenth century. At any rate, we have seen an old broad-sheet of it recommended by the statement that the celebrated Mr. Such-a-one had sung it "with great applause" in Dublin and on the London stage. The reception of the late Queen in that city affords a fair specimen of Mrs. Wiggin's style:

There was a woman near us who "remimbered the last time Her Noble Highness come, thirty-nine years back—glory be to God, thim was the times!"—and who kept ejaculating, "She's the best woman in the wurld, bar none, and the most varchous faymale!" As her husband made no reply, she was obliged in her excitement to thump him with her umbrella, and repeat: "The most varchous faymale, do you hear?" At which he retorted: "Have conduct, woman; sure I've nothing agin it."

But extracts can no more convey the attraction of the writer's vivacious pages than a thimbleful suggest the effect of champagne. It is a book to be read, full of observation, and never (in Charles Lamb's language) "aiming at dulness."

Miscellaneous.

We suppose that no guide-book to Paris was ever written which had not points of originality. *Clarke's Pocket Paris* (Sands) has several. It was a good idea to describe the Paris hotels by their London equivalents. Thus:

PARIS.		LONDON.
	FASHION.	
Ritz	} Corresponding to	Bristol
Palace		Claridge's
Bristol		Berkeley
Maurice		Albemarle
Athénée		Walsingham
		Long's, Brown's, and other Mayfair houses.
	FAMILY.	
St. James's	} Corresponding to	Bailey's
Lille et d'Albion		Kensington Palace
Chatham		Inns of Court
Brighton		Hyde Park
St. Petersburg		Howard
Windsor		St. Ermin's.

And so on with railway, American, and "residential" hotels. A lively feature is the list of "Oddities of Dear Paris." From the hundred given we select a few:

Tobacco is a Government monopoly; cigarettes, which are better than the cigars, are generally smoked by men, also by women.

Absence of salt-spoon and pepper-pot.

Freight and merchandise waggons are forbidden on many streets.

Gentlemen bow first to ladies.

The men are generally poorly dressed.

Prices go up when it is known you are an Englishman

The advice on hotels and cafés is extended and good, much more so than that on places of amusement, where there is not enough discrimination.

We can cordially recommend *Pearson's Gossipy Guide to Glasgow, the Clyde District, and the International Exhibition of 1901* (1s.). It is a guide-book pure and simple; is full, and, as far as we can judge, accurate; and it is particularly well illustrated by photographs.

Messrs. Bell & Sons have had the happy idea of issuing an *Itinerary of the English Cathedrals* as a supplementary volume to their "Cathedral" series. This was originally written by Dr. Gilchrist for American tourists, but has been adapted to the needs of English visitors to our cathedral towns. It is commendably simple, and its explanation, with illustrations of the successive styles of Gothic architecture, is just what the average tourist needs and often cannot find. Even to learned readers this general survey, with photographs of our English cathedrals, will seem anything but superfluous.

How to See Bristol is the title of a well-illustrated and generously-filled guide-book issued by Mr. Arrowsmith. Bristol is a charming city, with a style all its own. The book is divided into seven "Walks," to which are added chapters on "Walks for the Archaeologist," "Natural History of Bristol," "Persons of Note," and "Historical Summary."

To their pleasant little "Way About" series Messrs. Iliffe & Sons have added *Cambridgeshire* (1s. net). The needs of photographers are specially well considered, a list of photographic dark rooms being given. The cycling, fishing, and shooting information is also adequate. We feel drawn toward these remote, wide, wet fenlands, and would fain walk some day from Ely to Chatteris "via Wickham, Witchford, Sutton-in-the-Isle, Mepal, and across the Washes."

Cassell's Guide to London is a familiar publication, and is admirable at sixpence.

Mr. Murray sends us the fifth and sixth editions of Mr. Edward Whymper's *Chamonix and the Range of Mont Blanc*, and *The Valley of Zermatt and the Matterhorn*. These works are Alpine classics, and need but to be mentioned.

SANDS & CO.

THREE NEW NOVELS OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST.

TAKEN by ASSAULT. By Morley ROBERTS. 6s.

THE HERITAGE. By Edwin Pugh and G. BURCHETT. 6s.

NEW YORK. By Edgar Fawcett. 6s.

CLARKE'S POCKET PARIS. A Compendium of Information as to Routes, Hotels, Galleries, Museums, &c. Small 8vo, limp cloth, 3s. 6d.

ROMANTIC EDINBURGH. The most interesting Guide-Book for Edinburgh ever produced. By JOHN GEDDIE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.

THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN of 1900. By Lieut.-Col. A. F. MONTANARO, R.A., and Capt. ARMITAGE, D.S.O. With Illustrations, Map, and Plan of Kumasi. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

LENA LAIRD. A Novel. By W. J. Laid-LAY. 6s.

DOGS' TALES. Containing many Amusing Anecdotes. By R. J. LLOYD PRICE, Author of "Rabbits for Powder and Rabbits for Profit." 2s. 6d.

READY SHORTLY.

PRINCE CHARMING. A Novel. By "RITA." 3s. 6d.

FANCY CYCLING for AMATEURS. Containing 70 Different Tricks, with Illustrations. By ISABEL MARKS. 3s. 6d.

12, Burleigh Street, Strand.

FROM GEORGE ALLEN'S LIST.

A NEW WORK by M. MAETERLINCK.

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

Translated by ALFRED SUTRO.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, designed cover, 5s. net.

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—"..... is a real classic. It is so seldom that we find a masterpiece in the jumble of modern books that we welcome the more gladly this amiable treatise."

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

COUNTRY LIFE.—"M. Maeterlinck fits dazzling new facts with equally dazzling new comment..... A book that has a quick, immediate interest, and really deserves to be read and studied."

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

THE DAILY NEWS ranks it "among the great prose-poems of the world."
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH says: "The author has only one predecessor—the Roman poet Virgil."

THE LIFE OF THE BEE

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 5s. net.

London: GEORGE ALLEN, 156, Charing Cross Road.

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....</i>	17/6
<i>Quarterly</i>	5/0
<i>Price for one issue</i>	/5

A Plea for "Man in the Street" Topography.

TO-DAY, all kinds of literary topography are practised, except that which describes places in their everyday dailiness. With what is called "the spirit of place" we have full sympathy. The literature which gives it expression fascinates us. Beautiful writing in this kind has been done by Mrs. Meynell, "Vernon Lee," Miss Hannah Lynch, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Arthur Symonds, and by other writers whose names will occur to our readers. But a great quantity of well-written flabbiness gets itself daintily published under the name of topography. Its note is paucity of fact, thinness of actuality. Any person with a style can prattle about ruins and duck-ponds and rain that "stabs." He can find epithets for waving corn, and, for the convenience of such a writer, corn does actually wave in Dorset and in Lincolnshire, in Essex and in Devon. Impossible to be destitute of "undulant" corn! Gables, too, may "silhouette themselves" against "turquoise" skies anywhere, and there is no ruin in England through which the wind may not "sob," or in which the writer may not "visualise" monks at vespers.

"A hundred guineas down," says the publisher; and the author's cab, laden with a portmanteau, a kodak, and a style is on the way to Waterloo, or is it King's Cross? Such work is usually done with industry and grace, but how seldom is it informing—we do not blush for the word—informing? Topography should be informing. What should we say to impressionist history? But now impressionism is your only wear, and real topography is starved into moods and frittered into epithet. A significant fact is that your stylish topographer leaves towns alone. He makes a virtue of his scorn when he passes through Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is easier for Newcastle to go through the eye of a needle than to communicate a thrill to a publisher. Yet is the publisher at fault? Would he not welcome a writer who could write a dozen vital pages about Newcastle, that most forward and backward of cities, where a municipal supineness which is its disgrace blends with a patriotism which has sent its "Weel may the keel row" round the world? Would it be a worthless task to compare the Newcastle man, and his raucous heartiness, with the Birmingham man, and his duller finish; or to find reasons for their unlikeness in Newcastle's river, bringing the wind down from the Cheviots and floating battleships to the sea, and in Birmingham's arid civilisation spreading over waterless undulations, on which steam-trams ply with noisy bells. There is a confectioner's in Corporation-street, in Birmingham, where all Edgbaston lunches on Thursday to sustain its shopping, if it does not shop to excuse its lunch. Such gossip and such cakes! But your topographer glides past to Arden, and is presently untying his theory of Shakespeare's sonnets. Is a town like Worcester, with its sleepy civility, its imitations of the cathedral chiming on genteel pianos, and its ancestral toy-shops and sweet-shops, not worth describing? But your easy topographer only relates that Cromwell's horses champed their bits in the cathedral; or he has a tiresome day-dream of Sabrina

rising from her translucent wave. Is he at York? He will immerse you in the ages, but the little drama of to-day that should bustle in the foreground he will neglect. Yet one Parliament-street butterwoman would be the making of his chapter, and a live specimen of the York young man who parades Coney-street on Sunday evening would make publishers prick up their ears. Southport, with its sandy boulevards and streets from which the rain disappears in five minutes, its telescopes searching for the recluse sea, its touchy ceremonial of the boarding-house and touching amenities of the Bath-chair, its width and sweetness and sponge-cakeyness and school-girlism, is surely worth study. Is Leeds to be ignored because of its smoke, and the jolly bar-parlourism of Briggate to go unobserved and unrecorded? Are Rochdale's bright-eyed girls in shawl and clog, to whom Blackpool is bliss and Douglas *nirvana*, unworthy of a writer's insight, a writer's exactness of portraiture? And what of Derby with its locomotives and everlasting Midland wheel-grease? Of Coventry, and its knowing bicycle mechanics who never gave a second thought to Godiva? Of Winchester, where the Cathedral, the School, and the George Hotel withdraw the sheep from the goats? Of Liverpool and its tossing world of ferries, and vast dealings with the Atlantic? Of Portsmouth, and its naval mind? Of Carlisle, and its market-day somnambulism? Of Tunbridge Wells, and its pew-rents? Of Cheltenham, and its balls?

We marvel when we think of the breadth and richness of the field which lies open to a practical topographer. By "practical" we do not mean formal, or non-literary. It is for books, not catalogues, that we are calling—books, however, in which facts are recorded, vitalised, and lifted into the drama of life. Let the topographer who is trying to improve on Howitt be content to follow on Defoe, and he will find his place. It is not easy, however, to write such a book as Defoe's *Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain*. That this book is all but forgotten is strange; but its early editors killed it by their additions. They treated it as a guide-book which they were entitled to bring up to date, and hacked it periodically into the shape that suited their purposes. Hence the first edition of 1724-6 is the only one which Defoe would recognise.

The *Tour*, Defoe tells us, is based on "seventeen very large circuits or journeys. . . and three general tours over almost the whole English part of the island." As a fugitive creditor, a Government envoy, or a traveller at leisure, Defoe brought to the road a rare set of faculties. His career had been so varied that he could see England through the eyes of a politician, a merchant, a manufacturer, a journalist, and assuredly of a busybody. He talked in every inn, and looked into every workshop. He noted the rise and decline of towns with a keen yet philosophical eye. "The Fate of Things," he says, "gives a new Face to Things, produces Changes in low Life, and innumerable Incidents; plants and supplants Families, raises and sinks Towns, removes Manufactures and Trade; Great Towns decay and small Towns rise; new Towns, new Palaces, new Seats are built every day; great Rivers and good Harbours dry up, and grow useless; again, new Ports are open'd, Brooks are made Rivers; navigable Ports and Harbours are made where none were before, and the like." The swallowing up by the sea of the little East Anglian port of Dunwich he calls "a Testimony of the decay of Publick Things," and, musing on its fate, he says that the ruins of Carthage and of Nineveh and the Great Persepolis move him less than the haplessness of this little sea-port. Yet to Winchelsea he is cold; he could not forgive its corrupt elections. He calls it the skeleton of a city, and says that the inhabitants have made good cornfields of the streets, and "the Plow goes over the Foundations, nay, over the first Floors of the Houses." At Dunwich he finds store of butter still being shipped to London and coarse

cheese for "the King's Ships"; and not these only, for he notes, as he rides north, that "hereabouts they begin to talk of Herrings." It was near Winchelsea that Sir John Fagg showed him, in his park, four bullocks of his own breeding that surpassed all records. "While I continu'd at Sir John's, some London Butchers came down to see them, and in my hearing offer'd Sir John Six and Twenty Pound a Head for them, but he refused it; and when I mov'd him afterward to take the Money, he said No, he was resolv'd to have them to Smithfield himself, that he might say he had the Four biggest bullocks in England at Market." In all such details, racily set down, Defoe delights. He describes the diligence of the Norfolk weavers, and the immense bustle of Sturbridge Fair with its incredible sales of "Woollens, Serges, Du Roys, Shalloons, Cantaloons, Devonshire Kersies," and he points out the "Wholesale Men from London" transacting their business in their pocket-books. At Amesbury, in Wiltshire, he sees a meadow on the banks of the Avon which let for £12 a year per acre for the grass only, which grew ten feet high and was rich enough to "answer very well such an extravagant rent." At Harwich he finds the merchants "warm in their nests," and at Ipswich he is delighted with the great collier ships laid up for the winter, "perhaps two Hundred Sail." Thereabouts, too, he sees immense droves of geese and turkeys which were driven all the way to London on foot—a thousand, sometimes two thousand, in a drove. "They begin," he observes, "to drive them generally in August, by which time the Harvest is almost over, and the Geese may feed in the Stubbles as they go. Thus they hold on to the end of October, when the Roads begin to be too stiff and deep for their broad Feet and short Leggs to march in."

Nor is Defoe always computing crops and estimating the wealth of country gentlemen. He notes the sayings and legends of each country-side, generally with a shrug for their simplicity, but sometimes with credulous acceptance of chimeras, as when in Essex he notes, on the marshy east coast, a mortality among women so great that many of the farmers (he tells us) had wedded five or six to fourteen or fifteen wives, not to name a farmer on Canvey Island who was living with his twenty-fifth lawful spouse.

A good specimen of Defoe's topographical gift is his description of the Customs House amenities at Gravesend. In his day all ships passing down from London to the sea were obliged to anchor there and submit to a final search and an examination of their papers. Observe the breezy accuracy, the charm of fact, in the relation, which we quote without stint as an example worth much precept:

When a Merchant-Ship comes down from London (if they have the Tide of Ebb under Foot, or a fresh Gale of Wind from the West, so that they have, what they call Fresh-Way, and the Ships come down apace,) they generally hand some of their Sails, haul up a Fore-Sail, or Main-Sail, or lower the Fore-top-Sail, so to slaken her way, as soon as they come to the *Old Man's Head*; when they open the Reach, which they call *Gravesend Reach*, which begins about a Mile and a half above the Town, they do the like, to signify that they intend to bring too, as the Sailors call it, and come to an Anchor.

As soon as they come among the Ships that are riding in the Road, (as there are always a great many) the Centinel on the Block-House, as they call it, on *Gravesend* side, fires his Musquet, which is to tell the Pilot he must bring too; if he comes on, as soon as the Ship passes Broad-side with the Block-House, the Centinel fires again, which is as much as to say, why don't you bring too? If he drives a little farther, he fires a third Time, and the Language of that is, *Bring too immediately, and let go your Anchor, or We will make you.*

If the Ship continues to drive down, and does not let go her Anchor, the Gunner of the Fort is fetch'd, and he fires a Piece of Cannon tho' without Ball; and that is still a Threat, tho' with some Patience, and is to say, *Will you*

come to an Anchor, or won't you? If he still ventures to go on, by which he gives them to understand he intends to run for it; then the Gunner fires again, and with a Shot, and that Shot is a Signal to the Fortress over the River (*viz.*) *Tilbury Fort* (which I described in my Account of *Essex*) and they immediately let fly at the Ship from the Guns on the East Bastion; and after from all the Guns they can bring to bear upon her; it is very seldom that a Ship will venture their Shot, because they can reach her all the way unto the *Hope*, and round the *Hope-Point* almost to *Hole-Haven*.

Yet I happen'd once to be upon the Shore just by *Tilbury-Fort*, when a Ship ventur'd to run off in spite of all those Fireings; and it being just at the first Shoot of the Ebb, and when a great Fleet of light Colliers and other Ships were under Sail too; by that time, the Ship escaping came round the *Hope-Point*, she was so hid among the other Ships, that the Gunners on the *Bastion* hardly knew who to shoot at; upon which they Mann'd out several Boats with Soldiers, in hopes to overtake her, or to make Signals to some Men of War at the *Nore*, to Man out their Boats, and stop her, but she laugh'd at them all; for as it blew a fresh Gale of Wind at *South-West*, and a Tide of Ebb strong under her Foot, she went Three Foot for their One, and by that time the Boats got down to *Hole-Haven*, the Ship was beyond the *Nore*, and as it grew Dark, they soon lost Sight of her, nor could they ever hear to this Day what Ship it was, or on what Account she ventur'd to run such a Risque.

It is in this picked-up knowledge, this intuitive selection of what is interesting and vital, that Defoe excels. It is not to be wished that his style or matter should be consciously imitated, but his point of view is worthy of adoption. His delight in facts, his dexterity in finding and presenting them, and his sense of the every-day drama, are admirable. Nor has England grown so dull or familiar that these excellences would fail of their effect to-day. Meanwhile, will no publisher give us a well-edited reprint of the raciest book about commonplace England ever written?

Things Seen.

The Book Buyer.

THE white, wide street of the small Surrey town was still and sunny. There were no newspapers, there was hardly any traffic, the few shops dozed, and life went so quietly that the watering of a string of horses by a groom at the roadside trough was an event. A dusty curate passed carrying a string bag bulging with parcels. When he had gone I stood long before a cornchandler's shop wondering how he made the geological pattern of variegated seeds that filled his window. Thought was no more. I was content just to look at things with blinking eyes, and to wonder vaguely why people ever troubled about anything. Then, as there was nothing else to do, and as one thing was the same as another, I made an idle examination of the bookseller's window, with its china photographs, its pictures of the clergy, its cheap editions of popular novels that I had never heard of, and its guide-books. One was called *Rambles in the Neighbourhood*, price sixpence. I went inside and asked for it. Sixpence is such a little sum. While the shopman was tying it up in a paper parcel, I turned the leaves of rather a grand book that was lying on the counter. It was a new *Anthology of Poetry*. I read one of the poems through, and forgot all about the shop, and the china photographs, and the long, sunny street outside. "How much is this book?" I asked. "Ten-and-sixpence," he answered. I gasped, and went away. The curate was returning down the street. I noticed that the string bag was fuller, noticed it vacantly, for the poem I had read was running in my head, and I could not get rid of it. It was

a sad poem, and yet it did not make me sad. It just took hold of me in snatches—these snatches:

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee. . . .

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing.
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!
Propping thy wise, sad head. . . .

So quiet! Doth the change content thee?

I went back to the shop. "I'll take this book," I said. The man began to put it into paper, without surprise. He just packed it up as if it were a pen-wiper, while I was all afire with astonishment at myself. I leant over the counter, and said in an even voice: "Does it not seem extraordinary to you that a perfect stranger—walking—quite an ordinary person—with short hair and a high collar—should come into a shop and put down ten-and-sixpence—ten shillings and sixpence—for a book?" He looked carefully at me, as if I were something behind bars in the Zoological Gardens, and said: "Well, Sir, now you come to mention it, it is a little odd."

The Green Fairy.

THE time was between four and five on the afternoon of a close, depressing day. Soon after I had taken my seat a young man entered and took a place just opposite mine. I recognised him at once as one of our younger poets—a writer of delicate, vague verse, which seems to reflect the moods of one who is often discontented with life. To-day he looked unutterably tired, and I was not surprised to note that he had ordered an absinthe. He proceeded to mix it with infinite elaboration. There was carefulness in the way in which he placed the spoon across the glass. His eyes rested on the sugar-basin for quite an appreciable time before he had selected the lump that pleased him best. When he had placed it on the spoon, and begun to pour water over it, he used a steady hand, and might have been measuring out a potent drug, so careful was he to let it fall only drop by drop. The process had for me a curious fascination, and I was glad to observe a change in his expression. His eyes were fixed on the green liquid as it began to turn opalescent, and one could see that all his small worries were forgotten. Then I was sorry, for it is not well that the green fairy should be thus gracious to a young man of talent. He was in no hurry to drink. The last tiny crystal of sugar must have been washed from the spoon before he began to stir the liquid, which was now ready to be drunk. He stirred it for a minute or two. Then, putting some money on the table, he rose and quitted the place, leaving the drink untouched. I watched, amazed, and could not but see that he walked with a new energy, as of one who has forgotten that he ever knew fatigue.

Impressionist Pictures.

THERE was a kingdom fair to see,
But pale, so pale, with never a rose;
The cold wind sweeps across the lea,
Westward the pale sun goes.

There was a maiden soft and dear,
But pale, so pale, with never a rose;
Each quivering eyelid holds a tear,
Seaward her sad heart goes.

W. L. COURTNEY.

Maxime Gorki.

THE English-speaking world honestly favours those writers whose pictures show the ultimate triumph of the "moral law" over life's ugliness and nature's indifference. If a writer shows men's natures triumphing over their desire to do the right, while life is not corrected in his pages and beauty made synonymous with "moral effort," we complain of him as a "depressing" and "unpleasant" writer. Perhaps we do not deny the writer's truth, but the critics label him "powerful but repulsive." The Russian-speaking world, however, is quite intolerant of rosy optimism, and finds its pleasure largely in gloomy pictures, where the brutal sinister outlines of life throw up the ineffectualness and unavailingness of "the moral law." The fact being that to the Russian mind it is "immoral" to conceal the seamy facts in a world so constantly dominated by ugliness, while to the English mind it is "immoral" not to let character and conscience have the last word in "the battle of life." As Gorki, the latest Russian writer to be received with enthusiasm by his countrymen, carries on the finest traditions of Russian realism, we fear that his true spirituality is likely to be misapprehended by the English, though no doubt it will be appreciated in France and Germany, where some translations of his stories have lately appeared. It is a pity, for though Gorki's art is in general too free, too grim, and too honest to be congenial to the English temperament, there is much in Gorki's philosophy of life and wide outlook that the English world respects. For Gorki has been, first of all, a man of action, and, secondly, a writer. In him there is nothing of the purely professional writer's "literary" tone, which makes the Philistine of insight often suspect "the artist" is too far removed from life to be entirely sincere. Gorki has lived the life he describes, and all his characters and descriptions are drawn from nature. Born in 1868 (*vide* Ivan Strannik's preface, *Les Vagabonds*, 1901), himself the son of poor folk, abandoned early in life, Gorki has tried his hand at many kinds of manual labour—baker's apprentice, dock labourer, tramp, harvester, fisherman, &c., and last, but not least, writer, whose work, all writers know, is largely manual. Hence it is that his tone, whether he writes of navies in Odessa or of barge-men on the Volga, of vagrants on the high roads, of railway employes, of peasants, fishermen, merchants, or murderers, has the freshness and conviction of the artist who is painting life and is not elaborating fictions. Discovered by Korolenko in 1893, Gorki has since published several volumes of tales and one or two novels. His recent arrest for participation in the students' riots in St. Petersburg a month or two back, and his reported exile, are quite in accordance with Russian literary traditions; for it is almost impossible to name a Russian writer of real talent who has not been imprisoned or exiled, at some stage in his career, by the Russian Government.

Let us analyse the little story, *Out of Boredom*, to give an idea of Gorki's talent. In a tiny railway station, isolated in the solitude of the great steppes, is settled a handful of people—the station-master, his wife, a faded, withered servant (Arina), two or three railway employes, &c., &c., in a tiny settlement of huts huddled close at hand. All around lies the vast plain of steppes stretched out under the great sky's arch. The boredom of the little colony is intense; nothing ever happens at the station except the arrival of two trains in the twenty-four hours. The trains stop a few minutes and then steam away, leaving the handful of people to the blankness and empty monotony of their lives. One day one of the railway employes discovers that the faded creature, the servant Arina, has never been married, and he sets to work to seduce her. But his mate, who is dying for entertainment, is both suspicious and jealous, and, watching his opportunity, locks the man and woman in a barn, then goes off and tells the station-master. The little colony hastens up,

curious and excited at such an "affair," and shrieks with laughter—loud, coarse, and endless laughter—as the man and woman are released. A few hours pass: Arina is not to be found; the silent, reserved "drudge" has crept away, and laid herself down on the line, when she knows the train is due. Nobody knew what was in the poor creature's heart when alive, and nobody knows what she suffered in seeking death. Now this *Out of Boredom*, which the average Englishman might sum up as a "painful and repulsive episode," is in reality a great deal more than that. Gorki makes one feel that the coarse and animal curiosity and vulgar inconsiderateness of the spectators are so natural an outcome of the utter boredom and stagnation of their dreary life that anything that breaks the monotony is their salvation. The story is a study of nature crushing people from without, and nature reacting fiercely from within, crying out from the starvation of their human interest. The little settlement is getting dehumanised—that is the secret of *Out of Boredom*. But, if English readers miss this point—as they, probably, will—they will misunderstand the whole tale.

Let us take *Malva*, another tale. *Malva* begins thus:

The sea was laughing. Under the light breaths of the sultry wind it quivered, and, covered with tiny eddies flashing back the sun with blinding glitter, smiled at the blue sky in thousands of silvery smiles. In the depths of space between the sea and the sky floated the gay and noisy splash of the waves running after one another on to the sandy shore of the shelving headland. Their voice and the sun's brilliance a thousand times repeated in the wavelets of the sea melted into a harmony of unceasing movement full of the joy of life. The sun was exulting in its light, the sea in reflecting its exultant light. Caressingly the wind stroked the mighty titanic breast of the sea, the sun warmed it with its burning rays, and the sea, drowsily sighing under the tender violence of their caresses, saturated the hot air with the salt aroma of its breath. Greenish waves racing along the yellow sand flung on it the white foam of their luxuriant manes; with a soft hiss it melted away upon the burning sand, leaving wet stains upon it.

On this headland is a fishing station, where a merchant has established a fleet of boats, a packing depot, and a barrack for the employés. The keeper, or look-out man, Vassilij, at the Point, some miles distant, is an old peasant who has deserted his farm and his wife and children for the sake of the freedom of a fisherman's life and the attraction of a particular girl, Malva. But on one of her weekly visits to Vassilij, at the Point, Malva unexpectedly brings with her his son Yakov, aged twenty-two, who has come to try the fisherman's life too. Father and son have not met for five years. Malva, who has charm and "a devil" in her, coquets with the son, and in the end father and son come to blows about her. Finally, Vassilij, worsted, recognises his sin, feels that God has rightly punished him through his son, and goes back, broken and contrite, to his old wife. Malva, however, will have nothing to do with Yakov, and departs, laughing, with the third man, Serijka. Here, again, it is easy to see how the Anglo-Saxon mind may miss Gorki's point of view, and condemn Malva as "brutal," never quite understanding that the artist who makes us feel nature's brutality is really appealing to the instinct within us which makes against brutality. In drawing the strength, the freedom, and passion of the mighty sea mingling with the little human drama, and in analysing the hardness of the old and the selfishness of youth, Gorki throws a secret pity and a secret protest into the heart of the reader. And the artist in being true to nature gives us a glimpse of wider horizons than in ranging himself on the side of "the moral law."

In nearly all his tales Gorki shows himself a psychologist of a high order. In *My Companion* Gorki relates how, while working in the docks at Odessa, he befriended a young Georgian, a *soi-disant* Prince Charko, in distress.

The two men undertake a four months' journey on foot to Tiflis, to regain the prince's home, Gorki working for his new friend *en route*, as the latter is too lazy to work for himself. With much humour Gorki relates how Charko despised him for his kindness, took advantage of him at every turn, grew to hate him for the benefits conferred, and finally, after Gorki has saved him from drowning in a river which the companions are crossing at night in a stolen boat, Charko makes ready to denounce him to the authorities for attempted murder. At last the two companions reached Tiflis, and there "Charko," the rich prince, gives Gorki the slip, and vanishes entirely so as to escape recompensing him! Nothing could be better done than this quiet analysis of very human ingratitude.

Gorki's strength lies in his close, keen observation of human nature, and in his understanding of how inevitably the human tragedy and comedy form part of the great scheme of Nature that man puts arbitrarily outside himself. Gorki is never exaggerated, rhetorical, sentimental, or cynical in his criticism of life. In his tales his deep sympathy with the varied life which he has observed, and of which he has formed part, excludes him from taking sides. In Gorki, the man who cheats and the man who is cheated, the man who suddenly becomes mad and the sane man who watches over him—all are given quietly their due. Thus, in another tale, Gorki narrates how he is wandering, starving, in the Ukraine with two starving vagabonds, one of whom looks upon himself as "a very superior man." In the night they settle down by another wanderer's fire, a man who has had luck, and who gives them bread. But when Gorki wakes in the morning it is to find the dead body of the lucky man: he has been murdered while he slept by "the highly superior man," who has decamped with the booty! There is no cynicism in the tale: it is simply grim fact. In this absolute acceptance of what is, in this immense power of endurance in the face of hard destiny, in his comprehension of the pettiness of man's life in the face of the great forces which have moulded man as he exists, Gorki's tales show that simple grandeur of soul which gives the Russian people a dignity all their own in confronting life, and which, indeed, is truly the Russian people's religion.

EDWARD GARNETT.

R. M. B.

THE second-rate books which one rejoices in at fifteen are never as good again. The second-rate books that one reads at five often grow better, as the recent revival of old children's literature proves; and most books that please one at twenty-five will retain their value. But fifteen is an age that, when it passes, passes for ever. To go back into time seeking to recapture its peculiarly synchronical literary raptures is to be disenchanted.

This belief has been fortified by reading once again some of the stories of Ballantyne the Brave, which twenty years ago were the finest things in indoor life. With years comes a power of detection, and we see now that he was not of the best. Marryat (whom we also read then), being in his way a first-rater, is to be read to the end. Dumas grows better and better; but the little men are found out. Stevenson came later, and we cannot, therefore, speak as to his impact on our boy mind; but we know that *Treasure Island* can be read when one is a grown man and the *Coral Island* cannot. The curious thing is that Stevenson deliberately planned *Treasure Island* as an attempt to reap in fields that Kingstons and Ballantynes had helped to sow. And he succeeded so much better than he need have done for the immediate purpose, that *Treasure Island* will endure as literature when the *Coral Island* is forgotten, because the one is art, the other artifice. But Ballantyne's story is a thousand times sweeter than Stevenson's fascinating

record of villainies, and much more, we believe, to the mind of its intended readers; so much so that we fancy that had the two books appeared contemporaneously the island that bore coral would by this time have exceeded by many thousands the supporters of that which bore treasure.

We must not be thought to be slighting Ballantyne by calling him a second-rater. As a matter of fact, he was a first-rater—up to fifteen. But afterwards, no. To come to him afterwards is perhaps unfair for that reason. His reviewers should all be fifteen or under; just as Mr. —'s reviewers should all be over eighty. But reviewing being notoriously an unfair trade, the contrary has happened—and is happening. Looking into these four Ballantyne books—for he is steadily going out of copyright just now, and publishers are competing to thrust him into boys' hands at sixpence a copy: in our day he was a six-shilling man, and not much discount either!—looking into these books one quickly lays bare the genial Ballantyne machinery. In the first place there must be boys for heroes. Fifteen is not asked to take an interest in grown men, except incidentally. His imagination is centred at once in a boy like unto himself, a year or two older, perhaps, of his own station more or less, and emerging into heroism from conditions not impossibly unlike his own. That is clever. In the *Coral Island*, for example, the narrator is fifteen, and his two friends are eighteen and fourteen. How this brings the thing home to fifteen's bosom!

Ballantyne, having considered again, came out of his inquiry with the conviction that there must be laughter. Hence, every book has its low comedian, whose jokes, while well within the bounds of good taste, are still jokes, at any rate to fifteen. Taking the *Coral Island* again as example, when the sailors are comparing yarns about the terrors of rounding Cape Horn, Peterkin remarks: "And I've been round it no times at all, an' that time I was blow'd inside out." What could be better, ripier, than that? But Ballantyne did not give his humour into a boy's hands as a rule: he knew that a comic Frenchman with broken English, or a jovial Irishman, was a better vehicle. The adventures are carefully distributed, too, with alluring details concerning powder and shot, and the end is never anything but happy and creditable. Prosperity attends upon daring enterprise. None but the brave deserve the fair. Lastly, we come to the accessories, always of the attractive kind to boys, such as the giant in *Ungava* with his enormous strength, and the trappers and Indians in *The Dog Crusoe*. Not a single approved ingredient is missing.

And the mixing? Therein, of course, is Ballantyne's greatest triumph; most of us can collect ingredients. Ballantyne's mixing is excellent, short of fine art. He has the geniality, the cordiality, the sense of omniscience, the gift of movement, that boys delight in. Not such movement as they nowadays get from Mr. Boothby, who seems always to work with a nigger on the safety valve; but a much saner and more pleasing pace. And what he has also, that so many of the present writers for boys have not, is an enthusiasm for conduct. He does not preach, but his readers know all the time that his sympathies are with right-doing and gentleness, and this knowledge may help them that way themselves. We are not in love with stories with an explicit moral tendency, but when we think of how little of excitement and entertainment Ballantyne's religion led him to sacrifice, and then think of the ensanguined yarns that so often are laid at the feet of the modern boy, we wish the Ballantyne temperament were more widely diffused.

PEARSON'S GOSSIPY GUIDES.

With New Maps and the latest information for all travellers, arranged Alphabetically, and with beautiful Illustrations from photographs specially taken for this Series. Foolscap 8vo, price One Shilling, and in a few cases Sixpence each.

This Series has been designed for the convenience of the traveller wishing an accurate and up-to-date Guide-Book, full of information of all kinds, brightly written, and published at a moderate price.



NOW READY.

GLASGOW, the CLYDE, and the EXHIBITION.

With over 100 Illustrations, 2 Maps, and 2 Plans. Price 1s.

BOURNEMOUTH and DISTRICT (including the New Forest). With 2 Maps and over 70 Illustrations. Price 1s.

SWANAGE and DISTRICT. By Clive Holland. With Map and 25 Illustrations. Price 6d.

READY IN A FEW DAYS. Price 1s. each.

NORTH CORNWALL.

ILFRACOMBE and DISTRICT.

GREAT YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFF, and CROMER.

THE ENGLISH LAKES. SOUTH DEVON. WEYMOUTH. THE THAMES.

READY NEXT WEEK.

HOW TO TAKE AND FAKE PHOTOGRAPHS.

By CLIVE HOLLAND,

Author of "Practical Hints on Photography," &c.

Abundantly Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s.

This handbook contains a large number of wrinkles of the utmost value to the amateur photographer.

Some of the chapters are: The Dark Room—Cameras and Plates—Exposure and Development—Mounts, Mounting and Framing—Hints, &c.

London: C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LIMITED, Henrietta Street, W.C.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. Llangollen: DARLINGTON & Co.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Illustrated.

THE VALE of LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLETH, and ABERDOVEY.

CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG.

BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHeli.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers'.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 89 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best note on "A Book That Has Interested Me," not to exceed 200 words. We award the prize to Miss Kathleen Knox, 9, Percy-place, Dublin, for the following:—

It is a hard thing to define an influence, all the more when the influence has been exercised by a book, not a person. If in glancing back over our mental history, we pause at what seems to be a landmark, how often we find it has been the personality of an author which has set the landmark where it is, not the actual words he has said. Manner influences a mind really much oftener than matter. But I knew Hamerton's *Intellectual Life*, and had guided my mental course by its sane and pregnant reflections long years before I knew anything of Hamerton as artist or individual. His was the voice calling to me across a sea of ignorance—his the hand clasping mine in a twilight of endeavour. He it was who first taught me that the life of the intellect is a life, not an attainment; a conviction, not an argument; a state of being, not a struggle for existence. How it was done I could never say. I only know that when the pulses of that "life" beat low, as they sometimes will, I have but to re-read the book, and I am restored.

Other replies are as follows:

The book that has influenced me most is White's *Selborne*, and it has inspired me with a deep love of Nature—her birds, flowers, and all her mystic lore. As a boy I devoured its pages, and now as a man I love them more than ever. I not only think of White by day, but he mingles into my visions at night. Surely a unique personality, this little, brisk, slender man in drab (for so I picture him!), concerning himself only with his garden, his tortoise, his cat, and the birds and flowers in his vicinity, whilst portentous political events such as American Independence shook the whole world! I fancy him laying down a newspaper containing, say, this news of Independence to run out and identify a strange bird just reported to him, or to see some new caterpillar he had been told about in his kitchen garden.

Political cataclysms, revolutions, wars—Gallo-like White cared for none of these things, but Nature was all in all to him. I see him in his wainscoted parlour in winter and among his currants in summer. I always wonder what business took him to London in the terrible winter of 1776.

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

I had been reading Morris's *Dream of John Ball* and Blatchford's *Mervie England*, and both books had made me restless and dissatisfied. With Morris I could recognise the beauty of mediæval social life; with Blatchford I could see the possibilities of a regenerated progressive England. But there was something lacking in each case; a something without which all the rest seemed vanity. It was just at the time when my mind was in this state of unrest that a friend casually recommended me to read Newman for the sake of his prose. I accordingly obtained a copy of the *Apologia* and started. Before I had read twenty pages I knew that I had found that which I sought. Here, in this wonderful human document, the glorious idea of Holy Church, all-embracing, all-powerful, was set forth with a power that fascinated and awed me. With Newman's eyes I could watch the wondrous progress down the ages of the Divine fellowship, and from his point of view I was bound to see that all else must pass and be of no account, but that this Church must remain unchanged till time shall be no more.

[F. W. S., London.]

Nearly thirty years ago I first read the *Descent of Man*, but did not realise at the time how profoundly it had influenced me.

Some of its conclusions revolted me, while I accepted others with extreme reluctance: but still I felt that it somehow presented Divine Truth in a most unusual way.

Bred in one of the strictest sects, I realised unwillingly that I had been probably misguided.

My personal vanity, too, was severely wounded, although I tried to assure myself that I had followed the truth instead of my own perverse way.

I felt humiliated, and rudely aroused from a pleasing dream. But I was attracted by the transparent honesty of the writer, which was rather unexpected, as I had been accustomed to dismiss the subject with the arrogant contempt of ignorant youth.

The experience was a painful one, and involved much more than I should have cared to face, had I foreseen what it would cost me.

But, although the training was a harsh one, I must be grateful to the man whose epoch-making work has helped me in spite of my cherished prejudices, to regard Truth from a loftier—if not also a lovelier—standpoint.

[K. G. N., Edinburgh.]

When I read of the experiences of poor Esther Waters at the lying-in hospital, the frivolity and callousness of the nurses and students, my high opinion of these institutions began to descend. It waned still more when I subsequently perused *An Angel of Pity* (Florence Marryat), to reach zero when finally, some years after its publication, I scanned the pages of *St. Bernard's*, by Æsculapius Scalpel. This book, with its key, *Dying Scientifically*, appears to me of the most convincing kind. It is written without apparent heat or undue *parti pris*, and seems simply intended to bring about a better state of things in hospital life without doing any injury to the medical or nursing professions. Thus the lines on which reform should be attempted are clearly and broadly traced. Every abuse in the present system is more or less arraigned, but in particular the vivisection that takes place in the school attached, the unnecessary and worse than useless operations to which patients are too frequently forced (in nowise for their own good) to submit, the lavish use of stimulants in hospitals, the incompetent and undesirable persons who too often represent the hospital in out-cases, and so on.

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

A confirmed bibliophile, into whose mental being untold and unremembered books have become assimilated, I find little difficulty in determining the one book which has been most potent in its influence upon me. *The Autobiography of John Stuart Mill* fell accidentally into my hands before I had passed my teens. Fifteen years have gone by since I read it, and while I could not recall a single passage in this remarkable life-story, its effect is ineradicable. It was here that I learned for the first time that there were two sides to every question. I saw a young man heroically struggling to get at the truth, and I saw him standing upon the brink of the well, into whose dizzy depth he peered in fear and trembling. I noted with breathless sympathy the agonising crises through which he passed, and the mental results thus induced could not fail to react upon myself. With sorrow I learned that much which I had mistaken for pure gold was merely meretricious glitter. It was the first blow at the faith that was in me. Mill's difficulties have since become, unhappily, my own. Yet there are moments when I fervently envy that "simple faith" which is "more than Norman blood."

[H. W. D., South Tottenham.]

Of the books that have influenced me, I gratefully give the first place to *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*. Falling into my hands in the period of life when the fight between tradition and reason, both in morals and religion, was at its fiercest, it brought a sense of comradeship as novel as it was sweet and stimulating; a powerful and dominant thinker was at one's back in the contest. In every line the book struck me as so absolutely real, and the closeness to life seems the more remarkable when one considers how subtle is much of the thought.

If literature at its highest be the revelation of personality, this autobiography is assuredly one of the great writings of the period. Moulding the style, which combines beauty and depth with simplicity and directness, carving the rough block of experience into the perfect figure of expression, a strong, strenuous individuality asserts itself from cover to cover. Take up almost any novel after its perusal, and how pale and bloodless the characters seem! Or tackle an ordinary religious work, and the gulf between vitality and convention must at once arrest you.

[H. J., Hadley Wood.]

Twenty-six other replies received.

Competition No. 90 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best poem on Alfred the Great, not exceeding sixteen lines.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, June 12. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volumes of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEBORAH OF TOD'S."

At all Booksellers' and Libraries.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

CATHERINE OF CALAIS.

By Mrs. DE LA PASTURE,

AUTHOR OF "DEBORAH OF TOD'S," "ADAM GRIGSON," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

In cloth binding, 2s. 6d.

A BIRTHDAY BOOK.

From the Writings of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

Selected and Arranged by ZOE PROCTER.

"As a rule, a birthday book is a rather inept production with quotations neither valuable in themselves nor *à propos* of anything in particular. The epigrams which Miss Zoë Procter has gathered from the works of 'John Oliver Hobbes' have, for the most part, the merit of being witty and displaying a keen and satirical outlook upon life; while a considerable portion of the amusement, somewhat malicious it may be at times, which the little volume will afford, will be due to appreciation of the aptness of some of the more biting sarcasms to the victim whose name will appear on the opposite page."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 13, 1901.

"Birthday Books composed from the published works of popular authors have been the fashion for some time. It is not every writer whose books lend themselves to successful treatment on such lines. . . . The Birthday Book which takes its name and wisdom from the author of 'The Gods, some Mortals and Lord Wickenham,' 'The Ambassador,' 'Robert Orange,' and other volumes, is rather better than most books of the kind. Of course, a great deal depends on the arrangement and selection, and in this case the work has been creditably performed."

Morning Post, February 22, 1901.

"Mrs. Craigie is exactly one of the authors who show to advantage in a selection of *bonnes bouches* from her writings because she is so very witty and epigrammatic. . . . Readers will be very grateful for having them collected together, for they form such a storehouse of wit, wisdom, and pathos. . . . 'John Oliver Hobbes' is a writer of exceptional brilliance. . . . She is also wonderfully observant of the common rounds and trivial tasks which are being performed by ordinary mortals all round her, and translates them into literature with much humour and humanity."

DOUGLAS SLADEN, in the *Queen*, March 16, 1901.

JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W.

Selections from Alexander & Shepherd's Publications.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s. each, post free.

THE UNCHANGING CHRIST, and other Sermons."Distinguished by the finest scholarship and most exquisite literary finish."—*Christian Leader*.**THE GOD of the AMEN, and other Sermons.**"The several sermons contained in this volume are replete with a keen spiritual insight, combined with an aptness of illustration and beauty of diction which cannot fail to both impress and charm the reader."—*Methodist Times*.**THE HOLY of HOLIES. A Series of Sermons on the 14th, 15th, and 16th Chapters of the Gospel by John.**"No British preacher has unfolded this portion of Scripture in a more scholarly style."—*North British Daily Mail*.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, LTD., 21 and 22, Farnival Street, Holborn, W.C.

PAUL'S PRAYERS, and other Sermons."They are plain enough to be understood by the unlearned, and yet have sufficient richness and cogency to attract the most cultivated."—*New York Observer*.**CHRIST'S "MUSTS," and other Sermons.**"Felicitous exposition, rugged, intense eloquence, and beautiful illustration."—*Word and Work*.**THE WEARIED CHRIST, and other Sermons.**"They show the same wonderful fertility of apt and beautiful illustrations, the same exquisite use of language, the same direct heart-searching power which we are accustomed to find in all Dr. Maclaren's works."—*Christian World Pulpit*.**PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY,"**

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Now ready, New Revised Edition, cloth, 6vo, 445 pp., 6s.

THE HISTORY of HEROD; or, Another Look at a Man emerging from Twenty Centuries of Calumny. By JOHN VICKERS.

CONTENTS: Chap. I. The Jewish Priest-Rule.—II. Herod's Advancement.—III. His Civilising Rule.—IV. His Reformed Religion.—V. His Alleged Cruelties.—VI. His Family Troubles.—VII. The Antipater Plot.

"Although the writer adds no new matter to the story told by Josephus, and although he takes the part of an advocate rather than that of a judge, yet his reading of the text is so fair and the consequent inferences are so reasonable, that he may be justly held to have earned for his client the favourable verdict of posterity."—*Westminster Review*.

"Other historians take Josephus as their authority and guide in judging of the moral character of Herod and of the various tragic events and actions of his life, and too often apparently without a thought of questioning the truthfulness of the record or the justness of the inferences and conclusions. Hence the value of a writer like Vickers who does challenge both the accuracy of Josephus, and the justness of his inferences, and in some cases with considerable acumen and insight."—*Inquirer*.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, London and Oxford.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War..... The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece.

198 pp.

Price 3s. 6d.

London:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum. COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

Now OFFERED AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.) Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

80-84, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, LONDON.
And at Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

DAVID NUTT,

57-59, LONG ACRE.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE OLDEST CIVILISATION of

GREECE. Studies on the Mycenaean Age. By H. R. HALL, Assistant in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum. Demy 8vo. xxiv+347 pages. With upwards of 80 illustrations, Full-Page and in the Text, and Chart of the Mycenaean Age. Cloth, top gilt, 15s. net; 15s. 6d. post free.

CONTENTS: The New Chapter of Greek History—Archaeologist and Historian—The Hypothesis—The Question of Date—The Question of Race—Mycenaean and the East—Mycenaean and Egypt—Mycenaean's Place in History, &c.

. In this important work an attempt is made to state and solve the Mycenaean problem in its entirety by the aid of history as well as archaeology. Mr. Hall has been able to utilise the very latest results of discovery. The carefully selected illustrations are in many cases incited.

THE OLDEST CIVILISATION of GREECE is published in the United States of America by the J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, of Philadelphia, to whom all American orders should be addressed.

KING and HERMIT. A Colloquy

between King Guaire of Aigne and his Brother Marban. An Irish Poem of the Tenth Century. Edited and Translated by KUNO MEYER. Demy 8vo, sewed, 2s. 6d. net.

. In this remarkable poem Marban the hermit, vaunting the charm of his woodland home, strikes a note of keen and joyous delight in nature to which it would be impossible to find a parallel in any European literature of the same date.

SCOTTISH HISTORY FROM CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.—No. IV.

The CHEVALIER de ST. GEORGE

and the JACOBITE MOVEMENTS in his FAVOUR, 1701-1720. Edited by CHARLES SANFORD TERRY, M.A., University Lecturer in History in the University of Aberdeen: Author of "The Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie," &c. xxiv+510 pages. 15 Maps and Illustrations. Fancy cloth, uncut, top gilt, 6s.; or fancy cloth, edges cut, 6s.

THE GRIMM LIBRARY.—Vol. XII.

THE LEGEND of SIR LANCELOT

DU LAC. Studies upon its Origin, Development, and Position in the Arthurian Romantic Cycle. By JESSIE L. WESTON. Pp. 252+xii, 7s. 6d. net.

. It may safely be said that Miss Weston's "Studies on the Lancelot Legend" form the most important contribution to the criticism of the Arthurian romance cycle made for many years past. In especial a satisfactory account of the origin and development of the Galahad Grail Quest is given for the first time; a new and striking theory is stated concerning the various lovers assigned by tradition to Guinevere; and a brilliant suggestion is made as to the original relation between Arthur and Gawain.

TO BE PUBLISHED JUNE 28.

Vol. XIII. THE WIFE of BATH'S

TALE: its Sources and Analogues. By G. H. MAYNARD, Instructor in English at Harvard University. Upwards of 224 pp.

. Until publication the price of this volume will be 5s. net (5s. 4d. post free). As soon as it is published the price will be raised to 6s. net (6s. 4d. post free).

POPULAR STUDIES IN MYTHOLOGY, ROMANCE AND FOLK-LORE.

No. 10. THE ROMANCE CYCLE

of CHARLEMAGNE and HIS PEERS. By JESSIE L. WESTON.

No. 11. THE MABINOIGION. By IVOR B. JOHN. [In the press.]

No. 12. THE EDDAS: the Heroic Mythology of the North. By WINIFRED FARADAY. [In preparation.]

. Prospectus of Series on application.

THE ANCIENT EAST.

No. 2. THE TEL EL AMARNA

PERIOD. By Dr. C. NIEBUHR. Sewed 1s. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

. Prospectus of Series on application.

J. W. ARROWSMITH'S LIST.

THE GOOD RED EARTH. By

EDEN PHILLIPOTS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. "No living writer has a more charming gift of humour than Mr. Eden Phillipots."—*Morning Post*. "The book is beautiful."—*Academy*. "A very delightful story."—*Daily News*. "Admirable study of the Devonshire folk."—*The Field*. "Whoso cares for beautiful English, where every word seems chosen and yet right, without effort, will be struck with the opening chapter of the story."—*Daily Chronicle*. "Sights, scenes, and sounds of sweet Devonshire pervade this pleasant volume."—*Athenaeum*.

A DIARY of the UNIONIST PAR-

LIAMENT, 1895-1900. By H. W. LUCY ("Tony, M.P."). Illustrated by E. T. REED. Demy 8vo, 418 pp., 6s. "The magic pen of Mr. Lucy transforms parliamentary procedure into perpetual light comedy."—*Liverpool Mercury*. "Mr. Lucy and Mr. Reed may fairly claim that they are qualified for the historian's need accorded to those who have combined the useful with the entertaining. The Diary may always be relied upon to while away pleasant quarters of an hour, and it will also be of real service to the historian of the future."—*Daily Telegraph*. "Mr. Lucy's latest Diary will, of course, be preserved together with its predecessors by many who still take keen interest in the proceedings of 'The Mother of Parliaments.'"—*Country Gentleman*.

OBSERVATIONS of HENRY. By

JEROME K. JEROME. Fcap. 8vo, 128 pp., 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. "Just the thing, both as to size and quality, to slip into your overcoat pocket when starting on a railway journey."—*Bradford Observer*.

CRICKET STORIES—WISE and

OTHERWISE. Gathered by C. W. ALCOCK (Secretary of the Surrey C.C.C.). Fcap. 8vo, paper covers, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE EARLY STARS. A Novel. By

ALBERT KINROSS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

IMPERTINENT DIALOGUES. By

COSMO HAMILTON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE VIRGIN and the SCALES.

By AGNES DAWSON. Fcap. 8vo, paper covers, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. [Shortly.]

SPORTING SORROWS. By Fox

RUSSELL. Fcap. 8vo, paper covers, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. [Shortly.]

Bristol: J. W. ARROWSMITH.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

FIRST LARGE EDITION EXHAUSTED.

Second Edition, now at press, will be ready in a few days.

"HENRY DRUMMOND"

A Biographical Sketch.

(With Bibliography.)

BY

CUTHBERT LENNOX.

"It is well arranged, written with sympathy and insight, and gives an excellent account of its subject all round."

Glasgow Herald.

"An excellent sketch."—*The Outlook.*

ANDREW MELROSE, Pilgrim Street, London.

THE LOVE-LETTERS of JOHN KEATS

are contained in the Fifth and Last Volume of his COMPLETE WORKS, Edited by H. BUXTON FORMAN, just published. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net.

"An ideal edition."—*Saturday Review.*

GOWANS & GRAY, Glasgow.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON, London.

NOW READY.

MR. A. E. W. MASON'S

NEW BOOK,

ENSIGN KNIGHTLEY

By A. E. W. MASON. 6s.

MARR'D IN MAKING.

By BARONESS VON HUTTEN. 6s.

SELECTED POEMS of the MARQUESS of MONTROSE and ANDREW MARVELL.

POCKET EDITION. 2s. 6d. net.

"ZACK'S"

GREAT NOVEL,

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

"Amazingly good."—*Literature.*

"Amazingly good."—*Literature.*

"Amazingly good."—*Literature.*

RODERICK CAMPBELL.

RODERICK CAMPBELL.

By JEAN McILWRAITH.

By JEAN McILWRAITH. 6s.

"Lovers of adventurous historical romance get an excellent run for their money."—*Spectator.*

KARADAC.

KARADAC.

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD.

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD. 6s.

"Able written and well constructed.....Karadac is a fine hero."—*The Bookman*. "Well knit and cleverly handled throughout there is an exaltation of conception and manner that gives the book a refreshing distinction."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY.

By "ALIEN."

"Bright and natural, often amusing and humorous, always true."—*Country Life*.

"A story of great interest."—*Publishers' Circular.*

TWO SIDES of a QUESTION.

By MAY SINCLAIR. 6s.

THE SIN of JASPER STANDISH.

By "RITA." 6s.

THAT SWEET ENEMY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 2nd Edit. 6s.

THE SHIP'S ADVENTURE.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 6s.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

Buckram, 6s. net.

A READING of LIFE, and other POEMS.

THE EIGHTH DUKE of

BEAUFORT and

the BADMINTON HUNT.

By T. F. DALE. Illustrated. 21s.

"As interesting to the student of historical heredity as to the sportsman."—*Daily News*.

"Of course every hunting man must possess himself of this volume."—*Sporting Life*.

"This excellent book."—*The County Gentleman*.

WOMEN and MEN of the FRENCH RENAISSANCE.

By EDITH SICHEL.

Author of "The Household of the Lafayettees."

Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 16s. net.

"An excellent reading."—*The Outlook*.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., LTD.

Digitized by Westminister.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1519. Established 1869.

15 June, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

ALL of the speeches at the dinner, to Sir John Tennie were good. Mr. Balfour, who was in the chair, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Choate, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Briton Riviere veered between enthusiasm for the career of Sir John Tenniel and badinage against each other. Mr. Balfour's opening speech was so generous, the attitude of the audience was so sympathetic, that the guest of the evening, who is over eighty, after uttering the opening words of his reply, was unable to proceed for quite two minutes. It was affecting and impressive, and, as Mr. Birrell said, "made one in love with silence." Mr. Birrell replied for literature in a rapid, witty speech:

Literature, he said, suggested to the artist the subjects for his pencil. It enabled the orator to arrest the attention, so apt to wander, of his audience. It even made the lover articulate, the traveller intelligent, and it taught the sorrowful to be quiescent under the harsh finger of fate; whilst in the House of Commons, a body to which he once belonged, it was notorious that twelve well-selected quotations—four from Shakespeare, two from Milton, two from Dryden, two from Pope, and one each from Prior and Caunting—were enough to establish in that highly critical assembly a reputation for wit, for such vast erudition, for reading so vast and varied as to make it seem almost impossible, in the opinion of their fellow-members, that a mind so well stored, so richly equipped, should have room in it for anything else. These were the advantages which literature bestowed on mankind. Get rid of it they could not, and, therefore, it was there that night. His only claim to respond for it was as a humble reader—as a man who had greatly enjoyed it.

A NEW publication will be issued from the *Punch* office at the end of June, under the editorship of Mr. E. T. Reed. The title will be *Mr. Punch's Holiday Book*, and the contents will consist of original contributions by well-known writers, and original illustrations by well-known artists. Mr. Reed will contribute several literary articles, and a further instalment of his "Pre-historic Peeps" pictures.

THE International Congress of Publishers which is being held at Leipzig is the fourth gathering of the kind. Four hundred publishers of different nations accepted the invitation of the committee to be present. The president of the Congress is Herr Albert Brockhaus, of the Leipzig firm. England is worthily represented by Mr. John Murray, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Mr. Fisher Unwin, and others.

THE current issue of the *Lady's Magazine* prints the following notice in double-line border, under the head-piece designed for Mr. Hall Caine's story:

The proprietors of this magazine announce with regret that they have felt compelled to discontinue the publication of *The Eternal City*. Differences have arisen between them and the author as to the suitability of the story for the *Lady's Magazine*, and the proprietors have, in consequence, commenced proceedings against Mr. Hall Caine.

It would be obviously improper to comment further upon matters which are the subject of pending litigation, but the proprietors feel assured that the reasons for their action will commend themselves to their readers when the facts are in due course disclosed in a court of law.

THE late Mr. F. W. Myers's *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death* will be published in the autumn. The proofs of the greater part of it had been revised by the author, and it will be brought out under the editorship of Dr. Richard Hodgson and Miss Alice Johnson. This work aims at presenting in continuous form the bulk of the evidence, experimental and otherwise, which points to human faculty operating below the threshold of ordinary consciousness during the life of earth, and to human faculty continuing to operate after the body's decay. Among the subjects treated are Alternating Personalities, Hysteria, Genius, Sleep, Dreams, Hypnotism, Apparitions, Crystal-Gazing, Automatic Writing, Trance, Possession, Ecstasy, Life after Death. The author's object was to bring within the purview of Experimental Psychology many topics as yet unfamiliar to science, but nevertheless ripe, as he believed, for scientific experiment and discussion.

In sending us the following lines, "J. B. M." remarks: "I am Joubertian enough to look upon metaphysics as the crude protoplasm which is 'charged with the promise and potency' of the life of all authentic poetry":

SPLENDIDE MENDAX: THE DREAM OF A LATTER-DAY MYSTIC.

Last night, a stranger straying from the throng
Of them that pace the paths of populous air,
Solicited my soul with sudden song,
And specious promise that my sleep should share
His own large vision of the obscure Divine,
That floods the abysmal, undetermined void,
Where Truth is shown not by a shadowy sign,
But suffers her nude self to be enjoyed.
Far from the fields of spherul light and sound,
He drave or drew me to the extremest dark,
And there my groping fingers only found
The Titan corpse of Space, extended stark.
Then some one called false Dionys by name—
My guide fled forth, as ghost-like as he came.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, like other Englishmen who lecture in America, has had much enjoyment of his late visit, and also some criticism. Trust Americans to cast up the merits of an English speechifier, be he Anglican, Positivist, or unlabelled. An American private letter thus describes him: "We had a visit from Frederic Harrison lately. As a lecturer he's about equal to Matthew Arnold. We haven't any so bad in this country. Why is it that English men of letters, who write so well, are such hopeless sticks on a platform? I remember hearing Thomas Hughes once—as awkward and bashful as a schoolboy. Give a Yankee one-tenth of their culture and he will make forty times the impression on an audience. What Harrison had to say (about Cromwell) was fine, but any average undergraduate would have said it better."

By the deaths of Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Robert Buchanan literature has suffered two very dissimilar losses. In Sir Walter Besant goes a most able writer, in whom the practical virtues of a literary man were conspicuously embodied. As the champion of the rights of authors, Sir Walter Besant stood alone and colossal. Perhaps he fought too hard in this cause. But his private encouragements to young writers call for no sort of reservation; they were many and generous, and hidden. As a novelist Sir Walter Besant's triumphs belonged to the 'seventies and 'eighties. Until 1882 he wrote in collaboration with Mr. James Rice, who, it was recognised, contributed the lighter and more amusing element in their joint work. Rice died in 1882, and in the same year Mr. Besant issued his *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. In its Preface he wrote:

The ten years' partnership of myself and my late friend Mr. James Rice has been terminated by death. I am persuaded that nothing short of death would have put an end to a partnership which was conducted throughout with perfect accord, and without the least difference of opinion. The long illness which terminated fatally on April 25 of this year began in January of last year. . . . Almost the last act of his in our partnership was the arrangement, with certain country papers and elsewhere, for the serial publication of this novel, the subject and writing of which were necessarily left entirely to myself. The many wanderings, therefore, which I undertook last summer in Stepney, Whitechapel, Poplar, St. George's-in-the-East, Limehouse, Bow, Stratford, Shadwell, and all that great and marvellous unknown country which we call East London, were undertaken, for the first time for ten years, alone.

Here we see Sir Walter Besant's topographical vein enlarging to an artery, and promising to become, as it did, the very life-blood of his literary work.

It is undoubtedly by *The Golden Butterfly* that the famous partnership of "Besant and Rice" is, and will be, remembered. The story of Gilead P. Beck's brief reign in London society, and in contact with London culture, is most amusing. Our readers may be glad to be reminded of the literary banquet given by the uncultured millionaire, who had "struck ile," at the Langham Hotel. On the richly-decorated menu card, which bore the talismanic butterfly in colours and gold, appeared the following:

LANGHAM HOTEL,

MAY 20, 1875.

Dinner in Honour of Literature, Science, and Art,

GIVEN BY

GILEAD P. BECK,

AN OBSCURE AMERICAN CITIZEN RAISED AT LEXINGTON,
WHO STRUCK ILE IN A MOST SURPRISING MANNER

BY THE HELP OF

THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY,

BUT WHO DESPISES SHODDY AND RESPECTS GENIUS.

Representatives of Literature, Art, and Science.

THOMAS CARLYLE,	CHARLES DARWIN,
ALFRED TENNYSON,	PROFESSOR HUXLEY,
JOHN RUSKIN,	FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A.
ALGERNON SWINBURNE,	CORNELIUS JAGENAL, AND
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,	HUMPHREY JAGENAL,
WITH CAPTAIN LADDS, THE HON. RONALD DUNQUERQUE,	
AND GILEAD P. BECK.	

THE conversation at the banquet was not brisk, though the dinner disarmed criticism. When Carlyle opened his mouth to speak Humphrey Jagenal raised his hand and solemnly said "Hush!" The Teacher's remarks had reference solely to mulligatawny soup. Sala, Huxley, and

others conversed together in low tones. Only Ruskin spoke of higher things, provoked thereto partly by Gilead P. Beck's bland statement that he had read all his works in a week. The whole scene is delightful, and it culminates in Gilead P. Beck's speech to his guests. This we are fain to quote, for of its kind the passage is excellent:

He spoke slowly and with a certain sadness. "I am not," he said, "going to orate. You did not come here, I guess, to hear me pay out chin music. Not at all. You came to do honour to an American. Gentlemen, I am an obscure American; I am half educated; I am a man lifted out of the ranks. In our country—and I think in yours as well, though some of you have got handles to your names—that is not a thing to apologise for. No, gentlemen. I only mention it because it does me the greater honour to have received you. But I can read and I can think. I see here to-night some of the most honoured names in England, and I can tell you all what I was goin' to say before dinner, only the misbegotten cuss of a waiter took the words out of my mouth: that I feel this kindness greatly, and I shall never forget it. I did think, gentlemen, that you would have been too many for me in the matter of tall talk, but, exceptin' Mr. Ruskin, to whom I am grateful for his beautiful language, though it didn't all get in, not one of you has made me feel my own uneducated ignorance. That is kind of you, and I thank you for it. It was true feeling, Mr. Carlyle, which prompted you, sir, to give the conversation such a turn that I might join in without bein' ashamed or makin' myself feel or'nary. Gentlemen, what a man like me has to guard against is shoddy. If I talk Literature, it's shoddy. If I talk Art, it's shoddy. Because I know neither Literature nor Art. If I pretend to be what I am not, it's shoddy. Therefore, gentlemen, I thank you for leavin' the tall talk at home, and tellin' me about your races and your amusements. And I'll not ask you, either, to make any speeches; but if you'll allow me, I will drink your healths. Mr. Carlyle, sir, the English-speaking race is proud of you. Mr. Tennyson, our gells, I'm told, love your poems more than any others in this wide world. What an American gell loves is generally worth lovin', because she's no fool. Mr. Ruskin, if you'd come across the water you might learn a wrinkle yet in the matter of plain speech. Mr. Sala, we know you already over thar, and I shall be glad to tell the Reverend Colonel Quagg of your welfare when I see him. Mr. Swinburne, you air young, but you air getting on. Professor Huxley and Mr. Darwin, I shall read your sermons and your novels, and I shall be proud to have seen you at my table. Mr. Cornelius and Mr. Humphrey Jagenal, I would drink your healths too, if you were not sound asleep."

The guests who had come more than half intending to mock, remained to shake the millionaire's hand and endorse Mr. Swinburne's opinion that he was a "rattling good fellow." If in a literary sense *The Golden Butterfly* is the most memorable novel associated with Sir Walter Besant and James Rice, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, written by Sir Walter Besant alone, has left the deepest stamp on London. In the People's Palace we see the translation into fact of the "Palace of Delight" built in Stepney by Angela Marsden Messenger, the brewer's daughter.

Of late years Mr. Buchanan had been best known as a playwright and a novelist. As a novelist he never took high rank. His publishers may tell us that such-and-such of his recent stories have had such-and-such a circulation, and we are quite prepared to believe them; but the assertion, if made, would not be much to the point. When a man of letters disappears from among us, one seeks to ascertain what have been ephemeral and what may probably be lasting. Mr. Buchanan's *God and the Man* may be dipped into for the sake of the quatrain-preface, in which he apologised to the shade of Gabriel Rossetti; but, apart from that as story, who is likely, fifty or even twenty years hence, to turn to any of Buchanan's prose romances, from *The Shadow of the Sword*

to *Andromeda*? In days when anybody and everybody can write a novel, Mr. Buchanan wrote novels—some two dozen altogether; but he wrote such things no better than did half-a-hundred of his contemporaries, and assuredly it is not as a prose story-writer that he has any chance of being permanently remembered. We may take for granted that he wrote novels as pot-boilers, and without any self-deception as to his capacity for the work. He produced them pretty steadily from 1881 onwards, at the rate occasionally of three a year. He brought out three in 1882, two in 1884, three in 1885, three in 1893, two in 1894, three in 1898, and so forth; but from 1881 his chief business was that of the connecting of plays.

AND he was not at all a bad playwright as playwrights go. He had a considerable command of the technique of the theatre, of which he had always been more or less a devotee. There is record of a drama of his, written in collaboration with his friend MacGibbon (softened down to Gibbon), which was performed at the Standard Theatre, London, when Buchanan was not yet "of age." A play written wholly by himself "faced the footlights" three or four years later. Unquestionably he knew how to put together a stage-piece, and out of some of his adaptations from Fielding and the French a good deal of money must have been made by somebody. He was also very successful when working with the late Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. G. R. Sims (with whom, for a time, he ruled the Adelphi audiences), and Miss Harriett Jay, who has so often hidden herself under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Charles Marlowe." But what that was lasting or first-rate did Mr. Buchanan do for the theatre? There was, no doubt, some literary merit in his blank-verse play, "The Bride of Love, but it is no longer in the theatrical repertory, having disappeared in company with such pieces as "That Doctor Cupid," "Marmion," "The Gifted Lady," "Dick Sheridan," and the like. On the whole, we dare say, Buchanan reaped more pecuniary reward from the seed he sowed in the playhouse than from any other literary crop. He was wise in his generation. He recognised in good time that if money was to be made anywhere nowadays, it was in the theatre. That his heart was either in his play-writing or in his novel-writing it is difficult to believe. He began his literary life as a poet, and it is as a poet that he will be remembered, if at all.

As a poet, the younger generation know Buchanan only as the author of such books as *The New Rome*, *The Devil's Case*, *The Outcast*, *The City of Dream*, *The Earthquake*, and so on; but it is not by these querulous and spasmodic productions that his position as a verse-writer is to be fixed. His career as a poet came to an end, virtually, in 1874—the year previous to that in which he made his first appearance as a fictionist. It was as a poet that Buchanan started (in 1863, when only in his twenty-second year), and it was as a poet, we may be sure, that he desired to excel and make himself "for ever known." It was as a poet that he was accepted and praised by the press for a whole decade. His *Under-tones*, his *Idylls and Legends of Inverburn*, his *London Poems*, his *Ballad Stories of the Affections*, all made for him many friends and admirers. This vogue culminated in *North Coast, and Other Poems*, the volume in which, as a verse-writer, he is seen at his best. There was very considerable pathos in "Meg Blane," and a good deal of genuinely satiric humour in the English and Scotch eclogues. The lyrico-dramatic dialogue between the dying Meg and her half-witted adult son still appeals to the heart:

"O bairn, when I am dead,
How shall ye keep frae harm?
What hand will gie ye bread?
What fire will keep ye warm?
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me?"—
"O mither, dinna dee!" . . .

"O bairn, it is but closing up the een,
And lying down never to rise again;
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen—
There is nae pain!
I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken why
My summer has gone by,
And sweet were sleep, but for the sake o' thee"—
"O mither, dinna dee!"

Excellent, again, were some of the "Sonnets written by Loch Cornisk, Isle of Skye," with their touch of mysticism and their modern note. Even more mysticism was there in *The Book of Orm*, and merit of a kind was to be noted in *St. Abe* and *White Rose and Red*, both of them issued anonymously. There is vivacity and sprightliness in "The Wedding of Shon Maclean," and to other fugitive pieces by Buchanan attention might very profitably be drawn. Assuredly it is upon his verse that Buchanan's title to remembrance rests.

THE unique copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* which recently fetched £1,475 at Sotheby's has crossed the Atlantic, and is now in the possession of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. This copy is superior to all others in size, and in having a unique impression of the engraved portrait of Bunyan dreaming, by R. White. This portrait has the view of the city in the background labelled "Vanity," which is an error for "Destruction." The mistake seems to have been detected at once, and the plate was withdrawn from the remainder of the first issue. In the third edition it appears with the correct wording. The volume consists of 232 pages of text, with a leaf of "Conclusion"; measures 5½ by 3½ inches (being the largest known), and was published at 1s. 6d. At one time this copy was in the possession of Jane Fleetwood, and was later in the library of the late T. A. Nash. In 1854 Macaulay said, rather rashly, that "not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained." He was repeating Southey, who made a similar remark in 1839. Five copies are now known, but only two are perfect.

"A PROFUSION of cleverness." "Challenges comparison with authors whose names have become immortal." "A novel which will hold men and thrill women." "The book that takes all one's adjectives to talk about." Such, according to American critics, is Mr. Harold McGrath's *The Puppet Crown*. These are fair specimens of the praises which are being lavished on new historical novels in America. The dollars follow. Meanwhile apologists, more or less learned, are defending the boom. To Mr. Howell's protests from the "Easy Chair," Mr. William Henry Webb replies from the "Office Stool" of the *New York Times*. He apparently considers it enough that the new historical novel is wholesome. He ranges the new historical novelist with the sanitary inspector:

These great sellers of the day are all books within the range of the common understanding, and sweet and clean. They do not have to be explained to those who don't know Greek, nor apologised for to those who know nothing else. . . . And it strengthens my faith in the mental cleanliness that is finding physical expression in bathing facilities and dairy restaurants, with plain cooking and electrical contrivances for shooting off flies. The great public do not like the high flavours that your epicures affect. If it's woodcock they want, they don't want it hung on a nail for a week. It's not necessary that a thing smells bad to stimulate their simple palates. That is a curious fact, by the way, about your finer sort of critics and your "subtle" folk generally. They remind me in that respect of pointer dogs. You may have noticed that the finer the nose of these creatures the better the breed, the more dukesly the kennel they come from, the more they delight in sniffing at unsavoury substances.

THE net book controversy is becoming acute in America. The *Publishers' Circular* says: "The first contest has

started between the American Publishers' Association and the department stores, which will determine whether the 'net book' arrangement is a practicable one. R. H. Macy & Co., of New York, and Abraham & Straus, of Brooklyn, both of whom have large book departments in their stores, have refused to maintain the net price on books published by members of the American Publishers' Association. 'The Association,' said a prominent member, 'expected that such a stand would be taken by one of the big stores. So we have a test case, and if we do not win out and prove that we can cut off all supplies from any dealer behaving in this way, why, of course, our whole plan is a failure. These stores may be able to get books for a while, and even a few books for a long time, but that they can get enough to keep up a large book department is, I think, impossible. This same arrangement in regard to prices has been tried in Germany for some years, and with great success. One or two houses broke away, and a few kept up the fight for some time; but, in the main, they were brought back into line after a short time. All reports from the West show that the plan is working well there.'

Bibliographical.

SOMEWHERE or other, the other day, I saw Sir Walter Besant's *French Humourists* (1873) mentioned as his first published work. It was, however, preceded by his *Studies in Early French Poetry* (1868). His novels, of course, are well known. I wonder if the public has an equally good memory for his memoirs of Coligny (1879), Rabelais (1879), E. H. Palmer (1883), Richard Jeffries (1888), and Captain Cook (1889)? He did a good deal of work as a writer of "introductions" or prefaces to such books as Wilkie Collins's *Blind Love* (1890), Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth* (1893), *Man-Hunting in the Desert* (1894), Round's *Commune of London* (1899), Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* (1900), &c. His interest in the stage was shown not only in his dramatisation (with Rice) of *Ready Money Mortiboy and Such a Good Man*, but in the sequel he wrote for "A Doll's House," and in his share in *The Charm, and Other Drawing-Room Plays* (1896).

One cannot read everything, and I have read only the principal obituary notices of Mr. Robert Buchanan. That, perhaps, is why I have seen in only one notice a reference to the stanzas he contributed to the *Spectator* in September, 1866, under the title of "The Session of the Poets." This was a satirical skit, in which Tennyson was depicted as chairman of the gathering, with "tresses unbrush'd" and "shirt-collar undone":

While with eye like a skipper's, cock'd up at the weather,
Sat the Vice-chairman, Browning, thinking in Greek.

Among others portrayed were Matthew Arnold and Philip James Bailey:

Right stately sat Arnold, his black gown adjusted
Genteelly, his Rhine wine deliciously iced,
With puddingish England serenely disgusted,
And looking in vain (in the mirror) for "Geist."

Remoter sat Bailey—satirical, surly—

Who studied the language of Goethe too soon,
And sang himself hoarse to the stars very early,
And crack'd a weak voice with too lofty a tune.

Into this worshipful company Buchanan, though only in his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year, did not hesitate to introduce himself:

There sat—looking moony, conceited, and narrow—
Buchanan, who, finding when foolish and young
Apollo asleep on a coster girl's barrow,
Straight dragged him away to see somebody hung.

I cannot remember whether Buchanan ever publicly acknowledged the authorship of this *jeu d'esprit*; he

acknowledged it privately to me, but with exhortations to maintain the anonymity for the time being.

The statement that Mrs. J. H. Riddell is to receive a pension in connexion with the Society of Authors takes one's mind back about thirty years or so, to the period when this industrious lady captured the reading public with her *Race for Wealth* and *Far Above Rubies*, which belong, I believe, respectively, to 1866 and 1867. In 1866 Mrs. Riddell wrote Routledge's Christmas Annual, which took the form of a story called *Fairy Water*; but, I fancy, *The Race for Wealth* preceded this. In 1870 came *Austin Friars* and in 1871 *A Life's Assize*. These, one remembers, were all popular. So was *The Senior Partner*, which came out in 1881, and so, still more emphatically, was *George Geith of Fen Court*, which dates from 1886, and was made the basis of a drama. *The Head of the Firm*, I have heard, did well in 1892, and a novel by Mrs. Riddell—*The Footfall of Fate*—came out so recently as 1899-1900. Fashions change, however—in fiction almost as frequently as in costume; and I fear that to most of the subscribers at Smith's and Mudie's the name of Mrs. Riddell is not now very familiar.

I have good news for the lovers and admirers of true poetry, and in particular for those who admire and love the rhythmic work of Mr. Austin Dobson. With Mr. Dobson's acquiescence, Mr. Edmund Gosse has brought together into a book of about one hundred pages, small quarto, such of Mr. Dobson's verse as has not hitherto appeared in volume form. Only 125 copies will be printed, and each will be signed by the author; price, to subscribers, twelve shillings net. The 125 copies will, of course, be greedily sought for, and the 125 purchasers will deserve and receive congratulation. I hope that Mr. Dobson will go on writing verse, in spite of the appearance of his *Collected Poems*; and, in that case, Mr. Gosse may some day give us a second collection of fugitive pieces. Meanwhile, all good Dobsonites will rejoice at the opportunity now put before them of possessing, in presentable book shape, poems which hitherto have adorned their scrap albums only.

Miss Alma-Tadema, apparently, is desirous to excel in several literary fields. In the character of novelist, she has produced *Love's Martyr* (1886), *The Wings of Icarus* (1894), *The Crucifix and Other Tales* (1895), and *The Fate Spinner* (1900). In *The Wings of Icarus*, it will be remembered, a certain Emilia Fletcher revealed herself in the course of thirty-five letters to somebody. Then, in 1895, came, in one little volume, translations of two plays by Maeterlinck—"Pelleas and Melisanda" and "The Sightless." These, again, were followed, a year or two later, by *Realms of Unknown Kings*, a book of verse. Now, it seems, Miss Alma-Tadema is going to tempt Fortune with a one-act play, to be called "The Unseen Helmsman," in which we may, perhaps, trace the influence of Maeterlinck. Few ladies are so "various" in these days.

A correspondent at Addiscombe, Surrey, asks me to tell him who wrote a little volume called *Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Caffer Land, South Africa*, which appeared in 1827. I am sorry to say I can find no clue to the authorship. In those days travellers were more modest and reticent than they are now, and the writer of *Scenes and Occurrences* was evidently genuinely desirous to remain anonymous. He says in his preface that he did not pretend to shine as an author; his book was "intended chiefly to convey information to the British public of a land in which many of their countrymen have sought an asylum." The narrative, which runs to 214 pages only, is well worth reading.

Mr. Arthur Symons, who has already turned out English versions of D'Annunzio's *The Child of Pleasure* (1898) and *The Dead City* (1900), proposes, I see, to perform the same office for the same writer's *Gioconda*. Two or three years ago he produced a translation of Vanhaeren's *The Dawn*.

Reviews.

The Tribunal of Taste.

Life in Poetry, Law in Taste. Two Series of Lectures Delivered in Oxford. By W. J. Courthope. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

FEW, probably, remember Mr. Courthope's beginnings. He first made his mark on the world of letters as a creator, if that term can be applied to an imitation of the *Birds* of Aristophanes. It was a very good imitation too. That delicate chorus of the birds, in a well-known Swinburnian metre, was gracefully touched. Still better was the rolling and truly Aristophanic chorus which recited the theory of evolution as then conceived according to the latest lights:

Ho! ye obsolete wings, in the outset of things, which the
clergy creation miscall,
There was nought to perplex by shape, species, or sex, in
fact there was nothing at all;
But a motion most comic of dust-motes atomic, a chaos
of decimal fractions,
Of which each under fate was impelled to his mate by love
or the law of attractions.

Presently the poet relates:

Desiring to pair, fire, water, earth, air, to monogamous
custom unused,
All joined by collusion in fortunate fusion, and so the
sponge-puzzle produced.
Now the sponge had of yore many attributes more than
the power to imbibe or expunge,
And his leisure beguiled with the hopes of a child. *Chorus.*
—O philoprogenitive sponge!
So him let us call the first parent of all, though the clergy
desire to hoodwink us;
For he gave to the earth the first animal birth and con-
ceived the Ornithoryncus.
Who, as you have heard, has a head like a bird, but a tail
and hind legs like a beast,
And possessed in his kind a more provident mind than
you'd e'er have presumed from the priest.
For he saw in the distance the strife for existence which
must his grandchildren betide,
And resolved, as he could, for their ultimate good a remedy
sure to provide.

He laid, in fact, two sets of eggs; and hatched the one set in an upright posture, "that the head in his chicks might prevail"; but

When he hatched the next young, head downwards he
slung from the branches, to lengthen his tail.

From the head, in brief words, were developed the birds,
unless our tame pigeons and ducks lie;
From the tail and hind legs, in the second-laid eggs, the
ape—and Professor Huxley!

The whole thing was adroit and ultra-topical; but it has shared the fate of all topical things—of Mortimer Collins's imitation of the same Aristophanic play, with its skit on the Positivists and its clever parody of Swinburne. They have—

Gone away, mit der lager-peer,
'Vay into der ewigkeit.

Alas! of Hans Breitmann himself, and his "barty," it may be asked:

Vere is dat barty now?

But Mr. Courthope survives, as "late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford," and author of many academical works on English literature; of which this is the latest. "So vast is the persuasive power of logic," he says in this book, "that deductive criticism, *a priori* criticism, has had an appreciable influence on the course of literature—has, in fact, been the parent of all the Academics." From which it appears that he is theoretically no friend to academic criticism. Yet, though in this volume he seeks after inductive methods, he is himself,

by the inevitable stamp of nature, an academic critic. He has the academic traits in his love for the *chose convenu*, for accepted generalisations; in his conviction that the voice of the "big battalions" is somehow the voice of God. The present book might be defined (perhaps somewhat unjustly) as an attempt to prove from Aristotle that Mrs. Grundy is your only arbiter of the Fine Arts! Yet it has merits and truth, for Mr. Courthope possesses the best virtue of the academic critic—a clear, good sense. His worst fault in manner is an incorrigible long-windedness and superfluity of words, so that most chapters might be reduced by one-half, with an unquestioned gain in clearness of exposition. For too many or too few words equally obscure an abstruse argument.

On many points we are inclined to quarrel with him; but especially because he sets out with that pernicious heresy of the age, that the end of poetry is to create pleasure. It is on all fours with that companion heresy, that poetry appeals to the emotions only. The object of poetry is the pleasurable expression of truth, the setting forth of truth in a manner which will convey pleasure. This, Mr. Courthope admits, was "the common wisdom of the Greeks," though he affirms that Aristotle separated himself from his countrymen on this point. Aristotle "says distinctly that the end of poetry is to produce a pleasurable effect in the mind." Yet in another place Mr. Courthope declares: "I believe I am right in saying that Pleasure nowhere enters into Aristotle's definition of Fine Art." What are we to think of a writer who contradicts himself so loosely as this? The latter statement is the true one. But Mr. Courthope professes that the principle of pleasure being "the moving cause of all Poetic creation," is none the less assumed throughout the *Poetics*. The passages he cites in support of this do by no means, however, prove his assertion. All of them are compatible with the view that pleasure is merely an indispensable concomitant of poetry, the necessary instrument in the expression of truth. This, we think, was probably Aristotle's view. When Mr. Courthope comes to modern times, his reference to Hegel, whose utterances are among the deepest that have been put forward on the philosophic aspects of the Arts, is so slightly generalising as to suggest an imperfect apprehension of that writer's views.

But the main object of the book is to discuss the ultimate tribunal of taste. He cites Aristotle on the two principles which compose the life of Art: the Personal, the imposition of the artist's own character on his theme; and the Universal. The Universal, as conceived by Aristotle, Mr. Courthope thus explains:

The aim of Fine Art is to create an appearance of organic nature in the world of ideas, and the Universal is the ideal space which the imagination must secure for itself in order to create with perfect freedom. The highest work of Art is that which, while presenting the most lively image of Nature, least hampers itself by creating a comparison of itself with particular things.

Now what Aristotle meant by this was that the artist intuitively abstracts the essential laws of Nature from the accidental, and thus, by their application, creates in his own little partial world as Nature creates in her great world. This is the process of idealisation (truly understood) as distinct from mere unintelligent copying of Nature. But Mr. Courthope interprets the Universal as signifying the necessary presence in poetry of that which is common to all men, and appeals to all men; as signifying a necessary popular element in poetry. Though a gloss on his principle which would have made Aristotle "stare and gasp," there is yet a certain truth in this, taken absolutely. But it is open to terrible misunderstanding as to what is or is not common to all men. Abused, it may be employed to disqualify a whole class of the very highest poetry. Mr. Courthope proceeds, however, to examine these two principles (in his own sense) as displayed in the historical

development of the chief European poetic literatures, showing the effects of national character on the quality of the Universal element. This Review contains much which is excellent, especially the exposition of how French poetry has been cramped by the national predominance of analysis over imagination. But the sting of the book lies in its tail; or "the bearing of these remarks lies in their application," as Captain Bunsby might say. Since the essence of poetry lies in its appeal to all men, the final tribunal of taste must be the public. And the book is largely an appeal for the reassertion of popular authority in poetry.

Such, diseased of the philosophic swaddling-bands, which serve at once to disguise its lack of novelty and to give it a philosophic sanction, appears to us Mr. Courthope's main contention. We cannot but consider it fallacious, if not mischievous. It is true that in the long run the greatest poets are those who obtain general recognition. But this is because the judgment of the enlightened few surely, if slowly, filters down to the many; not through any inherent divinity of judgment in the many. As the years advance, a succession of enlightened critics themselves obtain literary immortality; and their books, in which they have championed the once obscure great man, are so many links in a chain of authority gradually tightening about the limbs of the public. Lesser critics take the cue from them, until at last (to change the metaphor) the cry gathers volume enough to reach the slow public ear. The public follow like sheep, accepting the great poet on authority, derived they know not and question not whence. Yet to the last it is his fate (a contented fate) to be enjoyed only by the few—at least, the comparatively few.

Editions of Shakespeare and (to a lesser extent) Milton sell by thousands. But it is because the man in the street feels it necessary to "know something about" Shakespeare and Milton, since "everyone talks about them." Does he read for pure joy in them? We know little of him if he does. Having satisfied his conscience by "knowing something about them," Shakespeare and Milton retire peacefully to dust and the bookshelf, whence they will never descend unless to verify some quotation in a newspaper or periodical. Those who read them for joy are few of the few.

It is ever from the fountain of a few kindred spirits that the slow stream of praise first begins to trickle down the ages. The fame even of Milton was, we are convinced, vastly accelerated by the championship of his great contemporary, Dryden. It is usual to date the recognition of *Paradise Lost* from Addison's famous essays in the *Spectator*. But would Addison himself have recognised the great Puritan but for the public raising of the Miltonic banner by Glorious John in the preceding generation? We doubt it; we doubt if Addison had the originality of mind unaided to discover a poet of such proportions. For it is the biggest things that are hardest to see, as (to use Poe's image) the hardest names to decipher in an atlas are those which stretch in large letters half across the map. Not at the public's hands have Vaughan and Crashaw received their long-defrauded dues. Does the public read even sweet and simple old Herrick, in whom there is "universal" element enough, in Mr. Courthope's sense of the word?

Moreover, this brings up the question what qualities are truly "common to all men," in the sense required by great poetry. Most people, and, probably, Mr. Courthope, would put mystical poetry out of court at once. Yet, in the sense necessary for poetry, mysticism is truly common to all men. It is an instinct deep in the human breast, potentially capable of development in all sorts and conditions of men, after varying degrees. It is an instinct which tends to enlarge, and must ultimately tend to become more frequent and widely distributed, as the centuries advance and men with them. The like is true of other qualities not at first sight "common to all men."

Yet poetry of such kinds must always appeal specially to the few. Dante's self is, after all, a poet of the few; let Dante societies do their best. And it might be questioned finally whether that embodiment of national qualities on which Mr. Courthope lays such stress be the thing which secures for a poet his ultimate and secure place. Is it the national or extra-national qualities of Shakespeare which are bearing him to the head of the world-poets? Is it the Hebraism of Isaiah which bows all nations before the greatest of lyrists—unless Job be the other? But we have said enough; and must merely add, in conclusion, that Mr. Courthope's book has much matter for thought, besides its prevalent characteristic of steady good-sense.

Minor Verse.

The Soul of Osiris. By Aleister Crowley. (Kegan Paul. 5s. net.)

A Woman of Emotions. By Rowland Thirlmere. (Allen. 5s. net.)

For Charlie's Sake. By J. W. Palmer. (London and New York: Funk & Wagnalls.)

The Songs of Alcæus. By J. S. Easby-Smith. (Washington, U.S.A.: W. H. Lowdermilk.)

MANY swallows do not make a nightingale; but weather for swallows is weather for nightingales. So, when minor poets are in season, we may hope an occasional major one. (We use the term "minor poet" in the sense given it by modern journalism, though with protest that the title borne by Crashaw, Vaughan, Collins, and Gray should be put to such unworthy use.) Nor is the minor poet without his own value. We have heard of Single-speech Hamilton—who made several speeches. But the minor poet often does flower capriciously in one or more poems unforgettable, or which deserve not to be forgotten: Wolfe's "Burial of Moore" is the best-known example. Unfortunately, he usually lives on that success, writing reams of unnoticeable poems on the strength of it. One would like a legal enactment for muzzling all such poets once they had fulfilled their natural function. But it is impossible to resist the plea that they might do it again; though you know they will not, any more than a man can regain the pleasant climax of intoxication by persevering drinks. Their repeated indulgence in "blushful Hippocrene" has much the same steadily deteriorating effect. But, though long experience plentifully chastens any over-sanguine expectation, we always approach a fresh "catch" of minor verse with the hope that it may contain at least one specimen of fortuitous and fortunate perfection.

We can hardly say that such hope is fulfilled by the array of volumes before us. Yet we are far from disappointment. For at least one writer shows a promise, in certain qualities, above any recent poets we have seen. Mr. Crowley, in his *Soul of Osiris*, has what hardly any of them have—a forceful, if narrow, inspiration, both in respect of imagination and emotional power. It is forceful rather than forcible, influent rather than affluent; not broad and opulent, but straight and intense. It is a geyser rather than an ample and irresistible river. For he is, alas! often tense instead of intense, and always more or less troubled by violence; but it is, on the whole, not the violence of weakness, but of somewhat anarchic strength. There is no necessity that this Nazarene should be shorn, but he would be the better for having his hair combed. For (dropping all metaphor), apart from his violences, Mr. Crowley has defective technique. Strange as it appears in one with such evident force and glow, it would seem as if "the sweet trouble" of the poet were too often a burden of spirit to him and the bands of rhyme too strong for him. Those flowery shackles clearly

cut into the flesh of his expression in more than one place. Thus—

A mystic mortal and a maid,
Filled with all things to fill the same,

shows an awkwardness of diction which can only be explained by the supposition that he found it uneasy to fil up the rhyme to "name" and "flame." Another instance of poor technique follows directly after:

To overflow the shores of God,
Mingling our proper period.

Few will discern at first sight that the sense of the last line is—"Confusing our natural limits." The obscurity is caused by the ungrammatical use of "mingling" with a singular noun. We do, indeed, say "he has mixed the idea," or, "he has mixed the whole business." But these are sufficiently loose colloquialisms, and should have no place in literature. Moreover, in the second case, "business" is regarded as a collective noun. "Period" here is not. We might point, also, had we space, to cases of grammatical ambiguity, which would be easily neglected in an easy poem, but in abstruse poetry (like Mr. Crowley's) are swiftly resented by the strained attention. And the reader does well to be angry. A broken round in the ladder makes small odds when we are mounting the garden wall: it is quite another thing in the rope ladder whereby we are scaling a precipice. The harder the theme the more severely should a poet close up every rivet in the expression. But from this same poem ("Asmodel") may be quoted stanzas showing Mr. Crowley at his best. It describes a dream-woman, the woman of his "star":

Only to me looks out for ever
From her cold eyes a fire like death;
Only to me her breasts can never
Lose the red brand that quickeneth;
Only to me her eyelids sever
And lips respire her equal breath;
Still in the unknown star I see
The very god that is of me.

The day's pale countenance is lifted,
The rude sun's forehead he uncovers;
No soft delicious clouds have drifted,
No wing of midnight's bird that hovers;
Yet still the hard blind blue is rifted,
And still my star and I as lovers
Yearn to each other through the sky
With eyes half closed in ecstasy.

But the poem, like all the poems, must be read entire to appreciate it. It will be obvious, even from this specimen, that they are mystical and therefore difficult. Strength and emotional intensity are what distinguish Mr. Crowley from a score of others with far greater gift of technique. They are what excuse—and cause—much that needs excuse. They are what should bring him to a prominent place among later poets, when he has learned to possess instead of being possessed by them, and to master technique, instead of suffering his inspiration violently to break open the gates of speech.

Mr. Thirlmere, on the other hand, fitly represents the poets who write much to compass perhaps one achievement; and his one achievement is by no means perfect, for it is far too long. *Sepulchrum Dulcissimi Cantoris*, an ode to Keats, would have given a far better impression had it ceased with the first eight or nine stanzas. Lines like these have an undoubted artistry:

When this vast globe was but a fiery ball,
Thou, brother of the rose, wert in its heart;
Thou with thy puissance, and thy pride, and all
The glories of thy high immortal art:
Man's flesh is but the substance of all spheres.

But he will go on, and he cannot keep the level; and at last one turns with relief to one of the wholesome ballads in Mr. Palmer's volume, *For Charlie's Sake*. "Stonewall Jackson's Way," for instance, is not a first-rate ballad, but

"'twill serve"—and oh! it is better than much weariness of piling words like children's bricks, which the critic has scarce the heart to blow down:

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails:
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well.
Says he: "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him —." Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Marster's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
Attention!—it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod
In formâ pauperis to God,
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!"—That's Stonewall's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole Brigade.
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn.
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, By George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen—whipped before!
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Ah, maiden! wait, and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, wife! Sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

Not first-rate, we said. But it is good; it sets a man and a scene before you; it is spirited, alert, "all there." Whereas with the minor poet in general the trouble is that he is *not* all there. The Muses' blessing on Mr. Kipling, who has set so many ballad-writing! Would that all of them would follow him. For many can write a practicable ballad who could by no means write a tolerable ode, or even a dainty song.

Is metrical translation any more hopeful a refuge for the minor poet? We fear not. There are few fine English specimens in this kind which are not by poets of mark. Certainly Mr. Easby-Smith does not make us alter this view—and it is only from the translator's standpoint that we can here view his otherwise excellent edition of *Alcæus*. The versions he gives are better than those of previous metrical translators; but they could scarce be worse. He shows throughout the fatal inclination to languid expansion. Take the brief and simple fragment to Sappho. The Greek is literally: "Violet-coronalled, chaste, sweetly-smiling Sappho; I would fain speak a thing, but shame restrains me." This Mr. Easby-Smith renders:

Pure, violet-crowned Lesbian maid,
Sweet-smiling Sappho, I had paid
An amorous suit to thee, but shame
Permits me scarce to breathe thy name,

Two lines grown into four! The foisting in of "Lesbian maid" is clumsy enough; but it is nothing to the rendering of "shame restrains me" by "shame permits me scarce to breathe thy name"! Moreover, this blunts the whole point of the couplet. Alcaeus was not ashamed to utter Sappho's name, but to utter *a certain thing*. And in that lies just the suggestion which Sappho, in her well-known answer, indignantly repelled. One good version, however, Mr. Easby-Smith has which cannot but remind the reader of a famous passage in "In Memoriam":

Zeus hails. The streams are frozen. In the sky
A mighty winter storm is raging high.
And now the forest thick, the ocean hoar,
Grow clamorous with the Thracian tempest's roar.
But drive away the storm, and make the fire
Hotter, and pile the logs and faggots higher;
Pour out the tawny wine with lavish hand,
And bind about thy head a fleecy band.

But, after all, we commenced by blessing; and, with Mr. Crowley in our minds, we cannot absolutely condemn all minor poets to ballad-writing. For Tennyson also was as one of these, and talked to candidly by grave reviewers, as ourselves have read. Still, in the words of another of the immortals, "Discipline must be maintained!"

A Bouquet of Booksellers.

Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days. By E. Marston. (Sampson Low.)

THIS little book is just a bouquet, picked with easy personal selection; in no sense is it complete. Jacob Tonson is taken and Dodsley left, John Dunton is chosen and Bernard Lintot neglected; and, while Samuel Richardson, Thomas Guy, and James Lackington are honoured, Edward Cave, Andrew Millar, and Thomas Cadell are left in the cold. But such as it is, the book is very readable. The booksellers of the eighteenth century were interesting old fellows—shrewd, deeply read, literary, and eccentric; we have few like them nowadays. They made money, too; but it is to be remembered that they were publishers, as well as retail booksellers. Many of them were expert compilers too, and sold their own books to advantage. The richest of them all, Thomas Guy, was a shrewd business man, whose great stroke of fortune came when he was seventy-six years of age. He then held £45,500 in South Sea stock. When Parliament sanctioned an increase of the company's capital the run on the stock began, and the famous "Bubble" swelled up in all its dangerous beauty. Guy gradually "unloaded" the whole of his stock at higher and higher prices until, when the Bubble burst, he stood unharmed, with a vast fortune to his credit. As a printer of Bibles under a contract with the University of Oxford he had made money and given it away with great liberality; but, as a speculator, he was able to build Guy's Hospital and endow it with £220,000. Similarly, the late Mr. George Murray Smith derived his great fortune largely from non-literary sources.

Jacob Tonson, the brisk, rather bullying bookseller who issued the works of Dryden, bought up the *Spectator*, and invented the Kit Cat Club, is one of the familiar figures in English literature. He was both liked and feared. Congreve thought that he was a better fellow before he dined with dukes, to judge by Rowe's "Dialogue between Tonson and Congreve."

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion,
While yet you did not love, as now your trade is,
To drink with noble lords and toast their ladies,
Thou, Jacob Tonson, were, to my conceiving
The cheerfullest, best, honest fellow living.

Yet Pope, writing to Lord Oxford, invited him to come and see a phenomenon: "Old Jacob Tonson, who is the

perfect image and likeness of Bayle's Dictionary; so full of matter, secret history, wit and spirit, at almost four-score." Let it be once more recorded that Jacob Tonson was the coiner, or at least the perpetuator, of that sainted name for an author or editor—"an eminent hand."

A pleasing crackbrain was John Dunton, whose book-selling career ran wofully to seed in endless books which he wrote and did not sell. He had the happy inspiration, however, to put his experience of life into one book—his well-known *Life and Errors*. Its full title runs:

The Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London, written by himself in solitude. With an Idea of a new Life; wherein is shown how he'd think, speak, and act, might he live over his days again; intermixed with the new Discoveries the Author has made in his Travels abroad, and in his private Conversation at home. Together with the Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons now living in London. Digested into Seven Stages with their respective Ideas.

The book follows suit to this rigmarole of a title; but is full of valuable matter nevertheless. The "Thousand Persons" are chiefly booksellers, and on these he lavishes eulogies of their persons and characters. There was one exception; a Mr. Lee in Lombard-street: "Such a pirate, such a cormorant," Dunton tells us incoherently, "was never before known, copies, books, men, ships, all was one; he held no propriety, right or wrong, good or bad, till at last he began to be known; and the booksellers, not enduring at all a man among them, to disgrace them, spewed him out, and off he marched to Ireland, where he acted as *felonious Lee* as he did in London." Dunton's own youthful love affairs do not escape his pen. At fourteen he was "wounded by a silent passion for a virgin in my father's house." Another virgin blissfully disordered his apprenticeship to Thomas Parkhurst, a London bookseller. Finally, he was just about to propose to a Miss Sarah Doolittle, whose father's books—he was a religious writer—"he might then have for nothing," when he met with the daughter of Dr. Annesley and was "almost charmed dead." Unfortunately she was engaged, and he had to be content with her elder sister. Mr. Marston adds: "It is supposed that Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, married a third daughter." It was supposed so once, but it is now known that Defoe had one wife, Mary Tuffley. Elizabeth Annesley made a good wife, and herself looked after the shop called "The Black Raven," in Gracechurch-street, while Dunton scribbled and quarrelled. His most notable enterprise was the *Athenian Gazette* or *Mercury* which he started in 1690. It was a penny tract, and its issue in quarterly volumes, and in the selection called *The Athenian Oracle*, must be considered as marking the rise of the magazine and the miscellany. Dunton's own rise came to an abrupt though obscure end, and his last days were wretched. His *Dying Groans from the Fleet Prison, or a Last Shift for Life*, heralded his death in 1733.

A very tough old bookseller was William Hutton, of Birmingham, who lived to be ninety-two. He had a vexed though, in the end, a happy career as bookseller, author, and autobiographer. He hired out books to the "fair sex" in Birmingham, and this, says Mr. Marston, was really the beginning of the Circulating Library so far as the provinces are concerned. In London the honour belongs to the Strand, and to a bookseller named Bathoe. When nearly sixty Hutton wrote a *History of Birmingham*, and two years later his diary confesses: "A man may live half a century and not be acquainted with his own character. I did not know I was an antiquary till the world informed me, from having read my history, but when told I could see it myself." After that he wrote various Histories, Tours, Trips, and Journeys, until he was eighty-two, when his natural force began to abate. At ninety he could not walk more than ten miles with ease, and he died in the same year as James Lackington,

the great London bookseller, 1815. Mr. Marston's late partner, Mr. Sampson Low, remembered Lackington, and often spoke of him to Mr. Marston, who, since the death of the late Mr. George Smith, has become the *doyen* of the book trade. We thank him for a pleasant little book.

An Ineffectual.

The Revolt and The Escape. By Villiers de l'Isle Adam.
Trans. by Theresa Barclay. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM belonged to the sad tribe of ineffectuals. He was for ever on the point of doing something, and never did it. He warred against the whole world, but lacked the mere brute force to win. Idolised by a few, and respected as an equal by some of the best writers in France, he continually fell short of a continually renewed promise. All his work is suggestive, much of it is beautiful; but if anything of his is at once lucid, powerful, and shapely, we have not read it. The two very slight pieces comprised in the present volume were scarcely worth translating. *The Revolt* was a failure at the Vaudeville, in 1870, and it deserved to be; and only the extraordinary prestige of M. Antoine has given it a factitious vogue to-day. Miss Barclay compares it to *A Doll's House*, which was published in 1879, nine years after the shorter play, and there is decidedly a certain resemblance between the two. But it must be remembered, before crediting de l'Isle Adam with having invented Ibsen's Nora, that *The League of Youth*, containing Nora's prototype, Selma, was published in 1869. Miss Barclay does not mention this fact. Moreover, the resemblance does not extend so far as Miss Barclay seems to think. Nora was a wife revolting against a husband. De l'Isle Adam's Elisabeth was also a wife revolting against a husband, but she was much more a spiritual soul revolting against an earthy soul. Elisabeth's complaint is less that Felix has treated her as a useful machine than that his ideas of happiness and success are entirely opposed to hers. *The Revolt* is not dramatic, and shows little aptitude for the stage. As soon as Elisabeth has announced her intention to fly, the piece becomes simply a lecture on the higher life—a good lecture, subtle, stylistic, even profound, but a lecture. We quote one passage:

FELIX (*looking at her uneasily. Aside.*)

I really think she is mad. (*Aloud, in icy tones.*) Come, come, be calm. These are words—mere words. You must not excite yourself with empty phrases. Suppose you go and lie down. Come now! What do you say to that?

ELISABETH (*unmoved*).

Words! And with what else do you want me to answer you? With what do you question me? I hear nothing but the ring of money in your words. If mine are more beautiful and more profound, pity me. It is unfortunate, no doubt, but it is my way of speaking. And after all what does it matter? We are both in the right, I daresay. But that is not the question. I am quite aware that the intense desire to love, at least, the glory and grandeur of the world, when one is excluded from social love means nothing but "words" to you.—I know that for you it is mere sentimentality to dream in the twilight with a silent, pretty young wife. I know the mystery of the Universe will never draw more than an indifferent smile from your self-satisfied lips, for nothing has ever struck you as pathetic or mysterious, not even the lot of Man. Of course I know that, being a well-informed, sensible person, you don't despise "now and again" the open air, the sea breeze, the rocks, the tree-clad hills, the sun, the woods, winter and night, the starry heaven—that is if you admit a heaven. You consider such things "poetical." You speak of them as "the country." I have a different way of looking at them. The world has only the meaning the strength of words and the power of eyes give it, and I consider, to look around from a higher point than reality—is the art of life—the secret of human nobleness, of Happiness and Peace.

Elisabeth's craven return is not made convincing, and it is characteristic of the author's disregard of technique that he interposes, between the revolt and the submission, a "dumb scene" during which the clock has to strike six half hours. We should have liked to see how the Théâtre Libre conducted this episode—an episode that none but a thoroughly impracticable, wayward, and disdainful writer would have dared to contrive. *The Revolt* can be judged only as a play, and as a play it fails both in imagination and in technique. As a statement of an idea which was more or less fresh and startling in 1870 it has considerable merit; but it cannot rank higher than a rather interesting item in the literary history of the *femme incomprise*.

The second piece in the book, *The Escape*, is a curious little melodrama, neat enough, but marred by de l'Isle Adam's complete inability to adhere to a realistic method for more than a couple of pages at a time. The action passes in a drawing-room at night. An escaped convict enters, and, encouraged by a wicked mariner, he plans to kill and rob a newly-married couple who will sleep in the house that night. He begins by killing their aged servant, and then secretes himself. The young husband and wife, only a few hours wed, arrive, and after innocent prattle and a prayer for a convict who, they have heard, has escaped, they fall asleep under the influence of a narcotic previously administered by the mariner.

[*Lucien, Marianne asleep. Pagnol, coming from behind the curtain.*]

PAGNOL.

No, none of that for me. I don't like to be wheedled. (*Between his teeth.*) Brats! I expected cufing, cries, kicks—I hate cries and strike to shut them up. But—when they are sleeping like lambs! I ought to be glad—yet it puts me out of humour. Drat it! That there should be the like of them! These are not a man and a woman. They're two little saints—just! I don't like this work! (*Scratching his head, haggard, crumpling his green cap in perplexity.*) If they were a couple of great fat bosses, with fine round stomachs, watch chains and seals dangling over them, with a look about them of good advice to the starving! I like the bosses, they give me an appetite. (*Grinding his teeth.*) A juryman! (*Smacks his lips and rolls his eyes.*) A dainty bit! Ha, ha, ha! a dainty bit indeed! (*After a moment.*) I didn't think they would be like that—these kids!—They have hit the right nail on the head and no mistake—I don't understand all they said, but that's what it is all the same. (*Seeing the banknotes on the ground.*) What children! They don't hide! They have no thought of ruin.—Still, take it I must. If they were only in a desk with drawers and locks! But like this—there's no merit! Is there merit or is there not? There is none. (*Suddenly.*) Pooh! they are not galley-slaves! Anybody can be good at that rate. Besides, they can work. What's the fuss! I can't work: I wasn't taught Latin like the priests. I have had no education—they have a business! All the same, I'm glad I have not to touch them. (*Bends down to pick up the notes and intently watches their sleep, his face above theirs. His arm drops as he looks at Marianne and Lucien.*) They are good to look at! So young!—Yes, and good—Good as doves. They love each other quietly and go to sleep! I don't know what they have done to me, but—I'm afraid!—No!—I won't have their money! (*Mechanically stuffs the money into Marianne's pocket. Silence.*) Now, let's cut. There are other bosses in the world besides these. I'll spin old Matthew a yarn. I'll tell him they did not speak of the money and that I shall do other work for him. . . .

Later, he restores the banknotes, and allows himself to be caught by the police. Here is the last line of the play:

[*Deep silence.*]

PAGNOL (*aside while being handcuffed*).

It's queer!—but—it seems to me as if it were now that I was escaping.

This is Ibsen at his most symbolic, but Villiers de l'Isle Adam knew, and everyone knows, that Pagnol would never have said it. Digitized by Google

Other New Books.

POEMS.

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

These poems show a delicate sense of form, with very finished, classic, and condensed diction. The longer poems in blank verse, and some of the lyrics, are decidedly derivative and Swinburnian. These we care for least. But some of the lesser poems, such as the monologues of Lorenzo de Medici and Themistocles, are not open to the same reproach. Here the qualities we have indicated are conspicuously seen. There is much dramatic strength in the menaces of the exiled Athenian statesman against his ungrateful city; but the poem is too long to quote. We cite instead one of the very excellent series of sonnets on "Nightfall":

I.—THE EARTH.

Pale, patient, with her throbbing heart at rest,
Waiting with half-closed, half-expectant eyes,
Till slumber's lips shall cleave in pitying wise,
Full of sweet comfort, to her brows and breast,
She feels by one and one, in the bright west,
Fade the long trails of gold, and wavering shades
Leap from lone forests and forgotten glades,
And dance and shimmer at the moon's behest.

What change is on the fields?—the old known land
Spreads, by some goddess of the twilight planned,
A cloudy world of formless trees and flowers,
Where with cool hands the placid gardener, night,
Waters the blossoms of the pale moonlight
With quiet dews of unregarded hours.

The second sonnet has an admirable last line:

The evident face of Silence, dawns the moon.

Altogether, if not of conspicuous strength, this little volume has a certain distinction, and repays the reading of it. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

BROTHER MUSICIANS: REMINISCENCES OF
EDWARD AND WALTER BACHE.

BY C. BACHE.

We know what Walter Bache was—a clever and conscientious pianist, the devoted apostle of Liszt, but hardly a pianist of genius. The elder brother, Edward, we know not. Though but nine years older, his premature death consigned him to the ranks of a musical period long outworn; and from this affectionate memoir by his sister we can gather little but that he was a young pianist whose talents were considered promising by Czerny and others, while as an aspirant to the honours of an operatic composer he was by many thought to reveal promise exceptionally brilliant. In the absence of definite musical achievement, apart from executant work, it is inevitably from an intellectual aspect that we here make acquaintance with the brothers, and there is in this respect a singular difference between them. As Miss Bache remarks, the nine years' seniority of Edward makes the difference of a whole musical period between him and Walter. This son of a Birmingham Unitarian minister went to Leipzig just after the death of Mendelssohn, still worshipped in England; and fresh from the tuition of Mendelssohn's beloved pupil, Sterndale Bennett, he was utterly antipathetic to the Wagnerian movement which was rising in Leipzig, a devoted adherent of the old melodic school. But, apart from this, he shows none of the mental originality, or grip, which can recognise the higher music. It moved him nothing that he sat next to Berlioz at the hotel. How should it, when he could write: "I heard no opera in Dresden, as Hector Berlioz was there, monopolising the opera-house with his horrid rubbish." Wagner he "slated" with equal fury; he could away with the latest and grandest Beethoven; the "Eroica" symphony he did not like. He wrote: "I always look upon Handel and Rossini like those perfect, serene old Grecian statues of the gods; upon Mozart and Donizetti as more flesh and

blood; upon the former as *instructors and imparters* of elevated ideas," &c. Mozart coupled with Donizetti; Rossini posed beside Handel as a Greek god, and imparters of elevated ideas! Well, it is all instructive; and from this standpoint, perhaps, the elder brother furnishes the more interesting memoir of the two. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

CARY'S "PURGATORIO."

BY PAGET TOYNBEE.

In an introduction to Cary's "Purgatorio" Mr. Paget Toynbee gives a brief sketch of the "genesis and history" of the translation. All admit to-day that Dante was magnificently humble in placing himself sixth in the rank of ancient poets ("io fui sesto tra cotanto senna"). But at the close of the last century, when Cary was beginning his translation, little enough was the encouragement he received. His friend, Miss Anna Seward, to whom he had sent a translation of the oft-repeated lines ("Purg." III., 79-85), saw no beauty in the simile. "It lacked apposition," she said, as though one should say: "Even as a wheelbarrow goes rumble, rumble, even so that man lends another sixpence." Later, she criticised the translation itself—a more pardonable offence—but only to the effect that such words as "maul," "folk," &c., were too vulgar for literary use.

Scott, however, had a good word for the translation; but Scott, the reviver of the age of chivalry and romance, thought the plan of the "Inferno" unhappy and singular, and "the personal malignity and strange mode of revenge presumptuous and uninteresting." It was not until Coleridge, in 1818, referred, presumably, in terms of praise to the translation that it leaped into fame. And judged by its predecessors, specimens of which are here given, Cary's workmanship is highly creditable; but for the modern reader of Dante we suspect the only interest of this edition will be in the notes. Mr. Paget Toynbee himself closes a very facile and pleasant account of the terraced Mount and its beauties with a quotation from the concluding lines of the last Canto, using, curiously and happily, Shadwell's, rather than Cary's, words:

Back turned I from that wave most blest,
Fresh, as fresh plant with fresh leaves dressed,
Prepared, all clean from cares,
To mount unto the stars.

The frontispiece is a reproduction of the Bargello Dante (Giotto's), from a photograph of a drawing taken before the fresco had been spoilt by restoration. ("Little Biographies." Methuen. 1s. 6d.)

THE LAST OF THE
GREAT SCOUTS.

BY HELEN CODY WETMORE.

Mrs. Wetmore has a very pleasing admiration for her brother which exhibits itself on every page of her book; he remains to the end something of the "big brother" of its earlier chapters. Her story is a remarkable one; so remarkable that one feels a certain distinction in having a memory of the "Wild West Show." Here is adventure following adventure with bewildering rapidity; from the slaying of his first panther at the age of eight years to the organisation of his great show, Colonel Cody never failed to find and face "the bright eyes of danger." He was born, indeed, at a time when peril was in the air, and his father being a "free-soil" man in Kansas, which was in the main very much the other way, he had early opportunities of cultivating both tact and nerve. His distaste for Indians was equalled by his distaste for Methodist ministers. When these latter gentlemen assembled at the Cody homestead for "quarterly meeting" the young scout was full of ideas for their reception. He turned the dog on to the best chickens, tied up the pump-handle, milked the cows dry, strewed the paths with burrs, and put up a sign of a peculiarly appropriate and disconcerting character. His sense of humour was a little crude, perhaps, but it was unmistakably effective.

"Buffalo Bill" was successful in whatever he undertook, save in small trading ventures. As an hotel proprietor he was a failure, as a storekeeper he lacked the essentials for piling up cents. But as scout, spy, pony-express rider, hunter, and showman he never looked back. In the rôle of actor, too, he succeeded, but not artistically. His years upon the stage were distasteful to him, and were endured only as a means for accumulating sufficient capital to launch the great show which he had dreamed of for so long. His plan, says Mrs. Wetmore, was "to present to the public an exhibition which should delineate in throbbing and realistic colour, not only the wild life of America, but the actual history of the West as it was lived for, fought for, died for, by Indians, pioneers, and soldiers." This plan was broadly conceived and admirably executed.

Prefixed to the volume is a genealogy of "Buffalo Bill" which sounds as romantic, though much less authentic, than his life. It is, indeed, so confiding and quaint as to be almost pathetically amusing. We read: "Like the other Spanish-Irish families, the Codys have their proof of ancestry in the form of a crest." Need we add that Colonel Cody claims lineal descent from one of those innumerable kings of Ireland whose memory mainly lives in impossible pedigrees? (Methuen. 6s.)

THE PROBLEM OF CONDUCT: A STUDY IN THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF ETHICS. BY A. E. TAYLOR.

In this obviously defective, yet meritorious, book, the substantial reproduction of an essay which in 1899 gained "the Green Moral Philosophy Prize in the University of Oxford," the author seeks, not to supply a complete account of our moral nature, but by the removal of certain metaphysical assumptions, to clear the ground for a "full and coherent description" of ethical experience. Reprints of prize essays rarely possess permanent value, or, at least, are usually marred by the presence of characteristic imperfections; and this study is no exception to the rule. The writer is avowedly a disciple of Mr. F. H. Bradley, whose love of paradox, lack of system, dogmatism, and bold, yet often subtle and stimulating speculation, he shares in varying degree. Like many other writers on philosophy, Mr. Taylor wields a diffuse style, thus imposing on his readers much needless labour. Perhaps the most conspicuous fault of the work is the immaturity of thought which it exhibits. The author has not solved the "problem"; and, in general, his assault on existing systems of morality, Hegelian, Hedonist, and Intuitive, seems more successful than his attempt to frame a scientific account of ethical ideals. It is easy for him to prove that the subject of a series of connected events is not necessarily eternal; and that a body of laws for the guidance of conduct cannot be deduced from the bare notion of "self-determining personality"; also to expose numerous fallacies in popular thought on moral subjects. He fails, however, to indicate the mode in which a conscious subject can emerge from a "single unbroken feeling," curtly dismisses "activity" and "causation" as merely symbolic notions, and actually rejects what is known as the undulatory theory of light! Nor is it enough to ascertain the current individual, class, or national ideals of conduct: the philosopher, at least, must test their adequacy and detect the basis which they imply. Similarly, no mere consensus of opinion respecting the nature of progress can replace an analysis of this notion or the discovery of the essential conditions of moral advance. Mr. Taylor, however, is still young; and *The Problem of Conduct* has revealed his capacity for deeper philosophical inquiry. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

BRITAIN'S TITLE IN SOUTH AFRICA. BY JAMES CAPPON.

When the war with the Boers broke out, Mr. James Cappon, who is Professor of English at Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, was led to inquire what the character of British rule in South Africa had been from the

beginning. He turned to the work of Dr. Theal, of the Cape Colonial Civil Service, and on comparing it with the Records of Cape Colony, as far as they have yet been published, he found that Dr. Theal is by no means the safest of guides to this part of the Empire's history, and that he has saved himself all trouble of seeking for the moral or economic principles involved in the problem of ruling and developing South Africa by the easy application of one principle—namely, that the Briton was always in the wrong and the Boer always in the right. The present volume is the outcome of Mr. Cappon's researches, and was originally merely a review of the important points of Dr. Theal's representation of British rule in Cape Colony, and part of a series of lectures delivered to students. The work is now cast in the form of an independent history, and deals with the story of Cape Colony from the earliest times to the days of the Great Trek, which, as everyone ought to know by this time, took place in the last years of the 'thirties. Mr. Cappon is a safe and painstaking guide to the history of South Africa, and his book fills many gaps which have perforce been left in other histories. Mr. Cappon has most thoroughly grappled with a very complex subject, and his work forms an addition to the debt which the Empire owes to Canada since the outbreak of hostilities. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

TWO CRICKET BOOKS.

Comic—or, at least, fictitious—books about cricket are not much to our taste, no matter how well they are written; but when they are merely ordinary, or worse, they take their way straightway among the *biblia a biblia*. Of Mr. C. W. Alcock's *Cricket Stories* (Arrowsmith, 1s.) we would not speak thus severely, for it is a genial little collection of anecdotes—amusing, would-be amusing, and curious—concerning the game, which there is no harm in turning over. But Mr. Horace Bleackley's *Tales of the Stumps* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) we simply cannot read. The humour of a story in which three men with wigs and padding represent an All England Eleven containing Grace, Ranjitsinhji, Briggs, and Emmett, has not enough reasonableness to be funny; and when to this kind of strained invention is added a music-hall manner, we "retire hurt."

Poisonous Plants in Field and Garden (S.P.C.K.) is the title of a useful little book by the Rev. Prof. G. Henslow, whose purpose may be gathered at once from his opening sentences: "The number of children who are made more or less ill by eating berries, leaves, &c., which they find in the hedges is undoubtedly very considerable every year; but the number of fatal results is probably very small. There is no doubt that mishaps might be considerably reduced if our country clergy, schoolmasters, and school-mistresses knew something about wild flowers, and could distinguish between poisonous and harmless plants." Not merely children, says Prof. Henslow, but adults need the warnings he offers. "The garden Aconite, which no one can mistake when in flower, having long been in cultivation in cottage gardens, has been the death of whole families; because, in the timbered space at the disposal of the cottager, a little horse-radish is also grown. In winter he digs up a root and . . ."

Prof. Henslow has also written *The Story of Wild Flowers*, just added to Messrs. Newnes's well-known series. Prof. Henslow dwells much less on the actual structure of plants than on their nature and evolution.

To their new "Warwick" (2s.) edition of George Eliot's novels Messrs. Black have added *Felix Holt*.

Selections from Wordsworth (1s. 6d. net), with an introduction by Mr. Nowell C. Smith, takes its place in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library." Mr. Smith's treatment of the poet is scholarly and interesting. The frontispiece portrait is from Hancock's black-chalk drawing in the National Portrait Gallery representing Wordsworth at the age of twenty-eight.

Fiction.

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

Richard Carvel was admirably constructed—hard, formal, and brilliant. *The Crisis* is the same. Mr. Winston Churchill has not gone back. He will not be among those authors who achieve fame in a month only to lose it again in a few years. He will always be a dignified and impressive figure in American letters, and his books will always have an immense sale. So much it is fairly safe to prophecy. As an artist of original force and vision he counts not at all. Save that *Richard Carvel* dealt with the Revolution and *The Crisis* deals with the Civil War there is no real difference between the two novels. The characters are the same puppets in each; the spirit of every episode is the same. American life and American character are persistently stated in terms of the high class American monthly magazine. One knows those terms. In all Civil War novels, for example, the Abolitionist young hero is bound by the most sacred obligations of a literary convention to do two things:

(1) Buy a beautiful slave girl at auction in order to set her free.

(2) Marry the daughter of a rich slaveowner.

Stephen Bruce, hero of *The Crisis*, conforms. The incident of the slave auction at St. Louis is done in Mr. Churchill's lordliest manner. We quote two brief extracts from the scene:

"Three seventy-five!"

"That's better, Mistah Jenkins," said the auctioneer sarcastically. He turned to the girl, who might have stood to a sculptor for a figure of despair. Her hands were folded in front of her, her head bowed down. The auctioneer put his hand under her chin and raised it roughly. "Cheer up, my gal," he said, "you ain't got nothing to blubber about now."

Hester's breast heaved, and from her black eyes there shot a magnificent look of defiance. He laughed. That was the white blood.

The white blood.

Clarence Colfax had his bid taken from his lips. Above the heads of the people he had a quick vision of a young man with a determined face, whose voice rang clear and strong—

"Four hundred!"

An attendant had seized the girl, who was on the verge of fainting, and was dragging her back. Stephen did not heed the auctioneer, but thrust forward regardless of stares.

"Handle her gently, you blackguard!" he cried.

The man took his hands off.

"Suttinly, sah," he said.

Hester lifted her eyes, and they were filled with such gratitude and trust that suddenly he was overcome with embarrassment.

Nothing could be more hackneyed, essentially, than *The Crisis*. Yet it is a quite readable book—such is Mr. Churchill's virtuosity. It has the advantage of being the very best work of an industrious and highly ingenious man. The historical portraits—of Lincoln, Sherman, Grant—are put in with minute detail: they are perfectly faithful—and lifeless. The whole book is a wonderful imitation of the real thing. In saying that it could not be better and it could not be worse than it is we have no wish to utter a paradox.

Forest Folk. By James Prior.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS novel of Sherwood Forest at the beginning of the last century will probably receive less attention and praise than its quiet merit deserves. It is a sound piece of work,

less naturalistic in conception than in execution, but, nevertheless, on the whole a consistent attempt to see life without the aid of glasses provided by other novelists. The heroine, Nell Rideout, with her hoydenism and her continual flouting of the calm and self-contained hero who we know must ultimately marry her, is rather a conventional character. The rest of the people, however, do not suffer from this fault. Mr. Prior (who, by the way, has a curiously feminine touch with him) renders farm-life with much sympathy and a fine sense of its picturesqueness. And he has got the Georgian atmosphere of those machinery-breaking days to a nicety. He writes carefully, yet not quite to satisfaction. We quote his description of the heroine under a sunset:

The smock frock no longer looked sordid, the leathern gloves uncouth; but the face! Surely it was not the same face which he had examined a moment before with the coolest negligence. The freckles and the tan had disappeared. A carmine radiance seemed to issue from the fine curves of her thin cheeks; but it burned among her hair, which was now red of reds; flames ran along the silky threads of its twisted tangles. Either ear was a hanging transparency, flame-tinctured; and behind her surged, ever lessening and increasing, the billows of smoke, from palest rose to darkest purple. Out of such a sea, perhaps, Tyrian dyed but with the effulgence of her own body, Aphrodite first uprose between Cyprus and Cythera; and the air shuddered with a red gladness. But this was no Aphrodite. Her eyes were unchanged, grey and grave.

It reminds us of one of Mr. Clausen's canvases, though it can hardly be held innocent of preciosity. Sometimes the author's search after the phrase leads him splash into the absurd:

The rider's hesitation was sped to the ridden-on down the conductive reins, and by where his knees gripped her.

The book is worthy the attention of those who can distinguish between fiction and fudge, but it will not entirely please them.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A THOUSAND PITIES.

By ELLEN TAYLOR.

A story of life in New Zealand thirty years ago. "Every year the mother country sends some of her young sons to make a fortune for themselves in one or other of the colonies. It is not always of her best she sends, nor is it always of her worst, and Ian Dungarvon, with a capital of ten thousand pounds, was as fine a specimen of English gentry as New Zealand could wish to see." (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

THE EARLY STARS.

By ALBERT KINROSS.

A bright novel describing the adventures of Phil on his way through the world. In Chapter I. he is a boy, in Chapter XXXII. he is the author of *Greatly Daring*, "not by any means a masterpiece, but extremely clever, wayward, brilliantly witty and fresh." The story is mainly concerned with Phil and with Helen, the heroine, who, just in time, reveals her true character to him. (Arrowsmith.)

YESTERE.

By "VARTENIE."

A story of the Armenian persecutions of a few years ago. The author fears that the events in which he played his own tragic part are forgotten. "It is very nice to be able to forget; but for those of us who went through those scenes, who heard the shrieks of bereaved wives and mothers, of little, fatherless children wandering about in the streets like dogs—those sights and those sounds will haunt and fill our souls with bitterness till death." (Unwin. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....</i>	17/6
<i>„ Quarterly</i>	5/0
<i>„ Price for one issue</i>	/5

Two Writers.

LAST Monday the news placards announced the deaths of Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Robert Buchanan. It is not often that death mows down two such writers in one sweep, and there was probably not a literary man in London who was not solemnised by the news. It seemed strange, too, that these men, who, though near to each other by profession, were by temperament so far apart, should be thus bracketed. "Success, and failure," "kindliness, and bitterness," were the words one heard. Even stronger comparisons were made between the two writers, who, both in their sixties, in one day lay dead. Reflection must soften such comparisons. The success and happiness of Sir Walter Besant and the comparative failure and unhappiness of Robert Buchanan are not explained by the crude application of copy-book maxims. Sir Walter Besant was universally known as one who loved his fellow men; Robert Buchanan, with all his strife, was assuredly a warm-hearted and unselfish man, profoundly touched by and interested in the human lot. They differed in training and temperament. There was the greatest possible difference between the well-balanced, rather professional, correctness and benevolence of Sir Walter Besant and the alternating volcanic energy and Bohemian easy-goingness of Mr. Buchanan. In abilities Mr. Buchanan had the advantage. He was a far greater literary artist than Sir Walter Besant, and could do a greater number of things, and do them better. He was concerned with deeper subjects, and he had learned life in the more thorough school of suffering. He studied life in the nude while Sir Walter Besant arranged its draperies. Partly because he lived deeper than his brother in letters he lived less happily. He was ill-organised to weather the storms he raised; and as years went on, and the storms continued, he began to get the worst of the fight and to know bitter hours of defeat, perhaps of jealousy. One came to think of him with a special mingling of respect and pity, feeling that he was a right good fellow and a great nuisance. That his heart was really cankered by care and disappointment one cannot believe. His hatreds, though fierce, were not implacable. It would be unjust to think so in face of his curious and sincere repentance of his attack on Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the famous article on "The Fleishy School of Poetry." This diatribe in the *Contemporary Review* clouded and shortened Rossetti's life. Buchanan recanted ten years later, and never ceased to recant, and to touch tenderly on Rossetti's memory. To the poet he had maligned he dedicated his romance called *God and the Man*, inscribing it "To An Old Enemy." In his other onslaughts on literary reputations Buchanan was, we think, far more fierce in action than in his after-reflections. Once when he had written a characteristically unsparing attack on a literary woman, the present writer, speaking with him, was surprised to find how his controversial muscles had relaxed after the tension of attack, and how a disposition to joke the matter down to its true proportions alone occupied his mind.

Buchanan's mind had to be interpreted to some extent by his early days of literary hardship. He was one of five

young fellows who came up to London from Glasgow. Among these was William Black the novelist. Another was David Gray, Buchanan's particular friend, a sensitive and consumptive poet who began the literary life by sleeping one night in the open air in Hyde Park, an eighteenth-century proceeding, that laid him on his death-bed in Buchanan's lodgings at No. 66, Stamford-street. Hither came Lord Houghton, Laurence Oliphant, and others to whom the dying poet had become known. Left alone in London, Buchanan had a very hard time, mitigated by his youth. In after years he exclaimed on these days: "What did my isolation matter when I had all the gods in Greece for company, to say nothing of the fays and trolls of Scottish Fairyland? Pallas and Aphrodite haunted that old garret; and on Waterloo Bridge, night after night, I saw Selené and all her nymphs; and when my heart sank low, the Fairies of Scotland sang me lullabies! It was a happy time. Sometimes, for a fortnight together, I never had a dinner—save, perhaps, on Sunday, when the good-natured Hebe would bring me covertly a slice from the landlord's joint. My favourite place of refreshment was the Calendonian Coffee House in Covent Garden. Here, for a few coppers, I could feast on coffee and muffins—muffins saturated with butter, and worthy of the gods! Then, issuing forth, full-fed, glowing, oleaginous, I would light my pipe and wander out into the lighted streets." There are youths in northern towns to-day whose hearts would leap at the prospect of such a life with its miseries and chances. It is certain that an acquaintance with the hungry end of London life is an education if only it come early and not late. But it may leave an ineradicable feeling of homelessness, and restlessness, not to say an overdone wariness. It made Buchanan a militant Bohemian all his life. No one should attempt a judgment of Buchanan who has not read his early "London Poems," described by one critic as "Idylls of the gallows and the gutter, and songs of costermongers and their trulls." The stories of "The Little Milliner," "Nell," and "Jane Lewson," show how intimately Buchanan knew the lights and shades of everyday London life in the 'sixties. In "The Little Milliner" he sets the bright young shop-girl against all that is dark and solitary in London life:

Oft would she stand and watch with laughter sweet
The Punch and Judy in the quiet street;
Or look and listen while soft minuets
Play'd the street organ with the marionettes.

But in "Liz" the background is not so black as the future of the poor flower-girl, who dies on the morning of her child's birth, and discloses, as she talks to the parson, that even she had known a little happiness in her attic:

Yet, Parson, there were pleasures fresh and fair,
To make the time pass happily up there:
A steamboat going past upon the tide,
A pigeon lighting on the roof close by,
The sparrows teaching little ones to fly,
The small white moving clouds, that we espied
And thought were living, in the bit of sky—
With sights like these right glad were Ned and I.

It is hard to believe that the heart which broke into poetry for the milliner and the flower-girl, and Barbara Gray and her dwarf lover, and Kitty Kemble, gay in her youth, "The brightest wonder human eye could see In good old Comedy," and then "A worn and wanton woman, not yet sage Nor wearied out, tho' sixty years of age," ever grew very morose or deeply vindictive. In "The City Asleep" we have a reflective poem on London and its river:

Each day with sounds of strife and death
The waters rise and call;
Each midnight, conquer'd by God's breath,
To this dead calm they fall.

Out of His heart the fountains flow,
The brook, the running river,
He marks them strangely come and go,
For ever and for ever.

Till darker, deeper, one by one,
After a weary quest,
They, from the light of moon and sun,
Flow back, into His breast.

Love, hold my hand! be of good cheer!
For His would be the cost,
If, out of all the waters here,
One little drop were lost.

Heaven's eyes above the waters dumb
Innumerable yearn;
Out of His heart each drop hath come,
And thither must return.

Here we have sight of Buchanan's creed of pity, his passionate belief in human love as the anchor of life. Unfortunately, such feelings did not prevent him from making Sunday morning a terror to his foes and bugbears in a weekly newspaper. Against the creed and convictions of Buchanan, wrought out of his heart by the stress of life, we can put nothing of the like character from Sir Walter Besant's writings. The conditions of his life were different. He was organised for prosperity. His love of humanity was that of a superior man in the crowd who rejoiced to lead and direct and arrange according to his ability. His cheerful, if rather pedagoguish, "Come along with me!" was willingly heard and obeyed. He offered kindly, masterful guidance to rather ordinary minds. His own mind was somewhat ordinary, though very strong and well furnished. His genius was social, and a little coarse of grain. He had, one thinks, few moods or feelings which embarrassed him with his readers, or divided them. His practical English heartiness, and love of order and freedom, were recognised at once, and they inspired confidence. His attitude to literature, though it issued in perplexed discussions, was perfectly simple and almost "City." It is interesting, indeed, to compare it with Buchanan's. After full experience of the literary life each of these men expressed himself on its conditions and chances.

Sir Walter Besant wrote in his *Pen and the Book*, a guide to young writers:

The Literary Life may be, I am firmly convinced, in spite of many dangers and drawbacks, by far the happiest life that the Lord has permitted mortal man to enjoy. I say this with the greatest confidence, and after considering the history of all these literary men—living and dead—whom I have known and of whom I have read.

Buchanan wrote at the age of fifty-two:

For complete literary success among contemporaries it is imperative that a man should either have no real opinions, or be able to conceal such as he possesses, that he should have one eye on the market and the other on the public journals, that he should humbug himself into the delusion that bookwriting is the highest work in the universe, and that he should regulate his likes and dislikes by one law, that of expediency. If his nature is in arms against anything that is rotten in society or in literature itself he must be silent. Above all, he must lay this solemn truth to heart, that when the world speaks well of him, the world will demand the price of praise, and that price will possibly be his living soul.

We will draw no contrast between Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan's attitude to London, though this would not be an unserviceable task. It would help to define Sir Walter Besant's curiously effective yet curiously incomplete report of London life. The success of his London books was deserved and easy to understand. Your plain Englishman likes his history well cooked and served. History as Shakespeare related it, simple and certain, is what he wants. Doubts and qualifications which break the cataract-fall of a rolling and picturesque paragraph he does not want. Sir Walter Besant handled

London in the style of a very genial and clever school-master whose speciality it was to make his lessons interesting. He brought the tit-bits and trappings of history to the front. He made his readers feel that if they had lived four hundred years ago they would have *lived like that*. He raised no difficulties, or raised them only to confirm his readers in their pious opinion that they were a nuisance, and had better be disregarded for the sake of the picture. To readers of any scholarship his London books were irritating in more ways than one. His magisterial neglect to quote authorities for his highly fused and sometimes suspiciously ornamental statements was not to their liking. His books were excellent panoramas, but he never invited you to go behind the scenes. Perhaps there was not always room, as when he describes in his *South London* the trading life of Thorney, with its "long processions of caravans of merchants with merchandise carried by slaves—the most valuable part of their merchandise—and by packhorses and mules," having previously assured us (quite correctly) that "no fragment of fact or tradition" exists which would enable us to inquire into the origin or development of the trade of Thorney. But Sir Walter Besant was passionately fond of civic progress, and where he could not trace it he was eager to imagine it. It was probably his delight in the idea of civic developments to come that led him to exaggerate the civic and social backwardness both of South London and East London. Exaggeration subtly informs all his topographical work, itself not subtle at all, but cheerfully, effectively, and compellingly interesting. His style was very helpful to his matter; its friendly and laborious lucidity bringing home the points and pictures which he had selected. But it must be said that his London books, often and justly pronounced as interesting as novels, were eminently suitable for novel readers who desired to receive vivid impressions and make an end, rather than for more inquiring minds that desired to find a door to further study. Nor did they offer to the one class of reader, or to the other, a varied fare. The kindly pedagogic mind and manner were always there, forging strongly ahead.

It is curiously unimportant to distinguish between Sir Walter Besant's topographies and novels. Both are thoroughly orderly and wholesome, and were produced in much the same spirit of research, organisation, and calculation. When writing a novel he would have a big card on his desk on which were written the names and relationships of all his characters, and synopses of chapters and scenes. From his novels one might extract a great deal of the matter which he afterwards drew together in his London books.

While recognising the rightness of Sir Walter Besant's efforts to improve the author's relations to publishers, and accepting the value-for-money principle which he held so dear, we think that his view of literature was too professional; and that in his very eagerness to secure the dignity of letters he was, to some extent, defeating his own aims. Neither by his writings nor in his practical literary life did Sir Walter Besant add to the romance of letters; but he was in harmony with his age in bringing commercial common sense to bear on the literary life, and in seeking to widen the portals which lead to it. All his own work was sound, and nearly all of it had a high market value; and this gave him authority with younger writers, to whom his genuine kindness and optimist views were a great encouragement. His death leaves a gap in the organised literary life of London which will not soon be filled, or filled so worthily. No such gap is created by the death of Robert Buchanan; but in the world of ideas, and in the literature of sincere but vexed spirits, his vacant place is very noticeable.

Things Seen.

The Happy Warrior.

THE train had been running across a heathery waste, dotted over with low buildings of red brick or galvanised iron. I heard a faint crackle of musketry as we glided smoothly along a sandy embankment, and then came a familiar station, and my compartment was invaded by two men, who clattered in boisterously from the refreshment bar across the platform. And when the train jogged on again, and their talk turned upon pugilism, and the theory, practice, and necessity of punching noses, deep gloom settled upon me, until the larger man of the twain fell asleep.

I knew it was coming—the awful, inevitable, friendly flask that travels third class. He was a cheery little man—sober withal, he it said—that proffered this travelling comfort; and he meant it kindly, but I declined, for the hour was early; besides, it was certain to be Irish.

The little man looked sad. Was I a teetotaler, then? No, I laid claim to no difficult virtues. A faint gleam of hope stole back into his face, and he talked to me for awhile of war. Then again the cork leapt out, and he muttered an apologetic sentence, of which I caught the words “Only a private soldier.” Only! I would have quaffed castor-oil after that.

His face beamed with restored cheerfulness, and he talked freely. Yes, he was a discharged reservist; had volunteered for the front, and so had all the “ridgement,” but they had been kept at home to do garrison duty; was now on his way home to his wife and two adjectived children, and that was pleasant. But the most noteworthy circumstance in the world was that the slumberous man in the corner was coming all the way to Euston to see him off, and he glanced with pride at the large man’s lowering countenance. “That comes of being a favourite in the ridgement, you see,” he said; “and won’t the boys be surprised when he goes back to-night, and tells them he’s been all the way to London with me!” Well, well, no doubt a display of magnanimity is pleasant to encounter, and helps to keep one’s faith in human nature green. The big, drowsy man had sacrificed the price of many pots of ale in order to see his comrade-in-arms through the first stage of his journey north, and never was magnanimity more appreciated or extolled.

Yes, they ought to have let the “ridgement” go to the front; but—and the little man’s glance turned again admiringly upon his friend—wasn’t it good of ‘Arry to come all the way to London, and wasn’t it pleasant to have this proof of one’s popularity in the “ridgement”? A bibliophile who had chanced upon a unique copy could not be better pleased with his acquisition than was my friend with his unpromising-looking escort.

There were more bottle rites, and we reached the gloomy mystery called Clapham Junction; and I alighted, wondering what there is in the trade of killing that makes so many of its disciples simpler and kindlier fellows—a taste for pugilism notwithstanding—than their brothers who cultivate the more profitable arts of peace.

A Jester’s Song.

In this mad world where kings are slaves
And common folk are fools,
The mitred priest his cross still waves—
But ’tis the jester rules!

Oh, crowns are made of sorry stuff,
Which every huckster sells;
Monarchs and monks—we’ve had enough—
Long live the cap and bells!

W. L. COURTNEY.

The Fallow Fields of Fiction.

THOSE who make it their business to examine the whole output of modern fiction must necessarily be depressed and wearied by the heavy sensation of its sameness, its futility, its lack of enterprise. We say modern fiction, not because we think that the fiction of the past was better—it was certainly worse—but in order to limit and simplify the subject. The continual reading of new novels devastates, desolates, and sears the soul. It is like living at the Royal Academy; but the Royal Academy is only open for three months in the year. And just as in that palace of sentimentality the damnable iteration of Sunshines after Rains, Evening Glows, Last Furrows, Guineveres, Ionian Weathers, Portraits of a Lady and of a Gentleman, and Baby’s Tubs, drives the exhausted visitor into Piccadilly with a protest almost hysteric, so the eternal and tedious monotony of British fiction extorts at last a cry for mercy and a passionate demand for some means of escape. Why will people persist in saying over again what cannot be said over again? Why do our novelists follow each other through the wide world in Indian file, looking neither to the right nor to the left? Why do our best novelists, the men whose talents compel us, angry, to admire, exhibit all the magnificence and pageant of England as a theatre for the permutations and combinations of two men and a maid, or two maids and a man? The late William Black exclaimed grandly: “So long as there are two men and a maid, the novel . . .” &c. What rubbish! Why is Love the Lord of all? Is Love the Lord of all? Well, it is not, and that is the point. Ask yourself, you the lawyer, you the stockbroker, you the pedagogue, you the doctor, you the soldier, you the housemistress, you the professional beauty, you the typist, you the clerk with the cigarette, the *Daily Mail*, and the second-class season ticket, how often you think of Love. Are you worshipping the god all day? Would you, straight, give a thousand a year for Love if you had to buy that archer in the market? Not one in ten of you! You say you could not do without him. You could less easily dispense with money; yet your tame novelists are afraid to offer you a novel about the Kaffir Circus lest you should call it sordid and dull. You ask of your tame novelists a dish of love, because you like to pretend that love is the one thing you love, but you seldom get it; what you get is a syrup of sentimentality. If they gave you love, if they could give it, the probability is that you would not enjoy it, would call it either impure or high-flown. At the present there are being produced five sorts of novels: the domestic, the historical, the criminal, the theological, and the bellicose. Of these the first sort far outnumbers the rest; the second is moribund, and survives solely by the assistance of the aforesaid syrup; the third, while often ignoring love itself, is always as sentimental as a ballad; the fourth merely shows the influence of theology on love and of love on theology; the fifth is usually a love story against a background of England beating the universe. Not ten novels in a year fall outside these classes (we admit a few admirable exceptions). Not ten novels in a year but ignore every human activity save love (or, rather, its counterfeit), crime, and war; conjecture concerning the future life can hardly be termed an activity.

Why is this? We do not propose to reply to that question, but to put another one: Need it be so? And to answer dogmatically: It need not. Readers may expostulate, “But we desire no change”; and writers may complain, “If we give them anything different, they won’t have it.” No matter! Both are wrong. The change, the enlargement, will assuredly come. Nothing can stop it. When Ibsen, in *An Enemy of the People*, made his third act out of a ratepayers’ meeting, the mandarins with one accord said, “This will never do.” But it has done. Where are the mandarins now? Those particular man-

darins are simply dead and buried, extinguished by an imaginative Force. Other mandarins live patriarchally on, who, when someone writes a great novel about a municipal struggle, will say again, "This will never do." And they, too, in their turn will suffer extinction. You may have noticed that art progresses only over the dead bodies of mandarins. Balzac, who did more to emancipate the novel than even Richardson or Scott, killed dozens of mandarins, and to the untimely end of his career he never troubled to hide his murderous scorn of them. We have mentioned Balzac purposely, for it is a strange fact that, though English novelists have more to learn from him than from any other author, he has been practically without influence in England, despite many, and some excellent, translations. People talk easily here of the Scope of the Modern Novel (since *Robert Elanore*, presumably); but before uttering that foolish phrase again it would be well for them to read the whole of the *Comédie Humaine*. We have no intention of discovering Balzac for the benefit of the Authors' Society; nor do we think it possible to say anything new about Balzac. Our idea is that Balzac, like most classics, is more taken for granted than read; and that his work, if authors and public could be got to swallow it, would form a valuable stimulant and corrective medicine. It would correct the current notions about the all-embracing quality of the English novel, and it might stimulate the English novelist to invent a new pattern of plot. What separates Balzac from nearly all other novelists is not his width of range in the portrayal of individuals, but his faculty for portraying communities, and for describing large co-operative activities. The world is made up of individuals, but it is also made up of communities, and the community is surely as interesting as the individual. Why, then, should the novelist confine himself to the one or the few? A hundred sheep are more interesting than one, or than five. Note that the deification of love in fiction involves the sacrifice of the community as a subject. Men and women make love, not as members of a community, but as individuals; but when they proceed to other affairs, they at once resume their position in the community. Much of Balzac's best work was miles away from the *pays du tendre*. Take *The Country Doctor*, which is the history of the regeneration of a country-side. Till nearly the close there is no hint of love, and there is no hint of a plot in our restricted sense of the term. Yet *The Country Doctor* is of Balzac's very finest. No one can read it without feeling the pettiness of the modern novel. Another similar example, by a curious coincidence of title, is *The Country Parson* (we give the names for convenience from Dent's uniform edition). Still another example, and the most striking of all, though not the most successful, is *Bureaucracy*, in which the microcosm of a Government office is used as the sole material for an absorbing drama. Even where Balzac centred the light of imagination on an individual, ignoring partially the individual's relation to any community, he seldom made love the predominant theme. *Old Goriot*, *The Wild Ass's Skin*, *The Quest of the Absolute*, and *The Commission in Lunacy* show what he could do without the enkindling spark of love. We do not at all mean to infer that Balzac despised love. He was a great lover, and a great writer of love-letters—one of the greatest; his finest work, in the opinion of most persons, is a love-story. We mean only that he was not obsessed by love, and that he found his material everywhere; he had no prejudices in favour of this or against that kind of material. With him it was an axiom that no aspect of human life and activity is lacking in interest; his net was cast with an inclusive sweep. He sought to hold the mirror up, not to two men trying to kiss one maid, but to the whole of human nature. Further, he never tried to divert his readers, but rather to enthrall them; he could not stoop to the trickeries by which the practised

writer keeps the reader from being bored. He gave his readers credit for the same seriousness as himself—and the astonishing thing is that they justified his belief in them. They listened eagerly while he told them of matters of which they had not heard before and have never heard since.

The fields which Balzac tilled lie fallow now, and more also, for even he could not plough the entire domain. Meantime, we continue blandly the raising of our five varieties of novel. In a world more complex than that of Balzac, a world where mutual comprehension and imaginative sympathy are the conditions precedent to any real social progress, our novelists, whose supreme function it is to promote by their imagination such imaginative sympathy, go on with their endless repetition of an erotic pattern. Love will survive the neglect of novelists: have no fear. The poets can safely be left to attend to love for a while, thus allowing the novelists to study concerns less sublime, but scarcely less vital. Novelists have work to do (you may call it humdrum work, if you like), and they are not doing it. All the great novelists, from Cervantes to Tolstoi, have felt the consciousness of a mission to humanity, an impulse equal with the impulse of pure art. All of them have accomplished more than art. What are our novelists doing? If they are not fiddling while Rome burns, they are certainly flirting pre-occupied on lawns while the Parish Council outside is manufacturing raw drama by the ton.

In our next article we propose to refer to some aspects of modern life which seem to us to offer material for novels that should appeal to intelligent people.

E. A. B.

Correspondence.

Björnson.

SIR,—*Apropos* of your reference to plays by Björnstjerne Björnson in the Bibliographical column of the *ACADEMY* for May 18, we notice that, while enumerating English translations of his plays, no mention is made of "Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg," which Mr. H. L. Braekstad translated, and which was published by us in 1899.

Although your note refers in the main to those of his dramas which have been staged in England, the knowledge of this translation may prove of service to those interested in his work, as well as making your note useful as a list of his plays accessible to English readers.—We are, &c.,

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Mixed Metaphors.

SIR,—I hope you will start a competition for the best mixed metaphors to be found in your pages. If so, I shall stand to win on Mr. Frederic Harrison's in this week's number. You quote him as follows:

But it was the bones of our common tongue; it was the bones with the marrow in them, ready to be clothed in flesh and equipped with sinews and nerves. But this simple and unsophisticated tongue the genius of our Saxon hero so used and moulded, &c.

One might well ask, "When is a tongue not a tongue?" and the answer would be, "When Mr. Harrison makes it a skeleton." By why call it "simple and unsophisticated"? It is even more wonderful than Father William's jaw, and one is surprised to hear that Alfred "moulded and used it." It is melancholy to think that, had the despised word "language" been used, not even the most critical anatomist could have raised a laugh. The common tongue will serve until it is given bones and marrow, and then we who use it wish to see if it will wag.—I am, &c.,

TAURUS HIBERNICUS.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 90 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best poem on Alfred the Great, not exceeding sixteen lines. On the whole the prize seems to be due to Miss Edith Empsall, 123, Rathcoole-gardens, Hornsey, N., to whom a cheque has been sent.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Boastful our age! Full-sailed and wisdom-blown,
Adventurous we seek the happy isle
For ever sought! and fondly vaunt the while
Only to us the chart of truth is shown,
And stars espying, fashion some new name
For suns that burn eternally the same.

He named Life's star. And his no borrowed sight
Through wakened ages, and of lesser eyes.
Around him and above lay swart the skies
Of unplumbed ignorance and speechless night;
Not outer dark that inner orb could dim—
His was the vision blest of cherubim.

Type of the enduring Good in changeful man,
Not we, but searching Time records him "Great"—
The strenuous chief of a strong-sinewed clan,
Unstained by passion and unquelled by fate.

Other poems follow:

No idle tongue hath ever said
A bitter, taunting word of thee;
So didst thou live and work, that we
To nobler empire might be led.

The sapling-oak by thee first set
In fitting soil of law and truth,
Half-shades the world from frenzied ruth,
And all it shades is in thy debt:

Who loved thy native tongue, and laid
The cradle of our sea-born might.
Thy spirit rules across the night
A thousand changeful years have made.

Still thou dost point the untrod way,
As man, as king, our hearts command;
Thy bonds of law and love of land
To guide us to a clearer day.

[A. E. W., Greenock.]

The perfect pattern of all kings who reign
By justice, more than might: the mind which saw
That power must follow wisdom, by a law
Eternal, tho' for power men were not fain.
His pen first pointed to its vast domain
Our English prose: a warrior just and brave;
Sad, yet with joy which looked beyond the grave,
The conqueror of himself, then of the Dane.
The soul which saw that all men tend to God;
Who ever to that Fount of Light aspired.
Who marked, a youth, the path his manhood trod,
And, dying, won the memory he desired.
All England's darling, Alfred! His the name
In Fame's high temple safe, secure from blame!

[J. F. T., Tunbridge Wells.]

Leap back, our thoughts, bridge o'er these thousand years!
See England's travail pangs, her birth, her king,
Who nursed the callow brood, who nerved the wing,
(Bedraggled in the mire), to conquer fears!
For thee, oh, England, were thine Alfred's tears!
Hastings! grim prelude to a nation's woe,
Thy double war is healed: the foes are friends,
With Dane and Norman Alfred's England blends,
Three nations are made one. Grow, union, grow,
In trinity of might, redemption, peace!
Ye thousand years to come, your mission know!
Bear well your noble freight! 'tis, "War shall cease!"
His—England's making: be it ours, new-made,
To rear fit temple on the stone he laid.

[T. C., Buxted.]

"A single star
That sets at twilight in a land of reeds,"
Alfred Tennyson, "Early Sonnets."

They set at twilight in a land of reeds,
Those monarchs rare, who shine out fair,
Blessing their graceless times with gracious deeds;
Alfred, the name of twain, is England's pride,
Though ten long centuries the twain divide.

Crowned masters of the spell of English speech,
Great King! great bard! Others strain hard
But may not to your Sauline stature reach;
While little Alfreds hammer out their lays,
Gold-beaters of your ore, and forceful phrase.

England, bereft of Greatheart and Greatvoice,
Thou land of reeds, where twilight speeds
O'er scrannel pipe and splash of marish noise!
Rush-candles, Alfred's kingdom, thou canst get;
But star-like minds successor-less have set.

[R. F. McC., Whithy.]

Dear Alfred, when you burnt those cakes,
Had you no inkling, at the time,
Of the long boredom History makes
Of that small act, in every clime?

When wisdom "marked" you "for her own,"
(So wonderfully, quite complete)
Did you not hear the many groan,
Who sadly strive, but can't compete?

It tends the modern heart to break,
O faultless Ruler. Writer, Son!
To know you made but one mistake,
And that—well, such a paltry one!

But do you think that it was kind,
To claim a "corner" in that way,
Of all the graces of the mind
And keep it up—until to-day?

[A. F., Sutton.]

Twenty-seven other poems received.

Competition No. 91 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best sketch under the title, "The London Sight that Impresses Me Most." Not to exceed 200 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, June 19. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

DARLINGTONS' HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.

Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORFOLK BROADS. THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
{ LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR, }
{ LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON. }
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVRY.
CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, and PESTINIOG.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELL.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.
The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

Mr. Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S.

The well-known EXPLORER, TRAVELLER, and AUTHOR, writes as follows:—

"PARIS, June 1st, 1901.

"DEAR SIR,—Having suffered very severely from acute indigestion after a journey through Alaska up to Bering Straits, I have much pleasure in testifying to the admirable effects I derived from your **LACTOPEPTINE**. No traveller should be without it. Pray make any use you like of this letter.

"I am, yours truly,

"HARRY DE WINDT" (F.R.G.S.).



Harry de Windt.

*Paris.
June 1st 1901.*

*Having suffered
Very severely from acute
indigestion after a
journey through Alaska
up to Bering Straits.
I have much pleasure
in testifying to the
admirable effects I
derived from your
"Lactopeptine". No
traveller should be without it.*

"Served as A.D.C. to Raja Brooke of Sarawak, 1876-78; travelled from Pekin to France by land, 1887; rode to India from Russia (via Persia), 1889; inspected prisons of Western Siberia, 1890; visited mines and political prisons, Eastern Siberia, 1894; attempted to travel from New York to Paris by land, for *Pall Mall Gazette*, nearly perished on Bering Straits, rescued by a whaler, 1895; explored Klondyke goldfields, 1897; visited Russia, for *Daily Express*, 1900."—*Who's Who* (1901).

LACTOPEPTINE.

Why not diagnose your own case? If these are your symptoms LACTOPEPTINE will cure you too. There can be no question of disappointment.

Broken Sleep,
Poor Appetite,
Drowsiness after Meals,
Sharp Pain under the Heart,
Wind,
Acute Indigestion,

Coated Tongue — Indented
showing Teeth Marks,
Habitual Constipation,
Distension of the Stomach,
Palpitations,
Lowness of Spirits,

Flatulence,
Dizziness,
Pain between the Shoulders,
Parched State of the Hair,
Severe Headaches,

Heartburn,
Shortness of Breath,
Noises in the Head,
Biliousness,
Complexion Unhealthy,

At all the Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom, at the Principal English Pharmacies in Continental Cities, throughout the Colonies, India, China, Japan, South America, and Mexico. Lactopeptine is obtainable in 1-oz. bottles in Powder or Tablets, price 4s. 6d., also in ½-oz. bottles, price 2s. 9d. When ordering do not ask for digestion tablets, but Lactopeptine Powder or Tablets. Tablets are stamped thus



Offices and Laboratory:—48, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Write to-day for our booklet, "Twist Plate and Lip." We send it by return, post free.

SOTHERAN'S PRICE CURRENT of LITERATURE.—Monthly List of fresh purchases in Second-hand Books.—No. 609, just published for JUNE, includes in addition to an unusually large selection of General Literature a considerable number of fine Galleries and other Illustrated Works.—Post free from H. SOTHERAN & Co., Booksellers, 140, Strand, W.C.; and 37, Piccadilly, W.

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

THIRD LIST OF BOOKS.
Royal 8vo, pp. 279-438, and Plates XVII. to XXXVIII.
PRINCIPAL CONTENTS: MUSIC, EARLY PRINTED BOOKS, BINDINGS, BOOKS ON AGRICULTURE, AMERICANA, &c.—Price 2s. 6d. post free.
CATALOGUE No. I. out of print. CATALOGUE No. II., 2s. 6d., may be had, post free, on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
Importers of Foreign Books,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

BAEDEKER'S & BADDELEY'S
TOURISTS' GUIDE BOOKS.
New fully detailed CATALOGUE sent post free on application.

DULAU & Co., 37, Soho Square, London, W.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each offered for FitzGerald's Omar Khayyam, 1859, 1862, 1868, 1879; FitzGerald's Agamemnon, 1865 or 1876; Euphranor, 1851; Polonius, 1852; Mighty Magician, 1853; Six Dramas of Calderon, 1853. Please report anything by FitzGerald.—BAKER'S Great Book Shop, Birmingham.

CLEARANCE CATALOGUE of BOOKS
(just issued) sent gratis on application.—FRANK MURRAY, Bookseller, Derby.

RARE BOOKS SUPPLIED.—State wants. CATALOGUES free. Libraries and small parcels of Books Purchased for prompt cash.—HOLLAND BOOK COMPANY, 94, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK!

6s., claret roan, gilt, illustrated.

LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING, A. W. KINGLAKE, and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORFOLK BROADS. THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
BOSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR,
LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLETH, and ABERDOVEY.
CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICETH, and PWLLHELL.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, & CHELTENHAM.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.
NORWICH, LOWESTOFT, YARMOUTH, and the NORFOLK BROADS.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.

"It very emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 6s.—60 illustrations, 21 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & Co. Ltd., The Railway Bookstalls, and all booksellers. Paris and New York: BREFANO'S.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

WANTED, by a COLLECTOR (Gentleman),
the NAME of an ARTIST who would
DESIGN a FANCY BOOK-PLATE.—Reply,
with average prices, "COLLECTOR," care of
Jones & Yarrell, 8, Bury Street, St. James's,
S.W.

YOUNG WRITERS of PROSE or VERSE
should send large stamped envelope for
"NEW ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS of LIT-
ERARY TUITION, &c., PER POST," as con-
ducted by E. L. T. HARRIS-BICKFORD, F.S.Sc.
16 pp., now ready.—Thornley House, Redruth.

NOTICE.

MR. STANHOPE SPRIGG begs to state
that he has set up in Business as a
LITERARY AGENT, on a New System, at
110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

An idea of the field covered by his opera-
tions will be given by this list of some of his
Clients:

E. Nesbit, George Paston, H. D. Lowry,
Walter Grogan, Edward Hutton, William
Westall, Cotford Dick, The Baroness de
Bertouch, Frederick Baron Corvo, Charles
Gleig, Scott Graham, Bart Kennedy, Lorin
Lathrop, "Sundowner," Charlotte O'Connor
Eccles, Major Arthur Griffiths, and Frank
Beddard, F.R.S.

TYPE-WRITING.—Authors' MSS., neat,
prompt, accurate, 10d. per 1,000 words.
Duplicates. Translations, French Correspond-
ence, and Literary or Technical Work.—
Mrs. MICHEL, 31, Craven Street, Charing Cross.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately
done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples
and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss
MESSER, 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

FANTIN-LATOURE and MUSIC.—EXHIBI-
TION of LITHOGRAPHS in relation to
Music and Operas, by Berlioz, Schumann,
Wagner, &c. NOW OPEN, at Mr. R.
GUTEKUNST'S GALLERY, 16, King Street,
St. James's, S.W. 10 to 6 Daily. Admission,
including Catalogue, 1s.

UNIVERSITY of BIRMINGHAM.

ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP IN THE FRENCH
LANGUAGE.

The Council invite APPLICATIONS for the
above appointment. Stipend £150 per annum.

Candidates must be graduates of a Univer-
sity, above the French Bachelier standard,
and speak fluent English. A knowledge of
Spanish will be a recommendation.

Applications, accompanied by testimonials,
should be sent to the undersigned, not later
than Saturday, the 29th June, 1901.

The Candidate elected will be required to
enter upon his duties on October 1st, 1901.

Further particulars may be obtained from
GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of BIRMINGHAM.

LECTURESHIP IN GREEK.

The Council invite APPLICATIONS for a
LECTURESHIP IN GREEK (Language, Litera-
ture, and Archaeology), at a stipend of £200
per annum, under the general direction of the
Professor of Classics. Duties to begin 1st
October, 1901.

Applications, with not less than twelve
copies of testimonials, should be sent before
29th June, 1901, to the undersigned, from
whom further particulars can be obtained.

GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months,
and 12 Months

CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS
of the SEASON ARE NOW in
CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE
(Second Hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS
SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C., LONDON;

And at 10-12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS

2⁰/₁₀ on the minimum monthly balance, 2¹/₁₀
when not drawn below £100.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

2¹⁰/₁₀ on Deposits, repayable on demand. 2¹/₂ %

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post
free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.

Telegraphic Address, BIRKBECK LONDON.

Digitized by Google

AND EVERY SATURDAY.

restored by
HERBERT VIVIAN,
Esquire.

Luxurious Edition : £2 10s. the Year. Publick Edition : 6s. the Year.
£1 8s. the Half-year. 3s. 3d. the Half-year.
15s. the Quarter. 2s. the Quarter.

Early Papers will include :

THE DOGGEREL of MR. KIPLING. By HERBERT VIVIAN, Esquire.

THE RAMBLER, The Ballantyne Press, 14, Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

At all Booksellers' and Libraries.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

AUTHOR OF "DEBORAH OF TOD'S," "ADAM GRIGSON," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Price 6s. each.

NOW READY.—The **FOURTH EDITION** of

THE CAREER OF A BEAUTY. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

"Will be thoroughly enjoyed."—*The Sketch*.

"One long but entertaining series of glimpses of life in the more exclusive classes called 'upper.'"
 "It is full of fine pictures of modern society life."—*Scotsman*. *Daily Graph*

MOSTLY FOOLS AND A DUCHESS.

A CRAFTY FOE: A ROMANCE OF THE SEA. By HUME NISBET.

DENVER'S DOUBLE. By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

"A capital story of its kind."—*Scotsman*.

Price 5s.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CLASPED HANDS. BY GUY BOOTHBY.

With Illustrations by A. WALLIS MILLS.
 "One of the best sensation stories we have read for a long time."—*Literary World*.

F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s. each, post free.

THE WEARIED CHRIST. and other

Sermons. By ALEX. MACLAREN, D.D.
 "They show the same wonderful fertility of apt and beautiful illustrations, the same exquisite use of language, the same direct heart-searching power which we are accustomed to find in all Dr. Maclaren's works."—*Christian World Pulpit*.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, LTD., 21 and 22, FURNIVAL STREET, HOLBORN, W.C.

THE GOD of the AMEN. and other

"The several sermons contained in this volume are replete with a keen spiritual insight, combined with an aptness of illustration and beauty of diction which cannot fail to both impress and charm the reader."
Methodist Times.

Methodist Times.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

1. THE GODS. SOME MORTALS, and LORD WICKENHAM. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

2. ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS. By BARRY PAIN.

3. **THE LETTERS of HER MOTHER to ELIZABETH.** By —.
Cloth, 2s. each; paper, 1s. each.

NEW SIXPENNY EDITIONS.

EBEN HOLDEN. By Irving Bacheller.
EFFIE HETHERINGTON. By Robert
BUCHANAN.

By ELLEN TAYLOR.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

"So many young men from England go out to the colonies to make a living, that an account of the experiences of one of them ought to prove interesting. Ion Dungarvon, in search of new experiences and anxious to better himself, arrives in Wellington, and on the advice of his agent pays £100 to the owner of a large run for the privilege of acquiring the art of land management. He begins his career in a north island as a cadet—a name invariably used in the colonies to explain the position he occupied—and the recounting of his first year so employed, together with his first experience in love-making, is the subject-matter of the story. The time dates back to thirty years ago, when life in the colonies was rougher and more exacting than it is now, and when it was for that reason more prolific of adventures."

By ELLEN TAYLOR.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN,
Paternoster Square, E.C.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1520. Established 1869.

22 June, 1901.

Price Threepence.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE section of the *New English Dictionary* about to be published carries on the work from Jew to Kairine, and the following section will finish K and complete Volume V. Dr. Murray is responsible for the forthcoming instalment, and he invites special attention to the great words Judge, Jury, and Justice. Jingo has a special interest at the present time. The opening article in K sketches the interesting history of that letter, and its status in English, where, like J, it has only a restricted native function, but a large alien constituency.

GLASGOW University has paid Mr. Philip James Bailey a great compliment. It is Glasgow's rule to confer honorary degrees only on the recipients in person. But as Mr. Bailey's advanced age rendered so long a journey unadvisable, for the first time a Glasgow degree of LL.D. was bestowed *in absentia*. It is rather remarkable that such honours were not conferred on the venerable poet while he was still vigorous enough to go and receive them. Mr. Bailey lives quietly at Nottingham, and we are glad to learn that the "serious illness" by which he was reported to be afflicted was only a slight attack of influenza, from which he has quite recovered.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD has been collaborating with Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer in a novel of which the scene is laid in London and in Paris, and the story concerns the members of literary and political circles in France and England. It is called *The Inheritors*, and Mr. Heinemann will publish it shortly.

THE health of Mr. George Gissing has been giving his friends some cause for uneasiness. Paris, which has been his home for some time, has developed a certain weakness of the lungs to which he is liable. Of late he has been staying with Mr. H. G. Wells at Sandgate, and the sea air has effected considerable improvement. The contemplated sojourn on the East coast for an "open-air cure" will, we trust, completely restore him to his wonted vigour.

In the article on p. 535 we have made no reference to the illustrations to Mr. Gissing's book of travel, *By the Ionian Sea*. The title-page says: "With eight illustrations in colour by Leo de Littrow, and others in black and white." M. de Littrow's pictures, though they obviously suffer by being too much reduced, are admirable, and wonderfully well printed. Those in black and white, including a full-page drawing of a ruined temple which discloses expert architectural draughtsmanship, are unsigned. In the letterpress, Mr. Gissing refers to his "sketching." In the absence of any statement to the contrary we incline to the opinion that Mr. Gissing has followed the example of Mr. Hardy and illustrated his own book.

The Facsimile Reprint of the Germ, on which Mr. Elliot Stock has been engaged so long, is nearly completed, and

will be issued during the present month. The four parts in the paper covers of the original and a preface by Mr. W. M. Rossetti of some thirty-six pages will be issued in a case of pre-Raphaelite design.

THIS announcement filled three lines at the foot of a column in a morning paper on the day after Mr. Robert Buchanan's funeral:

At the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday, a receiving order was made against the estate of the late Robert Buchanan.

FROM the annual report of the Committee of the Richmond Public Library we find that the branch reading-room at Petersham contains only four daily papers. But it contains also ten railway time-tables. It would appear that Petersham folk are more anxious to get away from Petersham than to stay there and read.

AT a meeting of the Brontë Society, held last week, the question of incorporating the society, in order to give it a legal standing, was considered. About one-third of the cost (£50) of carrying out the scheme is promised. It was also reported at the meeting that Mr. George Dyson, of Huddersfield, had offered to pay for the compilation of the Brontë dictionary, and his offer was accepted with thanks.

OUR competition this week has produced a fine crop of impressive London sights. Among the sights that impress our readers are the Thames, St. Paul's—which leads the way with four votes—Westminster Abbey, Dr. Parker's Thursday noonday service, the City on Sunday, the Park in the season, Hyde Park Corner. Other readers are most impressed by the street loafers, the burrowers in dustbins, the hawkers of toys. To one a greengrocer's van removing the poor man's furniture is a sight to record. The constable directing traffic obtains two suffrages and ties with the fire-engine. The Chamber of Horrors is to one the most impressive thing in London. Finally one competitor shirks the task of selection and thinks the most remarkable thing in London is "London itself."

THE new number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* contains "A Real Conversation" between Mr. Archer and Mr. George Moore. Once more the author of *Esther Waters* explains his reasons for leaving London for Ireland:

MR. MOORE: The moral atmosphere is unbearable—at least by me. Even so lately as Gladstone's day there were some remnants of moral sense in the national life. He represented all that is noble in the national character, just as the present Government represents all the inferior qualities. Why should I live in London to witness the destruction of beautiful buildings and the erection of "artistic" villa residences? Why should I live in London to read bad accounts of bad literature in the papers? Do you think the modern playhouse holds out any inducement to me to remain? But I know you agree with me about the theatre, so I won't enlarge on that.

W. A.: Agree with you! Why, I disagree with you so utterly that if we once start on that topic we shall never get off it again. And, in the meantime, I want to hear more of your reasons for shaking the dust of London off your feet.

MR. MOORE: I must escape from the Brixton Empire.

W. A.: British Empire, you mean.

MR. MOORE: I call it the Brixton Empire.

W. A.: Oh, I see! Thank you—the surgical operation is complete.

MR. MOORE: This empire of vulgarity, and greed, and materialism and hypocrisy, that is crawling round the whole world, throttling other races and nationalities—all for their own good, of course—and reducing everything to one machine-made Brixton pattern.

In Ireland Mr. Moore looks to find a green oasis in a wilderness of khaki. So the dialogue proceeds:

MR. MOORE: I am going to find a primitive people, in place of a sophisticated—I may say a decadent—people. I am going in search of air that I can breathe without choking. The first concern of every man is the moral atmosphere in which he lives. Some people are quite at their ease in an atmosphere of cruelty, lust of gold, and all the gratifications of the senses. Others desire an atmosphere in which tenderness, and pity for humanity, and the cultivation of ideas, count for more than so-called material advantages.

W. A.: And you are going—?

MR. MOORE: Well, my duty is there: I am going at last to do my duty. I have been an absentee landlord—I have behaved wrongly in every way! It is only of late, when I have seen how insatiate Imperialism was degrading the English race, that I have recognised how all art, all morality, all spiritual life, is rooted in nationality. I am going, so far as in me lies, to help Ireland to recover her own language, and save her soul.

ANOTHER revival of eighteenth century titles is promised. Already we have had the *Rambler* and the *Idler*. Now the *Tatler* springs from Mr. Clement Shorter's fertile brain. The *Tatler* is the second project of the company which so successfully launched the *Sphere*. It is to be a sixpenny illustrated journal of society and the stage, appearing every Wednesday, and its aim is to illustrate every aspect of the lighter side of life more fully and systematically than has been done by any similar publication. The first number may be expected in about three weeks. Some may think the season unfavourable for a new venture of this kind; but the time is chosen with a purpose.

GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE, author of *Ben Hur*, has contributed an Introductory Letter to a new illustrated edition of George Croly's *Tarry Thou Till I Come*; or, *Salathiel, the Wandering Jew*, published by the Funk & Wagnall's Company. The second paragraph of the Introductory Letter runs thus: "In my judgment, the six greatest English novels are *Ivanhoe*, *The Last of the Barons*, *The Tale of Two Cities*, *Jane Eyre*, *Hyppatia*, and this romance of Croly's. If Shakespeare had never been born; if Milton, Byron, and Tennyson were singers to be, and Bacon, Darwin, and Ruskin unknown; if there had been no British dramatists, no British historians, no works in British libraries significant of British science and philosophy, no alcoves glutted with bookish remains of British moralists and preachers, still the six works named would of themselves suffice to constitute a British literature." "This is bold, I know," adds the General.

LITERARY partnerships are always rather mysterious, and many have wondered what were the respective shares of Besant and Rice in the stories which bore both names. In an interesting letter to the *Times* Mr. Percy Fitzgerald explains thus:

There have been many speculations as to the methods with which the late James Rice and—alas! that we should have to add—the late, to be lamented, Sir Walter Besant

carried on their literary partnership. I think I can throw a little light. I recall Rice coming to town about 1871 or 1872, when he had as an office in Fleet-street a rather dilapidated upper chamber, and here he carried on a rather languishing magazine, *Once a Week*, which he had just purchased. With him was a curious-looking partner, but he later acquired the whole control of the paper. He was a man of pushing business habits, with a taste for the Turf, and of decidedly Jewish aspect; very straightforward and generally likeable. I wrote a good deal for him—novels, essays, &c. He himself contributed a novel, called "The Cambridge Freshman," setting forth the doings of a comic Mr. Golightly—a very poor production; so poor and flat in its missfire humour that it almost settles the question of the collaboration. For one thinks of the caustic remark of the late Master of Trinity when he came out after hearing Dean Howson—Howson and Conybeare being the joint authors of a work on St. Paul—"What a clever man Conybeare must be!"

Rice presently fell in with Besant, with whom he struck up a great friendship, and with him started the story "Ready-Money Mortiboy," which soon began to attract attention. Rice's businesslike methods were soon displayed in pushing the venture. I remember his describing how he and his friend carried on their work. Besant was the skilled writing partner—he did the description, dialogues, characters; but Rice thought out the plot and construction. They met at each other's rooms, over a pipe and glass of grog, and debated the story chapter by chapter. Rice, having read his friend's daily portion of the work, would arrive furnished with many ingenious expedients for unravelling or complicating the situation. He sat in his chair, and would set forth all manner of suggestions which had occurred to him as he walked about. Most of these were put aside, and the most striking and eligible were chosen. Besant had a gift for seizing on and developing what was thus put before him. Rice, too, often told some of his commercial efforts to exploit the stories—what elaborate treaties he entered into with the colonial booksellers, &c. In all these things Rice was the business manager and worked the "show" thoroughly well. It will be seen that this fashion of collaboration is quite a different thing from the Erckmann-Chatelain partnership, where both the writers contributed an equal share of the work—and a share of the same kind. I never heard that any cloud arose between the two co-operators, as was the case with the Alsatian pair. Certain it is that Besant's unaided work was rather a different thing from what he produced when working with his friend.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL has been laying the novelist on the block—in the *Daily Mail*—cutting him up, and estimating his value in the market. Is American competition going to swamp the British novelist? No, replies Dr. Nicoll; and if it did, very few people would be affected. The reason of this, as given by a critic who knows as much as anyone of the inside of the bookman's trade, is somewhat depressing. "There are not more than forty novelists in this country who can live in a reasonable way on the profits of their books alone." There is, however, the serial market, which is likely to remain firm. But even then Dr. Nicoll calculates that there are only "eighty-five novelists who can live by what they receive from the publication of their books as serials as well as in volume form." Then how do the rest of the people whose names gem our "Notes on Novels" manage to live? Well, they are journalists, dramatists, or in the enjoyment of an independent income. "There are certainly not a dozen novelists in this country who earn an income of £5,000 a year."

REMORSELESSLY Dr. Nicholl goes down his list of living English novelists, and finds at most four who can count on getting more from America than from England, so that the loss of the American market would be spread over a very small area. "Some writers who have a very large public in this country never succeed in America. It is not worth while for them to copyright their books. I estimate that

there are about eighty novelists who may receive from America between £50 and £100 for book rights. If they are able to arrange for the publication of serials, they will receive more. But there are thirteen, I think, for whom the suppression of the American market would mean a very considerable drop in their incomes. I believe I have indicated the extent of the possible calamity."

HOWEVER, it is cheering to be told that if the Briton has little to lose in America he is in no danger of being rivalled in his own land by American writers. The popularity of Mr. Winston Churchill rests, we are told, on the inability of the British public to believe that there can be two Winston Churchills. His last book was reviewed by the *Manchester Guardian* as if it had been written by Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, and when the English Mr. Churchill escaped from Pretoria his interested fellow-countrywomen stormed the libraries to get the American Mr. Churchill's novel. Really the two Churchills should join their forces. The one might get picturesque fame while the other turned the fame into circulation.

FURTHER light is thrown on the profession of letters by a chapter in Mr. Henry Murray's *Robert Buchanan and Other Essays*, which has just reached us. It is written "De Profundis" in the form of a letter to a nephew who contemplates taking up literature as a profession, and is almost painful in its personal note. We quote the closing passage:

You have an honourable and useful career before you in the profession your father wishes you to follow, and one good doctor is worth a planetful of gentlemen of the Press. I am not counselling you to give up literature. Practise it where you are, for which your life will give you ample leisure, and far better opportunities of practising it to worthy effect than you could find in London. The only way to retain the freshness of heart and loyalty of purpose which make a poet is to keep out of this Pandemonium. You will find the best substitutes for the inspirations the world has lost in field and forest, not amid bricks and mortar; in the pages of the poets, not in the cluck and gabble of the Press. You will hear a truer gospel from the lips of the humblest peasant than in the chatter of the scribbling Sadducees of literary society. You know Blake's lines:

"He who binds to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sunrise."

When you have penetrated the spirit of that verse you will have no further desire to change the life of tranquil thought and healthy action among the woods of Beechcroft for the heart-and-brain-sickening existence of a literary drudge.

MR. ANDREW LANG, in the *Morning Post*, plays pleasantly around the dispute between Mr. Hall Caine and the editor who stopped the publication of his serial. He imagines the proprietors of a new magazine—*Rotten Row*—purchasing for £30,000 the serial rights of a novel by a moral author. But the author becomes too violently moral. So the editor remonstrates thus:

DEAR SIR,—Your Chapter XVII., in which Macusquebagh, after breaking all the windows in his cabin, cuts the throats of Mrs. Macusquebagh and the thirteen children with panes of glass, afterwards attempting to enter a railway carriage "For Ladies Only" in a state of total nudity, is a masterly performance. Never have I been more powerfully impressed by your virile grip of your theme, and your unshrinking realism. But I trust you will pardon me for hinting that even your public is not yet educated up to that pitch of moral hardihood which can accept naturalism so naked (*nuda veritas*) and (most properly) so unashamed. May I therefore entreat you to spare the lives of at least six of the victims, and to refrain from causing Mr. Macusquebagh to discard his sporran, or is it philabeg? The philabeg would save the

situation, at present gravely compromised. Trusting that you will consent to so trifling a modification of your Titanic chapter.—I remain, reverentially yours,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—Of course, you can take your fling in the six-shilling edition.

The moral author, like Sir Walter Scott, when Mr. Blackwood made a suggestion, exclaims: "D—n his impudence!" And so there is "work for gentlemen of the long robe."

A MISSING chapter competition is what Mr. Lang suggests, in order to give the public a share in the game. The Editor of *Rotten Row* might offer £1,000 for the best missing chapter. Competitors should be invited to send in chapters giving their ideas of what the moral author was going to say when the editor drew the line, and the prize should be awarded to the amateur who came nearest in virility and audacity to the inspired but unsuitable original. It is a joyful suggestion. But unfortunately the efforts of the amateurs could not be published—except after counsel's opinion.

FROM a Hertfordshire workhouse, whither the ACADEMY penetrated on the order of an inmate, comes a remarkable proposal over the signature "W. T. W." "I am an inmate here now," he writes, "but hope to be outside in the course of nine or ten days." His proposal refers to nothing less than a "literary monument or memorial" which shall be all-embracing. It will consist of extracts from authors of every sort and kind, passages from the sermons of eminent preachers—and some who could not be classed as eminent; selections from Parliamentary and platform deliverances. The design is to crystallise into the dimensions of a room or so the ideas of "all sects and parties belonging to the English-speaking world." No doubt the Parliamentary orator below the gangway and the obscure preacher would welcome the monument; but they will form only single bricks in the huge erection, for "W. T. W." suggests the Bible with its chapter and verse as the model. Chapters and verses, he admits, must vary in length, and there are obviously some writers who could be covered by the shortest verse in the Bible. The stoutest heart will be appalled at the prospect of such a gigantic collection of mediocrity.

THE *New York Journal* publishes a Saturday review of literature which gives in headlines and pictures the week's literary "form at a glance." In the copy before us the front page contains, framed in black and crimson border, an account of Camille Flammarion's *The Unknown*. Turning a page we find "Here's a Literary Treasure Trove," and then come selections from the poems and pictures contributed to *The May Book* and the cause of Charing Cross Hospital. Another page puts "Books of the Week in a Nutshell," and explains "Why I have Written a Book on Cats, by Agnes Repplier." An explanation was certainly needed. "Dramatic Situations in Three New Novels"—pictures and all—fill another page, while in the middle comes a double-page description of Dr. Giles's *History of Chinese Literature*. Further on "New Novels Worth Reading" squeezes the essence from nine novels on to a single page. The *New York Journal* will seem to some English readers to publish with a scream. But at all events it is alive in every line.

KIA YI is a poet but little known to English readers of to-day. He was a Chinese Minister of State who flourished—or rather was banished—about 200 B.C. But he has a claim on our gratitude. For Dr. Martin, of the Imperial University, Peking, writing on "The Poetry of the Chinese" in the *North American Review*, finds in Kia Yi the literary ancestor of Poe. These stanzas certainly

remind one of the "Raven," though how did Poe get wind of Kia Yi?

On his bed of straw reclining,
Half despairing, half repining—
When, athwart the window sill,
In flew a bird of omen ill,
And seemed inclined to stay.

To my book of occult learning
Suddenly I thought of turning,
All the mystery to know
Of that shameless owl or crow,
That would not go away.

"Wherever such a bird shall enter
'Tis sure some power above has sent her,"
So said the mystic book, "to show
The human dweller forth must go."
But *where*, it did not say.

Then anxiously the bird addressing,
And my ignorance confessing,
"Gentle bird, in mercy deign,
The will of Fate to me explain.
Where is my future way?"

It raised its head as if 'twere seeking
To answer me by simply speaking;
Then folded up its sable wing,
Nor did it utter anything;
But breathed a "Well-a-day!"

THE AUCKLAND (New Zealand) *Star* is crueller than ourselves to the *American Anthology*, which we merely called "A Wilderness of Mediocrity." Quoting our judgment, the *Star* improves, somewhat injudiciously, upon it. For it unfortunately selects Emerson's "Brahma," and after citing two stanzas it adds the criticism: "What egregious flapdoodle!" We are sorry that a headline of ours should have led the *Star* so far out of its course.

Bibliographical.

MR. WILLIAM CANTON's first volume of poems was published, I believe, in 1887. It was called *A Lost Epic*, &c. Mr. Canton, however, had been a contributor of verse to periodicals for some years previously. Among my literary treasures are a few pages of privately printed matter, containing pieces by Mr. Canton, which appeared in the *New Quarterly* in 1879, in the *Examiner* in 1879-80, and in the *Contemporary Review* in 1881. The *New Quarterly* poem is "Through the Ages," which the author was good enough to read to me, I remember, while it was still in MS., and which suggested that he was likely to become the poet of modern geology. In the same vein was the *Examiner's* poem, "An Indian Cowrie." In the *Contemporary Review*, however, appeared certain poems of childhood, which suggested another bent in Mr. Canton's poetic personality. Take "Susprium," for instance:

These little shoes!—How proud she was of these!
Can you forget how, sitting on your knees,
She used to prattle volubly, and raise
Her tiny feet to win your wondering praise?
Was life too rough for feet so softly shod,
That now she walks in Paradise with God,
Leaving but these—to doat on and to muse—
These little shoes!

The announcement of Messrs. Dent's illustrated edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, from which the best may be hoped, recalls to mind the unceasing popularity of the work. To go back only a decade, one remembers the edition in five volumes (with the "Hebrides") in 1891, that in Sir John Lubbock's "Best Books" in 1892, that edited by Mr. Mowbray Morris for the "Globe" series in 1893, that in five volumes which was edited by Henry Morley in 1894, that in six volumes which was edited by Mr. Augustine Birrell in 1896, that which was edited by Mr. William Wallace in 1897, that which was edited in the same year (with the "Hebrides") by Mr. Percy

Fitzgerald, the six-volume edition in Messrs. Dent's "Temple Classics" in 1898, and the three-volume edition in Messrs. Macmillan's "English Classics" in 1900. In addition to these there were cheap one-volume editions in 1898 and 1899. Where can be the public for editions following each other at such brief intervals? One would think there cannot be a private library, worthy of the name, in all England which does not include a copy of the *Life of Johnson*.

Mr. Shorter, in his last week's "Literary Letter" in the *Sphere*, expressed the opinion that "very few" of the books in the "Great Writers" series (Walter Scott) "were worth much—only two or three at the most." This is a hard saying, seeing that the series includes volumes written by Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. H. E. Watts, Mr. M. D. Conway, Mr. Herman Merivale, and Mr. W. J. Linton, to name no others. For my own part, I think every item in the series worth (and more than worth) the shilling asked for it, if only because it contains a bibliography from the careful pen of Mr. J. P. Anderson. These bibliographies are not without their limitations, but, in the bulk, they present a mass of useful matter which in itself gives to the series a *raison d'être*.

The fact that a dramatic version of General Wallace's *Ben Hur* is to be produced next Easter at Drury Lane has probably already stimulated anew the sale of that work in this country. The story must be already well known to the public, for since 1881 there have been at least twenty editions of it, at prices ranging from a guinea and a half to a shilling. The guinea-and-a-half edition was illustrated in photogravure and published by Messrs. Osgood just ten years ago. The latest edition, I believe, is that issued last year by Messrs. Low, Marston. In 1895 no fewer than six editions of the book were sent out by as many London publishing firms, and one wonders what was the cause of so remarkable a vogue in that year of all others. General Wallace's other work has had a much less extensive vogue in England.

Mr. Henry Murray, author of the new "appreciation" of Robert Buchanan, has been described as that writer's collaborator in "The Charlatan." This is true of the novel so-named, founded on Buchanan's play called "The Charlatan," but would not be true, I believe, of the play itself, which was announced simply as Buchanan's. Mr. Murray, by the way, collaborated with his friend in the production of the play called "A Society Butterfly," in which Mrs. Langtry appeared. Mr. Clement Scott "slated" this work, and the two dramatists fulminated against him from the stage of the Opéra Comique.

There appears to be a general demand for Kinglake's *Eothen*. The last copyright editions were issued by Messrs. Blackwood in 1896 and 1897—the first at 3s. 6d. and the other at 1s. (with portrait and memoir). Messrs. Newnes followed, early in 1898, with an illustrated edition at 2s. 6d., Messrs. Bell sending out a 4s. edition later in the year. Then came Messrs. Methuen, last year, with two editions at 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. respectively. You would have thought that these would have pretty well supplied the market, but that Messrs. Dent don't think so is proved by the fact that they announce *Eothen* as the latest addition to their "Temple Classics."

The other day the *Daily Telegraph* recorded the performance, at one of the London theatres, of a one-act play by "Sir" Laurence Alma-Tadema. And really the mistake was not unnatural, for not everyone can be expected to know that Sir Laurence bestowed upon his daughter his own Christian name. Happily Sir Laurence is contented with wielding the brush, and leaves the pen alone; otherwise, the existence of two Laurence Alma-Tademas would be trying to the patience of the bibliographer.

Reviews.

Mysticism and Miracle.

St. Lydwine de Schiedam. Par J. K. Huysmans. (Paris : P. V. Stock.)

M. HUYSMANS' new book is less interesting as literature than as a document—using the word in its original sense of an instance—of at once the strength and weakness of Romanism. As we had occasion to show in a review of his work three years ago (see *ACADEMY* of Feb. 19, 1898), the author began his career with romances so daringly realistic as to shock the not over squeamish conscience of the Parisian publishers, but after some fifteen years spent in this sort of writing, saw the error of his ways and was converted, or perhaps we should say returned, to Catholicism. In the three books that he has published since this event—viz., *La Bas*, *En Route*, and *La Cathédrale*—he has described the mental struggles of a Parisian journalist on his passage from nearly the lowest depths of sensual vice to the heights of Catholic mysticism, and the truth and vigour of the description has raised M. Huysmans to the position of one of the most popular writers in France. Whether the life of his hero is drawn from his experience or his imagination he has never stated, but his public has apparently agreed to consider it as an autobiography, and some colour is given to this view by the undoubted fact that M. Huysmans has lately resigned his place in the Ministry of the Marine, and has taken the vows as an oblate in a Benedictine monastery. It is from this retreat that the present volume is sent forth, and it is not surprising that it should smell in some degree of its place of origin.

St. Lydwine, whose life is here chronicled, was born near the end of the fourteenth century. She was of noble ancestry, say the old chroniclers, from whom M. Huysmans quotes freely; but the family must have come down in the world, for her father occupied no more exalted position than that of night watchman in the little Dutch town of which she afterwards became the patron saint. Her life does not seem to have differed materially from that of other girls in her position until her fifteenth year, although it is reported of her that she suffered greatly from gravel, which seems hardly an infantile disease, and refused all offers of marriage. In that year, however, she was attacked by a malady which seems to have been the chlorosis, or "green-sickness," so often deplored by our Elizabethan poets, and while under the influence of this met with a skating accident which resulted in a broken rib. From that moment she took to her bed, never to quit it until her death, fifty-three years later, and disease after disease began to accumulate upon her. We spare our readers the revolting description of these, on which M. Huysmans, after his manner, lavishes pages, and will merely say that they reduced her to such a condition that she was unable to move any part of her but her right arm without assistance, that her eyes bled when she saw the light, and that she rapidly became an object which left little resemblance to a human being. M. Huysmans sums up her state by saying that she was attacked by every disease known to the Middle Ages, including the terrible Black Death, but excluding leprosy, which he thinks was spared her lest she should be removed to a lazar house and thus cease to edify the faithful.

Then began a drama which we fancy is nowadays more likely to be repeated in India than in Europe. At first Lydwine seems to have looked upon her afflictions as merely earthly maladies and to have repined under them, until it was pointed out to her by a priest, who came to give her the Eucharist, that she should seek relief by meditating on the Passion of Christ, and offer them to Him as an expiation for the sins of the world,

and particularly of her native town. This, after some difficulties, she succeeded in doing, even praying God to bestow upon her additional tortures, and was finally rewarded by ecstatic visions, in which she believed herself to experience the joys of Paradise and to have the power of visiting Purgatory at will. She also thought herself to be in almost daily communication with an angel specially detailed to watch over her, and, in consequence, was able to inform many persons, mostly dissolute priests, of sins that they supposed to be hidden, and to pronounce on the salvation or otherwise of those lately dead. The result seems to have been that the sick-bed of Lydwine became at length one of the sights of the town, that she was consulted by the great ones of the earth upon all manner of spiritual questions, and that when she died her life was entrusted to no less a person than Thomas à Kempis, to whose mystical school she was, says M. Huysmans, much attached. Long before her death her relations had all passed away, and she was supported during the latter years of her life by the alms of her poorer neighbours, though amid surroundings that, partly of her own choosing, would have inflicted hardships upon an Indian fakir.

On the spiritual benefit of these sufferings, not only for the sufferer, but for humanity in general, M. Huysmans has no doubts whatever. According to the doctrine of "mystic substitution," which he here lays down, "each of us is, up to a certain point, responsible for the faults of others, and ought, up to a certain point, to make expiation for them; and each of us can, if it please God, attribute in a certain degree the merits which he possesses or acquires, to those who have none or who do not wish to reap them." This doctrine, he says, explains the mystery of the Atonement; but now that the Saviour has returned to the skies, "if He still wishes to suffer here below, it can only be in His Church, in the members of His mystic body." Hence it is, he says through the mouth of Lydwine's confessor, that souls like Lydwine's,

who begin again the agonies of Calvary, who nail themselves to Jesus's empty place upon the Cross, are, in some sort, the doubles of the Son. They exhibit, in a bleeding mirror, His poor face; they do more: they alone give to this Almighty God something which is lacking in Him—the possibility of still suffering for us. They appease this desire, which has survived His death, for it is as infinite as the love which engenders it; they dispense to this marvellous Pauper an alms of tears; they plunge Him again into the joy of holocausts which He has forbidden to Himself.

Such doctrines we desire to treat with the reverence that should be extended to all religious beliefs sincerely held; and as it is quite certain that our views upon them could not fail to displease one or other part of our readers, we think it best to state them without commentary.

The case is different with the marvels with which M. Huysmans evidently thinks they can be supported. It is (in Macaulay's phrase) with a pitying smile that we read that a quarter of salt beef, which St. Lydwine caused to be cooked and distributed among thirty poor families, remained as intact after the distribution as before it; that a purse which she handed to a relative, from which to discharge the debts of her dead brother, remained, after paying them, as full as before, and up to the day of her death continued to be miraculously replenished; and that an angel, during the great fire of Schiedam, brought her, instead of her bed staff, a stick of celestial wood of extraordinary hardness, which proved, when cut, to be of the colour of fresh wax, endowed with a heavenly perfume, and of a particular sort of cypress peculiar to the Garden of Eden. If M. Huysmans really believes that Heaven is a place containing storehouses of salted meat, of Dutch coins of the fifteenth century, and of sticks of perfumed wood, there would seem to be little difference between his conceptions

of it and that of the lowest savages. But we know perfectly well that he does not give his mental assent to these propositions, and that they are only included in the book from the desire—natural, perhaps, in a convert—to show that his faith is stout enough to stick at no trifles. To the same feeling do we attribute the reiterated assertion in this book of the existence in Europe of a fully organised church for the worship of Satan, and his statement that St. Lydwine lived during the greater part of her life without food or sleep, while her wounds and sores never ceased to diffuse an odour of entrancing sweetness. The “*Credo quia impossibile*,” into which centuries of misquotation have twisted Tertullian’s theory that the private judgment of Christians should be silent on questions in which the traditions of the Church and the words of Scripture agreed, has come for other people than M. Huysmans to mean that everything that is incredible must necessarily be of faith. As St. Lydwine’s grandfather, according to Thomas à Kempis, was haunted by the devil, and she herself suffered among other things from epilepsy, her story would present no difficulties to a student at the Salpêtrière; while it is evident from an incident mentioned by M. Huysmans that some, at any rate, of her contemporaries did not believe that she existed without food. That in the twentieth century after Christ the Church should have sufficient power over a man of M. Huysmans’ mental calibre to induce him to immure himself in a monastery, and at the same time should allow him to publish such a book as this, is a phenomenon twice as wonderful as any of those he records.

The Friar in Politics.

Girolamo Savonarola. By E. L. S. Horsburgh. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

THIS volume, which belongs to Messrs. Methuen’s series of “Little Biographies,” is a performance of more than average ability. Doubtless Savonarola’s life, about which we have such little record beyond the bare historical essentials, peculiarly lends itself to the purposes of miniature biography. There is not much to retrench, there is small necessity for epitome in what is itself an epitome. But the thing is done with excellent instinct for proportion. The *milieu* of the man is sketched with liveliness and judgment, we are given just the right amount of historic atmosphere, rendered with clearness, precision, and pictorial quality. At the same time the man himself is kept consistently in the foreground, and is portrayed with a firm grasp on humanity; so that he stands out distinct and credible—no creation of biographical enthusiasm. This, indeed, is Mr. Horsburgh’s crowning quality. In few biographies are there more temptations to one-sidedness and partial enthusiasm. But he displays sanity and balance in all his judgments. Never for a moment are the scales deflected by prejudice, even in dealing with characters concerning whom prejudice is natural—one might almost say justified. The more assuredly a character is damned by the concurrent pronouncements of the best historians, the more calmly Mr. Horsburgh discards all passion in dealing with him; the more inflexibly he insists on justice to his particular actions apart from his general character.

Thus he has set the tragedy of Savonarola in an unimpassioned light, if not actually new, at least unaccustomed. Men are wonted to regard him as a great moral reformer, crushed by a licentious Pope against whose conduct he had fulminated. Savonarola was unquestionably a great moral reformer. Alexander VI. is the one Pope whose private life, during his Papacy, is provenly flagitious. By the latest researches (those of the Catholic historian, Pastor) it is known to have been flagitious in a crying degree. His political conduct ranks him

with the most unscrupulous and selfish Italian rulers of his day. It is natural to conclude that the evil Pope eagerly crushed the too stern reformer. But Mr. Horsburgh shows that the quarrel between Pope and friar had nothing to do with the latter’s censures of Alexander’s personal sins or ecclesiastical misgovernment. Alexander was far too good-humoured a cynic to care about such oratorical missiles. As well might you expect Walpole to heed Opposition denunciations of his political or private profligacy. Such hard words broke no papal bones. Savonarola, indeed, did not use such direct attacks till the battle was already joined. What brought the Pope across the friar’s track was Savonarola’s opposition to the papal policy. Alexander was bent on driving the French from Italy, and Savonarola held Florence to the French alliance. Hence the conflict in which Savonarola fell a victim—not to his zeal for reform, but to his zeal for France.

Yet none the less is the crime to be laid at Alexander’s door, if not in the facile fashion of common judgment. He had all technical right on his side, as the great, impetuous Florentine had moral right on his. It is a sad and shameful tangle to survey. It may be said that Savonarola perished by his pretensions to prophecy, which we can hardly doubt were a self-delusion. With a vision narrow, but intense and clear, he saw whither Italy was tending when her statesmen and philosophers were blinded by the conceit of their own astuteness. It was an age of rapine, lust, and intellectual pride, when the measure of a man’s value was his power to outwit, cajole, and overbear his neighbour; an age which deified naked force of intellect and will, divorced from principle and denying conscience. The Dominican Prior of St. Mark’s saw that for all this must come a scourge, and did not cease to foretell it. When the French burst upon Italy, he discerned truly enough the fulfilment of his warning. But therewith he began to conceit himself not merely the man of insight and foresight he was, but a prophet, an Elijah of the Florentines. And the Florentines believed him. He might have shaken the Duomo with fiery denunciations of their sins, and he would have remained a preacher among preachers. But as a prophet, whose prophecy was fulfilled before their eyes, he became a power. Even so, he might have prophesied and reformed to his heart’s content, had he kept aloof from politics. But he believed that he had foretold the French invasion, and that he was the chosen messenger of God to Florence. And Florence, to him, meant Italy. Victor Hugo was not more sure that the *Ville Lumière* was the centre of Europe than Savonarola was that Florence was the centre of Italy—God’s chosen and favoured city. As the Prophet of Florence, therefore, he was the Prophet of Italy. He was but too ready to accept the position which Florence offered him as one of the ambassadors to the French king when Charles VIII. drew nigh to Florence. His powerful character made Charles himself credit the friar’s assertion that Charles was God’s appointed scourge for Italy; and in obedience to him the French king passed on from Florence without doing it scathe. When the city debated on a new form of government instead of the Medici, who had fled from the popular uprising at the French approach, Savonarola’s political sagacity, strengthened by his belief in his prophetic mission, could not keep from offering advice to his fellow-citizens. It was accepted; and from the pulpit he counselled Florence on her choice of a new constitution. Thenceforth he became the informal ruler of Florence. Savonarola in his pulpit was as Samuel speaking to Israel. But becoming thus a politician, he was involved in the quarrels of politicians. Having made up his mind that the French King Charles was the chosen scourge of God, he denounced all resistance to Charles as resistance to God. One might as reasonably have forbidden resistance to Attila, because Attila was considered the Scourge of God.

But it was reasoning good enough for the great Dominican friar; and, therefore, he held Florence fast to the French alliance. Thence came his doom. The chief cities of Italy had formed a league with the Pope to expel the French invader. The adhesion of Florence became a matter of the first importance. The Pope used all means to compass it. But he soon found that so long as Savonarola held power in Florence Florence would remain steadfast to the French. Therefore, it became necessary to overthrow Savonarola. The means were only too ready. As an ecclesiastic the Dominican was his subject; and those fatal, self-deceiving claims to prophetic power afforded an easy pretext for attack. Summon Savonarola to Rome, to explain his reasons for such extraordinary claims. If he refuse obedience, take the usual measures against recalcitrant ecclesiastics. Savonarola, the impetuous, unbending, of course refused. The rest was a mere matter of time, as certain as the gathering of a thunderstorm.

It is needless to pursue the wretched story through its miserable twistings to its wretched end. Not Alexander's, indeed, was the hand that struck the final blow. It was left for the Florence he had loved so well, if not so wisely, to storm his convent, to drag him to the torture-chamber and the stake. It has been the fate of most popular tribunes to be eaten (so to speak) by their own hounds. But Alexander had set the game a-foot; it was he who used his spiritual thunders to compass the ruin of a political enemy; and he dispatched the Brief which sanctioned the final trial, down even to the use of torture. Enough is this to add a further opprobrium to an opprobrious name.

It is a remarkable character which Mr. Horsburgh develops in these pages. Gloomy, eloquent, ascetic, in many respects the ideal type of a religious fanatic; yet learned withal, and full of practical political sagacity. The man who made the famous bonfire of vanities in Florence was a lover of Renaissance literature; his very conversion from the world was brought about by a line of Virgil. That he was indiscreet is evident enough. It is not at all certain, had we lived in his time, that we should not have been among his adversaries. The idea of troops of zealous children parading Florence like a juvenile police of Heaven, reporting vicious conduct, and reproving ostentations in dress, sounds very pretty at a distance. In practice, these dear children must have been a bit of a nuisance, and they were unlike modern children if it did not turn them into insufferable little prigs. Again, Savonarola took the side of the foreigner against Italy. At the very time of his arrest he was making every effort to bring on a fresh French invasion of Italy. Like most men of his time, his patriotism hardly went beyond the walls of the city where he lived. He tried to reform Florence by the strong hand, and with his death every visible vestige of the reformation disappeared. He had more of the Tishbite than of Christ, and his work was too vehement to last. But he made and left a great protest, which lives and will live through history, against national godlessness; and protests which are sealed by death do not pass away with the wind.

Mycenæ and Homer.

The Early Age of Greece. By William Ridgeway, M.A. Vol. I. (Pitt Press.)

THE DISNEY Professor of Archaeology is one of the most learned investigators of the obscure origins, in central Europe and upon the shores of the Ægean and Mediterranean, of our common Western civilisation. The invaluable volume before us combines a survey of the vast field of recent research with a definite and powerfully supported theory as to some of the main conclusions to be drawn therefrom. This theory will have to run the gauntlet of

the erudite world, and in the meantime the task of the reviewer is exposition rather than comment; but we will not conceal our conviction that Prof. Ridgeway is moving on the right lines, and that his results arrived at from the side of archaeology and classical tradition are a remarkable confirmation of those of Signor Sergi, M. Vacher de Lapouge, Dr. Ripley, and others of the school of physical anthropologists. And whatever the ultimate verdict may be, there can be no doubt that the wide information and solid reasoning of the book render it one of the most important contributions which even Cambridge—the home of Dr. Frazer—has made to the scientific study of Man in Europe.

Since first, exactly a quarter of a century ago, Dr. Schliemann set spade in Mycenæ, the toil of explorers has unearthed many and widespread vestiges of the early Ægean civilisation which he there revealed. Prof. Ridgeway's opening chapter is a catalogue of the discovered sites and a summary of the leading traits of that civilisation. He traces it from its Peloponnesian centre over the mainland of Greece, over Thessaly and the Troad, over Crete, Cyprus, and the isles of the Archipelago, and finds its outlying posts extended along the Mediterranean in Egypt, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and as far to the west as Spain. He points out that it arose by gradual development from the neolithic culture of the same regions; that it was marked by great skill in building, as the magnificent remains of fortress walls, palaces, and beehive tombs testify; that it elaborated the arts of pottery, fresco-painting, and metal working; that it made great use of gold and bronze, but less of silver; and that iron appears only in the later strata, and is confined to ornamental purposes. The question is then posed: What was the race which produced this civilisation, and in what relation do they stand to the classical Greeks of later days? Unfortunately, the evidence of craniology, so valuable in many cognate inquiries, is not here available. Skulls even of the classical period are rare, and from the Mycenaean period only one has been found in a state that admitted of measurement. Like the classical examples, it is markedly dolichocephalic. Prof. Ridgeway adds, that

our first real knowledge of the physical aspect of the race who first produced the Mycenaean culture has now been given to us by the discovery at Cnossus of a beautiful "life-size painting of a youth with an European and almost classical profile."

This observation he will probably expunge, for the later and more full accounts of Mr. Evans's discoveries at Cnossus show that, so far as the artist can be trusted, the youth referred to was brachycephalic. Moreover, he was a slave, a cup-bearer, and therefore no evidence for the physical form of the ruling race at Cnossus.

In the absence of cranial testimony the investigator of Mycenaean ethnology must turn to archaeology and tradition. Many scholars have followed Schliemann in supposing that the Mycenaean culture is identical with that described in the Homeric poems, and that it was the product of peoples ruled over by those Achæan heroes whose deeds these poems glorify. It is the chief object of Prof. Ridgeway's book to make war upon this view. He demonstrates in great detail that "the Achæan and Mycenaean differed co-essentially by all the criteria of arms, armour, dress, personal ornament, and method of disposing of their dead. Even their cattle exhibit a difference." Let us take only a few of his principal points. It has been mentioned that to the Mycenaean iron was a precious metal. It was never used except for finger-rings and other amulets. But in Homer iron is freely used, not only for weapons of all sorts, but also for ploughs and other instruments of agriculture. The Mycenaean weapons were all of bronze. Again, the Mycenaean men wore only an apron or loin-cloth; the Achæans a shirt, or *chiton*, and a cloak fastened by a brooch, or *fibula*. The *fibula*, quite unknown to the Mycenaean, is an important archaeological criterion. The

Mycenæans used bows, which the Achæans despised. The Mycenæans used a long rectangular shield; the Achæan shield was regularly circular. There is no mention of signets or engraved stones in Homer, but the Mycenæans had brought the art of gem-cutting to great perfection. The short-horned cattle familiar to Homer and to later Greece was unknown to the Mycenæan artist. Finally, the Mycenæans invariably buried their dead; the Homeric Achæan as invariably cremated them. This last discrepancy, when one reflects upon the natural conservatism of funeral rites, is of the highest importance.

Prof. Ridgeway's own solution of the problem he raises is briefly as follows: The Mycenæan culture is the product of a people who had dwelt on the mainland and islands of Greece from neolithic times. They are the people spoken of in traditions which extend over the whole of the Mycenæan area as Pelasgians. The Achæans, on the other hand, are the first wave of an immigrating people from the north, who, followed by their kinsmen, the Dorians, came over the Balkans and burst upon the existing civilisation. In general culture, the arts of peace, they were immeasurably inferior to the Mycenæans. They were a land and not a seafaring folk, blonde, hardy, and fully-dressed from bracing and comparatively sunless climes. And they had the inestimable advantage—for the purposes of conquest—of iron. They became the ruling race in Greece, but they did not exterminate the native population, which remained Pelasgian, and classical Greek culture is really a blend of the arts of the short, dark Pelasgians and the military and social institutions of the tall, fair Achæans and Dorians.

Prof. Ridgeway completes his study by considering the ethnological relations of the Achæans. He shows by a careful comparison that the Homeric, which he has already distinguished from the Mycenæan, culture is identical with that of the early Iron Age of Central Europe, of which the remains have been studied in Bosnia, Carniola, Styria, Salzburg, and Upper Italy, and which is known from two of its principal sects as the Hallstadt, or Villanova, culture. Like the similar Latin and other invaders of Pelasgian Italy, the Achæans are akin to the vaguely differentiated Germanic and Celtic peoples who ranged from the upper Danube Valley over the west and north of Europe. Ultimately they probably belonged to the dolichocephalic Mediterranean stock; but the climatic influences of a long residence away from the sun after the Ice Age, and during the neolithic period, had turned them from a dark and short type into a blonde and tall one. The concluding chapters of the volume consist of studies in detail of certain elements of civilisation which the Achæans brought with them in their journeyings south. Here are four admirable essays on the origin and diffusion respectively of the round shield, the *fibula*, the practice of cremation, and the general use of iron throughout Europe. On these points Prof. Ridgeway's survey includes our own islands, which afford him some valuable material; and in all four cases he concludes for a point of departure in the Hallstadt region. Finally, he comes to the question of language; and we are bound to admit that we do not find his treatment quite so convincing as usual. He believes that both Mycenæans and Achæans spoke an Aryan tongue, that the dialect of the Achæans was Celtic rather than Greek, and that it was absorbed in Greek after the immigration, leaving only such traces as the labialism of certain Greek dialects. We cannot go into the technical side of the discussion; but it must be pointed out that if the Mycenæans and Achæans were really both Aryan in speech, then the formation of the Aryan language must have substantially taken place at the inconceivably early period before the northern branch of the European dolichocephals struck away from the Mediterranean and began the protracted sojourn in the fogs of "Lathamland," which resulted in so profound a modification of their physical type. As to the possibility of this, com-

parative philology, though in the eyes of archæologists and biologists a discredited study, must have its say. Our own belief is that the Aryan languages belonged to the blonde northern dolichocephals alone; that they imposed them upon the tribes they conquered, whether in west or south; and that the Celtic, Greek, and Italic dialects are all members of the Aryan group variously modified, not by intrusive elements from Central Europe, but by the linguistic peculiarities of the Southern and Western peoples, upon whom, from Central Europe, they themselves came. We have little doubt that if Mr. Evans ever succeeds in reading his Cretan scripts they will be found to be relics of a language which is not Aryan, but for which affinities should rather be sought in the survivals of an ancient Mediterranean speech, which both Basque and Berber, themselves almost certainly connected, seem to afford. Whether an ultimate analysis may get back to some infinitely rudimentary relation of Aryan and Mediterranean roots is a still further question.

Prof. Ridgeway's second volume is already in the press, and will carry his researches into the field of institutions and religion. We look forward with the most eager anticipation to what he may have to say upon the latter head, for hitherto all attempts, such as those of M. Bertrand and Mr. Gomme, to discriminate between an Aryan and a non-Aryan element in European religion and folk-lore, have met with the scantiest success. Obviously the Mycenæan discoveries are the most hopeful path by which to approach the subject. A paper by Mr. Evans in the current number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* affords a starting-point for discussion. But we are much more prepared to find a substantial community of religious ideas between Mediterranean and Central European peoples than we are to ascribe to them a substantial community of language.

The War in Colour.

War Impressions: being a Record in Colour. By Mortimer Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. (Black. 20s.)

MR. MORTIMER MENPES has a reputation for handling the more obviously decorative aspects of nature and humanity in a manner that is always charming, but rarely profound; in fact, he is more of a decorator than a plumber. Some little time ago he proceeded to South Africa, there to take up the arduous duties of war artist. The present volume is the outcome of this adventure. Here we have the light, the atmosphere, the sunsets and the sunrise of the incomparable veldt. Like Holland, its beauties yield only to the artist's sensitive eye, and Mr. Menpes may claim to be the first to open the gates of this treasure-house. Side by side with the scenery of this moving drama, he gives us portraits of the principal actors, and, occasionally, goes out of his way to brush in some little landscape, with only its daintiness as an excuse. The art of Mr. Menpes, as we observed before, is neither very profound nor very extensive; but he does possess a pretty gift for decorative landscape, with nicely arranged figures. His colour, too, is not only harmonious, but charmingly selected; and he can draw a portrait that is worth keeping. Sometimes one fancies that he works from photographs of his sitters, but perhaps this is due to his fondness for finish—the first Cecil Rhodes and second Hector Macdonald are cases in point. In both instances the drawing of the hands is quite disproportionate to the careful modelling of the heads. One may quarrel, too, with a likeness of Lord Roberts that is rather uncertain about the eyes, the first Milner—he looks like a country-cousin of the second—and the Milner addressing an audience (the coloured one); in fact, where Mr. Menpes allows a comparison he frequently comes to grief. But his land-

scapes—and especially where these are the outcome of his native temperament—are really pretty. He enjoys the colour and the form, the green of his gracefully arranged trees, the purples of coming night, the luxuriant riot of flower gardens, and such an eloquent darkness as is depicted in his "On the Way to Kimberley." Of battle-fields he will hear nothing. The "ugly" side of war has no attractions for this lover of the beautiful—or shall we say sensuous? Mr. Menpes has yet to learn that the artist's highest and noblest function is to find the beauty that is hidden in what he calls the "ugly"; and that the "decorative" aspects of a human being are entirely in the hands of the painter, and not at all dependent on the sitter. The Rembrandt, whom he affectionately mentions, would have made something immortal out of Mrs. Cronje. Lord Roberts was a better art-critic than he knew when to Mr. Menpes's "Well, she was hopeless as a bit of decoration: I couldn't see her as a picture at all," he replied: "Well, you could hardly expect the poor woman to look decorative after living in the trenches at Paardeberg for that length of time." "It was little touches like this—his championing of poor old Mrs. Cronje"—ingenuously adds the narrator, "that gave one an insight into the chivalrous nature of Lord Roberts." It is "little touches like this," also, that give one an insight into the artistic depravity of Mr. Menpes.

Our artist, as will have been seen, is more directly concerned with the social and inanimate aspects of the campaign than with its sterner purposes. These he depicts, and, in addition, we have a gossip narrative, reported to Mr. Menpes's daughter, and written down by her. It is bright, full of observations on men and things. The artist was evidently vastly interested in all he saw; he met notable people by the dozen and knew how to value them. Soldiers like Lord Roberts and Kitchener, Pole-Carew and Macdonald; war-correspondents, chaplains, nurses, and press-censors; there were Lord Milner and Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Kipling, the new member for Oldham and the ladies who were a worse plague than the one now raging. We get a very vivid picture of the life that Mr. Menpes witnessed; he saw it uncommonly well too and has a happy knack of mentioning just those things that everybody wants to know, yet which no journalist has the sense to enlarge upon. It is the little things that tell and not the big ones. We get also, at the same time, an amazingly clear portrait of Mr. Menpes; not exactly as he is, but as he would like to be. He is either dwelling on effects of light and atmosphere or else hunting for kidneys. Kidneys seem to be a weakness of his. "Not only did I secure these pictures," he observes on page 202, "but also I secured what was almost as important in my eyes at the time—a kidney." He discovers a secret mine of kidneys, and "from that day on . . . I was enabled to add a kidney or two every morning to my breakfast of biscuits—breakfasts," he observes, half in triumph, half remorsefully, "which were now far more sumptuous than any General Pole-Carew ever had." After this we forgive him for feeling "a bigger and better man" at sight of the veldt; his wonder at Lord Milner being able to work in a room "stocked with books from floor to ceiling, nothing but books, books, books"; and so charming a passage as: "Curiously enough, even under difficulties of this kind, you very seldom hear the Tommies using vulgar words. Occasionally they swear among themselves, but in such a fresh sort of language that it does not offend a bit." Mr. Menpes and Miss Menpes have produced a rather delightful book.

Other New Books.

AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CON-
TEMPORARIES. VOL. III.
NATIONAL EXPANSION. 1783-1845.

EDITED BY ALBERT
BUSHNELL HART.

That this series should have reached a third volume is implication that it has (at least in America) attained a certain measure of success, or, at any rate, of encouragement. Nor is this surprising; for it has an evident value in its kind to students of American history, and is the compilation of the Professor of History in Harvard University—compiled, too, with much judgment and discretion. None the less it is the most extraordinary, or at least peculiar, work passing under the name of history to which we have been introduced. It might be described as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the fashion (in itself most laudable) for history based, as nearly as may be, on contemporary documents. Macaulay's *History of England*, with its pictures of social conditions derived from contemporary sources, may be said first to have popularised it; Froude and Green have extended that popularity. A host of less popular historians, from Lingard to Freeman, Lecky, and onwards, have shown the solid gains which may be derived from the method. But with the incorporation of copious extracts from original authorities, history has increasingly been tending towards a *farrago*—followed in this respect by its younger brother, biography. The Americans are, perhaps, as destructively logical as the French, and unrestrained by the French fear of ridicule or keen sense of the ridiculous. No marvel, then, that an American has produced a history of America which is but a continuous series of lengthy extracts from contemporary writers and orators, without even the meagrest trickle of connective comment or narrative. Thus, for example, the annexation of Texas is "told" by an extract from General Sam Houston on *The Texan Revolution*, followed by *An Anti-Slavery Protest* from Channing, Henry Clay's *Raleigh Letter*, the *Reasons for Annexation* of Senator Calhoun (whose name, is it not written acidly in *The Biglow Papers*?), and terminated with an extract from Senator Benton's oration, revealing *How Annexation Was Secured*. The most of these are speeches; and *c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'histoire*. It is, however, a very good collection of contemporary materials for illustrating history; and since this, after all, despite the too pretentious title, is all Prof. Hart can really have designed by it, we may fairly end with blessing and encouragement to persevere with a useful enough work of its kind. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

SELECTED POEMS OF JAMES, FIRST
MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, AND
ANDREW MARVELL.

SELECTED BY E. S. RAIT.

This is a dainty and delightful—indeed, a treasurable—little volume. Fine old Marvell is sufficiently well known, though we doubt whether he be rated at his value, apart from a few recognised masterpieces. But Montrose is unknown, save for the celebrated Love-Song. A Second and inferior Part of it here given contains, however, two excellent stanzas:

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,—
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue.
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end:
Love one and love no more.

And when that tracing goddess, Faune,
From east to west shall flee,
She shall record it, to thy shame,
How thou hast loved me;

And how in odds our love was such
As few have been before:
Thou loved too many, and I too much,
So I can love no more."

At once too artificial and too inartificial, the flashes of the great Marquis's chivalric nature yet penetrate these few poems with a rare and personal interest; so that for his sake alone many a reader may buy and value the tiny book. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

By A. H. KEANE.

Stanford's *Compendium of Geography and Travel* is well known to all who take an interest in the remote parts of the earth. The only fault that could be found with it was that geographical research and knowledge have not stood still of late years, and that reproach is now being removed. Mr. Edward Stanford is re-issuing the work, which has been revised and to a large extent re-written and provided with new illustrations and maps. The new issue will be in twelve volumes, of which the first has now been published. It deals with South America, is written by Mr. A. H. Keane, edited by Sir Clements Markham, and contains thirteen maps and eighty-four illustrations. In the former edition Central and South America had one volume devoted to them. That is now replaced by two, each somewhat larger than the original volume. During the last twenty years, Whympers, Conway, Reiss, Ball, Romero, and many others have made discoveries in geography, archaeology, natural history, and anthropology which have profoundly modified the views formerly held on Central and South America and the West Indies, on the ethnical relations of the various native races, and on ancient monuments and primitive culture of America. The recent political changes in the West Indies, as a consequence of the Spanish-American War, the regulation of the frontier between British Guiana and Venezuela, and the settlement of disputed questions by Chili and Argentina, not to mention other matters, have caused the extra space obtained by substituting two volumes for the one of the former edition to be hardly more than sufficient for the writer's needs.

One other point must be noted. The present volume is taken up with the Latin American republics of Southern America. Geographically speaking, the European colonies of British, Dutch, and French Guiana belong to this division of the continent, but historically, ethnically and commercially they belong to Central America. For these reasons as well as from considerations of space the Guianas have been transferred to the volume on Central America and the West Indies, and this permits us to regard Latin South America as a political domain complete in itself and independent of all Foreign Powers. The general survey which occupies the first three chapters is admirably done. It deals with the physical and biological relations, the early ethnical relations, and the later ethnical and historic relations of the continent. Then follow all the Latin American States, each one being fully described from every possible point of view. In no other work can so much modern research in geography and history of all kinds be found in such convenient shape, and the names of the writers and publisher are guarantees for the accuracy of the information. The illustrations are from photographs by well-known travellers and others, and the excellence of the maps does credit to the house of Stanford. (Stanford. 15s.)

MANCHURIA.

By ALEXANDER HOSIE.

Manchuria is a country of the greatest importance at the present moment, in that it is the fatherland of the Manchu dynasty which most incapably governs China, and is, moreover, the important province upon which Russia has laid her hands, as her prize in the present amorphous scramble going on in the Celestial Empire. But the student who wishes to know something of this strange

land is met by the initial difficulty that there are but few books to consult, and no map worth anything. Happily Mr. Hosie, who is already known for his *Three Years in Western China*, has filled the gap with this volume, which is, and no doubt will be for some time, the standard book on Manchuria. Mr. Hosie was for some years in charge of the British Consulate at Newchwang, in Manchuria, and in 1896 had to visit the capital of Kirin, the central province. In the summer of last year he returned to England along the eastern and northern frontiers of Manchuria, to join the Siberian railway at Stretensk. Mr. Hosie has spared no pains to make his study of the country, its people, its products, industries, and trades as complete as possible. The first part of the book is most interesting as a record of travel, and the second part is invaluable as a book of reference. The trade statistics are especially useful, and the appendices, which deal with the meteorology of Newchwang and the itinerary of the journey from Vladivostock to Lake Baikal, will well repay study. The illustrations are excellent, and the map of Manchuria, which is compiled from Russian sources, is certainly the best hitherto published in this country. Mr. Hosie writes in easy and pleasant style, and altogether his book is one of the most noteworthy that has appeared on China for some time. (Methuen.)

AUSTRALASIA, OLD AND NEW.

By J. GRATTAN GREY.

Mr. Grey, though not born in the Colonies, has spent the greater part of his life in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and was at one time, we believe, editor of the *Melbourne Age*, so that he speaks with knowledge. With many of his theories it is impossible to agree. He does not believe in Imperial Federation, and holds that Australia will become an independent nation. Putting aside the ingratitude of the idea, it is difficult to see how the few millions of white people in Australia, who do not number in all the Colonies, men, women, and children all told, as many as the inhabitants of London, would be able to resist the ambitions of Germany and France. Mr. Grey has a keen apprehension of the presence of these European Powers in Australasian waters, but he apparently does not see how utterly helpless the great island continent would be were it not for the British fleet. A valuable portion of the book is Mr. Grey's description of the results of democracy in New Zealand, which rivals Tammany Hall in corruption and political degeneracy. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MANUAL OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY.

By THE HON. A. WILMOT.

The events of the last few years in South Africa have made a short history of the colony a necessity. The want has been supplied by the Hon. A. Wilmot, who as a member of the Legislative Council of Cape Colony has had special opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of his subject. The present book, which is intended as a concise manual of South African history for general use, and as a reading book in schools, is a revision and enlargement of the same author's *Story of the Expansion of South Africa*. Mr. Wilmot, who rightly feels that it is impossible to study recent events without understanding the history of the country from the earliest times, begins with the discovery of the Cape by the Portuguese, and goes on through the rule of the Dutch East India Company to the double acquisition of the Colony by the British by conquest and purchase. The whole story is told in moderate language, and Mr. Wilmot may be taken as an excellent guide to his subject. (Kegan Paul.)

Fiction.

The Land of Cockayne. By Matilde Serao.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

MATILDE SERAO has the direct, impersonal manner that belongs only to the efficient. In her books are no asides, no pauses, no extraneous interpolations. The story moves in the uninterrupted fashion of life. Having set out to deal with such and such a subject, Matilde Serao does that and nothing else; the unwavering concentration of her methods rendering the average English novel with its slipshod construction, and frequent digressions, like so many 'prentice efforts by comparison.

The Land of Cockayne, however, though very able, is not altogether an interesting novel. To start with, it is less a novel of character and incident than a burning declamation against a national danger. Consequently the gloom is wholesale, accumulated, and universally overwhelming. The story powerfully exposes the weekly lottery competitions in Naples. It reveals the whole population as corrupted, ruined, enfevered and made mad by this unprohibited gambling mania. Poor and rich alike waste their substance, corrode their honour, and strew broadcast crime and misery, through the lust of the lucky number. Mediums are consulted, witches resorted to, every kind of quackery cultivated, in the frantic effort to retrieve what has already been lost through the national delirium. Once bitten by the "pernicious passion," and, as one of them confesses, "the soul gets sick, it neither sees nor hears anything."

The love-story that runs through the book between a healthy-minded doctor and the daughter of a vicious Marquis, insantly trying to repair his fallen fortunes at the lottery tables, is, like everything in the volume, forced to succumb to the gambling juggernaut. In the end the unnecessary and sacrificial hideousness of the tragedy becomes unendurable.

The Land of Cockayne, for the general reader, suggests too much a grim tract in the guise of fiction. Intensely vivid though the picture is that it gives of an emotional and touchingly child-like people, its unrelieved horrors recall unduly Mrs. Turner's Cautionary stories—and this in an age grown too old and defiant to be terrorised any longer.

London Only. By W. Pett Ridge.
(Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

It is a pleasure to find a writer who improves upon his earlier reputation. When words come to mean pennies, and even threepenny bits, there is an insistent temptation to pile up both. Mr. Pett Ridge's artistic advance is steady. Now and again he recedes, and there are at least two stories in the fifteen of which this volume is composed that should blush at finding themselves in the uncongenial society of their betters. "Mr. George Rugg, Hero," is one. But with each effort Mr. Ridge's high-water mark is higher, and there are at least half-a-dozen stories here which show a tightening grasp on the things that matter. There is the same acute observation of detail, the same insight into the elemental mind which still persists in spite of trams and the County Council; but beyond and below the observation there is feeling, a deepening sympathy with the people who are so primeval, so absurd, and so genuine. "Trial and Verdict," a mere sketch of the young man brought home by his fiancée for inspection by mother and sister, has these qualities. Five years ago Mr. Ridge would have only made us laugh at the mother. To-day he shows us something else beneath her superficial absurdity.

But perhaps "His Cheap Bravo" is the best story in the book: it is the story of a little boy who from his bedroom window heard his sister being jilted. He earns

a shilling, and hires an ex-prize-fighter to bash the faithless lover. And then his sister is angry. "Well," said the boy, undoing his bootlaces gloomily, "I thought I knew something about women. I find I've got a lot to learn yet." And this final scene may be quoted:

He crossed the room and knelt down at the chair and prayed, undoing his braces at the same time, so that minutes might not be wasted.

"Lord," said Alf, "wilt Thou 'ave the kindness to make me grow strong and tall, and with plenty to say for meself, and wilt Thou do this as soon as Thou can find time, so's to save me expense and waste of money that might be used in other ways—say for a cricket-bat? Believe me, Lord, Thy obedient servant, A. Martin."

He rose. He was half-way into his blue flannel bed-gown when an important idea occurred to him, and he knelt down again quickly.

"Should 'ave mentioned," he whispered, "Alfred Martin, of 53, Cawstle-street, jest over Surrey side of South'ark Bridge."

The short story supplies the right medium for Mr. Ridge's peculiar talent, which lies in the swift, inferential observation of detail.

In His Own Image. By Frederick Baron Corvo.
(John Lane.)

THE author of *Stories Toto Told Me* has had the happiness to find a field that has been almost ignored by English writers—even by such as have treated of Italy. The Italian peasant, as he shows him in Toto, body-servant to the artist who writes the record of his conversation, is the most delightful folklorist in the world; and it is characteristic of him that in putting on the garment of Christianity, apt under another sun to show such sombre hues, he has found a way to retain all that was graceful and picturesque and pure in the paganism from which he is the most genuine of converts. Nothing could be more charming than the folklore that emerges after so many centuries of Christianity, not stilled, but transmuted, in which, as on the canvases of the primitive Tuscans, the buoyant figures of smart angels, gay little virgins, pugnacious boy martyrs with their names and titles fantastically lettered round the halos of their respective qualities, sport and make merry among the fadeless flowers under the benign gaze of the Padre Eterno and the Signor Cristo. There Sampietro, in bran new cope and tiara, is a kind of vicegerent; there Sanpaolo withstands him to the face when he is to be blamed for unfair acts of rivalry; there, too, Sangregorio is brought sharply to book for a heresy for which he is claimed by a little Franciscan as an authority; Sanignazio finds himself very busy with his Office when called to account for his meddlesome sons on earth—the Jesuits; and the demure youth, Aloysius, surpliced and bearing his lily, is bantered by the athletic Sebastian and Pancras. And here is a bit out of the Acts of Peter's mother. This lady was so mean that her meanness amounted to mortal sin, and she was sent to hell:

Sampietro did not like this at all, and when some of the other gods chaffed Him about it He would grow angry. At last He went to the Padre Eterno, saying that it was by no means suitable that a man of His quality should be disgraced in this way; and the Padre Eterno . . . said he was sorry for Sampietro, and He quite understood His position.

Revision revealed that once she had thrown the green top of an onion to a beggar-woman. Therefore,

the Padre Eterno instructed the angel guardian of Sampietro's mamma to take that identical onion-top from the Treasury of Virtuose Deeds . . . and to go and hold it over the pit of hell; so that if, by chance, she should boil up with the other damned souls to the top of that stew, then she might grasp the onion-top and by it be dragged up to Heaven.

Now, when the other damned souls saw that Sampietro's mamma was leaving them, they also desired to escape; and clutching the skirts of her gown, they hung thereon, hoping to be delivered from their pain. And still the angel guardian rose, and Sampietro's mother held the onion-top and many tortured souls held her skirts, and others held the feet and skirts of those, and again, others held the last, and you surely would have thought that hell was about to be emptied straight away: . . . so great is the virtue of one good deed! . . . But when Sampietro's mamma became aware of what was going on . . . she was much annoyed: and because she was a nasty, selfish, and cantankerous old woman, she kicked and struggled, and even took the onion-top in her teeth, so that she might use her hands to beat off those who were hanging to her skirts. And she fought so violently that she bit through the onion-top, and tumbled back into hell flame.

This is, indeed, a rather degenerate version of the Eurydice legend, and, except for its comparative conciseness, we should not have selected it for quotation. The pages of this quaint out-of-the-way book are full of typographical dodges that some persons may find irritating. We find them rather effective.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

CATHERINE OF CALAIS. BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

A novel by the author of *Adam Grigson* and *Deborah of Tod's*, which is a worthy successor to those books. The scene is first laid in Calais, and shifts from there to England and the country. Catherine is a charming person, whose love finally centred in her child. "For, as Lady Sarah said, some women are made thus; and, so long as the world exists, there will always be simpletons among us." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MRS. GREEN. BY EVELYNE ELSYE RYUD.

Readers of the *Outlook* are already familiar with the humour of *Mrs. Green*. She talks upon such subjects as "Cheerful noos," "Canwassers," "Missionaireys," and "Them 'ens." "Them 'ens might be Christians, the way they lays about . . . I chivies 'em 'ere, an' I chivies 'em there, but in their nestes they will not lay, chivy 'em 'ow I will! Like as not that 'en 'll rush off to set itself determined in the pigsty." Entertaining sketches. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE MILLIONAIRE MYSTERY. BY FERGUS HUME.

Another of Mr. Hume's ingeniously constructed stories. It begins with the not unfamiliar tramp, who addresses a sixpence thus: "This . . . is a drink—two drinks if I take beer, which is gouty. But it is not a meal, nor a bed." This person, whose name was Cicero Gramp, appears to have made discoveries which he kept to himself too long, for he only "received a small sum." A book full of scheming and false scents. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

JOHN JONES, CURATE. BY GWENDOLEN PRYCE.

A story of village life in North Wales, brightly written, and showing considerable knowledge of local manners and character. John Jones is introduced to us as a "lanky boy of twelve or thirteen." He develops into an acute and kindly man, whose love-story ends satisfactorily. "It would be as good as putting up the banns if you would let me hold your hand while we pass them," he suggested mischievously. The Curate was usually discreet. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

A FALSE POSITION.

BY A. M. MONRO.

A story of two brothers, one of whom is under the shadow of illegitimacy. There is valuable property in question, and Ralph does a generous thing which complicates matters still further. The difficulty is solved by his death. "On his tomb was inscribed 'Ralph Eyle, of Eyle's Court,' and thus in death he assumed the position he had so steadfastly refused in life." The idea of the book is better than its working out. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MARR'D IN MAKING.

BY BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

A rubricated volume, with this upon the cover:

Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to hell
The luckless pots he marr'd in making.

The story deals with the fortunes of Beth Gurney, whose mother dies in the first chapter, and heredity is the keynote of a tragedy which ends in the river. A moving and well-written story. (Constable. 6s.)

MALICIOUS FORTUNE.

BY STELLA M. DÜRING.

A story of brisk interest, having for episodes such matters as suspected murder and a marriage which was no marriage. However, the latter was put right, and "the old wedding-ring, the one she had so nearly thrown across the Trentborough market-place, would do, Helen decided." She also insisted upon wearing the unlucky "eye of Siva," for the curing of her husband's superstition regarding it, and "nothing happened." (George Allen. 6s.)

POOR ELISABETH.

BY M. HAMILTON.

Poor Elisabeth was a half-breed, who "invariably did the wrong thing when it was possible to do so." She did the wrong thing when she married the lover of her friend Cicely, and in the last chapter, as she lies dying, she makes him promise never to return to his first love. But just at the end she sets him free. A melancholy story, well written, with touches of true pathos. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

CAPTAIN LONDON.

BY RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

"A story of Modern Rome," by the author of *My Official Wife*. Captain London was Vice-Consul General for the United States and protected a lady at the cost of his commission. We are introduced to some very shady people, and many of the characters have an unpleasant habit of talking in italics. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE MAIDEN'S CREED.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A story dealing with the love affairs of Yolande, who took a First Class and was great in college debates. But she gave up the distinction of being Principal of a woman's college in order to become "the *châtelaine* of a farmhouse among the hills," where she looked forward to as much happiness as "in promoting the higher education of women." A pleasant, simple book. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

RED FATE.

BY EDMUND FORBES.

A morbid story of a young man who does not believe in God. It begins with the boy's blindness, from which he recovers, and ends with his execution as a suspected Carlist. "'Blood on the sands!' he cried aloud, and there was a stab of horror in his tones: 'Blood on the sands! Ah! *that's* the colour of her hair.'" (Greening. 6s.)

DESMONDE, M.D.

BY HENRY WILLARD FRENCH.

"He had black hair touched with white, dark eye-brows, and a heavy moustache, in a perfectly orthodox way presenting a face that was rather dark, rather strong, rather pleasant to look at." That was Dr. Desmond, whose remarkable cures and extraordinary personality furnish the theme of the story. There is a good deal of science, but not too much to overlay a strong and genuine human interest. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....</i>	17/6
„ <i>Quarterly</i>	5/0
„ <i>Price for one issue</i>	/5

Fiction in the Light of Travel.

THE simultaneous appearance of a novel and a travel-book* by Mr. George Gissing causes reflection. In an age eminent for its literature of travel—always a bulky and usually a lucrative literature—why do not more novelists write of their travels? A novelist, expert in letters, in observation and in humanity, ought to be able to produce a better book of travel than the man of action and adventure, to whom the pen is merely either a means of disseminating scientific fact or a contrivance for paying his expenses. He not only ought to produce a better book, but he can and does, when he takes it into his head to try. As artistic literature—and ultimately all works of travel survive solely on their artistic merits—what modern travel-book may be compared to *Travels with a Donkey*? Meditating upon that record of a humble excursion, one comes naturally to resent the absence of books in the same kind by Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and others. Crude, immature, and journalistic as they are, we should have been decidedly the poorer without Mr. Kipling's *Letters of Marque*. There are many unwritten travel-books of the finest sort. Jane Austen's travels in the United States would have been unique; and Charlotte Brontë's impressions of Italy, though they must have been inferior to Goethe's, would have surpassed in depth those of Dickens. The older novelists found energy to describe their journeys, and it is possible that the travels of Dumas and Gautier will live as long as their novels, to which, indeed, they yield nothing in point of interest. But to-day, the day of specialisation, the novelists, fearing to be outshone, will not write of railways and steamers because Nansen has seen the North Pole sticking up afar off, and Sven Hadin has climbed to the roof of Asia. Happily, we have to note exceptions of the first class—for instance, Mr. Henry James and Paul Bourget. And the latest exception, also of the first class, is Mr. George Gissing.

By the Ionian Sea is a little book of high and modest merit. Not the least part of its merit is that it illuminates the personality of its author. In writing a record of travel the author very literally gives himself away. He may produce many novels, and still withhold much of himself; but let him narrate his experience of a bad hotel, and you have him; let him fall ill in that hotel, and he is revealed like an intimate acquaintance. It is a common saying among lion hunters that novelists seldom correspond with their novels. "Well, I expected quite a different sort of man!" That is the phrase. But novelists must of necessity correspond with their travel books; it could not be otherwise. *By the Ionian Sea* is really a valuable aid to the appreciation of the author of *The Nether World*. It increases one's respect for him. Mr. Gissing went by steamer from Naples to Paolo, thence over the mountains to Cosenza, thence by train to Taranto. At Taranto began

the journey proper—southward along the length of the coastwise line from Taranto to Reggio, by the malarial Ionian shore. Mr. Gissing selected Apulia, Basilicata, and Calabria, not because they are perhaps the least inviting and least known districts of Italy, but because they are Græcia Magna, and saturated with classical tradition. He wandered by the banks of the Crathis; he "lunched at Sybaris"; he was very ill at Croton. This student of industrial and suburban London is steeped in classic and post-classic literature. We learn that on a Devonshire holiday he took with him two folios of Cassiodorus—and read them.

Every man has his intellectual desire; mine is to escape life as I know it, and dream myself into that old world which was the imaginative delight of my boyhood. The names of Greece and Italy draw me as no others; they make me young again, and restore the keen impressions of that time when every new page of Greek or Latin was a new perception of things beautiful. The world of the Greeks and Romans is my land of romance; a quotation in either language thrills me strangely; and there are passages of Greek and Latin verse which I cannot read without a dimming of the eyes, which I cannot repeat aloud because my voice fails me. In Magna Græciæ the waters of two fountains mingle and flow together; how exquisite will be the draught!

The civilisation whose middle strata he has so faithfully, with such fine, sympathetic melancholy, portrayed—that civilisation Mr. Gissing contemns. As a traveller he loses no opportunity of exposing its pretensions. Praising the Calabrian pottery, he says: "There must be great good in a people which has preserved this need of beauty through ages of servitude and suffering. Compare such domestic utensils—these oil-jugs and water-jars—with those in the house of an English labourer. Is it really so certain that all virtues of race dwell with those who can rest amid the ugly and know it not for ugliness?" Again: "It is better to die in a hovel by the Ionian Sea than in a cellar at Shoreditch." (But, after all, O author of *Demos*, is it?) Sometimes his bias against modern England seems to amount to a rancour, and certainly tempts him to be inconsistent. For example, in describing the general talk at the café at Catanzaro, he says (p. 125): "They did, in fact, converse—a word rarely applicable to English talk under such conditions; . . . they exchanged genuine thoughts, reasoned lucidly on the surface of abstract subjects; . . . the choice of topics, and the mode of viewing them, was distinctly intellectual. Phrases often occurred such as have no equivalent on the lips of everyday people in our own country." Yet, on p. 62, he asserts: "In all the South of Italy money is the one subject of men's thoughts; intellectual life does not exist." But it has been proved that one may love and hate the same object, and Mr. Gissing is doubtless equally sincere in his love and his hatred of England. He has the rare faculty of loving without illusions. This faculty governs also his attitude towards Italy, a country which he sees steadily, and sees it whole. He never idealises, and seldom generalises. He has the virtues of the true traveller. His sensibility is so mature. He knows so much, and is so willing to learn. He has seen so much, and so broadly, that he is now a seer. He has an instinct for picking the one suggestive detail out of a mass of trivialities. He can be Roman in Rome, and take what comes. He can "put yourself in his place." He is, above all, human. In his journeying, what occupies him first is man, not art nor relics. His sketch of the female drudge at the hotel at Cotrone is characteristic. "When she went on to say that she was alone in the world, that all her kith and kin were *freddi morti* (stone dead), a pathos in her aspect and her words took hold upon me; it was much as if some heavy-laden beast of burden had suddenly found tongue, and protested, in the rude beginnings of articulate utterance, against its hard lot. If only one could have learnt, in ultimate detail, the life of

* *Our Friend the Charlatan*. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)*By the Ionian Sea*: Notes of a Ramble in Southern Italy. (Chapman & Hall. 16s.)

this domestic serf." Here is no rushing from the station to the cathedral and museum. An exquisite book like Bourget's *Sensations d'Italie* seems curiously lackadaisical, aloof, artificial, and "precious" after *By the Ionian Sea*, which is quite equal to it in elegance, refinement, and learning. Bourget sees little in Taranto save the death-bed of Choderlos de Laclos, author of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, and is moved to a wonderful analysis of de Laclos' genius. But how remote! Contrast Bourget's disdainful and abrupt verdict on Catanzaro—"Les brutes à face humaine . . . ville boueuse . . ." &c.—with Mr. Gissing's intimate and charming picture of Catanzaro's social life. And when it comes to connecting humanity with art and history, Mr. Gissing is magnificently equal to the occasion. The delicate and fine musings of Bourget show nothing comparable to this passage on the fishermen of Taranto:

On the rocks below stood fishermen hauling in a great net, whilst a boy splashed the water to drive the fish back until they were safely enveloped in the last meshes; admirable figures, consummate in graceful strength, their bare legs and arms the tone of terra-cotta. What slight clothing they wore became them perfectly, as is always the case with a costume well adapted to the natural life of its wearers. Their slow, patient effort speaks of immemorial usage, and is in harmony with time itself. These fishermen are the primitives of Taranto. Who shall say for how many centuries they have hauled their nets upon the rock? When Plato visited the Schools of Taras he saw the same brown-legged figures, in much the same garb, gathering their sea harvest. When Hannibal, beset by the Romans, drew his ships across the peninsula, and so escaped from the inner sea, fishermen of Tarentum went forth as ever, seeking their daily food. A thousand years passed, and the fury of the Saracens, when it laid the city low, spared some humble Tarentine and the net by which he lived. To-day the fisher-folk form a colony apart; they speak a dialect which retains many Greek words unknown to the rest of the population. I could not gaze at them long enough; their lithe limbs, their attitudes at work or in repose, their wild black hair, perpetually reminded me of shapes pictured on a classic vase.

A book of this quality, a frank revelation of a strong and sensitive soul, cannot but increase the sanction of Mr. Gissing's novels. The picture of the painter completes the picture itself. His novels give little overt sign, beyond the pervading classical severity of their art, that their author had not devoted a full life to the contemplation of a single epoch and the sordid, insular aspects of that epoch. We know now that his æsthetic and moral pre-occupations are of the widest. We know that the painter of modern squalor, sadness, gloom, and heroic futility, has had eyes continually on other scenes and other ages. We know that if he has chosen to deal artistically with much that is ugly and repulsive, it was from no morbid inability to discern a more obvious and a more sublime beauty than dwells in the domesticity of London. Mr. Gissing has painted what he could. He did not choose, but the Fate which chose for him chose well. Who that admires his books could wish that they had been different from what they are? Who would stoop to defend them against the foolish charge of "depressing"? If these novels depress, we like to be depressed; we are happy when depressed. Mr. Gissing might put on his title-pages three lines from Wordsworth's "Michael"—an excessively "depressing" poem, but also one of the greatest in the English tongue:

Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts.

We have no space to discuss *Our Friend the Charlatan* in detail, but it is pleasant to observe that this book indicates a kind of second spring in Mr. Gissing's talent. We do not think that his recent novels, *The Whirlpool*, *The Town Traveller*, and *The Crown of Life* (especially the last)

have approached the excellence of the best work. *Our Friend the Charlatan* does approach that excellence. On an elaborate background of social and political life, in the circles where money is less scarce than spirit, and busyness than philanthropy, he presents a disturbing portrait of a man who endeavoured to succeed by wit rather than honesty, and did not completely fail. We say "disturbing," because in Dyce Lashmar, Parliamentary candidate, every reader must see a partial portrait of himself—as in Sir Willoughby Patterne, egoist. One's resemblance to Dyce Lashmar, with his poses, his ingenious defences of lying and imposture, his rank selfishness, his miserable cowardice, is really annoying. There are other characters of equal veracity, notably those of Lady Ogram, the wealthy and venerable "patroness," and Constance Bride, her secretary. Miss Bride is indeed a child of her age: had she lived in London she would have belonged to the Fabian Society while scorning the members thereof. And Mr. Gissing has included the woman of fashion and the tendril-woman. After the hero, the strength of the book issues from its women. The disposition of the plot is more satisfactory than anything that Mr. Gissing has accomplished for some years. He has contrived to centralise the interest instead of diffusing it.

As one reads *Our Friend the Charlatan* one thinks constantly, somehow, of the author's nights at Cosenza. "One goes to bed early at Cosenza; the night air is dangerous . . . darkness brings with it no sort of pastime. I did manage to read a little in my miserable room by an antique lamp, but the effort was dispiriting; better to lie in the dark and think of Goth and Roman." One thinks of him resignedly thinking, all alone in the dark. There is something "jolly fine" about that, as William Morris used to say.

Things Seen.

The Passenger.

THERE were reasons for my chafed spirit: not deep and permanent, but slight and transient. An injured finger made my right hand useless, and the overheated atmosphere of the dining-car produced a lassitude of mind and body ill-fitted to alleviate the tedium of the seven-hours' journey. At York many passengers entered, filling all seats, so that irritability bordering on irascibility caused me to be churlish both in demeanour and speech. A newcomer sat opposite to me on the edge of the corner of a friend's seat, nursing his small hand-bag. He was manifestly uncomfortable, yet his conversation with his friend was even, and his voice betrayed neither discontent nor irritation. Simply and frankly he spoke of his thirty-years' service as watchman and engineer in a large Midland manufactory, showing that in his small house "facin' the yard, with its back to the street," he had learned to see life steadily and see it whole. His voice was as well controlled as his quiet life assuredly had been. As he talked I was unconsciously soothed and softened, as much by the balanced modulations of his voice as by his simple thoughts:

"I've been able to save a bit. I've been a teetotaler for twenty years, and have put away three shillings a week. Sometimes I think the gov'nors may not give me my pension when I stop workin' because I have somethin' of my own. But, even if they don't, it won't matter, for I shall, at any rate, have the consolation that I have deserved it."

To find consolation in the knowledge that one had deserved what one had not received! When he left the train at Newark he thanked his friend for his company, and walked away with the same quiet, earnest self-control he had exhibited in his conversation. For the rest of the

journey I sat revolving the possibilities of such an attitude of mind found and sustained in the little house 'facin' the yard with its back to the street.'

The Briton.

It was a typical spring day, and it rained and blew as though the coming of summer depended on it. My fellow-passengers all wore the air of solemn virtue which people affect when they have secured an inside seat on such a day. Opposite to me sat a gentleman with a wide expanse of chest who looked out through his gold spectacles with bovine righteousness. His right hand grasped his morning paper, his left hand his wet umbrella well away from himself. If his face expressed anything it was that all things were well ordered. It rained. He was inside and dry. Others were outside and wet. Quite so. He was magnificent and impervious. I wondered whether such a man could smile.

Suddenly I saw something black fall into the road behind us, and almost immediately the omnibus stopped. The falling object was a hat, and its owner clambered down from the roof, ran to it, picked it up, and ran back to us, stout, red, and indignant. I glanced at my *vis-à-vis*, but his face was immovable. The conductor pulled his bell and we went on, but before we had gone a hundred yards I saw another black object fall from above. We stopped, and again a man clambered down, ran to his hat, and back. It was the same man, only he seemed stouter, redder, and more indignant. Again I glanced at my *vis-à-vis*. He appeared to be grasping his paper rather more firmly, and to be holding his umbrella a little further from his trousers, but his face was unchanged. We continued our journey, but very soon a third hat was blown off. It fell under the feet of some carriage horses behind us. I was not surprised to find that it was the same hat. The unfortunate owner made his third descent, and returned with what looked like a piece of battered mud. His girth was enormous, his face purple, and his fury beyond words. I could stand it no longer. I looked my *vis-à-vis* between the eyes and smiled. Not a muscle of his face moved. But he did not like being smiled at, for he shifted his paper from his right hand to his left, and his umbrella from his left hand to his right, in solemn protest. Then I rose and left the omnibus, and wandered into the lonely park, where a man may laugh unashamed.

Les Femmes de Shakespeare.

THE feeling is strong that Shakespeare's heroines are not possible material for a French delineator of character. The fragrance of them is extraordinarily English, as native to the soil as the rose of English hedges. It is impossible not to feel it as at least uncertain, therefore, whether this peculiar fragrance is transportable into an atmosphere so curiously dissimilar: whether also a nation with sensibilities so prevaillingly opposite would be likely to respond to the unaccustomed flavour of this alien charm. And above all, I queried, whether the French language, agile, sensuous, suave, and incomparable in its "tournures de phrases," is yet capable of the virility which must interpenetrate all adequate treatment of Shakespearean characters.

In M. Théodore Maurer's recent book, *En la Maison des Poètes*, however, we have not a series of essays upon the great dramatist's heroines, but a volume of short poems, in which are included twenty-two sonnets to "Les Femmes de Shakespeare." In form and colour all these sonnets are charming, but then form and colour are two things almost anticipated from a French writer of verse. What M. Maurer's book possesses that could not be so confidently vouched for is a recurring depth

of insight, and an imaginative force of appreciation, that renders many of these little poems of a puissant, lingering fascination. Through the terse, delicate verses, each like a thin vase, set upon a slender stem, there flows the inherent sweetness of one, the overpowering anguish of another, the wistful melancholy of a third. With a wonderful brevity, and in a style frequently recalling the erotic grace of Gautier in "Emaux et Camées," M. Maurer now and again serenades the very souls of these gracious foreigners. Lightly, as if afraid a heavy touch might brush some of the perfume from their spirit, he whispers why each one came to have a place in his affection, or lured appreciation into something deeper than vagrant fancy, and in nearly every instance the arresting grace or characteristic embroidered into song is the grace or characteristic all the nature is enclosed by.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, one's original dubieties are, to a certain extent, justified. The verse, with its sensitive fear of a burden breaking its fragile loveliness, now and again rejects regretably the profound and stirring phrases which are the only ones capable of holding the tragic intensity of the subject chosen. In some of them habit and temperament triumph undesirably, and there come sonnets suggesting half-ironical lines to some "amourette" of yesterday. The atmosphere of the operabouffe predominates, and we get elegant, airy verses—but nothing more. Here and there, even, this rejection of the nervous and impassioned produces a failure veering dangerously near to the grotesque. The sonnet to Juliet on the balcony, stammering, with wide, sad eyes: "Believe me, love, it was the nightingale," is one of these. We see in it only an admirable verse-maker, with a passion for form, sitting in his study, and, with an inspiration lassitude has overtaken, hammering out of intelligence lines pitiable in their thin tranquillity—their chill, arranged composure. Yet M. Maurer is not always feelingless. Twice in sonnets of strong emotion the heart seems to have every word in its grip. The sonnet to "Constance" and the song to "Ophelia" have a beauty very touching in their unbroken rightness. To convey in prose translations the moving quality of these two—their rhythm, colour, dignity—would be impossible. That so much is conveyable in mere rough transcriptions shows the solid material M. Maurer's slender verse sustains at its best. I give them both in their entirety, to take an extract from either being to lose the whole intention. This is the sonnet to Constance. Above is quoted from the French translation the cry of Constance: "Grief fills the room up of my absent child":

CONSTANCE.

Empty the cradle of my child is not, for
I have set mine agony within it. And its
Voice has grown the voice of mine own child.
This that I gaze on has become my child.

It has his eyes, his mouth,

It has his brow so smooth and white; distraught
My lips cling to it. Into my arms
I draw and hold mine agony,
And through my hands I feel the soft hairs glide.
The silken hair of my own child glide through.

My child sang oft, my agony sings too.
Sweet was my boy's voice, — this has sweetness too.
And jealously I guard this living, deathless woe,
This, this, I swear, none can lure forth to go.

My son dreamed dreams. Ah! how my anguish dreams.
It, too, is of my blood and has been fed upon my breast.
They stole my son,—my agony they left.

Throughout this sonnet it is the Constance of Shakespeare that speaks, the woman with the strength of soul to drink bitterness to the dregs, and with a pride so indomitable grief itself grew proud if she gave entrance to it. Again, in the sonnet to Ophelia, nothing could better express the touching beauty of the nature's weakness, the winning

sweetness of its childlike incapacities. Ophelia, as great a dreamer as her betrothed, lived in a garden of thoughts, weedless and beautiful. At the first rude awakening she died, having no ugliness within to meet the ugliness without. Physical pain Ophelia could have borne, and embroidered with gentle fancies and pure prayers. But disillusion, the wanton weariness of love, the knowledge that a heart netted by long endearing wiles may be flung back at will, was a fact too monstrous to harbour in a heart dazed by the lovely innocence of its own dreams. This is M. Maurer's poem to her:

Sweet and strange and languor weaving whispers
Came to mesh thy sinless heart in gold-n dreams,
And life held nothing half so sweet; nor
Song of birds, nor the sweet perfumed
Breath of Jure, caressing as it passed.

Then followed madness—followed death. Alas
The willow grieves for thee in thy sad bed of cheerless
streams.

Your brow so white, set round with water-lilies
Feels not the kiss the pitying water-weeds impress.

When of dead dreams your heart tolled the death-knell,
Did you see clear, in life no joy abides
And that life's longest love has but an hour's brief stay.

Said you like Hamlet,—“To die, to sleep,
Perchance to dream.” And did you go in hope
In an unending sleep to dream
Unbroken thy first perfect-fashioned dream?

Could any lines approach Ophelia with more “inward”
understanding than this closing:

And did you go in hope
In an unending sleep to dream
Unbroken thy first perfect-fashioned dream?

But M. Maurer does not only sing, the soul has tragedy touched with its own solemnity. None of the twenty-two sonnets are more successful in mood as well as manner than the lines to Beatrice given to the heading: “By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me”:

BEATRICE.

I love you, or I love you not.
Keen-witted spirit—guess.
There is, 'tis true, a song divine
My heart sings soft and low.
Is my heart glad? Alas
Man is discerning,—woman more discerning still.
A bird down in the hollow there
Sings yes, then no, until its sweet throat tires.

I love you, or I love you not.
Shall we discuss this theme
A whole long day, and
Then a long night too.

The sky is blue, the night is still,
And from my soul steals rays of light.
Oh, woman, sue, we fly—but fly,
'Tis we who sue.

Could there be a more delightful manner than this, with its adoring *persiflage*, for the Beatrice who made one of the most captivating and lovable of all Shakespeare's heroines? She was a creature so intractable, so aggravating, whimsical, and great-hearted, what could a man do but love her? Beatrice and exhilarating nonsense came together. What a wife she would have made—how companionable, how merry, how invigorating in her keen perception of the saving humour encrusted in the minor tragedies, and, at the same time, how strong and tender in the hours of trouble, how true, how big in generous scorn, and noble-hearted championship! There are others, as it has been said, M. Maurer sings less effectively. Jessica, for instance, is little more than tunefulness for the ear. I give a verse in the original, so little does the *matter* seem of consequence:

Le pâle clair de lune
Luit sur le parc dormant
Aucun frémissement
D'arbre! de brise, aucune.

The poem called “The Three Sisters”—the three witches in “Macbeth”—is perhaps the best of those not quoted, belonging to the Shakespearean group. The book contains, of course, a number of other poems, the happiest of which are, for the most part, those in which the gently ironical humour, so popular among French thinkers, has unhindered play. M. Maurer is always admirable, when through the lines we seem to catch the murmur, as of a friend confidentially advising another: “After all, better be light, but gay, *spirituel*, suave as the benignant sunshine, than of a gravity, morose, jaundiced, depressing as the climate of England.” In the more serious poems, M. Maurer has not always the imaginative splendour for success. Nevertheless, and when all deductions have been made, he is to be congratulated upon a work festooned with many gracious fancies, and with here and there little jewels of thought and feeling, equally effective in their setting and their form.

M. B. R.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Eve Victorieuse is evidently a first-hand study of American and Roman life and character by an extremely clever French writer. The author holds exaggerated ideas on the spiritual value of confession, and constantly asserts that the moral superiority of Catholic women may be attributed to this exercise. The claim is an odd one, since fidelity to the marriage vow is in question; and we know, from other sources of information than her pages, that assiduity in confession does not necessarily make for the keeping of the seventh commandment in Latin countries. This vaunted delicacy of the Latin and Frenchwoman's conscience, which the author of *Eve Victorieuse* claims as the result of confessional training, is oddly revealed to us in the study of modern French literature, in the gossip and newspapers of those towns where confession is almost a universal practice. Granted that the Anglo-Saxon woman flirts a great deal too much, and that the manners of the girl of England and America often leave much to be desired, is it so certain that it would imply improvement and spiritual superiority if the effaced *jeune fille* were introduced, with the subsequent veiled visits to *garçonnières*?

However, it is difficult for every devout sectarian writer to avoid these pitfalls of spiritual arrogance; and so the author of *Eve Victorieuse* must convert to Rome her sympathetic heroine, and leave us to understand that the sprightly Dora is well on the way to conversion. These are small blemishes in an otherwise brilliant study. The two American women, aunt and niece, are well conceived and well drawn. We understand, if we do not sympathise with, the conversion to Rome of the subtler natured Mrs. Ronald. Her sentimental and sensuous nature needed some of the poetry of mysticism which the open avenues of Protestantism could not supply. The influence of tapers, incense, and flowers is great; and when you add to these a taste for conventual parlours and the authoritative friendship of priests, the way of a woman is clearly indicated.

Eve here triumphs over the serpent, who is an Italian nobleman, understood to be charming and dangerous and wicked. He is repellent, as all fascinating heroes are. Hélène yields to his charm when she ought to have boxed his ears, struggles against her weakness and conquers it, to the dismay and exasperation of the flouted serpent. But he has, like men of his class, a great deal more luck than he deserves. Dora, his wealthy young American wife, loves him; his magnificent mistress, a Roman princess, effaces herself indulgently and becomes his friend, and he believes himself to be, by reason of birth, one of the greatest of the earth.

Mme. Duclause has republished, in a volume, her delightful essays on English writers which appeared originally in the *Revue de Paris*. It is Mme. Duclause's singular triumph to write French even more charmingly than her native tongue. It is a French impregnated with her own subtle and delicate charm, of a style wonderfully strong and profound, despite its exceeding grace. There is something greatly more than poetry here—fuller, revealing an understanding of her subject which takes us far beyond criticism, and teaches us what genius is when adequately interpreted. Of these remarkable studies of English genius, perhaps the essay on Dante Gabriel Rossetti is the most delightful; while the two essays on the Brownings are decidedly the finest.

It is fitting that M. Rostand, the author of such astounding successes as "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," should be crowned with academical glory. Where the popular M. Coppée sits the thrice popular M. Rostand may lounge. What matters that his work is of slight literary value, that his poetry is quite as bad as popular poetry should be? Is this not as it should be to explain his popularity? And when a dramatist, with the assistance of the ultra-divine Sarah, has made the round of both halves of our sphere it would be churlish to begrudge him a seat among the Immortals. But only strive to read, in the privacy of one's library, such a masterpiece as "L'Aiglon," and then ask yourself: "What, in heaven's name, is the real value of academical choice?"

H. L.

Correspondence.

The Switchback's Father.

SIR,—Mr. H. G. Wells is feeling our curiosity in the *Fortnightly* with information as to the mechanism of life of our successors on this curious earth. The study of such anticipations made by our predecessors thereon makes one sceptical as to the possibility of accurate prophecy; but the other day, chancing to read the *Epicurean*, I came upon as handsome an anticipation of reality as could be wished. Here it is:

At length, suddenly stopping, she said, in a breathless whisper: "Seat thyself here," and, at the same moment, led me by the hand to a sort of low car, in which I lost not a moment in placing myself, as desired, while the maiden, as promptly, took her seat by my side.

A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car,—which, as I had felt on entering it, leaned half-way over a steep descent,—on being loosed from its station, shot down, almost perpendicularly, into the darkness, with a rapidity which, at first, nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noiselessly in grooves, and the impetus which the car acquired in descending was sufficient, I perceived, to carry it up an eminence that succeeded,—from the summit of which it again rushed down another declivity, even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till, at length, from the last and steepest elevation, the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running for a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion and stopped.

Now here is a description of a switchback, omitting, indeed, the shrieking and clapping of hands which accompany each dip of the loaded trolley, but otherwise accurate and lively. This instrument, as all readers of the story will recollect, was placed outside an Egyptian temple in the year 257 A.D.; and it may be gathered from the context that its use was one of those delights reserved for those initiate in the mysteries.

A bust of Tom Moore, then, as a spiritual father of the switchback, might with propriety be placed at the starting-point of the car in this invention.—I am, &c.,

FRANK W. HACQUOIL.

Mixed Metaphors.

SIR,—The mixed metaphor of Mr. Frederic Harrison, to which a correspondent calls attention in your issue of June 13, is only another example of the pseudo-scientific style so much affected by many modern writers. It is doubtless a tribute to science that Literature should look to her for imagery. The results, however, are often such as fill with wonder both the Man of Science and the Man in the Street. In your "Literary Week" column of last week, on page 504, occurs the following: "Here we see Sir Walter Besant's topographical vein enlarging to an artery, and promising to become, as it did, the very life-blood of his literary work." A vein dilates to form an artery, and the artery is converted into blood. It was apparently not even a morbid process in this instance.—I am, &c.,

LUCIAN DE ZILWA.

University College.

"More Mistakes We Make."

SIR,—A book with this title has just been brought to my notice. Mr. C. E. Clark has collected a most useful set of every-day errors; but he would be more than human if he had not overlooked some slips, for the correction of which he may be thankful—e.g.:

- P. 11, "pavillion" should be "pavillon."
- 28, "accent aigu" (*sic*) should be "accent aigu."
- 33, "John" should be "Joan" (he still speaks of Joan of Arc).
- 39, 40, "Spencer" and "Spenſer" in speaking of the same man.
- 50, "Mr. Frank Reade Fowke" spells his second name "Rede."
- 53, "Hans Anderson" should be "Andersen."
- 54, "sound" should be "Sound" (the strait into the Baltic).
- 85, "home" should be "Home" (Civil Service).
- 86, "Vedi Napoli a Mori" should be "a Mori."
- 93, "Saone" should be "Saône."
- 103, "Listz" should be "Liszt."

And, lastly, is he not a little too dogmatic in saying "St. James' Square" is wrong and "St. James's Square" is right?—I am, &c.,

DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE.

9, Stonor-road, W.

The Fallow Fields of Fiction.

SIR,—Referring to the admirable article in your current issue called "The Fallow Fields of Fiction," I am in thorough accord with what your contributor says, and, indeed, by a strange coincidence, I have been preparing a paper on the identical subject.

I think, however, that the reason for the predominance of sexual love in fiction to the exclusion of other and equally important matters is due to an all-powerful fact, viz., that novels are read by women in millions and by men only in hundreds. While this state of affairs continues, fiction must, in my opinion, remain in its present besotted and "soppy" condition, for the average woman refuses to read a story wherein the love of man for woman does not hold the supreme place. All other affections—the love of man for man, of humanity for humanity, of parent for child—are steadfastly ignored by modern writers, because the consumers of fiction refuse to be interested in the chronicles of such affections.—I am, &c.,

P. BEAUFY.

"Come Live With Me."

SIR,—Under the "Literary Week" in your issue of June 1 I notice a review of Streamer and Eggers' *Book Titles from Shakespeare*.

Amongst those selected by you I notice the following: Robert Buchanan, *Come Live with Me and Be My Love*

(Poems). One can understand Messrs. Streamer and Eggers making this mistake by falling foul of the Jaggard (1599) edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim," ascribed, on the title-page, to Shakespeare, which was really a concoction of verse by various authors, including Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Barnfield, and confounding it with the portion of the text now admitted to be Shakespeare's own. One is, however, rather surprised that the ACADEMY should select this example, wrongly attributing the first line of Marlowe's most famous song to Shakespeare (a song which has produced parodies and similar poems by men like Sir Walter Raleigh, John Donne, and Robert Herrick) without calling attention to the error.—I am, &c.,

A. R. HOWARD THOMSON.

The Free Library, Philadelphia.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 91 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best sketch under the title "The London Sight that Impresses Me Most." The prize has been awarded to Mr. T. W. Cole, 21, Coleford-road, Wandsworth, London, for the following:

THE POOL.—BELOW LONDON BRIDGE.

Few sights are more impressive than the scene below bridge, say on a summer evening. Not that it might not be surpassed elsewhere in picturesqueness and such like, in fact, it possesses but little of what is mainly sought for in an æsthetic combination. But its one great impressive feature is its unity. One central idea comprehends the myriad fragments that make up its kaleidoscope-like picture—*toil*. In other London scenes the interest is oftentimes too varied: in the streets, for instance, work, pleasure, and idleness are indiscriminately mingled, but here, each thing contributes to a single idea—a nation's toil. Unwieldy black barges, coal-laden, deep down in the water, trail past, linked each to each, piloted by some wee tug that churns the sunset-lighted tide into a heaving mass of orange and grey and gold. Shoreward, huge factories bank the river, topped by giant chimney-shafts each pennoned oftentimes with some long trailing banneret of smoke—warehouses, too, fronted with double or treble line of masted vessels. Down the river they pass—seemingly ceaselessly—crafts of all shapes and sizes—colossal outward-bound steamships, pigmy river-boats, each and all work-chartered for a great city's toil. [T. W. C., London.]

A selection of other answers follow:

THE TRAFFIC POLICEMAN.

To a visitor from a well-built provincial town there is not much that is impressive in material London; but there is one common sight which amazes him. It is the effect produced when the traffic-regulating policeman raises his hand. The immense traffic, with its smooth, steady flow, is a novelty to him, but its arrest is a revelation. Flashed back from raised hand to raised hand, the order is obeyed by each driver as he passes it on—carriage and 'bus, waggon and cycle are all checked by the movement of an arm. The Thames is dammed by a sheet of tissue paper.

The sight has a deep significance. The greatest and the least alike obey, unobjecting, the direction of their own paid servant. Dukes and costermongers, millionaires and errand boys, all submit to the collectively employed controller, who in himself is almost a nonentity. It is the triumph of the communal over the individualistic tendency in man. It shows liberty relinquished in order that it may be increased. That raised arm is a token of hope for the future of democracy. [J. L. B., Northumberland.]

THE FRIENDLESS.

The sight that impresses me most in the streets of London is neither an imposing nor a very uncommon one. Sometimes it is a woman, more often, I think, a man, that one meets who gives one the impression of being absolutely friendless in the great city. His hungry eyes speak not physical needs, but a soul that craves for sympathy, for fellowship, for a single glance of comprehension. He seems to look out on the ocean of humanity surging around him like a thirsty mariner who surveys a boundless sea—"Water, water everywhere, yet not a drop to drink!" As little as the sailor has he the power to distil from that salt flood the draught that could quench his thirst. It may indeed be that of human hearts "the closest still is single"; but its unfulfilled need is not the soul-famine pictured in those joyless eyes. Be it "longed-for woman longing all in vain For lonely man with love's desire distraught," or be it the every-day craving for the friendly touch of any human hand, that spectacle of loneliness at the throbbing heart of an empire is always to me London's most impressive sight.

[J. F. S., Lances.]

THE SEEKERS.

Certain streets in the City are decorated by tin dust-bins, which stand along the curb. Bending over them, with absorbed expressions, I see men and women—mostly women. There they stand, with bare hands diving amongst the filth. Not even a muck-rake have they, but pick up or turn over with their fingers every various article of that unsavoury mixture. They do not seem to look for anything in particular. I have seen battered tins, shreds of rag, and even a piece of bread chosen! The women put their selections into gathered-up aprons; the men often put theirs into bulging pockets. The "finds" in each dust-bin are very few, yet there is no elation, or even satisfaction, over them; only an indifferent stare, or sometimes a critical turning over, and a mechanical return to the search. Every corner of the dust-bin is examined, right down to the bottom; and, so absorbing is the work, that I have stood a few paces off, watching, without attracting the searchers' notice. They never look up. Smartly dressed women, and men in silk hats, pass by them; but there they stand, heedless of all, prying among the filth. [H. W. G., Stroud Green.]

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"The London sight that impresses me most" in its unique contrast with work-a-day aspect of the place is the Sunday afternoon crowd which paces slowly between Piccadilly Circus and the Marble Arch. On week-days the pavements of Regent Street and Oxford Street are thronged with a mundane, multifarious, cosmopolitan crowd, intent on a thousand ends of pleasure or of business. On Sunday the two great arteries grow idyllic, and are given up to democratic love-making, to the "afternoon out" of the ingenious beings who must needs do their courting—their "walking out" and "keeping company"—in public. In the afternoon sunshine they loiter along in thousands, sheepishly and happily silent for the most part. They overflow into the park, but not in search of seclusion. Every bench is packed tight with amorous couples, breathing soft nothings into happy ears, their arms round one another's waists, their faces silly with ecstatic amorousness.

"O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!"

In vain the preachers and stump orators near the Marble Arch tempt them with glowing oratory to become Christian, Socialist, Freethinkers, Bimetallists. Courtship is their sole care, their one amusement. And the sight of this wholesale democratic courtship is surely impressive. [J. D. A., Ealing.]

VIEW FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.

There is a spot in London where as night descends upon the city may be seen what is to my mind a sight more beautiful, more impressive than any other.

The view from Waterloo Bridge, looking up the river towards the Houses of Parliament, is always fine; but as the shadows fall, blotting out all imperfections, it becomes inexpressibly lovely and mysterious. It is as if Nature, the enchantress, waves her wand, and not suddenly, but slowly and almost imperceptibly, a transformation takes place. Gradually the buildings along the Embankment become a long band, silhouetted in soft grey against the pale sky. The river reflecting the sky becomes light in colour, the many vessels become so many indistinct shapes, dotting the light surface of the water. By and by, as the darkness deepens, the great houses change into fairy palaces, sparkling with lights, and the barges become enchanted vessels, gliding noiselessly away into the unknown.

There is no sadness in this gentle oncoming of the night, only an exquisite mystery.

Scarcely a day passes, but for a brief hour London is thus transfigured. How few of the many hundreds hurrying home seem to notice it! [R. W., Barnes.]

Thirty-one other answers were received.

Competition No. 92 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best sketch under the title, "The Country Sight that Impresses Me Most." Not to exceed 200 words. The "Country Sight" must be within the borders of the United Kingdom.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, June 26. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

NOW READY.
THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

No. 6.—JULY, 1901.—CONTENTS.

NOTES of the MONTH.

THE AMERICAN INVASION. KENNIE B. MURRAY.
A ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. R. V. TYRRELL,
Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.
MIDSUMMER POLITICS. ALFRED KINNEAR.
WORDS FOR THREE PICTURES. MAX BECKHOHM.
A BOOK for the MONTH: HENRY BROADHURST.
T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.
MR. GIBSON BOWLES and the KEY of the MEDITER-
RANEAN. HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.
THE FARCE of DRAMATIC CRITICISM. ARNOLD GOLDS-
WORTHY.
THE EMPTY EDUCATION BILL. J. H. YOXALL, M.P.
VERS de SOCIÉTÉ. STEPHEN GWYN.
LIBERAL REORGANISATION: A Reply. By ONE of THE
RANK and FILE.
THE COMING PARTITION of AUSTRIA. W. B. DUFFIELD.
HORTUS INCLUSUS: The Garden of Roses. ROSAMUND
MARRIOTT WATSON.
A BUSINESS-LIKE HOUSE of COMMONS. R. MAYNARD
LEONARD.
THE IRISH QUESTION. S. F. MENDEL.
SOME ROYAL YACHTS. JULIAN GARD.
COMPENSATION for INJURED AGRICULTURAL
LABOURERS. HAROLD TREMAINE.
GOLF at its BEST. J. G. McPHERSON.
BOOKS WORTH BUYING.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

Editorial Offices: 160, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.
Publishing Office: 33, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1029.—JULY, 1901.—2s. 6d.

THE CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE. PART I. MY LEGACY
OF FAMILY HISTORY. "PUSH" LARRIKINISM IN AUS-
TRALIA. By AMBROSE PRATT.—A CORSAIR OF
SAINT MALO.—DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE. By
NEIL MUNRO. CONCLUSION.—A VILLAGE IN THE
VAL D'OR. By Mrs. P. G. HAMERTON.—BETWEEN
THE LINES. CONCLUSION.—A GENTLEMAN OF SCOT-
LAND. By ANDREW LANG.—THE HOUSE THAT WAS
NEVER BUILT. By HENRY LAWSON.—A HALT ON
THE KING'S HIGHWAY. By HUGH CLIFFORD.—THE
LONDON IRISH.—MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.—
LORD MILNER AND THE COUNTRY.—THE VITIPLICATION OF THE
PRESS.—WORKS THAT CONVEY NO THOUGHT.—THE DELEGATION
OF AUTHORITY.—THE TREATMENT OF SIR BARTLE FERRY.—THE
CULT OF THE MILLIONAIRE.—THE BAYARD OF THE MONEY-BAG.—
THE DANGER OF PHILANTHROPY.—PEUNIA OLET.—WAR
OFFICE ORGANISATION.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Now ready, 6s. net; by post 6s. 4d.

SECOND AND REVISED EDITION OF

**PROFESSOR HAECKEL'S GREAT WORK,
THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.**

The work discusses the progress of modern
science, and sheds a powerful light on the
origins of life and mind.
London: WATTS & CO., 17, Johnson's Court,
Fleet Street, E.C.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

Just published, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s.

An Important Book for Business Men.

**HOW TO AVOID PAYMENT
OF DEBT.**

Showing same possible, and need for Legislation.

By A SOLICITOR.

"Well informed, acute and serious. If its lessons were taken
to heart one would hear less of people who can live handsomely
upon nothing a year."—*Scotsman*.

"The work is clearly written, and its study will prove most
instructive to men of business."—*City Press*.

"Worthy of careful perusal by every trader who gives credit."
Shoe and Leather Record.
"A volume which commends itself to the thoughtful con-
sideration of a wide circle of readers.... It is easy to picture
the long line of postmen waiting morning by morning with
repeat orders from the trade."—*Financial News*.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., LTD.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s. each, post free.
**THE GOD of the AMEN, and other
Sermons.** By ALEX. MACLAREN, D.D.

"The several sermons contained in this volume are
replete with a keen spiritual insight, combined with
an aptness of illustration and beauty of diction which
cannot fail to both impress and charm the reader."
Methodist Times.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHERD, LTD.,
21 and 22, Farringdon Street, Holborn, W.C.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., LTD.

Now ready, a new important work by FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

Demy 8vo. With numerous beautiful Illustrations.

**LAKE GENEVA AND ITS LITERARY
LANDMARKS.**

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE, Author of "The Early Mountaineers"
Gilt top, gilt extra, 18s.

**WOMEN AND MEN OF THE
FRENCH RENAISSANCE.**

By EDITH SICHEL, Author of "The House of the Lafayettes." Illustrated. Demy 8vo,
16s. net.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S New Volume of Poems.

A READING OF LIFE,

And other Poems.

Buckram, 6s. net.

SOME SONGS AND VERSES.

By WALLACE STEVENSON.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

".... A hymn for Spring may be quoted as a sample of the book's high quality..... Now, if everybody
who published verses wrote like that, it would be a good thing indeed."—*The Scotsman*.
"Matthew Arnold, to whom a thoughtful sonnet is addressed, finds many echoes in Mr. Stevenson's
work, and a song which begins 'When All the World is Sleeping' has a touch of Heine's charm. The
poem on Venice is full of colour and suggestion, and shows the poet at his best."—*The Graphic*.

Now ready.

KING'S END. By ALICE BROWN. 6s.

MARR'D IN MAKING. By Baroness von HUTTEN. 6s.

"A moving and well-written story."—*The Academy*."A close, relentless study in character..... The book will make its mark."—*The Outlook*.RETALIATION. By HERBERT FLOWERDEW, Author of "A Celibate's
Wife." 6s.ENSIGN KNIGHTLEY. By A. E. W. MASON, Author of "Miranda
of the Balcony," &c. 6s.

KARADAC. By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD. 6s.

"Among the three or four really good novels of romantic adventure lately published a place should
be found for Karadac, Count of Gerze."—*The Speaker*.
"May be confidently recommended."—*Manchester Guardian*.

THE WHITE COTTAGE. "ZACK." 6s.

"This good work, strong, sometimes poignant, controlled, clear in method.... moving tragedy, too,
filled in, as it is, with many tender passions and instances of devotion."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Distinctly a novel to be read.... a work of real literary merit."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Shows that time and study are maturing the unusual powers of a writer whom Emily Brontë would
surely have hailed as a kindred spirit."—*Manchester Guardian*.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION. MAY SINCLAIR. 6s.

RODERICK CAMPBELL. JEAN McILWRAITH. 6s.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY. "ALIEN." 6s.

THE SIN OF JASPER STANDISH. "RITA." 6s.

THAT SWEET ENEMY. KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s.

THE SHIP'S ADVENTURE. W. CLARK RUSSELL. 6s.

2, WHITEHALL GARDENS, WESTMINSTER.

**THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER.**

No. 293. — JULY, 1901.

A BUSINESS WAR OFFICE. By Sir ROBERT GIFFEY, K.C.B.
THE "DURHAM" ROAD to PEACE. By THOMAS SHAW, K.C., M.P.
THE MISSIONARIES and the EMPIRE. By FREDERICK GREENWOOD.
THE ROMANISATION OF IRELAND. By Professor MAHAFFY.
THE RECENT NEW STAR in PERSEUS. By the Rev. EDMUND LEDGER (Graham Lecturer on
Astronomy).
BACK to the LAND! By the Right Hon. EARL NELSON.
"THE CAUSE of the CHILDREN." By the Countess of WARWICK.
THE PUNISHMENT of CRIME. By ROBERT ANDERSON, C.B., LL.D. (late Assistant Commissioner of
Police of the Metropolis).
THE STRANGE ORIGIN of the "MARSEILLAISE." By KARL BLIND.
LABYRINTHS in CRETE. By MARY, Countess of GALLOWAY.
THE LATE BISHOP of LONDON: a Personal Impression. By HERBERT PAUL.
DISSENT in the VICTORIAN ERA. By the Rev. Dr. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.
THE MARRIAGE of MRS. FITZHERBERT and GEORGE the FOURTH. By JOHN FYVIE.
THE ARMY-CORPS SCHEME and MR. DAWKINS'S COMMITTEE: an Historical Retrospect. By
Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE, K.C.B.
WHAT COURT of APPEAL will SATISFY AUSTRALIA? By HUGH R. E. CHILDERS.
LAST MONTH. By Sir WENDELL RAIL.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

With Portraits of Piet De Wet and of a
Group of Convalescents.
Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

YEOMAN SERVICE:

Being the Diary of the Wife of an Imperial
Yeomany Officer during the Boer War.

By the Lady MAUD ROLLESTON.

Spectator.—"Lady Maud Rolleston has written a very fascinating book..... It is useless to attempt to describe the diary, but we say to our readers without the slightest fear of misleading them—'get the book and read it, and you will understand what war looks like from the standpoint of the women who are waiting behind the army, and live, as it were, straining their ears to catch the sound of the guns.'"

Punch.—"It has the charm of the lark's song, inasmuch as publication was unpremeditated. We have, conveyed in simple language, suitable to the literature of private correspondence, a lady's impressions of what she saw and heard amid the stirring scenes of war."

New Novel by the Author of "Deborah of Tod's".
At all Libraries and Booksellers.
Crown 8vo, 6s.

CATHERINE OF CALAIS

By Mrs. DE LA PASTURE,
AUTHOR OF "DEBORAH OF TOD'S," "ADAM
GRIGSON," &c.

Spectator.—"Suffused with that charm of manner and gracious kindness which have always lent attractiveness to the work of this writer."

Academy.—"A novel by the author of 'Adam Grigson' and 'Deborah of Tod's,' which is a worthy successor to those books."

Outlook.—"An admirable piece of work. Quite as strong in its way as 'Deborah of Tod's.'"

NOVELS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

"A splendid story."—*DAILY EXPRESS*.

PACIFICO.

By JOHN RANDAL. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Truth.—"If you would like a very stirring story read 'Pacífico,' whose hero personates for commercial purposes an Italian in the island of Santa Celestina, where medieval conditions of government, and of civilisation generally, give him opportunities—of which he takes thrilling advantage—for the most romantic adventures."

World.—"We cannot easily thank Mr. John Randal sufficiently for the delightful romance called 'Pacífico.' Here is the real thing in brigandage."

THE SEAL OF SILENCE.

By ARTHUR R. CONDER. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Second Impression now ready.

Spectator.—"Mr. Conder unquestionably belonged to the rare tribe of literary benefactors, of whom Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Anstey are perhaps the most conspicuous representatives.... Given the situations, the temperaments and antecedents of the *dramatis personæ*, and the development of the story is above cavil."

Athenæum.—"It is a book which shows more than promise; it shows a knowledge of life and a genuine sense of comedy remarkable in one so young."

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY.

By Mrs. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD.
Crown 8vo, 6s.

Speaker.—"Curiosity and consequent interest are maintained to the very end of a witty and surprising romance."

Spectator.—"The setting of the story is gracefully contrived, and the final defeat of the Archbishop in his desire that the heroine should take the veil will be agreeable to Protestant readers."

A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

By GRAHAM HOPE. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Fourth Impression now ready.

Yorkshire Post.—"A clever and thoroughly engrossing story..... the characters are vividly portrayed, and the whole book is of much more than average merit."

Saturday Review.—"The emotional power of this novel, which is considerable, comes, in fact, from a very fresh and modern treatment of a well-conceived romantic situation."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO.,
15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS' LIST.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND
LIBRARIES.

LIFE, LETTERS, and DIARIES

of LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GERALD GRAHAM,
V.C., G.C.B., R.E. By Colonel R. H. VETCH,
C.B., late Royal Engineers. With Portraits,
Plans, and his Despatches in full. Demy 8vo, 21s.

"A sympathetic but discriminating biography..... Will appeal to a much larger class than military readers, for it contains a faithful and vivid presentation of a man who well deserved the professional eminence he attained."—*Standard*.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED

A LEADER of LIGHT HORSE:

LIFE OF HODSON of HODSON'S HORSE.
By Captain L. J. TROTTER. With a Portrait
and 2 Maps. Demy 8vo, 18s.

NEXT WEEK WILL BE PUBLISHED

BELGIUM and the BELGIANS.

By CYRIL SCUDAMORE. With Illustrations
and a Map. Square crown 8vo, 6s.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED

ESSAYS: Descriptive and Bio-

graphical. By GRACE, LADY PRESTWICH.
With a Memoir by her Sister, LOUISE E. MILNE.
With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

New Six-Shilling Novels.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND
LIBRARIES.

DOOM CASTLE. By Neil Munro.

"Mr. Munro may now be ranked with absolute confidence among the small company of novelists whose work really counts as literature."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE WARDEN of the MARCHES.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER.
"A stirring story."—*Times*.

"A remarkably interesting book."—*World*.

THE EXTERMINATION of LOVE:

a Fragmentary Study in Erotics. By E. GERARD
(EMILY DE LASZOWSKA).

"Both clever and interesting."—*Truth*.

"Excellent writing, and though not for babes, leaves one thoroughly satisfied."—*Glasgow Herald*.

FREDERIC UVEDALE. By

EDWARD HUTTON.

"For those who want something different from the ordinary novel, something which lays bare the fift and inconsistent ambitions of most men's lives, 'Frederic Uvedale' is a book to be read. It is a careful bit of psychology, the revelation of a human soul."—*Daily Telegraph*.

MR. LEOPOLD LUGWELL: his

Birth and Upbringing. By PHILIP STERNE.

"An ingenious and elaborate study of the humanising effects of success and social ambition on a nature primarily guided by the instinct of acquisition."—*Spectator*.

THE COUNTRY I COME FROM.

By HENRY LAWSON.

MARRABLES' MAGNIFICENT

IDEA. By F. C. CONSTABLE.

MY BRILLIANT CAREER By

MILES FRANKLIN. [Ready next week.]

BUSH-WHACKING, and other

Sketches. By HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G. [Ready next week.]

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

TWO NOTABLE NOVELS.

Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

140,000 Copies sold.

WINSTON CHURCHILL. THE CRISIS.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Daily Telegraph.—"Will be read with delight wherever the English language is spoken."
Speaker.—"A living, stirring story."

55,000 Copies sold.

BERTHA RUNKLE. THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

Speaker.—"Among the three or four really good novels of romantic adventure that have been published this season, a place should be found for 'The Helmet of Navarre.'"

LATEST VOLUME of the

NEW ISSUE of the BORDER EDITION of the WAVERLEY NOVELS.

KENILWORTH.

With 12 Etchings.

Crown 8vo, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt, 6s.

VOL. II. NOW READY.

A NEW HISTORY of the ENGLISH CHURCH.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH from the NORMAN CONQUEST to the ACCESSION of EDWARD I. (1066-1272). By W. R. W. STEPHENS, B.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

EVERSLEY SERIES.—New Vols.

LETTERS of MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(1849-1888). Collected and Arranged by GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. Second and Cheaper Edition. In 2 vols. Globe 8vo, 10s.

VOL. VIII. NOW READY.

THE CAMBRIDGE NATURAL HISTORY. AMPHIBIA and REPTILES.

By HANS GADOW, M.A., F.R.S. Illustrated. 8vo, 17s. net.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s.—Contents for JULY.

PRINCESS PUCK. By the Author of "The Enchanter." Chapters VIII—X.

AN UNKNOWN CHAPTER in NAVAL HISTORY. By JOHN LEYLAND.

THE SERVING-MAN in LITERATURE.

GALLIA DEVOTA.

MAIDEN SPEECHES. By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

THE PARTING of the WAYS. By A. W. READY.

A SOUTHERN VIEW of the NEGRO PROBLEM. By H. E. BELIN.

THE KING of the SEDANGS. By HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

SUMMER FICTION NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.—Price 1s. 4d.—Annual Subscription, post free, 16s.

The JULY NUMBER contains—

THE "MILLENNARY" of KING ALFRED at WINCHESTER. By LOUIS DIXON. With reproduction of Thorpecroft's Statue of Alfred the Great.

THE PRISM. By MARY E. WILKINS.

MRS. MCCAFFERTY'S MISTAKE. By SEYMOUR M. MANTON. Pictures by FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

AN ESCAPE from the CHATEAU de JOUX. By WILLIAM GORD.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London.

The Academy

Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1521. Established 1869.

29 June, 1901.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

HARRIET MARTINEAU died twenty-five years ago last Thursday. "It would be curious to know," remarks the *Daily News*, "how many people now open the books of one who in her own day filled a large space in the public eye. Her life may be said to have been one long disease. She suffered greatly from deafness. She never had the senses of taste or smell, save that once she tasted a leg of mutton and thought it delicious. Once she was 'virtually engaged' to a poor student, but the affair was broken off, and he afterwards died insane. She turned to literature at a very early age. At seven she knew 'Paradise Lost' by heart. While still a girl she won three prizes given by the Central Unitarian Association for essays designed to convert Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans. But her most successful venture was the dressing up in the garb of fiction of the 'dismal science' of political economy."

THE conversational form of article is becoming popular in the magazines. Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Lewis F. Day, in the *Art Journal* for July, converse concerning the propriety of animals in design: "Human and animal forms are, as often as not, a disturbing influence in repeated pattern," says Mr. Day: "why use them there?" "Because," replies Mr. Walter Crane, "their forms give me certain lines and masses decoratively valuable and not obtainable by other means." "As to lions and tigers on a Persian carpet," says Mr. Day, "I can't endure them! There is too much suggestion of a menagerie."

The Serious Wooing: A Heart's History, by John Oliver Hobbes, will be published next week by Messrs. Methuen and Co. The following extracts are printed on the leaf facing the title-page:

See you not Goldyllocks, the purple strumpet there, in
her yellow gown and green sleeves? the profane pipes, and
the tinkling timbrels?

Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.

L'Humanité ne subsiste qu'à la condition de ne point
réfléchir sur ce qui est essentiel à son existence.

THE Poet Laureate has published in a sumptuous volume of forty-seven pages, with the advantages of large type and wide margins, all the poems written by him "relating to Victoria the Wise, during her long and beneficent Reign." The first, which is dated 1861, begins:

Look! as we turn, most loved of all her Line,
If not by Right, by deeds at least divine,
By Nature self-equipped for kind command,
Onward she comes, the Lady of the Land!

"O.O." in the *Sketch* recalls Gilbert Stuart, "the literary savage of the eighteenth century," whose "great object was to exterminate the authors whom he disliked." Among them were Robertson and Henry, the historians.

Henry published a History of the British Empire, and Stuart wrote to a confederate on the occasion:

David Hume wants to review Henry, but that task is so precious that I will undertake it myself. Moses, were he to ask it as a favour, should not have it—no, not the man after God's own heart. . . . To-morrow morning Henry sets off for London with immense hopes of selling his history. I wish sincerely that I could enter Holborn the same hour with him. He should have a repeated fire to combat with. I entreat that you may be so kind as to let him feel some of your thunder: I shall never forget the favour. If Whitaker is in London, he could give a blow. Paterson will give him a knock. Strike by all means. The wretch will tremble, grow pale, and return with a consciousness of his debility. . . . I could wish that you knew for certain his being in London before you strike the first blow; an inquiry at Cadell's will give this. When you have an enemy to attack, I shall, in return, give my best assistance, and shall aim at him a mortal blow, and rush forward to his overthrow, though the flames of hell should start up to oppose me.

FROM the Clarendon Press we have received a reprint of the lucid and suggestive inaugural lecture delivered at Oxford by Mr. A. C. Bradley, the new Professor of Poetry in the University. To the lecture, which was called "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," we have already referred. Here is the concluding passage:

About the best poetry, and not only the best, there floats an atmosphere of infinite suggestion. The poet speaks to us of one thing, but in this one thing there seems to lurk the secret of all. He said what he meant, but his meaning seems to beckon away beyond itself, or rather to expand into something boundless which is only focussed in it; something also which, we feel, would satisfy not only the imagination, but the whole of us; that something within us, and without, which everywhere

Makes us seem

To patch up fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart.

Those who are susceptible to this effect of poetry find it not only, perhaps not most, in the ideals she has sometimes described, but in a child's song by Christina Rossetti about a mere crown of wind-flowers, and in tragedies like *Lea*, where the sun seems to have set for ever. They hear this spirit murmuring its undertone through the *Aeneid*, and catch its voice in the song of Keats's nightingale, and its light upon the figures on the Urn, and it pierces them no less in Shelley's hopeless lament, *O world, O life, O time*, than in the rapturous ecstasy of his *Life of Life*. This all-embracing perfection cannot be expressed in poetic words or words of any kind, nor yet in music or in colour, but the suggestion of it is in much poetry, if not all, and poetry has in this suggestion, this "meaning," a great part of its value. We do it wrong, and we defeat our own purposes when we try to bend it to them:

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is as the air invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

It is a spirit. It comes we know not whence. It will not speak at our bidding, nor answer in our language. It is not our servant; it is our master.

Mr. ANDREW LANG maintained recently that literature cannot be taught. It is not a novel proposition. Mr. H. C. Beeching replied that he thought it could, which, again, is not a novel proposition. Now, in *Longman's*, Mr. Lang replies, in a vein of mock humility. That is to say, in descending a few rungs of the ladder he drops bricks with some precision on the man who has ordered him down. Mr. Lang's meandering disputes always please us, but how describe them? Here is a meander:

The chief of my contention is that people are born with or without literary appreciation. Whenas I was a little boy Malory's *Morte Arthur* came in my way in a house where I was familiar. But it also came in the way of the Buttons or page of the establishment. We used to conceal the volumes for our private pleasure and, clearly, were both born with some amount of appreciation. But I then knew no other boy who ever looked at Malory. Whether the Buttons adopted a literary career or not is unknown, but he would never have delighted in A and B. Nobody could like both Malory and these popular authors. A cook, a very plain cook, once made part of my humble establishment. Her line was Mr. Browning and Mr. Henry James. That woman could perhaps have been taught to cook (though I doubt it), but she did not need the school of *Literæ Humaniores* to teach her what, among other things, she ought to read. Again, all the annotated Brownings in the world could not have trained Mr. Edward Fitzgerald (of Omar Kayyam) to appreciate Browning. He simply could not "thole" that poet. You may read his distressing remarks in the *Life of Tennyson*.

Mr. E. T. REED's offshoot of *Punch*, called *Punch's Holiday Book*, provides some amusing reading and drawings for the holiday months. The editor's introductory interview with himself is quite happy. Mr. A. E. W. Mason has a delicate little idyll called "The Schoolmaster and Felicia," just the right reading for a hammock. Mr. Owen Seaman contributes "A Nocturne at Danieli's," suggested by Browning's "A Toccata at Galuppi's." We quote its opening stanzas:

Caro mio, Pulcinello, kindly bear my wail of woe
Lifted from a noble structure—late Palazzo Dandolo.

This is Venice, you will gather, which is full of precious
"stones,"
Tintoretto's, picture-postcards, and remains of doges'
bones.

Not of these am I complaining; they are mostly seen by
day,
And they only try your patience in an inoffensive way.

But at night when over Lido rises Dian (that's the moon),
And the vicious *vaporetti* cease to vex the still lagoon;

When the final *trovatore*, singing something old and
cheap,
Hurls his *tremolo crescendo* full against my beauty sleep;

When I hear the Riva's loungers in debate beneath my
bower
Summing up (about 1.30) certain questions of the hour;

Then across my nervous system falls the shrill mosquito's
boom,
And it's "O, to be in England," where the may is on the
bloom.

Mr. E. T. Reed's prehistoric studies form the principal artistic dish, and very funny they are, particularly "Mixed Bathing in the Stone Age."

THE best thing in the July *Cornhill*, to our mind, is the "Notes of an Octogenarian," taken down from the lips of

Miss Louisa Courtenay. Miss Courtenay's memory is very long and very fruitful of interest. She remembers when the King's-road, Chelsea, was lined with orchards. At Broadstairs she first saw Queen Victoria, a chubby little girl of six. In Edinburgh and Bath Miss Courtenay was carried to assemblies in a sedan chair, a conveyance that had just become obsolete in London. "Gentlemen were often tipsy at balls . . . and I have heard oaths drop from the lips of peeresses." Among Miss Courtenay's literary reminiscences are some of great interest. She tells us:

I must have been very young, not more than fourteen or fifteen, when my father took me to my first dinner-party; the occasion was a special one, to meet Southey and Wordsworth; the latter was an old friend, but my father had never met Southey. I was placed by him at dinner, and had a good opportunity of judging of his noted taciturnity, for he never spoke a word. We had some roast mutton, and a dish of liver stood before me: those were the days of side dishes, and of silver *épergnes* with artificial flowers in them. My father was held to be something of a *gourmet*, and I was not his daughter for nothing, so after waiting a few moments to see if it would be handed round I helped myself to some of the liver from the dish before me. Then Southey spoke: "Young lady, I am glad to see that you appreciate liver; give me some." I did so, and he relapsed into silence, which remained unbroken till the end of the meal. Some time later my father met Southey at Lord Lonsdale's and wrote to me of his silence, comparing it with Wordsworth's conversation, "the richest I have known."

Another amusing note:

When Sydney Smith wrote of Sir James Mackintosh: "His memory, vast as it was, he used so as to make it a delight and instruction to his hearers, instead of making it the dreadful engine of colloquial torture into which we have sometimes seen it erected," the latter words referred to Macaulay, who sometimes talked Sydney Smith down, and the allusion was recognised by all who knew them. When Macaulay was ill with quinsy, Sydney Smith, who had been to inquire after his health, told us he was suffering most "from suppressed conversation," and that having "talked for forty minutes the patient felt greatly relieved."

The reminiscence with which we are most struck makes Miss Courtenay a living link between her readers and Pope. It was at one of Samuel Rogers's dinners that she heard a guest ask the author of *The Pleasures of Memory* if it was true that he had seen Pope.

Mr. Rogers replied that it was impossible, but that he had met a man who had often seen him. He had once been down to Twickenham with his friend Mr. Boddington, and while crossing the ferry he had pointed out Pope's villa to him; upon this the ferryman remarked that the villa had been much altered since Mr. Alexander Pope's time. So they had fallen into conversation, and the man, in reply to Mr. Rogers's question whether he remembered Mr. Pope, said he remembered him well: "Mr. Alexander Pope"—with a stress on the *Alexander*—"used to come down most days for a row in my father's boat. I was a lad then, and helped my father. When the weather was bad, he would be brought down in his sedan-chair, for he was a delicate gentleman; chair and all would be put in the boat, and he sat in it whilst we rowed him up and down." Cannot one see him—the little hunch-backed, delicate gentleman, looking out from his chair on the silvery Thames—more silvery then than now at Twickenham Reach—as he took his solitary airing, despite bad weather, up and down.

YOUNG America, also, howlth. "If," said an Albany examiner recently, "some of the immortals of literature and history could see themselves as the public school children of New York State see them, a cold shudder would start in Westminster Abbey and sweep around the earth until it lost itself in the corridors of our own Hall of

Fame." Brief biographical notes of certain celebrities being asked for, one boy thus disposed of Darwin:

1. Philosopher.
2. Says we are all descended from monkeys.
3. Can't find the missing link.
4. Crank.

Here are some more gems:

Boadicea was a lady who had trouble with the Pope.

The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* was written by R. W. Emerson, and its general plan is to produce perfect etiquette at table.

Persephone was the gardess of the gates of Tartarus. She is said to have been girded with a mantle gored with blood.

Mediæval chivalry developed this way. First the knight was anyone who wanted to perform military service. Then chivalry was a Brotherhood of Knights formed of strong men who wished to do patrol service. They were model policemen.

Puritans were a class of people that came into existence and wanted the church's sweeping done more rapidly.

The Pilgrims were a religious sex that did not believe in the doctoring of the Church of England.

The only means of communication the Colonists had was by horseback, and in this way it took quite a long time for a letter to get to Europe.

The Five Nations were the Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas, Mohawks, and Tomahawks.

The Habeas Corpus Act was an act compelling the relatives of a dead person to produce his corpse in court should a dispute arise.

Italy embraces the Po and the Island of Sicily. The capital is Constantinople on the Archipelago. Rome used to be. It contains a Cathedral named after Peter the Great, who founded it.

THE fact that Sir John Leng, M.P., founder of the *People's Friend*, celebrates his jubilee as a journalist and newspaper proprietor on July 8 this year is interesting. From the *Hull Advertiser*, Sir John went to Dundee in 1851 as editor and part proprietor of the *Dundee Advertiser*. At that time the *Advertiser* was issued bi-weekly, and, like all other newspapers of the day, it suffered greatly by reason of the Stamp Duty, which made all publications so dear. The country, however, was about to enter on a period of greater liberty, and of immense development and unbounded prosperity, and in all the advantages of the new era the *Advertiser* shared. As the demand for fresh publications arose, Sir John was ever ready to meet it, and he established the *People's Journal* in 1858, the *People's Friend* in 1869, and the *Evening Telegraph* in 1877. The *Dundee Advertiser* is now a leading Scottish newspaper, second in importance only to the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald*; the *People's Journal* is emphatically "Scotland's National Weekly Newspaper"; while the *Evening Telegraph* is the most popular Scottish halfpenny daily paper published out of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

A WRITER in the *Pilot* thinks that collaboration is on the increase in fiction, and that this may be due to the fact that authors have so multiplied that only by running in couples can they get into print. We have not noticed any increased tendency to collaboration that calls for comment, but the *Pilot*, being resolved to play with the idea, continues:

We have lately heard such glowing accounts of the rewards of the successful novelist, that the pension question might easily be settled by persuading every popular author to take a few collaborators from among his or her less favoured rivals. There are precedents for such an act. In France we have the well-known case: "La Croix de Berny" was written by four novelists, of whom Theo-

phile Gautier was the chief, each taking the part of one of the characters who tell the story in their letters. In our country we have seen a novel with as many as two dozen authors—"four and twenty novelists baked in a pie." The future critic, of the type which now tells you to a nicety how many lines Jonson contributed to Chapman's play, or just where Marston stopped to dine and Dekker took up his pen, will have a congenial task in disentangling such works, if they survive. We may expect to see the time when some ingenious speculator will succeed in uniting all our novelists to join a syndicate for the purposes of collaboration and corners. The principle of division of labour might well be introduced into fiction. Some novelists shine at backgrounds and scenery, others in dialogue, others in sentiment or domestic pathos, others in humorous description. It is a thousand pities that each cannot concentrate himself on his strong point, as this scheme would allow. Perhaps the Society of Authors will be able to engineer such a syndicate, when it succeeds in converting itself into a trade union. Our novels would lose a little in variety, but the general level of excellence might rise, if we were enabled to get only humour from Mr. Jacobs, fighting from Mr. Kipling, theology from Mrs. Ward, dialogue from Mr. Anthony Hope, and imagination from Mr. H. G. Wells.

MR. FRANCIS GRIBBLE, whose connection with the *Idler*, when edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr, will be remembered, has in hand a book on *Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks*, which should prove quite interesting. Of late years Mr. Gribble has travelled extensively in Switzerland. His book was planned in Vevey. It is an anecdotal history of the many famous men and women whose names are indissolubly linked with the shores of the beautiful Lake Lemman, the Prisoner of Chillon, Calvin, John Knox, Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Mme. de Stael, Lord Byron, and many others less celebrated, though not less interesting. Such valuable material, hitherto buried in the obscure publications of learned societies, is here presented in a lively and entertaining manner. Among other things the love affairs of Rousseau and Gibbon are treated with particular care, and fresh light is thrown upon them, while many striking stories of the picturesque period of the Reformation are graphically told for the first time to English readers. The book also gives for the first time in English the true history of Bonivard, "The Prisoner of Chillon," which Byron so strangely misrepresented. Not that he was bound to represent it faithfully.

THE new number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* has a cream and gold binding, imitated, as Mr. Cyril Davenport tells us, from a copy of a work by Theophylactus, Archbishop of Achrida, which Thomas Berthelet bound for Henry VIII. The most literary articles include a very close study of Smollett, by Mr. Andrew Lang. It is not easy to quote from this article, but in a saltatory fashion we will do so:

It is part of a novelist's business to make one half of the world know how the other half lives; and in this province Smollett anticipated Dickens. . . . Inns were, we must believe, the favourite home of adventurers, and Smollett could ring endless changes on mistakes about bed rooms. None of them is so innocently diverting as the affair of Mr. Pickwick and the lady in yellow curl-papers; but the absence of that innocence which brightens Mr. Pickwick's distresses was welcome to admirers of what Lady Mary Wortley Montagu calls "gay reading."

In *Roderick Random* Mr. Lang finds Scott and Thackeray casting faintly their shadows before them. And,

As regards plot, *Roderick Random* is a mere string of picturesque adventures. It is at the opposite pole from *Tom Jones* in the matter of construction. There is no reason why it should ever stop, except the convenience of printers and binders. Perhaps we lay too much stress on the somewhat mechanical art of plot-building.

Mr. Lang seems to have read every line of Smollett's novels. He shows us how Smollett makes love. "Tea was called. The lovers were seated; he looked and languished; she flushed and faltered; all was doubt and delirium, fondness and flutter." "All was gas and gaiters," exclaims Mr. Lang, remembering the insane lover of Mr. Nickleby.

IN the same quarterly Mr. Sidney Low has an interesting article on "The Poet of South Africa," whom he identifies as Thomas Pringle. Pringle's poem, "Afar in the Desert," was extravagantly praised by Coleridge, but Mr. Low rightly claims for it plenty of local colour. And it is the sort of poem that you can like very much if you like to like it. Mr. Low quotes these lines from it, and says that owing to his experience of the poem as a boy he can never repeat it without a kind of emotion:

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead;
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon,
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone,—
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where thegnu, the gazelle, and the hartbeest graze,
And the kudû and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

LASTLY, the *Anglo-Saxon* prints a very curious, we are afraid not very convincing, paper by Mr. Howard Swan on "Signalling to Mars." Most people have wondered how, if such signalling were possible, a code could be found for the interchange of messages. To this problem Mr. Swan addresses himself, and, going even further, predicts the time when, by means of the "etherscope," we may be able to exchange with the Martians, not only messages, but pictures of Martian and mundane life.

M. MAETERLINCK promises a new collection of essays for the autumn. We understand that they are rather longer than usual, and that not more than four will be included in the volume.

Bibliographical.

MESSRS. DENT promise to include among their "Temple Classics" *The Letters of Abélard and Heloise*, edited by Miss Honor Morten. They do not say whether the translation is to be a new one or one of those already extant.

In his new work on Abélard, Mr. Joseph McCabe points out that "during the eighteenth century the famous Letters were made familiar to English readers by a number of translations from the French or from the original Latin." Which of these has Miss Morten chosen? That which was made by John Hughes, the playwright, and which, it is thought, Pope may have used as the basis of his well-known poem? Mr. McCabe says that Hughes's translation was "little more faithful than the current French versions; it is largely a work of imagination." It is to be hoped that Miss Morten will give us a version translated direct from the Latin originals. Here, too, is a case in which a concise biographical and critical introduction would be of advantage to the English reader.

It is interesting to note that one of the three short stories which Mrs. Craigie is about to publish in a volume is entitled "Prince Toto." One thinks at once of "Toto chez Tata"; but more interesting is the fact that this "Prince Toto" has been preceded in London by a "Princess Toto"—that is to say, by a comic opera so named, written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and produced in London nearly a quarter of a century ago.

With reference to the paper on Falstaff which Mr. George Radford contributed to the first series of Mr. Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*, a correspondent writes to ask whether the essay was included in the volume by Mr. Radford, published in 1894, under the title of *Shylock and Others: Eight Studies*. I believe it was, but have not the book at hand. The same correspondent also desires to know whether the Mr. Radford who wrote *Shylock and Others* is the Mr. Radford who produced, in 1888, a little volume of *Occasional Verses*. I can only say that I believe he is.

The revival at the Lyceum of Mr. W. G. Wills's "Charles I." has drawn attention to the existence of a certain number of privately-printed copies of that work. I once possessed one of those copies, but it has long disappeared in the "Ewigkeit." Probably a copy would fetch a good price in these days of enthusiasm for the theatre. Meanwhile, those of my readers who are play-goers may be glad to be reminded that an analysis of "Charles I.," with numerous and substantial quotations from the text, may be read in the Rev. Freeman Wills's biography of his brother (1898). Mr. W. G. Wills was not precisely a poet, but he wrote poetical verse, some of the best of which is to be found in "Charles I.," though that work, we are told, was written "at express speed."

Mr. Freeman Wills, by the way, has been divulging to the newspapers the fact that in two of his plays he has collaborated with another reverend gentleman, the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, who hitherto has been a silent partner, or has sheltered himself under a pseudonym. Mr. Langbridge is the popular author of such books as *The Happiest Half-Hour*; or, *Sunday Talks with Children* (1888), *Come ye to the Waters: Sacred Poems* (1888), *Stories from the Life of David* (1891), *A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts* (1896), and so forth, including books of secular verse galore. But why should he not confess to having written, or helped to write, a play or two? Did not a dean write "Fazio," and did not a Presbyterian minister produce "Douglas"?

The books of the late Dr. Joseph Cork were a good deal read in England during the 'eighties, when his well-known *Boston Sunday Lectures* appeared over here in various forms. Eight volumes of them were issued in London so recently as 1892. English people have also had the opportunity of reading his *Advanced Thought* (1883), *Christ and Modern Thought* (1881), *Vital Orthodoxy* (1887), *Current Religious Perils* (1888), *Sermons Preached in Quebec* (1888), *God in the Bible* (1889), and the like.

Reviews.

Mr. Meredith's New Volume.

A Reading of Life, With Other Poems. By George Meredith. (Constable. 6s. net.)

A new volume of poems by George Meredith! It warms one's anticipations; we know we cannot be entirely defrauded of matter for delight, whether or not it be on a level with the work we loved of yore. That quick and vigorous brain can never work to mere futility; some matter will come from it. Meredith, the poet, we bear fresh in memory (for there are two George Merediths—a duality in unity, poet and novelist). Convoluting thought; rapid force, zig-zagging with lightning swiftness and abruptness; magnetic and quivering to the finger-tips with that super-subtilised emotional vitality we call poetry; spinning images into the air like coin, with an audacious joy in watching how they will come down—such is Meredith the poet. Withal, a certain Browningsque obscurity, arising partly from a Browningsque carelessness as to connexions. William Morris, in Manchester, once accused his "cursed Celtic love of fine language," which had obscured the plain meaning he would fain have driven to the head in his audience. Mr. Meredith has no small portion in this "cursed Celtic love of fine language"—Apollo Delphicus be thanked for it, amid the present cursed Saxon love of corrugated iron language! But more overmastering than this, for good or for evil, is his Celtic impetuosity. It sweeps him into the avalanchine precipitance of "Attila" (Attila, *our* Attila!); and into the most exasperating insolences of grammar—nay, too heedless for so conscious a word as "insolence." They are not absent in this book:

Or shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
Both are mighty;
Both give bliss;
Each can torture if divided;
Each claims worship undivided.

Aided by the sequent line, we discern "Each can torture if divided" to mean "if worship be divided between them." But grammatically the line cannot mean this; and it might be a puzzling matter to decide what it did mean, were it not for that illuminating sequent line. Nevertheless, this volume is notably freer from grammatical puzzles, ambiguous ellipses, docked connective particles or pronouns, and lapsed interstitial words in general, than has been the case with Mr. Meredith's previous poems. It certainly gains in clearness.

One cannot say that any poem rises to the height of the author's foregone achievement. Yet of all it can be said that no other man could have written them; and there are poems where the old Meredithian fire flames forth in welcome fashion. With "The Huntress" he darts forth impetuous of movement, and with daring lance-flings of expression, remarkable in such a veteran of the poetic chase. Hear him:

Down her course a serpent star
Coils and shatters at her heels;
* * * * *
Those are her white-lightning limbs
Cleaving loads of leafy gloom.
Mountains hear her and call back,
Shrewd with night: a frosty wail
Distant: her the emerald vale
Folds, and wonders in her track.
Now her retinue is lean,
Many rearward; streams the chase
Eager forth of covert; seen
One hot tide the rapturous race.
Quiver-charged and crescent-crowned,
Up on a flash the lighted mound

Leaps she, bow to shoulder, shaft
Strung to barb with archer's craft,
Legs like plaited lyre-chords, feet
Songs to see, past pitch of sweet.

Follow we their silver flame.
Pride of flesh from bondage free
Marks her servitors, and she
Sanctifies the unembraced.
Nought of perilous she recks;
Valour clothes her open breast;
Sweet beyond the thrill of sex.

That catches the blood in its vivid vision, the racing bound of the verse, the phrase cast like a pebble from the sinewy hand. The image, "legs like plaited lyre-chords," may strike at first like the sudden surge of chill water to the chest, making you catch your breath with a scarce-welcome surprise, and doubt whether you like it. But it is most apt to the thing imaged, when you come to grasp the idea. It indicates the tensivity of the lyre-chord, strung to pitch; and compares this to the tensivity of the limbs out-stretched, new-lighted from their leap. So it is with other phrases in the poem, and throughout Mr. Meredith's work: after their first brusque novelty, you grow to relish them.

Yet of the poems as a whole, we have suggested that they are not the complete Meredith; though they do not fail in those new and significant facets of thought which we expect this writer to startle us with wherever we glance at him. Thought; apt image, often bold, even audacious, as is the way with Mr. Meredith; expression drawn tense to the arrow-head; all these things are there. What, then, is lacking? Well, all these we have in Mr. Meredith's prose: but the indescribable, unnameable lift, the swift or subtle wing-sweep of emotion preterhuman—in our staled word, divine—which sends through a verse the electric current, or air from heaven, we call poetry; this incommunicable thing is somehow felt wanting, save by flashes. Mr. Meredith's prose is often half-poetry: but to make it absolute poetry something more is needed than to fling it into verse. Yet of such nature, it seems to us, is the bulk of these verses; which (by who shall say what elusive degree!) are just not *vinum merum* of song—the unallayed wine of poetry. We miss that last refinement and white light of emotion which severs Mr. Meredith's subtlest prose from his authentic poetry. It is difficult to find a poem of quotable length which will example our meaning. Perhaps "The Hueless Love" is the nearest:

Unto that love must we through fire attain
Which those two held as breath of common air;
The hands of whom were held in bond elsewhere;
Whom Honour was untroubled to restrain.

Midway the road of our life's term they met,
And one another knew without surprise;
Nor cared that beauty stood in mutual eyes;
Nor at their tardy meeting nursed regret.

To them it was revealed how they had found
The kindred nature and the needed mind;
The mate by long conspiracy designed;
The flower to plant in sanctuary ground.

Avowed in vigilant solicitude
For either, what most lived within each breast
They let be seen: yet every human test
Demanding righteousness approved them good.

She leaned on a strong arm, and little feared
Abandonment to help if heaved or sank
Her heart at intervals, while Love looked blank,
Life rosier were she but less revered.

An arm that never shook did not obscure
Her woman's intuition of the bliss—
Their tempter's moment o'er the black abyss,
Across the narrow plank—he could abjure.

Then came a day that clipped for him the thread,
And their first touch of lips, as he lay cold,
Was all of earthly in their love untold,
Beyond all earthly known to them who wed.

So has there come the gust at South-west flung
By sudden volt on eyes of freezing mist,
When sister snowflake sister snowdrop kissed,
And one passed out, and one the bell-head hung.

Here, as it appears to us, in the first two stanzas and the last we feel the touch of poetry. But the main portion of the poem is a piece of subtle and imaginatively couched analysis such as occurs constantly in Mr. Meredith's novels, just as close in the gateways of poetry, but no further. Really to understand our criticism, however, it is necessary to read the longer poems as wholes. None of the shorter pieces effectually bears out what we have been saying, for these do not exhibit the higher flashes in which we meet again the Meredith of former poems. Yet it is in the dangerous comparison with himself that this present volume falls short: for any new writer it would be the beginning of a reputation. That the fire and eagerness as of twenty should still animate many of the poems is a remarkable tribute to the green vigour of the elder race, which few of the rising generation can hope to emulate.

The Return to Nature.

The Plea of Pan. By Henry W. Nevinson. (Murray. 5s. net.)

THERE is a curious contrast between the binding of this volume and its contents. Outwardly it appears in the sheep's clothing of the *Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, with the cover's edge modestly turned as though it were a book of devotion. Not even the delicate bookmark is absent. Inwardly it is a ravening wolf of protest against civilisation, artificiality, decadence. It is a plea—in which deadly earnestness is mingled with humour—for a return to nature, for the elemental passions, for the wholesome animality of man. It has a point of view—a point of view which must be emphasised now and again if we are to draw strength from the roots which give us life. After all, we are brutes at bottom, and any philosophy that forgets that man is an animal will never raise him into saintliness. But Mr. Nevinson, it must be admitted, is not concerned with saintliness. He is a pagan through and through, and his call to go forth into the wilderness is based on the desire to make not saints, but men.

Force and fancy, with certain conceits of the scholar, are the notes of Mr. Nevinson's volume, which consists mainly of certain dialogues in which the God Pan, the God of Nature who despises even such upstarts as Phœbus Apollo, asserts his disputed claims. Mr. Nevinson goes no long way round in the construction of his machinery. Indeed, there is something engaging in the simplicity with which Pan is introduced suddenly, hoofs and all, into a cathedral close and argues with a canon. Pan turns up in many places: on a Greek hillside, on a Northumbrian moor, on a battlefield. He even appears in the canon's garden where Elizabeth, the housemaid, has been found bearing between her shoulders, in the triangle formed by the crossbands of domestic service, the imprint of a human hand, the unmistakable pipeclay of the British Army. "And it is hardly six months since I myself prepared her for confirmation," groans the canon. Thereupon Pan, with delightful unconsciousness of the canonical point of view, shows that love is a very good thing, and that Elizabeth is only following out a primal and praiseworthy instinct in permitting the passage of a pipe-clayed hand round her waist. The clash of the canon, the British housemaid, and the

Greek god, bring some fine dialectical sword-play, and the canon is the only one of the three who does not score a point—until the dinner-bell rang:

We had risen, and were walking slowly towards the further gate of the Close. I wondered whether it would be in accordance with canonical law to ask a god to dinner, or whether it was not more usual to offer him a drink in the kitchen. Whilst I was hesitating to suggest either, for fear of what he might say to the servants, especially in consolation to poor Elizabeth, the Canon broke out rather irritably: "I beg your pardon, my man, but I must really ask you again not to walk on the edge of our grass. You see, it isn't common grass for sheep, like the stuff you are accustomed to, and we are all very particular to keep it really nice. If I may say so, it is part of God's service, and I'm sure I don't know what the head verger will say if he finds your footsteps on it in the morning!"

"He will think the beasts of the field have broken into the sanctuary, and that would be terrible!" cried the shepherd, and was gone.

I lit a match and examined the soft turf where he had been walking. It was all dented with a cloven hoof. The Canon traced the marks with the point of his umbrella, and then looked up at me in wild surmise.

"The Devil!" he exclaimed. And I do not know whether he was stating a scientific fact, or had forgotten himself for the first time in his life.

We recommend Mr. Nevinson's Introduction to "the few simple savages that still exist." It is a really fine piece of special pleading for those who have felt "the dull horror of all this sedentary world," in whom "the old spirit wakes and cries for the wings of the morning that it may fly away and bid sewage and civilisation go hang." Such dim discontent, such vague desires, come to most of us, and spring from the depths of our animal being. That is why we seek the mountains—with a Cook's ticket in our breast-pocket; that is why we take train to distant golf links; that is why, in default of the wings of the morning, we mount bicycles and dive into leafy lanes; it is the primal desire for the universal mother's breast. But can humanity arrest its own development? Is not the "return to nature" an impossibility, for the very reason that we are ourselves a part of nature, and working out our destiny in semi-unconsciousness at her prompting? What is artificiality? A flea meeting an ant would certainly complain of its artificiality; a wasp would consider a bee a pedant. From a right point of view the Royal Courts of Justice are as natural to a modern Englishman as a rabbit warren is to a rabbit. Nevertheless, Mr. Nevinson has said something that needs to be repeated now and again: that the elemental passions—love, hate, the desire for self-assertion—lie at the root of all fruitful humanity, and that the conception of virtue as a mean is a mean conception of virtue. And he has said it with delightful force and humour.

No. 1.

Testaments. By John Davidson. No. I: *The Testament of a Vivisector.* (Richards. 6d. net.)

THE points of view of extraordinary men who act with decision and consistency are in themselves the most potent philosophies of mankind. It seems to be Mr. Davidson's intention to present such philosophies in the form of testaments supposed to be written by typical individuals. Excellent; but it was hardly necessary for Mr. Davidson to come forward in a Note and observe that his testaments "are addressed to those who are willing to place all ideas in the crucible," as though, after centuries of published metaphysics, he had some brand new ones to communicate. The question is simply, Has Mr. Davidson written a strong poem?

The answer is, Yes, though it would have gained if the vivisectionist had invariably expressed himself with the lucidity befitting a modern man of science and with less of trivial petulance. In essentials, however, he is a figure so majestic that, in the words of Poe,

Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
[Should] do [him] reverence.

But for him is no hell, nor any of "a wanton populace of gods." He is the slave and tool of Matter, deliberately and lustfully martyring various forms of it in obedience to its own aspiration to self-knowledge. Of that aspiration he is himself a monument:

Matter, unknown,
Unknowing, crawled and groped through grade on grade
Of faculty, till Thought came forth at last
With power to sift the elements. . . .
Thought achieved, the unconscious will,
Which Matter is, empowered it and enslaved
With endless lust of life triumphantly,
That knowledge might endure.

And so the Materialist carves "a scale of feeling on the spinal cord" of a wretched horse, with no thought of use but an "exalted anguish" of curiosity to handle "matter's pith itself." His wife and children have forsaken him, and he has contemplated suicide, but he knows that annihilation is impossible, because Matter is omnipresent and indistructible. And "Pain, alkahest of all intelligence," is fundamental: "pain? I am one ache":

And I believe that they who delve the soil,
Who reap the grain, who dig and smelt the ore,
The girl who plucks a rose, the sweetest voice
That thrills the air with sound, give Matter pain. . . .
It may be Matter in itself is pain. . . .

It is a strong thought, grimly and strongly driven home with that hammer which Thor—of "the wanton populace of gods"—has magnanimously left with Mr. Davidson. Through the sinister caves of the vivisectionist's mind—

The labyrinthine fires of solitude
Wherein the thinker, parched and charred, outlives
Millenniums in a moment,

are luminous as well as cruel. Cant looks a poor thing in them, even kind cant, and many a "general reader," conscious of a mind obscured by fantasy and superstition, and atrophied by warring theories, may well echo the vivisectionist's cry:

Oh, for a sudden end
Of palimpsests.

A Light of the Dark Ages.

Peter Abélard. By Joseph McCabe. (Duckworth. Net 6s.)

It is less with the tragic romance with which Abélard's name is principally associated than with the career of the philosopher, the theologian, and the ascetic that Mr. McCabe is concerned. With the dashing opponent of reverend greybeards, the champion of individualism, the rebel of the schools, the ringleader of revolt, Mr. McCabe naturally, in his position of one who has himself renounced the authority of the Church in which he was nurtured, and dared her extremest censures, finds himself in hearty sympathy. And here, while the quondam friar champions another, the delicate critic may condone the asperity which in the pages of a personal *apologia* he could not but resent. We are glad to be able to add that his diligence in the collection and collation of his materials, and the pains which manifestly he has spent in shaping his narrative, have resulted in a story of great vitality and fit proportions. Also, Mr. McCabe's style shows a vast improvement upon the

rather common smartness of the lamentable *Life in a Modern Monastery*.

Those were days when the world was a kindergarten, with full-grown men upon its benches. Material upon which human intellect, with such capacities and limitations as make it by turns sorry and glad, might properly and profitably exercise itself had not yet been gathered by the meticulous care of patient observers and, *faute de mieux*, it must turn inward upon itself. In "the little world of man" the merchantman must seek his goodly pearls, trusting in the deeps of his own being to find that surpassing one of great price. For the world was in no temper to lay up material for the use of a people still unborn; it made haste itself to know, and to know to the uttermost. In the shallow but always unplumbed waters of the individual mind, therefore, it dropped its little syllogistic hook.

The question about which, in the days when the young Breton first set foot in Paris, the hearts of men were most hotly kindled was the question of Universals. In the chair of Notre Dame, on the little island that was then all Paris, William of Champeaux defended against Roscelin the orthodox position that genus and species represented each a reality, distinct from the individual of which they were predicated and outside the mind that conceived them. Abélard lighted upon a position between this and the nominalism of Roscelin—a position hardly to be distinguished from the conceptualism of Mill which is dominant to-day, according to which generic and specific words neither are mere words nor represent external realities, but stand for general ideas—as it were, composite photographs. The young student's success in his dialectical struggle with William made of his master a lifelong enemy, and himself the centre of an admiring band of disciples. His chair was set up first at Melun, then nearer Paris, at Corbeil. This was in the first decade of the twelfth century. Some thirteen years later we find him, aged thirty-four, at Laon, sitting at the feet of the aged Anselm. There, upon a sudden challenge, he delivered a lecture on that most obscure of prophets, Ezekiel, to the astonishment of an incredulous audience. The success was brilliant but brief. "He had the impudence to suppress me," Abélard has the impudence to say. But thenceforward he was known for a theologian.

It was the most brilliant moment in his career when Abélard accepted the chair of the episcopal school at Paris. His name had gone out into all lands; all lands sent their young men tramping to his presence. Crévier says that he attracted five thousand students to Paris—from Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and England.

At five or six o'clock each morning the great cathedral bell would ring out the summons to work. From the neighbouring houses of the canons, from the cottages of the townsfolk, from the taverns, and hospices, and boarding-houses, the stream of the industrious would pour into the enclosure beside the cathedral. The master's beadle, who levied a precarious tax on the mob, would strew the floor of the lecture-room with hay or straw, according to the season, bring the master's text-book, with the notes of the lecture between the lines or on the margin, to the solitary desk, and then retire to secure silence in the adjoining street. Sitting on their haunches in the hay, the right knee raised to serve as a desk for the waxed tablets, the scholars would take notes during the long hours of lecture (about six or seven), then hurry home—if they were industrious—to commit them to parchment while the light lasted.

It is estimated that a pope, nineteen cardinals, and more than fifty bishops arose from among his classes.

Then came the *liaison* with Canon Fulbert's niece, and the hideous revenge, in which the incredible barbarity of the age discerned an occasion of ridicule! His wife, at his instance, entered religion at Argenteuil—himself,

"driven rather by the confusion of shame than a devout conversion," sought refuge in the abbey of St. Denis.

Pure intellect thenceforward, he was ever trespassing to right or left upon reverend tradition or cherished licence. He is soon a solitary, honourable outcast from the community, in a cell—say at Maisonnelle—lecturing to a young world that gathered at his gate, and writing the treatises in which he scandalised the orthodox of his day by his vindication of the rights of reason. Pass the years, and Abélard is abbot of St. Gildas, his subjects simple souls who retorted upon his efforts to divide them from their families by infecting the sacramental wine with poison. He fled at last, and through various vicissitudes reappears as the bugbear of St. Bernard. From the prejudiced prelates of Sens he appeals to Rome; and Rome, for the moment misguided, fails him. The sentence of excommunication issues. But the Providence that stands at Peter's right hand overrules the innocency of Innocent, and the pontifical shaft falls short. And the lover of Heloise, the theologian whose teaching on the relations of reason and faith have moulded the teaching of the Church into its modern guise, ended his days in the abbey of Cluny, leading a life impossible but for men of one idea—heaven. "To that stage," writes a contemptuous emancipate, "had Abélard sunk."

The Unhappy Country.

Armenia: Travels and Studies. By H F B. Lynch.
(Longmans. 42s. net.)

ARMENIA, to most of us, is merely a name which conjures up memories of those days in 1895 which brought news of massacre and tribulation, news which stirred England deeply, and led to "the comedy of the Concert of Europe." Mr. Lynch is to be warmly congratulated on a work which lets in the light upon little known places, and gives us so complete a picture both of the Russian and the Turkish provinces. These beautiful volumes are packed with first-hand information; the writer has obviously spared no pains to make his book approach perfection. Everything about it is lavish, from binding to bibliography, from index to maps and illustrations.

What [asks Mr. Lynch] attracted me to Armenia? I had no interests, public or private, in a country which has long been regarded, even by Asiatic travellers, as a land of passage along prescribed routes. One inducement was curiosity: What lay beyond those mountains, drawn in a wide half-circle along the margin of the Mesopotamian plains? The sources of the great rivers which carried me southwards, a lake with the dimensions of an inland sea, the mountain of the Ark, the fabled seat of Paradise.

It is impossible, in the space at our disposal, to make any attempt to indicate Mr. Lynch's route, or to suggest the humours and vicissitudes of travel. His party's first objective was Ararat, whose ascent was successfully accomplished after such difficulties as rejoice the mountaineer's heart. But the summit was in a drift of vapour, and the world below shut out.

We should have gained a balloon view over nature. Should we catch her voice so well?—the ancient voice, heard at cool of day in the garden, or the voice that spoke in accents of thunder to a world condemned to die. . . . We are standing on the spot where the ark of Gopher rested, where first the patriarch alighted on the face of an earth renewed. Before him lie the valleys of six hundred years of sorrow; the airiest pinnacle supports him, a boundless hope fills his eyes. The pulse of life beats strong and fresh around him; the busy swarms thrill with sweet freedom, elect of all living things.

By Erivan and Edgmiatsin, by Ani the Forsaken, and Kars the often-besieged, Mr. Lynch dropped down into

Turkish territory, and approached Lake Van through a country of great natural fertility left uncultivated and barren. Of that wonderful inland sea, with its strange alkaline water and wonderful colour, Mr. Lynch has much to say of arresting interest, as also of the ancient empire of Van, which was the glory of the Khaldians before the Armenians had set foot in the land to the overthrow of the earlier race. The history of Van is full of the romance which fires the imagination, and its great rock remains one of the world's wonders. From Van Mr. Lynch proceeded by way of Bitlis to Mush, where he had unpleasant experiences of "the most ill-governed town in the Ottoman Empire," a distinction not easily earned. Everywhere he was shadowed by police, and even in his own rooms could not escape from irritating intrusions.

What iniquities had they been committing and were desirous of screening? Terror, the most abject terror, was in the air. We drank it from the very atmosphere about us—a consuming passion, like that of jealousy—a haunting, exhausting spectre, which sits like a blight upon life.

The chapters devoted to Erzerum are of particular interest in that that fortress is the true key to the political and strategical position of Turkish Armenia. If Erzerum fell, Mr. Lynch considers that the next Russian attack would come by way of Trebizond; the head waters of the Euphrates would be commanded by the victors, and the great trade route to Northern Persia closed.

The position of the Armenian inhabitants of these majestic provinces is one of infinite insecurity. Between the ravages of the Kurds on one hand, and Turkish misrule on the other, the people live in constant fear, so that a magnificent country is left undeveloped, and its possibilities unexplored. But in turning over the pages of these generous volumes one can for a time forget all political considerations, and lose oneself in a dream of ancient civilisations and the inexorableness of events. The very place-names have a sound that calls from remote antiquity, and to think of Vardzia and Ararat, of Erzerum and Nimrud, is to fall upon a vision of things past, of great lakes and magical mountains.

A Hundred Years Ago.

South Africa a Century Ago. By Lady Anne Barnard.
(Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

How and why we became possessed of the Cape, and therefore of South Africa, is a mystery to most people. Even the fact that we have been its owners for a little over a hundred years is generally unknown, in spite of the light which has been shed on matters South African of late. Happily, among those who were sent out to the Cape with Lord Macartney, the Governor when the country was first conquered, was a Mr. Barnard, a young man who had recently married Lady Anne Lindsay. He was appointed Secretary of the Colony, and in March, 1797, left England with his wife for his new post. Of the two, Lady Anne was the more interesting personage. She was the author of the ballad "Auld Robin Gray," and was a lady of much wit and penetration. She was a friend of many of the principal men of the day, including Henry Dundas, Secretary for War, to whom she owed her husband's appointment. This volume contains the letters written from the Cape of Good Hope by Lady Anne Barnard to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, from July 10, 1797, to February, 1801. Lady Anne had a great reputation as a raconteur, and her letters bear witness to her lively way of looking at things. It is told of her that she was entertaining a large party of distinguished guests at dinner when a hitch occurred in the kitchen. Her servant came

up behind her and said: "My lady, you must tell another story—the second course won't be ready for five minutes."

The letters show that Lady Anne at once seized on the salient points of what came under her notice. Immediately on her arrival she notes that a great controversy was going on as to whether the Cape was likely to be a real acquisition or not. The leader of the "non-placets" was Admiral Pringle, who commanded the station, a bilious Little Englander of those days. Lady Anne says of him:

He said that the Cape was the worst nautical station it was possible for the devil himself to contrive, with fewer possibilities of harbouring or landing places than could be conceived—no rivers, no water, torrents in plenty from the mountain tops, but nothing in the bosom of the earth. He imagined also that the Dutch policy was a sound one when they checked all population or improvement, for as the Colony improved and peopled he thought it would to us only prove a second America, and would be more likely in time to rob us of India than secure it for us. . . . he wound up by swearing that the Cape was the "curseddest place" ever discovered, with nothing good in it, and that even the hens did not lay fresh eggs, so vile was every animal that inhabited the place.

The Dutch at the Cape were much as they are nowadays. Their nature has not changed. Of them Lady Anne says:

I had been told that the Dutch ladies were handsome as to their faces, but I saw no real beauty, though they were fresh and wholesome looking; while as for manner, they had none, and graces and charms were sadly lacking, though they had a sort of vulgar smartness, which, I suppose, passed for wit. . . . What they want most is shoulders and manners. I know now what is meant by a "Dutch doll"; their make is exactly like them. But the most exceptional things about them are their teeth and the size of their feet. A tradesman in London, hearing their feet were so large, sent a box of shoes on speculation, which almost put the Colony in a blaze, so angry were the Beauties. But day by day a pair was sent for by a slave in the dusk until at last all the shoes vanished. But I think these people will improve on acquaintance, and have only to be more understood: for my part, I am resolved to be pleased with everything. I was at the ball all smiles, as honesty here would be by no means the best policy. There were not many Dutchmen there; the Fiscal, or head officer of justice, the President of the Court, and one or two other men in public positions, appeared for a short time and then vanished, as if they were almost afraid of being seen there by each other. They cannot divest themselves of the opinion that the English will be obliged to cede the Cape to the Dutch, or to France, on a peace, and therefore do not want to get known as partisans of the English Government.

These words might almost have been written within the last ten years, and they show how skilfully Lady Anne grasped the situation. She was out at the Cape about four years, for, after the Peace of Amiens, when we gave the Cape to the Dutch, she returned home in 1802. The English again conquered the Cape in 1806, and Mr. Barnard was again sent out as Secretary, but he died almost at once, and Lady Anne never went out again. She died in 1825, in her seventy-fourth year. This collection of her letters is absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of the history of occupation of the Cape, more especially on the social side.

Nirvana.

We talk and work, we come and go;
And, then, the close of all we do
Is gentle Sleep.

We gather up some little store;
Yet, when 'tis ours, we want no more
Than dreamless Sleep.

We praise and blame, we smile and frown,
Then all our weary lives sink down
In endless Sleep.

Other New Books.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF
SAINT BENET.

BY PAUL WOODROFFE.

A presumed likeness to the famous *Fioretti* of Saint Francis of Assisi has clearly suggested the title of this book. It is a series of legends, largely miraculous, regarding St. Benedict of Nursia, extracted from the *Dialogues* of Pope Gregory the Great—famous in England as the utterer of the "Non Angli sed Angeli" epigram. The translation of the *Dialogues* which has been used is one of the seventeenth century, and has the delightful aroma which all style had in those days, and which is peculiarly appropriate to devout old childlike stories such as these. If they have not the invincible and fragrant sweetness of the *Fioretti*, they have yet an undeniable charm of simplicity. The drawings which illustrate them are very good indeed. Quotation is impossible unless one could quote whole, for everything lies in the plain telling of a quaint tale, and extract would be but an unnotable brick from the whole. The publication was worth the doing. (Kegan Paul. 5s. net.)

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

BY W. R. W. STEPHENS.

This is the second volume in a projected History of the English Church, edited by the Dean of Winchester and the Rev. William Hunt, which is to number seven volumes. It is a history such as would have amazed Hume or Gibbon. In the days when one man compiled a—for long—standard Dictionary of the English language, the notion of a history on co-operative principles would have seemed a farce, or only possible in compilations not rising to the dignity of literature. Truth to say, this latter objection has still much validity. When all has been done by presiding editors, aided by a judicious selection of the co-operating authors, to secure cohesion and prevent inter-divergent waste of force, the result inevitably lacks the epic unity of a great history, the single perspective, and, above all, the single style. A great history, in fact, it cannot be. But it may be a very useful and authoritative history. Moreover, it seems inevitable. The amplitude of modern research, the ever-increasing labour implied in the mastery of original historical sources, make it almost impossible for a man to treat adequately more than a section of history; unless, with gigantic powers, he could make sure of a long lifetime devoted solely to the task. The Dean of Winchester's volume has the best virtues of the modern scientific history, approached in the spirit with which a scientist approaches a work on biology. It has conspicuous fairness and detachment of judgment, great research of original sources, a thorough knowledge of the period treated, clearness of narrative, and judicious arrangement. Better work of its kind could not be. Serene detachment of survey is scarce ever united—perhaps incompatible—with the narrative colour and literary art which make a history fascinating apart from the desire for knowledge. These it has not. Able and every way moderate—though not mediocre—it is excellent authoritative work, which will be prized by all students. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

A LEADER OF LIGHT HORSE. LIFE
OF HODSON OF HODSON'S
HORSE.

BY CAPT. L. J. TROTTER.

The name of Hodson of the Guides, and of Hodson's Light Horse, is familiar to everyone whose interest in the nation's history has been strong enough to make him acquainted with the details of the Indian Mutiny. It is a name which shines with a brilliant and personal lustre, in spite of much detraction and a good deal of quite unjustified abuse. We are inclined to think that Captain Trotter has taken Hodson's adverse critics too seriously, though

perhaps it was as well to make perfectly clear once more that the charge of the falsification of the Guides' accounts was entirely unfounded and satisfactorily disproved. The marvel rather is that a soldier in most difficult times, and with manifold duties, should have been so accurate in detail, though, no doubt, his book-keeping methods were somewhat of the schoolboy order. As to the charges of cruelty, with particular reference to the summary execution by his own hand of the two sons and the grandson of the rebel Bahadur Shah, they may be dismissed finally and emphatically. That piece of prompt justice was the work of a strong man in the right place.

Captain Trotter tells again the ever memorable and glorious story of the storming of Delhi, in which the great John Nicholson fell, soon after to be followed by his friend and ardent admirer Hodson. No higher praise can be given to Hodson than to say that he is worthy of a place by Nicholson. Nicholson was doubtless a greater administrator, but both were soldiers of the most noble and disinterested type. (Blackwood. 16s.)

THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY OF SS MARY, PETER
AND PAUL, AT PERSHORE.

By FRANCIS B. ANDREWS.

The dateless antiquity of the Malvern Hills, looking down to Severn, sees head beyond head of those comparative mushrooms, priories and abbeys and cathedrals. There the smoke of Gloucester fades about the tower of The Holy and Individed Trinity: yonder the great church of Worcester shines for a moment above the "faithful city": anon the western arch of Tewkesbury appears and disappears over the shoulder of Sarn. These have their books. In the depths of that sea of air lies, too, the Abbey of Pershore, waiting for her destined enthusiast. And here he is! Mr Andrews has pored over her chronicles, and measured her walls. He is as familiar with her fabric as the sun and the rain. He does not approach his subject quite as we have done. He does not present it in an atmosphere, seated upon happy Avon; now vociferous with bells, now flaming heavenwards till the peasants on Bredon startle at the glow, now humming with booths at St. Edburga's fair; but, nevertheless, he faithfully records fairs and fires and feasts. His business, however, is chiefly with the building. Pen and pencil have been well employed, and the scale drawings are especially valuable. To the architectural student of Worcestershire the book will be a necessity.

Nor is this book, dealing plainly and justly with a single church, without other and varied uses. We may touch upon one of them. How the historical imagination loves to brood over such a bequest of our fathers as this abbey! We may rush at it on a bicycle, or frighten its birds with the toot of a motor-car, but it was founded in the year 689, and has seen men and manners. We may speak of De Wet in its shadow, but it shelters the tomb of a knight of the "Holy Voyage," and its lands furnished money and bales of wool for the French chases of Edward the Third. We may thirst as we and it receive the steady sun. Seven hundred years ago King John drank there of the Sheriff of Gloucester's wine. We may be active members of the Society for Psychical Research, but here, so runs the chronicle, long before the Norman Conquest, Foldbrith, being dead, sat up and discoursed of St. Benedict. We may be of the race of borrowers, rosy Bigods, but here Richard the Second condescended to the loan of twenty marks from the abbot. These trifles are forgotten or unknown until they are set down in monographs like this of Pershore. Then we see, in quick vision, a billman spit upon his hands at Senlac or Chaucer pluck a daisy. For Fancy is rooted in Fact, and the Past is a Present Fact. (Birmingham: Midland Educational Co., Ltd. 3s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. net.)

Ornithologists will have a warm welcome for a new and revised edition of Mr. J. E. Harting's *Handbook of British Birds* (Nimmo). This thoroughly earnest and scientific work has features that are all its own. The dimensions of every species are given in four dimensions, and the measurements have been taken, wherever possible, from freshly killed specimens. The plates, which number thirty-five, are filled with beautiful coloured representations of the heads of British birds. Considerations of space forbade that the whole bird should be portrayed, but, as it is, admirable results have been attained. Mr. Harting usefully divides his handbook into two parts, dealing respectively with British birds properly so called and accidental visitants.

The greatest charm of Mr J. E. S. Moore's *To the Mountains of the Moon* (Hurst and Blackett), apart from its richness of narrative, lies in its descriptions of strange tropical scenery, storms, and fever-laden swamps, such as Zambesi Valley, which was aptly described by an inhabitant as "ardly fit, sir, for a self-respecting dawg." We have such impressive descriptions as this of Northern Rhodesia: "The air is warm and limp throughout the day, like that of a rainy June. And evening finally steals over these lonely upland wildernesses, in some sublime combination of tropical colour and dissolving storm-clouds, such as neither Ruskin nor Turner ever saw or even imagined. As the last rays of the sun sweep horizontally over the boundless woods, shadows of every shape and shade gather in the hollow river courses, and reveal, as they deepen, the real vastness of the scene around. At such times a sense of utter loneliness and desertion steals over the traveller. Terrors and horrors of every description start up in the imagination, and send him back to his camp fire and his instruments, anywhere out of the presence of the immensities of eternities which reign without." The numerous drawings and photographs give an excellent idea of these equatorial regions and their marvellous skies and distances. In form, the book is an account of the modern aspect of Central Africa as seen in 1899 and 1900 by the Tanganyika expedition, which Mr. Moore commanded.

Fiction.

Catherine of Calais. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

We recognise in this novel a strong and serious intention to produce a work of art. Some of her characters and scenes Mrs. de la Pasture can realise intensely. This is specially true of the opening pictures of Catherine living at Calais with her mean and spiteful aunt. The Calais chapters are the best, and their mere strength atones for a certain conventionality in the original conception of Catherine. Catherine is one of your docile, yearning little girls, destined to quiet endurance and meagre joys. A distinguished and chivalrous baronet crosses her path. She idealises him, idolises him, and would gladly be his slave. She writes the following verse on his visiting card:

Oh, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet.

He chances on the card one day (it was inevitable, of course), and marries the timid fawn. Then he dies, and Catherine is left with a daughter, posthumously born. That is all; nothing more. The Devonshire scenes, in which many new figures are crowded, are inferior to those at Calais. Wordy from the beginning, the book, as it proceeds, grows verbose. The author seems unable to select and reject. And prettiness is allowed to creep in and invalidate the natural truth of the tale, a slight and

pervading prettiness which tinges rather than discolours. This extract is an example of it:

"London is my home," said Delia, her thoughts happily diverted from her grievances. "Oh, Catherine, in my little attic I am as happy as a Queen. I chose to be a long way up, so that mamma cannot be disturbed by my music. I play my fiddle for hours. I am too poor to take lessons; and Aunt Lydia would not dream of encouraging me in such a taste; but I am not too poor to creep into the cheap seats of concerts. Once, do you know, Sarasate himself gave me a lesson. He did not know it, but I had an old friend, a poor man, who lodged in the same house with us. He smuggled me into a corner where I could watch Sarasate play as well as hear, and it was a lesson I never forgot. The same old friend gave me my fiddle, and taught me to play; he is dead now. He used to play in orchestras, not very good ones, I believe; and I think now that he must have starved to death, slowly, through being so pinched for many, many years. But he would have died rather than let anyone help him. Do you know, I know a lot of people like that in the artist world? He gave me my fiddle because he was too weak to play any more, and he thought I had genius."

In such passages the author has obviously copied modern fiction instead of life. It is a pity. Mrs. de la Pasture will do better work—and this work is dignified and worthy—on the whole.

The Lord of the Sea. By M. P. Shiel. (Richards. 6s.)

THERE is about Mr. Shiel's art a something extraordinarily ingenious and at the same time violent; it reminds one of a trapezist who should crown his performance by a drop of eighty feet into a tank of water. But it is an art; it accomplishes an eloquence fed by a vocabulary of Victor Hugo-like dimensions. Loudly as the associated cock and bull crow and bellow respectively in his pages, their astounding improbability is vitalised by noble sentiment and lofty idealism.

The Lord of the Sea places Mr. Shiel in front of all sensation-mongers of the day. Here is sensation which bears a meaning fundamental as that of any apologue: here, in fact, we have the most destructive attack on the present land system which we have seen since Mr. Lazarus published his *Revolution of the Twentieth Century*.

Mr. Shiel shows what might happen if a single man, of ability to enforce his claim, set up a title to the lordship of the sea. Richard Hogarth, an escaped convict—victim of blazing perjuries—does this, and the navies of the world are confounded by the monstrous erections wherewith he islands the deep. He is a Jew, and he leads the pastoral people, denaturalised by the jugglings of Western shops and 'Changes, back to Palestine, there to flourish in the happy consciousness of prophecies fulfilled. Regent of England—anachronistically enough, in the reign of Victoria—he had been ere this event, but England and her land system were still too young for him. In its bold strokes of monstrous invention the novel obtains our allegiance. What Mr. Shiel has to learn is that only a draughtsman can make readily clear movements of plot which depend upon special arrangements of topography or architecture. Thus, Richard Hogarth becomes unintelligible when he escapes gaol in a cracked bell, though as commander of floating islands of steel—as thief of the sea, an object-lesson for the time-honoured thieves of the land—he is delightfully realisable to anarchic eyes.

The characters of the novel come evidently out of the head of a novelist, yet they are far from puppets if we except a Cockney villain who is absurdly omnipresent in the precipitous path of the hero. Here is a soliloquy which shows the bent of the author's mind:

"Do you know" [says the Lord of the Sea] "what it is that is burdening me to-night? It is the execration which

the world is at this moment heaping upon me: as when one man, thinking balefully of another, sticks needles daily into a waxen head, and through the other's head shoot needles of pain. For Man is mainly a Mind, all wireless telegraphies and syntonies, slayable by other darts than bayonets; nor can any man, or nation, build himself a castle, even above the clouds, where he may escape the mind-force of his fellows. . . . Hence the phenomenon of rich men, wrongfully rich, seeking in vain for peace . . . ; the bane of the world is at them. . . . Pray for one another; for if there were no God to hear, the mere stressful goodwill of the prayer will fly out, and strike, and haunt, and help. . . ."

The Lord of the Sea is apparently only one of a projected trilogy. May its successors come quickly, for it is even more a thinking book than a sensational one. Mr. Shiel works with the intensity of a metaphysician in a field where the principal prize has hitherto been mainly the mere astonishment of juveniles.

Marr'd in Making. By Baroness von Hutten. (Constable. 6s.)

PLAINLY and straightforwardly written, the book before us is a clever study of an interesting and original character. Original that is in fiction, where temperament remains, in spite of some striking instances to the contrary, a very meagrely exploited field of interest. The mania for unadulterated black or white in character persists, regardless of the fact that in life the greater number of personalities are in the nature of a mezzotint.

The tragic handicap of a lamentable heredity is the root and soil of *Marr'd in Making*. Nevertheless, Beth Gurney, the heroine and sinner by inheritance, is gay, attractive, and a great deal more pardonable than many of her betters. There is pathos as well as skill in this story of American life and people, and a freshness of atmosphere by no means usual. But the suicide of Beth at the end is an inexplicable lapse in achievement. It comes without excuse or preparation. In the natural sequence of events two alternatives, well within the scope of the girl's temperament, and either of which would have been equally convincing and suggestive, were open to her—to go back to her diamonds and her life as the Duchess of Roccabianca, or to obey her inclinations, and to go away as arranged with her lover.

Her sudden suicide the day after she had written the most settled, cheerful, and characteristically clear-headed letter, stating her intention to abandon—not without a struggle—the diamonds for the lover, is hopelessly out of the picture. True, it is the triumph of conventional morals—"at the end the woman had done her best, in her poor blind way"—but a triumph of morals at the cost of a whole volume's sincerity and exactitude.

Lena Laird. By William J. Laidlay. (Sands. 6s.)

MR. WILLIAM J. LAIDLAY is a painter of some note, with a very strong case against the Royal Academy. In a pamphlet issued in 1898 he stated this case with an incisiveness that owed much to his legal training—for he is also a barrister. Now he has, so to speak, turned his pamphlet into a novel. *Lena Laird* is, consequently, rather poor as a novel, but rather forcible as a pamphlet. *The Royal Academy: Its Uses and Abuses*, is still his burden, but, instead of a sustained argument, we get a group of characters who use and abuse Burlington House. The book is honest and sincere enough, but ponderous. It is very Scotch to begin with, laboured, long-winded, and obscurely humorous; thereby losing most of its effectiveness as a weapon. Ridicule is the only right medium for such an attack as Mr. Laidlay planned. He should have taken

Daudet's *L'Immortel* as a model, or developed certain side-issues that are to be found in Mr. Zangwill's *Master*. Or, if such gall and wormwood are beyond his power, he might even have advanced on the lines laid down by Mr. Dooley. But 482 pages of indifferent fiction very seriously and laboriously planned will do nothing towards reforming a body against which English Art has a very genuine grievance. If Mr. Sargent and a few other prominent members were to go out on strike, thereby robbing the Academy of most of its interest, some changes might be brought about; but we fear that these gentlemen are far too comfortably placed for any such act of altruism.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

CRUCIAL INSTANCES.

By EDITH WHARTON.

The author of *A Gift From the Grave* has a select, possibly a small, but certainly an enthusiastic circle of readers in this country. Mrs. Wharton's new volume contains seven stories, the majority, if not all, of which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. The titles are: "The Duchess at Prayer," "The Angel at the Grave," "The Recovery," "Copy: A Dialogue," "The Rembrandt," "The Moving Finger," and "The Confessional." (Murray. 5s.)

A PAIR OF PATIENT LOVERS.

By W. D. HOWELLS.

The dress of this volume is luxurious. The corners are gilt, the cover is like a school prize, a small medallion of Mr. Howells is stamped upon it, the frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. Howells in colour, and a note states that this is Volume I. of "Harper's Portrait Collection of Short Stories." It contains six stories by Mr. Howells: "A Pair of Patient Lovers," "The Pursuit of the Piano," "A Difficult Case," "The Magic of a Voice," and "A Circle in the Water." (Harpers.)

THE LUCK OF THE VAILS.

By E. F. BENSON.

By the author of *Mammon and Co.* "To my Brother, Arthur Christopher Benson, This Story, of his, not of my invention, is affectionately dedicated by its admiring scribe." The village of Vail lies in a wrinkle of the great Wiltshire downs. The "Luck" is a golden cup set with rubies. Should Lord Vail die without issue his great-uncle will inherit it, and all the other property belonging to his young kinsman. The great-uncle visits Vail, and so the story. (Heinemann. 6s.)

By JOSEPH CONRAD AND
FORD M. HUEFFER.

THE INHERITORS.

The authors call this "an extravagant story." If we were called upon to define it we should say that in manner it is something between Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Marriott Watson. On the title-page this motto stands—

Sardanapalus builded seven cities in a day,
Let us eat, drink, and sleep, for to-morrow we die.

In the opening chapter the narrator has a "flirtation with an enigmatic, but decidedly charming, chance travelling companion." They discuss, among other things, the Fourth Dimension. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A SON OF MAMMON.

By G. B. BURGIN.

A pleasantly-written and sentimental story, opening in Devonshire, but passing mainly in London among literary folk. The end is tragic. The dedication begins: "O,

swallow, flying—" and continues: "Fly to her window, and tell her that this book has been written and re-written some half-dozen times, under the stress of deep personal grief and long illness." (John Long. 6s.)

FIANDER'S WIDOW.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

A rural romance by the author of *Pastorals of Dorset*, dedicated to "My kind hostesses of Tenantrees, true daughters of 'Dorset Dear,' under whose auspices I first became acquainted with the peculiarities of its dialect and the humours of its people." There is a Prologue called "The Bride," followed by Part I.: "The Sleeping Beauty," and Part II.: "The Prince." (Longmans. 6s.)

EVER MOHUN.

By F. T. JANE.

"Let me sit down and write steadily and soberly as I may this simple tale of the judgments and justice of God." The narrator is "Mr. England, the postman," the place Devonshire, and the frontispiece shows a picture by the author of "Mohun's Orchard, and the tree under which Marwood Mohun died" (Macqueen. 6s.)

RETALIATION.

By HERBERT FLOWERDEW.

"But Mr. Wilder is not a farmer now, papa. That was only an accident of birth, which makes his genius all the more remarkable. And Shakespeare was the son of a farmer, and a poacher, too, into the bargain." This is another story of the country boy who, coming to London, sets the Regent's Park Canal on fire with book and play. The opening chapter, which deals with kissing and fighting, is excellent. (Constable. 6s.)

LORDS OF THE NORTH.

By A. C. LAUT.

Another volume in the "Dollar Library of American Fiction" series. "I, Rufus Gillespie, trader and clerk for the North-West Company, which ruled over an empire broader than Europe in the beginning of this century, and with Indian allies and its own riotous *Bois-Brûlés*, carried war into the very heart of the vast territory claimed by its rivals, the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, have briefly related a few stirring events of those boisterous days." (Heinemann. 4s.)

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY.

By MARGARET POTTER.

A Richelieu historical romance from America, long and elaborate, with costume pictures. The beginning is: "It was the evening of Tuesday, January 12th, in the year 1744. . . . 'It is late, du Plessis, and we have still three miles to go. More than that, 'tis the worst cabaret in France.'" "And you would be no more of a Jean-Jacques than necessary to-night—eh, Claude?" (Harpers. 6s.)

WHOSE WAS THE HAND?

By J. E. MUDDOCK.

Mr. Muddock adds this to a long list of melodramatic stories. It is a story of poison and love. "Go away, I tell you. You are not honest. I am dying, dying through you. You have poisoned me!" Ruth Rivers has to bear the accusation throughout eight chapters, then "The Unravelling of the Tangled Skein Commences." In the end we have an execution, described as follows: "The ancient city of York was filled with a noisy, howling multitude, that surged around the castle walls, and filled the air with execrations, and these execrations culminated in one terrific, loathing yell. . . . Nor did that yelling subside until all motion had ceased in the body, and the criminal had passed beyond human ken." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage, One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscription, prepaid (including postage).....	17/6
" Quarterly	5/0
" Price for one issue	/5

Jottings on Arnold.

MATTHEW ARNOLD's Letters have just passed into the constellation of "Eversley." We are a little puzzled by the transition, welcome as it is. In 1895 Messrs. Macmillan issued the Letters in two volumes at fifteen shillings net, and in the same year reprinted them. Yet the volumes passed into the hands of Mr. Glaisher as a "remainder," and were sold by him at four-and-sixpence the pair. Mr. Glaisher soon sold out. Now, the Letters are reissued by Messrs. Macmillan in two volumes in the well-known and deservedly esteemed "Eversley" series at five shillings each. The sequence seems odd, but we do not know that it is important. There is something so final and refreshing about the "Eversley" form that we believe no one will mind how Arnold's Letters reached that desired haven, where his Essays and Poems are already anchored. But while this is well, we must note that the Letters have only put on the "Eversley" wedding garment, they have not been otherwise improved. Mr. George W. E. Russell's notes still strike us as painfully exiguous. Mr. Herbert Paul, however, thinks that "no praise can be too high" for Mr. Russell's editorship, so our view must be taken for what it is worth. But surely Arnold's voluminous Letters should have been indexed. Written mostly to the same correspondents—his mother, wife, and daughters—they are not easily handled when it comes to finding a favourite passage or comparing Arnold's progressive views on a given subject. As it is, without table of contents or index, the Letters are like a land flowing in milk and honey, but unmapped. Mr. Russell's "Prefatory Note" is very good. Arnold "was pre-eminently a good man; gentle, generous, enduring, laborious; a devoted husband, a most tender father, an unfailing friend." That is what his Letters prove Arnold to have been, and it is in the fact that he was all these, and also a literary man, with the peculiar anxieties and temptations of the literary man, that the value of this record lies. Again and again one suspends reading to drink in Arnold's sheer goodness. Mr. Russell's one anecdote is felicitous. It is this:

In 1868 Matthew Arnold lost his eldest son, a school-boy at Harrow. I was with the bereaved father on the morning after the boy's death, and the author with whom he was consoling himself was Marcus Aurelius. Readers of the *Essays in Criticism* will remember the beautiful eulogy on the great Seeker after God, and will, perhaps, feel that, in describing him, the friend who speaks to us in the following pages half-unconsciously described himself: "We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond—*tendentemque manus rēque ulterioris amore.*"

We believe that many have been disappointed with Arnold's Letters, finding them domestic rather than literary. But they are more literary than they appear in their rather formless presentation. Moreover, we cannot, on a renewed reading, wish them other than they are. They show us what a literary man's life should be. It should not be, as it so often is, too literary. A

writer is apt to retire within himself, to lose touch with the world, and, what is worse, with those nearest to him. Stevenson preached the better way, and, on the whole, walked in it. But if one wished to name three writers who were thorough men of letters, yet clave to life and its ordinary obligations, one would first name Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, and Matthew Arnold. We wish we could lay our hands at the moment on a certain letter that Lamb wrote to Coleridge. Byron, selfish as he was, never inked his fingers or grew book-frowsy. If he quarrelled, and hated, he never became self-absorbed or indifferent. The near obligations and widely scattered interests of life appealed to him. His Beppo stanza has become classical:

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
In foolscap uniforms, turn'd up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

Most refreshingly is it borne to the reader that Matthew Arnold was not all author. He shot, he fished, he joked; he shouldered his rifle as a volunteer; he was a most alert traveller, and judged scenery with an individual eye; he loved a good dinner and a bright salon. Above all, he remained the son of his father and mother, and the brother of his brothers and sisters, and the husband of his wife. To these he poured himself out in letters all his life long. In an early letter to his sister, Mrs. W. E. Forster, he remarks on the tendency, "as characters take their bent, and lives their separate course, to submit oneself gradually to the silent influence that attaches us more and more to those whose characters are like ours." But he resolves that from his sister he will not become estranged. "As Thomas à Kempis recommended, *frequenter tibi ipsi violentiam fac*, and as some philosophers advised us to consort with our enemies because by them we were most surely apprised of our faults, so I intend not to give myself the rein in following my natural tendency, but to make war against it till it ceases to isolate me from you, and leaves me with the power to discern and adopt the good which you have, and I have not." This resolve Arnold kept, and his letters are a lesson in loyalty which few of us dare regard as foreign or superfluous. In the midst of his work as inspector of schools, in hot school-rooms and court-houses, and in his room at the Education Department, Arnold found time to write to his mother, his married sisters, and his children, in the true strain of familiarity and devotion. Even with his literary pre-occupations he could blend these intimacies. How charmingly eloquent of this is such a passage as the following, written in 1863 to his mother: "I send you a note of Lady de Rothschild's, which may burn. The *Westminster* article she was the first to tell me of. It is a contrast (all in my favour) of me with Ruskin. It is the strongest pronouncement on my side there has yet been; almost too strong for my liking, as it may provoke a feeling against me. The reviewer says: 'Though confident, Mr. Arnold is never self-willed; though bold, he is never paradoxical.' Tell Fan to remember this in future when she plays croquet with me. I also keep it as a weapon against K., who said to me that I was becoming as dogmatic as Ruskin. I told her the difference was that Ruskin was 'dogmatic and wrong,' and here is this charming reviewer who comes to confirm me." It is a proof of Arnold's vast literary ability, and, at the same time, of his detachment from bookishness, that his travel notes are so good, and his descriptions of scenery—in most authors tiresome—so memorable. Indeed, the Letters are well worth studying as those of a connoisseur of scenery to whom the sentiment of a place

was as the scent of a rose held in the hand. Who that knows Durham city will not be satisfied with his description: "Certainly my early recollection of it did not approach the reality. The view from the castle itself, at the top of a steep hill, is very grand and Edinburghesque; but when you cross the Wear by Prebend's Bridge, and, ascending through its beautiful skirt of wood, plant yourself on the hill opposite the cathedral, the view of the cathedral and castle together is supero; even Oxford has no view to compare with it. The country, too, has a strong turbulent roll in it which smacks of the North and of neighbouring mountains, and which greatly delighted me. I made my way to Nevill's Cross and some way up the glen of a feeder of the Wear, and the fern and water-breaks and distant moon were as northern as possible." Just as easily was he depressed. Holland gave him mortal *ennui*. "You have the feeling which oppresses you in Norfolk and Suffolk, that it all leads nowhere, that you are not even on the way to any beautiful and interesting country. . . . What wounds one's feelings in Holland is the perpetual consciousness that the country has no business there at all. You see it all below the level of the water, soppy, hideous, and artificial; because it exists against nature, nobody can exist there except at a frightful expense, which is very well for the natives, who may be thankful to live on any terms, but disagreeable for foreigners, who do not like to pay twice as much as elsewhere for being half as comfortable. How I thought of the abundance and prodigality of the truly 'boon' nature of Guienne and Languedoc, from which I had just come!"

Arnold's attitude to society was discreet. Take two impressions. First, this of a visit to his intimate friend Lady de Rothschild's: "I had a pleasant visit at Aston Clinton, but the life of these country houses (as I now neither shoot nor hunt, both of which I should have done to excess had I not been so torn away from them) wearies me more and more, with its endless talking and radical want of occupation. But Lady de Rothschild I am very fond of, and she has given me the prettiest little gold pencil in the world. I made acquaintance with two more Rothschilds, and Alice de Rothschild, of Vienna—the first exquisitely beautiful, the second a most striking character. What women these Jewesses are! with a force which seems to triple that of the women of our Western and Northern race." And then this of a great dinner at Oxford: "These occasional appearances in the world I like—no, I do not like them, but they do one good, and one learns something from them; but, as a general rule, I agree with all the men of soul, from Pythagoras to Byron, in thinking that this type of society is the most drying, wasting, depressing, and fatal thing possible." We should like to quote a passage about his fishing-rod, but in emphasising Arnold's fine freedom from literary sordidness of any kind we wish to illustrate it by his attitude to his own writings. No one enjoyed success more frankly than Arnold, yet how good it is to find him writing: "I send you a note from Smith and Elder, which you may burn. To the last day I shall never get over a sense of gratitude at finding my productions accepted, when I see so many people all round me so hard put to find a market. This comes from a deep sense of the native similarity of people's spirits, and that if one spirit seems richer than another, it is rather that it has been given him to find more things, which it might equally have been given to others to find, than that he has seized or invented them by superior power or merit." And, again, to his mother: "I was sure you would be pleased with Joubert, and you say just what I like when you speak of 'handing on the lamp of life' for him. That is just what I wish to do, and it is by doing that that one does good. I can truly say, not that I would rather have the article not mentioned at all than called a brilliant one, but that I would far rather have it said how delightful and interesting a man was

Joubert, than how brilliant my article is. In the long run one makes enemies by having one's brilliancy and ability praised; one can only get oneself really accepted by making oneself forgotten in the people and doctrine one recommends."

On the proper tone of criticism Arnold's preaching was not more definite than his practice. Again it is to his mother: "Partly nature, partly time and study, have also by this time taught me thoroughly the precious truth that everything turns upon one's exercising the power of *persuasion*, of *charm*; that without this all fury, energy, reasoning power, acquirement, are thrown away, and only render their owner more miserable. Even in one's ridicule one must preserve a sweetness and good-humour." In the same strain to Mrs. Forster: "You will have seen the amenities of the *Saturday Review*. It seems affected to say one does not care for such things, but I do really think my spirits rebound after them sooner than most people's. The fault of the reviewer, as of English criticism in general, is that whereas criticism is the most delicate matter in the world, and wants the most exquisite lightness of touch, he goes to work in such a desperately heavy-handed manner, like a bear in a china-shop—if a bear can be supposed to have hands."

Here are two notes to delight in. Referring to his first series of Essays, he writes: "I hear my book is doing very well. The *Spectator* is very well, but the article has Hutton's fault of seeing so very far into a millstone. No one has a stronger and more abiding sense than I have of the *dæmonic* element—as Goethe called it—which underlies and encompasses our life; but I think, as Goethe thought, that the right thing is, while conscious of this element, and of all that there is inexplicable round one, to keep pushing one's posts into the darkness, and to establish no post that is not perfectly in tight and firm. One gains nothing on the darkness by being, like Shelley, as incoherent as the darkness itself." In the other passage we see Arnold shaking his shoulders in the quiet ecstasy of work and in the middle of his days: "To-day I am forty-one, the middle of life in any case, and for me, perhaps, much more than the middle. I have ripened, and am ripening so slowly that I should be glad of as much time as possible, yet I can feel, I rejoice to say, an inward spring which seems more and more to gain strength, and to promise to resist outward shocks, if they must come, however rough. But of this inward spring one must not talk, for it does not like being talked about, and threatens to depart if one will not leave it in mystery." We may fairly be charged with stringing quotations on a thread, but we are mistaken if we do not find pardon. We need not advise any young writer to possess Matthew Arnold's Essays and Poems. These will assuredly educate him as a critic. But we advise him strongly to possess Matthew Arnold's Letters; these will educate him as a man from whom, as from all of us, life demands, for its flowering, not only zeal, but grace, not only power, but proportion

Things Seen.

The Tower.

SHE was a fresh English maiden, wide-eyed and happy and simple as seventeen; and she sat alone on a Holborn 'bus. I, behind her, could see her turning and bobbing like a canary. At last she looked round, and said shyly: "Is it far to the Tower?" It turned out that she was making for that historical warehouse—alone. It was not ever thus. Even Marie Bashkirtseff sighed in vain for such liberty. I leaned a little forward, and tried to make the journey memorable to this laughing peach-skinned maiden. Told

her about the Viaduct, and joked, ever so mildly, about Newgate. Told her of the knights who used to ride, gold-spurred, up Giltspur-street to the jousts in Smithfield, and pointed out the Blue-coat School and the Post Office and Panyer Alley and the Cheapside view of St. Paul's. These things entertained her equally. A smile and a trill of words was still my reward, and I knew well that the pretty fool was receiving nothing, because she was bringing nothing. The Wood-street plane tree, Bow Church with its Cockney legend, Sir John Bennett's Gog and Magog figures, and the Mansion House passed with punctual words and smiles. At the Bank we both got down, and I played Sir Oracle more boldly, and said: "This is the centre of the world." "Indeed!" she said, with a look that told me she was reverting to her geography books. I weakly explained.

"You have no guide-book," I remarked, and had nearly added, "or ideas." "Why are you hurrying to the Tower?" We were threading the chaos of wheels; the bag I carried jogged my legs, and the traffic made havoc of question and reply. "The Tower!" I exclaimed, "and I a Londoner, and a lover and student of London, have never been to the Tower." She smiled her great surprise. "And when you have done, where—how—you will be very far . . . ?" She smiled serenely, and told me that she would take a cab, in a tone that made me aware that she had never taken a cab before, yet would do it with an air. Smiling, pretty, quite ignorant and guileless, she walked with clean quick ankle along King William-street, in the sunshine, past the Insurance offices; and in the dull, knowing crowd was lost to view. I thought she was worth more to England than the Tower.

The Truant.

STRONG June grass, white with staring ox-eye daisies, and almost ripe for the scythe, sheltered him so completely that I came upon him unawares, almost trod on him, indeed, as I followed the edge of the stream that formed the boundary of the meadow. Face downward he lay, his head resting on his folded arms, his cap tilted far over his face. In the middle of the stream a float, painted green and red, leaned motionless, attached to a stout piece of whip-cord, which again was lashed to a long bean-stick lying by his side.

He looked round at me as I halted, showing a plump red face, small, bright sloe-berry eyes, and a tip-tilted insignificant nose. We exchanged stares, and I ventured an inquiry as to my whereabouts. He answered in good broad Sussex, albeit intelligently enough and without the slightest shyness. Interrogated about the nature and success of his sport, he shook his head dolefully. It was trouts he was fishing for; but trouts this year was out-and-out countable shy. Other seasons he had caught two and three in an afternoon; yes, and "great big ones, nigh half a pound! But this year—" and he jerked out his bait, a bedraggled worm, inspected it carefully, and dropped it back again. All the bad luck came of a gentleman, through whose land part of the stream ran, tormenting the fish with made-up flies, that "just frightened and tarrified 'em." He grew quite indignant, indeed, at what he considered his neighbour's unsportsmanlike practices. No, he wasn't dull; he was never dull a-fishing. Moreover, he had something else than the chance of a bite to amuse him, and he lifted from beside him a tattered volume and held it up for my inspection: *The Three Musketeers*! We were friends in a moment. Had I really read it, and liked it, too? It was just a pretty book, wasn't it? We talked of its merits eagerly; then with a sudden confidence: "I be playing truant, you know." He said it with a delighted snigger. Perhaps I should have

improved the occasion, but the suspicion of a bite distracted his attention and freed me from the obligation. I nodded a good-bye and passed on.

The meadow-path joined the main road by a tiny hamlet. As I crossed the last stile a bearded labouring man came up, a small girl running tearful at his heels. He paused at sight of me. Had I seen a boy in the fields? Memory of my erstwhile friend's parting confession prompted equivocation. "What sort of boy?" His boy, of course, young Tom, playing truant again, always at it. Nothing would keep him at his books. Day after day did he slip off after fishing or some such. He was to catch it this time, though, and the man shook a switch he carried, and coloured his explanation with oaths.

I hesitated. After all it was summer, and "trouts" were fishable only at such a season. The rod and the wrath would be as warm a few hours hence as now, and he might as well see Miladi to her doom uninterrupted. Besides, how was I to be quite certain that my boy was his boy?

"No, I've seen no boy," I said curtly, and had the satisfaction of seeing the father hurry off in the opposite direction.

The Fallow Fields of Fiction.

II.

IN our first article we tried to show that the scope of the modern novel, despite vague talk about its enlargement, is a very limited one. We pointed out that it seldom attempted to deal with the organic life of communities, and that even in dealing with individual lives it ignored all activities save those of love, war, and theological speculation, utilising the whole world-spectacle merely as a background for a love-affair. We gave Balzac as almost the solitary instance of a novelist who had reduced love to its proper level in the scheme of things, and had wrought the material of his novels with equal impartiality from all human activities, individual and communal, recognising all as equally fit—love among the rest. We promised to refer to some aspects of modern life which should yield the stuff of novels that might appeal to intelligent people.

We must now be allowed to proceed from abstract generalisation to the concrete and the personal, since it is only by so doing that we can usefully enforce our argument. Some weeks ago the present writer dined at an Italian restaurant in Victoria-street—a long and ornate refectory frequented by engineers, shopkeepers, travellers, *demi-mondaines*, and the indefinable: all London either dines or starves every day, and there are a dozen epical novels in any large restaurant—but that is an aside. We dined early, and the sun was still above the sky-affronting roofs of the thoroughfare when we passed into Victoria-street with the intention of perceiving London as though it were a foreign city. We had not gone a hundred yards before we descried a red campanile overtopping the houses on the South side. The original and striking beauty of this tower drew us at once, and we were soon in front of a prodigious edifice which has lately risen like an island out of the sea of flats stretching between Victoria-street and the river. Now we were intellectually aware that a Roman Catholic cathedral was being erected in London, but we had till that moment no idea of its size, its beauty, or its significance. During the nineteenth century only one cathedral came into existence in England, that of Truro. In an epoch of steam, cathedrals do not spring up like mushrooms. This cathedral in Victoria-street, we were informed and believe, is larger than St. Paul's; you could put Truro inside it. Indeed, it is colossal; and it is probably dissimilar from any other cathedral in the world. Its beauty, an indisputable beauty, is attained upon a new

plan, which we are not sufficiently expert to describe, but which we may say is an abrupt departure from the Gothic in the direction of a Byzantine style. It impressed us as an art-work of genuine inspiration, as the disclosure of the individuality of a powerful artist. We stood in front of it a long time, as it were nonplussed by this phenomenon of splendid art asserting itself so mildly yet so irresistibly amid the heaped-up ugliness of the West End, a superb refutation of the theory that an inartistic age can produce nothing artistic. The lower part of the main front was hidden by scaffolding and enclosed by the same wooden palings that enclose an inchoate hotel; in the palings was a door, and at the door stood a watchman.

"Have you realised the grandeur of the activity of which you are a necessary part?" we almost demanded of the watchman, but happily refrained from the absurdity. Instead, we gave him a shilling and asked leave to inspect the works. He consented, like a humane watchman, and told us that the architect himself was within. The interior of the cathedral proved to be even superior to the exterior. The building has evidently been designed, as it should be, from within outwards, and not from without inwards. The sense of spaciousness, already great, is greatly increased as you stand inside the vast portals and behold the interior perspective. Everywhere are large flat surfaces, broken only by other flat surfaces. No matter where the eye turns, it is met by arched perspectives. The roof is a succession of domes. The floor rises in a series of planes to the apse. With a huge traction-engine to the left, a sort of mortar-mill to the right, and the wild litter of construction before and behind, we gazed about us on the bare and glorious walls. The rays of the setting sun slanted in through the fretted stone *grilles* of the western windows: a ballad-like detail, but we record it. We gazed at the distant apse. Under the apse, looking round, stood a figure in a frock-coat and a silk hat. That figure was the architect—the artist surveying the art-work at the close of the day's labour; a few artisans—carvers, and the like—engaged on sub-contracts, alone remained of the army of labourers, industrious ants dotted here and there in the immense nave. The scene, though almost static at that juncture, was intensely dramatic; it might have been arranged for us. And we are eager to admit that it appealed with tremendous force to our imagination. We registered as a noble day that day on which we had been privileged—yes, privileged—to see the artist beneath his own domes, yet unfinished, yet untidy and unkempt, but whose massive grandeur no planks and poles, no refuse of brick-ends, no cranes and traction-engines could for an instant disguise. Well might the artist say, to future ages as to this unheeding age: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

Huysmans has written a finicking and egotistic novel, *La Cathédrale*, in which the unsurpassed beauty of Chartres is degraded to the uses of an arena for the antics of a diseased soul. Why should we not have a novel entitled *The Cathedral* of which the cathedral is not the theatre but the theme? Take this cathedral at Westminster, and follow backwards the two wonderful streams of creative force of which it is the confluence. First, there is the desire, vaguely stirring in the Roman Catholic community in England, for a Sign, a supreme outward demonstration that Catholicism authentically lives on. You can judge every religion by its fanes, and the sign must be a fane; a fane splendid among fanes, one that shall silence argument and compel an awful respect. Consider the courage of the first man of them that said: "Let us build the greatest cathedral in London, perhaps in England." Think of the tremors of exquisite excitement and anticipation that thrilled the small assembly—it must have been a small one—where the audacious proposal was mooted. Think how the idea spread abroad through England and over

to Rome, and came back sealed with the seal of Papal consent. Think of the thousand intrigues, base and otherwise, which always precede the practical inception of a co-operative enterprise such as this, and which are buried beneath its foundations as the Orientals bury human victims beneath their still more splendid *basilica*: the intrigues of the site, of the money, of the builder, of the architect. Before a stone is laid, or even a sketch drawn, probably hundreds of people have been potentially unhoused: think of that simple detail. Such a mighty business embraces the whole human comedy.

And then tremble before the indubitable fact that all this complex and passionate preliminary effort will be rendered futile and nugatory unless the Artist can be found. Belgium spent sixty millions of francs on a Palace of Justice, and got, not a work of art, but merely the biggest building of the century. The Catholics of England might have fared as badly, or even worse. Now pass to the second stream of creative force—the career of the destined artist. We shall be pardoned for mentioning here a picturesque but not essential rumour—namely, that the architect of the Westminster Cathedral began life humbly, as a worker with his hands. It matters not a whit, since in any event he must have begun humbly; if he had been a duke's son, his beginning would still have been humble in comparison with the fine climax as he stands under his own dome. Watch the genius of this man unfolding, conquering obstacle after obstacle, and gradually emerging into the light of due appreciation. At length he has matured; he exists as the artist competent to perform the work. Now comes the dramatic moment—will he be chosen? The chances are a hundred to one against it, for it is notorious that opportunity, especially in architecture, almost always knocks at the wrong door; fails often indeed, to get into the right street. An hour's walk through the heart of London will amply prove this. But by some amazing chance the artist and the opportunity for once meet. The artist receives the majestic order: "Build us a great cathedral. There shall be no contract. Ask for money and you will get it."

It was not business, but it was magnificent.

When the Cathedral is consecrated, and that overwhelming result of an aspiration fundamentally religious bursts on the world in a scenic display ordained to the last detail by centuries of immutable precedent, who will think of these things? Who will have the historic imagination to perceive the strange and lovely significance of that ritualised act so belated in the twentieth century? Who will follow the two streams of force to their origins? Not twenty, not ten people, in the ten thousand who will sniff the incense of a great occasion. Here, then, is the chance for the novelist, and his duty is to seize it. We are not, of course, so indiscreet as to say that the novelist should weave his fiction out of that cathedral-raising, or out of any cathedral-raising. His use of actuality may be less crude, without losing a particle of its effectiveness. We have merely indicated a general direction in which the novelist might proceed. We have adumbrated a sort of novel which would be utterly different from any modern novel. If it be urged that *The Cathedral* would of necessity be a dull novel, we ask: Why should it be dull? It would comprise a large segment of the circle of life; it might include all passions, and many various activities both artistic and commercial. It would be dramatic, and certainly it would be realistic. Finally, it would be grandiose, and would culminate in a spectacle of sheer beauty.

"But," says the literal person, the person who reads only what is written and hears only what is said, "a cathedral is not built every day. In a third article we will try to discover subjects more workaday and practicable which are crying aloud to be dealt with."

Correspondence.

"The Fallow Fields of Fiction."

SIR,—That love which Mr. Beaufoy miscalls "sexual," but which is truly spiritual, since it only comes when the soul meets its fellow, is so predominant in our fiction because it is the only really deep passion wherewith all of us can become acquainted. Hatred, ambition, revenge, how can they find us in the sheltered conditions of latter-day civilisation? But we all, from the millionaire to the clerk, oddly identified by "*Daily Mail* and second-class season ticket," can know, and usually do know, love as the supreme fact in life. True, usually we spend more time thinking of our dinners than our love, but because we spend more time in sleep than in any other occupation, does it follow that therefore sleep is a fitting subject for fiction?

Nor is there any romance in a parish council's meeting *per se*. Romance may be present, but, if so, only because it is always possible in the hearts of men. Ibsen's great scene is not effective because it shows a ratepayer's meeting, but because it shows a man stripping bare his soul of falsehood and aspiring to higher things. That is essential; the others, ratepayers or bearded warriors, are accidentals.

In fact, "E. A. B.'s" whole article is but a complaint that there are few original writers—an old complaint, that, and likely to be repeated. Why is it better to imitate Balsac than Anthony Hope? Mr. Hope is easier, and we are likely to get better work "after" him than "after" the great Frenchman. Is it not better to stroll happily on Primrose Hill than to break one's neck on Mount Everest, since it is not given to us all to walk undismayed among precipices? After all, a man can but write as God has given him power and sight, and when genius arises Mr. Beaufoy's "consumers of fiction" will have no choice—they will have to be interested whether the subject is the clash of kingdoms at war or the temptations of a newsboy; the love of humanity for humanity, or the love of Jack for Jill.—I am, etc.,

Walton, Liverpool.

E. R. PUNSHON.

"More Mistakes We Make."

SIR,—Allow me to thank your correspondent, Mr. de V. Payen-Payne, for calling attention to several typographical errata in my *More Mistakes We Make*, and to ask him to accept a special "Thank you" for refraining from a less considerate manner of dealing with them.

It is of little use explaining how little I am to blame; for, "Who's to know that?"; so the important thing to say is that no more copies will be issued by publishers without corrections.—I am, etc.,

C. E. CLARK.

24, Ifley-road, Hammersmith, W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 92 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best note on "The Country Sight that Impresses Me Most." We award the prize to Miss C. C. Bell, Epworth, for the following:

THE LAST LOAD.

The last field has been cleared, the last load roped down; the implements of the harvest, not to be used again until another year, have been thrust into the back of the wagon; the children are feeding the horses with ears snatched from the last rakings; the wooden bottle is fished out of the hedge, the last "tot" of beer served round; and the general feeling finds expression in the words of one of the elders: "Well, she's bin a grand harvest: let's hope the mester 'll see many another sich, though mebbe all on us won't be here to help wi' the next." Then the bottle is slung on the

hames of the leading horse, the team is aroused, the wagon goes lumbering through the gate-stead, the men look round for a moment with an air of sad satisfaction, then huddle on their jackets and in silence follow it down the lane. In the fast-gathering dusk the bare, brown fields, lately alive with golden wheat and silver-eared barley, look dim and ghostly: there is upon everything an appearance of finality. The harvest is past, the summer ended; another chapter in the history of the hamlet is closed.

Other contributions follow:

The River Cherwell at Oxford, in the later hours of the afternoon at that time of year when the cuckoo rejoices and the bounty of nightingales is presently to be prodigal; here, in a spot hardly of the world at all, is the perfect presentation of the balm and leisure of the country, as if here the very thought of storm and stress had never come. This infant river itself would seem to be going nowhere, to exist only to be the sleeping-place of the lotus-eater whom it carries in his craft, wending between meadows lush and flowery, such as might have given to Addison the "peaceful vales and dewy meads" of his hymn. Widening here and there where the gleam is hot upon an open reach, it turns again into the long, green mystery beyond, where the pools deepen into a cavernous coolness, and a wind comes to bend the willows flanking the water with a greyish bloom. Meanwhile the afternoon glows and lingers endlessly: until far away the heavy, long-drawn call of Magdalen chapel bell, no dispeller of the illusion, mingles with the dream.

[G. W., London.]

A FISHING VILLAGE.

Few sights in the country can be more impressive than the spectacle of a fishing pier in the wee sma' hours of an autumn morning in the north of England. To see the hundreds of boats gliding into the harbour and gingerly taking up their position; then to view the celerity with which the fish (herrings, let us say) are brought ashore while the burr of the Tyke mingles with the foreign twang of the Norwegian and the strong accent of the Sootsman with the harsh note of the Cornish skipper; then to observe the intense excitement that prevails in the vicinity of the auctioneer, at whose feet lies a little heap of this "silver harvest of the sea," a sample of the night's catch; and afterwards to watch the women at work, salting, sorting, packing, their short skirts enveloped in a huge thick oilskin apron—all this with rosy-fingered dawn gradually making way for the perfection of day cannot fail to impress and delight.

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

A SUBURBAN VALLEY.

Not only is my most impressive country sight within the borders of the United Kingdom, but within the London postal district, and is so far, I think, unique. To the south and south-west, parks and villas stretch far into a hybrid tract which is neither town nor country. On the east, London merges into a land of docks and arsenals, the busy avenues of the great port. To the north London is ramparted from rural quietude by its suburban Himalayas of Highgate and Hampstead. But in the secluded and little-known valley of the Brent you may walk straight out of suburban streets into meadows starred with buttercups, where water-lilies and irises grow in the winding stream, and bluebells, in their season, in neighbouring coppices. Here, by the brookside, is the ancient village church of Perivale, its little tower built of planks, its chancel turned askew in time-honoured commemoration of the drooping head of the crucified Saviour. Here you may see an authentic "Leper's Squint," a small window through which the outcast watched the service of the Mass. The peace of the churchyard is enhanced to a Londoner's ears by the hum of bees, the cawing of rooks in the elms, the lowing of cattle in the meadows below. Hard by is a typical country parsonage with its lawns and gardens, and across the lane an ample farmyard alive with turkeys and geese and fowls. Away to the north-west stretches a tract of as rich, smiling, rustic scenery as you will find in all England, uncrossed by a railway for twenty miles! But the companies are already throwing unsightly brown embankments into the happy, sleepy valley, and my country sight impresses me chiefly because—it will soon be a country sight no more.

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Other competitions received.

Competition No. 93 (New Series).

JUNE is the month of the strawberry. This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best verses, not exceeding 16 lines, in praise of The Strawberry.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, July 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

THE FIRST NUMBER
Will appear Wednesday, July 3rd,
OF
THE TATLER
Edited by CLEMENT SHORTER,
This will be the . . .
LIGHTEST,
BRIGHTEST, and
MOST INTERESTING
Society and Dramatic Paper
EVER PUBLISHED.

There will certainly be a rush for Number 1, and as only a Limited Edition will be printed you should ask your Newsagent to order you a copy at once.

Every Newsagent and Bookstall Clerk can secure you a copy and deliver it to you on the day of publication if ordered at once.

Otherwise you may have to wait for a Second Edition.

THE TATLER

An Up-to-Date Society Paper.

Society and the Stage Richly Illustrated Week by Week.

**The Best Printing, The Best Paper, The Best Contents
of any Paper of its kind.**

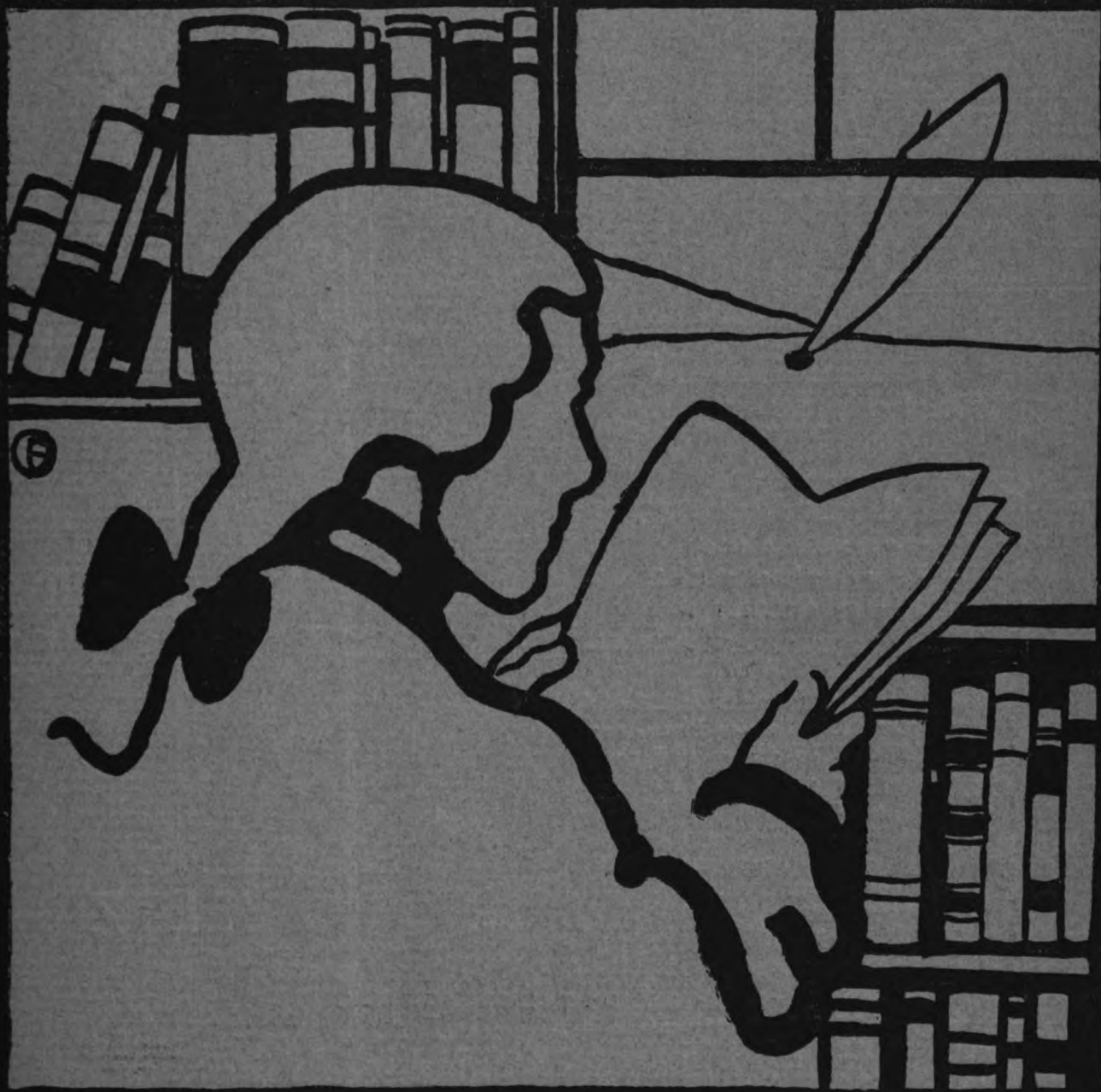
Published every Wednesday. Price 6d.

THE TATLER will be a bright little paper that you will want to keep and bind. To ensure doing this tell your Newsagent to order you the first half a dozen numbers. It is sometimes difficult to ensure obtaining the first few numbers of a new publication unless ordered beforehand.

OFFICES: GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.

JUNE 29, 1901.

The Academy



WEEKLY: THREEPENCE

WILFRID M. VOYNICH.

THIRD LIST OF BOOKS.
Royal 8vo, pp. 279-438, and Plates XVII. to XXXVIII.
PRINCIPAL CONTENTS: MUSIC, EARLY PRINTED BOOKS, BINDINGS, BOOKS on AGRICULTURE, AMERICAN, &c.—Price 2s. 6d. post free.
CATALOGUE No. 1, out of print. CATALOGUE No. 11, 2s. 6d., may be had, post free, on application at 1, SOHO SQUARE, W.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
Importers of Foreign Books,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and 7,
Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS
promptly supplied on moderate terms.
CATALOGUES on application.
DULAU & Co., 37, Soho Square.

CLEARANCE CATALOGUE of BOOKS
(just issued) sent gratis on application.—FRANK MURRAY, Bookseller, Derby.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each given. "Bells and Pomegranates," 1841; Jackson's "Old Paris," 1878; Jorrocks's "Jaunts," 1843; "Alice in Wonderland," 1866; Moore's "Alps in 1864"; Cook's "Foxhunting," 1826; George Meredith's Poems, 1851; Scrope, "Salmon Fishing," 1843. 2,000 other Books wanted. List post free.—BAKER'S Great Bookshop, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

RARE BOOKS SUPPLIED.—State wants. R. CATALOGUES free. Libraries and small Parcels of Books Purchased for prompt cash.—HOLLAND BOOK COMPANY, 94, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

TYPE-WRITING.—Authors' MSS., neat, prompt, accurate, 10d. per 1,000 words. Duplicates, Translations, French Correspondence, and Literary or Technical Work.—Mrs. MICHEL, 31, Craven Street, Charing Cross.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss MESSER, 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.

THE SIR WILLIAM FRASER CHAIR OF ANCIENT HISTORY and PALÆOGRAPHY.

The University Court will, on Friday, 19th proximo, or some subsequent day, appoint a PROFESSOR to this Chair.

The subject of the class is mainly and primarily early Scottish History and Palæography, but includes the early History and Palæography of other Countries.

The Professor will be required to deliver annually an Ordinary Course of 100 Lectures, and, if required, an Honours Course of 50 meetings.

The salary attached to the Chair is about £700 per annum.

The appointment will be made *ad vitam aut culpam*, and carries with it the right to a pension on conditions prescribed by Ordinance. Each applicant should lodge with the undersigned, not later than Monday, 15th proximo, twenty copies of his application and twenty copies of any testimonials he may desire to present. One copy of the application should be signed.

Further particulars on application,
M. C. TAYLOR,
Secretary University Court.
University of Edinburgh,
18th June, 1901.

THE DOWNS SCHOOL, SEAFORD, SUSSEX.

Head Mistress—Miss LUCY ROBINSON, M.A.
(Late Second Mistress St. Felix School, Southwold).

References: The Principal of Bedford College, London; the Master of Peterhouse, &c.

YOUNG WRITERS of PROSE or VERSE should send large stamped envelope for "NEW ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS OF LITERARY TUITION, &c., PER POST," as conducted by E. L. T. HARRIS-BICKFORD, F.S.Sc. 16 pp., now ready.—Thornley House, Redruth.

THE FINEST PERSIAN ART EVER BROUGHT OVER.

THE wonderful COLLECTION of OLD PERSIAN FAIENCE is still on view at 45, Whitcomb Street, Coventry Street, W.C., and those interested in Art subjects are requested to avail themselves of a visit to this collection. Similar large specimens are rarely to be seen.

IN the MASTERS' COURT, CHARTER-HOUSE, E.C., Saturday, July 13th, at 4.30 o'clock. Revival of an OLD ENGLISH MORALITY PLAY written in the Fifteenth Century, and called "Everyman," in aid of the QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL FUND. Prices: 5s., 3s., 2s.—Address WM. POEL, Elizabethan Stage Society, 90, College Street, Chelsea, S.W.

WANTED, a GENTLEMAN, with business habits and Art tastes, to JOIN FOUR OTHERS (well known in Art and Literary circles) as a BOARD of DIRECTORS for the PUBLICATION of a much-desired ART and INDUSTRIES MAGAZINE, the business arrangements for which are already almost complete.—Address, in the first instance, BETA, Box 407, Sell's, Fleet Street, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS
on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100. **2½%**
DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS
on Deposits, repayable on demand. **2½%**

STOCKS AND SHARES.
Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.
Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.
Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK LONDON."

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).**ENLARGED AND CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE**

(Over 500 pages, 8vo, bound in green cloth).

All the Principal Works in Circulation at the Library.

ARRANGED under SUBJECTS.

Forming a *Comprehensive Guide to Notable Publications* in most Branches of Literature.

Books of Permanent Interest on POLITICAL and SOCIAL TOPICS, the ARMY, NAVY, ARTS, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, SPORT, THEOLOGY, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, and FICTION.

Price 1s. 6d.

Also a FOREIGN CATALOGUE, containing Books in FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, and SPANISH.

Price 1s. 6d.

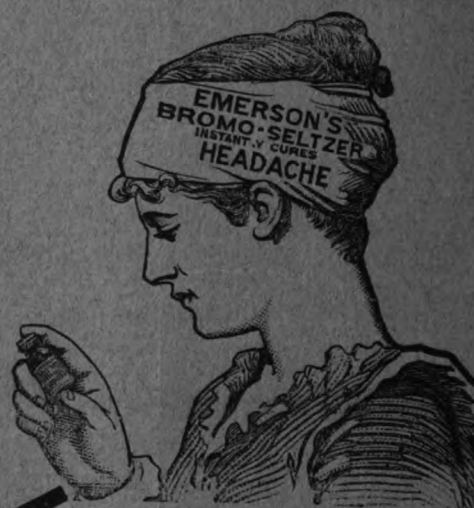
MUDIE'S LIBRARY,

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road; and 48, Queen Victoria Street, London.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY,"

Consisting of Thirty-seven Portraits of Old and New Celebrities in Literature, may still be obtained, singly, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

**EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER**

For Headaches and Pains at the back of the eyes
Pain at the base of the brain
Pain like a band around the temples
Pain like a weight on the head
Pain like ceaseless hammering

This successful American Remedy is an effervescent powder taken in water. Contains no cocaine or morphine. Does not depress the heart. It gives instant relief in cases of Brain Fag, Nervous, Sick, or Bilious Headaches. Money refunded where it fails to cure.

Three sizes—13½d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d.

EFFERVESCENT but not GASSY.

If your Chemist fails to stock, send his name and your order to EMERSON'S DRUG CO., Ltd., 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Jackson (Rev. Percival), *The Prayer Book Explained*, Part 1
(Cambridge University Press) 2/6
Smith (Samuel), *National Religion*.....(Thynne) 1

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Rickards (Marcus S. C.), *The Clock of Arba: a Romance*.....(Baker) 5/0
Bertouch (Baroness de), *Passion Flowers*.....(Chapman & Hall) net 2/6
O'Donnell (F. Hugh), *The Message of the Masters*.....(John Long) net 2/6
Austin (Alfred), *Victoria the Wise*.....(Eyre & Spottiswoode) 3/6
Green (Kathleen Haydn), *Twelve Allegories*.....(Lane) net 3/6
The Book of the Horace Club, 1898-1901.....(Blackwell) net 5/0
Bradley (A. C.), *Poetry for Poetry's Sake: an Inaugural Lecture*
(Clarendon Press) net 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Memorials of the Duttons of Dutton in Cheshire.....(Sotheran) net 42/0
Stephens (W. R. W.), *The English Church from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward I., 1066-1272*.....(Macmillan) 7/6
Russell (George W. E.), *Collected and Arranged by, Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888, 2 vols.*.....(Macmillan) 10/0
"The Corporal," "I.Y.," an Imperial Yeoman at War.....(Stock) 3/6
Lilly (William Samuel), *Renaissance Types*.....(Unwin) 16/0
Head (F. W.), *Cambridge Historical Essays: The Fallen Stuarts*
(Cambridge University Press) 5/0
Crawford (W. S.), *Synesius the Hellenic*.....(Rivingtons) net 12/0
Gilliat-Smith (Ernest), *The Story of Bruges*.....(Dent) 4/6
Cook (Edward T.), *Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War*.....(Arnold) net 12/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Conway (Sir Martin), *The Bolivian Andes*.....(Harper) 12/6
Sykes (Ella C.), *Through Persia on a Side-Saddle*.....(Macquenn) net 7/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Newbigin (Marion), *Life by the Seashore*.....(Sonnenschein) net 3/6
Hall (Leonard), *The Evolution of Consciousness*.....(Williams & Norgate) net 3/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Hope (Edward W.) and Browne (Edgar A.), *A Manual of School Hygiene*
(Cambridge University Press) 3/6
Werner (A.) and Hunt (G.), *Elementary Lessons in Cape Dutch*
(Williams & Norgate) 1/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Watson (Forbes), *Flowers and Gardens*.....(Lane) net 5/0
Williams (Mrs. Leslie), *A Garden in the Suburbs*.....(Lane) net 5/0
Macmecham (Arnold), *The Porter of Bagdad*.....(Morang, Toronto) 3/6
Ware (Fabian), *Educational Foundations of Trade and Industry*.....(Harper's) 3/6
Whitfield (E. E.), *Commercial Education in Theory and Practice*
(Methuen) 5/0
Selous (Edmund), *Bird Watching*.....(Dent) net 7/6
Hirsch (Max), *Democracy versus Socialism*.....(Macmillan) net 10/0
Wright (Walter P.), *Pictorial Practical Fruit Growing*.....(Cassell) 1/0
Reed (E. T.), edited by, *Punch's Holiday Book, 1901*.....("Punch Office") net 1/0
Maddison (Isabel), compiled by, *Handbook of British, Continental, and Canadian Universities*.....(Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania) 2/6
Dott (Charles), *The Book of Asparagus*.....(Lane) net 2/6
Hasluck (Paul), edited by "Work" Handbooks: Tailoring.....(Cassell) 1/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Hobbes (John Oliver), *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*
(Unwin) 2/0
Sendall (Sir Walter J.), *The Complete Works of C. S. Calverley* (Bell) net 6/0
Vickers (John), *The History of Herod*.....(Williams & Norgate) 6/0
McClymont (Rev. J. A.), *The Century Bible: St. John*.....(Jack) 6/0
Wyne (Charles Whitworth), *Ad Astra*.....(Richards) net 6/0
Hume (Fergus), *The Bishop's Secret*.....(John Long) 6/0
Kropotkin (P.), *Fields, Factories and Workshops*.....(Sonnenschein) net 1/0
Smith (Samuel), *Ritualism in the Church of England in 1900*.....(Thynne) 1

PERIODICALS.

- Magazine of Art, Cassell's, Anglo-Saxon Review, Pelican Record, Longman's Magazine, Royal, Badminton, Review of Reviews for Australia, Crampton's, Cornhill, Chamber's Journal.

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

THE Oxford University Press is about to issue *An English Commentary on Dante's "Divina Commedia,"* by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, the primary aim of which is to make the poet's meaning clear. With a view to this, translations, paraphrases, or explanations have been introduced in interpreting the harder passages. Mr. Tozer has followed the new Oxford text of the Divine Comedy.

The First Interpreters of Jesus, by Prof. G. H. Gilbert, is an attempt to define precisely what those men taught who wrote the books that are preserved in the New Testament. Examining the subject strictly from this point of view, and not attempting to find answers to questions subsequently formulated by theology, Prof. Gilbert analyses and summarises the teaching first of Paul, then of the minor writers, James, Peter, Jude, and the author of Hebrews, and, lastly, that of John. The Macmillan Company are the publishers.

Les Juifs en Roumanie, par Edmond Sincerus, is a book written in French, but published in England by Messrs. Macmillan, which describes the Anti-Semite movement in Roumania, where equality of rights for all citizens was secured by the arrangements at the Treaty of Berlin. Since 1886 a continuous legal persecution has been directed against the Jews, who, though subjects of no other Power, are officially classified as foreigners. Many instances of this persecution are given, and conclusive evidence of the heavy emigration of Jews from the country.

MESSRS. METHUEN are publishing in two volumes in their "Standard Library" a new edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son*. This edition is the only one extant which contains an authentic text. It has been annotated by Miss Calthrop, and has an elaborate Introduction by Mr. Charles Strachey.

The Genealogical Magazine for July will contain "A Hint to the College of Arms," "The Royal Arms and Cypher during the Present Reign," "Badges and their Descent," "The Privileges of the College of Arms," and some notes on an extinct Welsh family.

THE July number of the *Antiquary* will contain articles on "The Battle of Ethandune," by Rev. Chas. W. Whistler; "The Alfred Jewel"; "The Arms of the University of Oxford," by Percival Landon; "Quarterly Notes on Roman Britain," by F. Faverfield; and the "Souldiers Catechism, 1644," by Lucy Hardy.

The Story of Books, by the author of *The Story of British Coinage*, is on the point of publication in Newnes' Library of Useful Stories. The author, after a brief sketch of books and libraries in classical and mediæval times, dwells chiefly on the development of the modern book since the beginning of printing by movable types. The aim has been to give an adequate account of early printing in Italy, Great Britain and Ireland, and other countries. Some quaint illustrations add to the interest of the story.

THE proprietors of the *Architect and Contract Reporter* have formed their business into a limited liability company. The share capital is £30,000. There will be no issue of shares to the public, the whole of the capital having been fully paid up previous to registration.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

C O C O A

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

"THE ACADEMY" LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

New Series.—No. 93.

All readers attempting this week's Competition (described fully on page 559) must cut out this Coupon and enclose it with their reply.

ADVERTISEMENTS (Select Trade) for the COVER PAGES of the ACADEMY should be sent not later than Noon on Thursday to 43, Chancery Lane. Terms, &c., on Application.

Blue,
Red,
Black

BLAISDELL PENCILS

have made the MARK of the day.



"Simply
Pick a
Point."

PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET!



Price £2 10s.
No Dark Room is Needed
for Changing the Films.

The No. 1A
FOLDING
POCKET

KODAK

Gives a picture of $4\frac{1}{4}$ in. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., yet is extremely light and compact. It opens and closes with one rapid simple movement. An eminently suitable camera for ladies, cyclists, and tourists. Write for fully illustrated leaflet, post free.

KODAKS from 5s. to £7 7s.

Of all Photographic Dealers or of . . .

KODAK, Limited,
43, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.
Retail Branches: 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford St., W.;
171-173, Regent St., W.; 59, Brompton Rd., W. Also
at 96, Bold St., Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan St.,
Glasgow.



Absolutely
Cure

BILIOUSNESS.
SICK HEADACHE.
TORPID LIVER.
FURRED TONGUE.
INDIGESTION
CONSTIPATION.
DIZZINESS.
SALLOW SKIN.

There's SECURITY in

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

They TOUCH the LIVER.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.

Be Sure they are

CARTER'S

89013338991



b89013338991a

89013338991



b89013338991a